Bawdy Songbooks of the Romantic Period

Items Published by M. Metford (1833-40) and G.K. Edwards (1835-6)

Edited by
David Gregory

ROUTLEDGE

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General Editors

Patrick Spedding and Paul Watt

Volume 3

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SONGSTERS FLASH, FUNNY AND FACETIOUS: AN INTRODUCTION

This third volume of *Bawdy Songbooks of the Romantic Period* contains thirteen songsters, comprising 324 texts of songs and a handful of recitations, plus a few collections of toasts. The largest songster, *The Facetious Songster* contains 30 songs, the smallest, *Fanny Hill's Bang-up Reciter*, contains 18. The others vary between 21 and 28 items, with an average of 25. The first ten songsters were issued by M. Metford, a publisher located at 10 Middle Row, Holborn, in central London; the other three were printed by G. K. Edwards of 44 Wych Street, also in central London. Although none of the songsters included tunes, melodies to which the songs should be sung were routinely suggested, and the music for some songs was advertised as available from a book and music publisher named John Duncombe, located at 19 Little Queen Street, also in Holborn. Metford and Duncombe evidently had a close business relationship, since Metford occasionally gave 19 Little Queen Street as an alternative address for his firm's office.

Publication dates are not given on the frontispieces of any of the songsters but it appears that most of them were probably first printed between 1833 and 1836, in other words during the last years of the reign of King William IV, who died in 1837. They thus mainly predate the Victorian era, which is fortuitous, since, with just two exceptions ('The Progress of a Woman of Pleasure!' [§730] and 'Bill Stroke'em' [§846]), they eschew the heavy moralism that, rightly or wrongly, we often associate with the Victorians. In fact, although printed in the 1830s, the songs in these thirteen songsters were essentially the product of the 'long' Georgian era, which stretched from the accession of King George I in 1714 beyond the death of King George IV to the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. While the majority of songs probably stem from the Regency period (1811–20) or the reign of George IV (1820–30) and his successor William IV (1830–7), a substantial minority date from earlier in the eighteenth century. Indeed, the earliest song in this volume ('Hang This Whining Way of Wooing' [§757]) was composed by Henry Purcell, who died in 1695, and there are several by Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723), reprinted from his famous six-volume collection, *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*.[1] Moreover the tunes employed

go back even further, to the sixteenth century, the earliest probably being 'Derry Down' which was current in the Elizabethan era and used for the traditional ballad 'The Three Ravens' printed in Ravenscroft's *Melismata* (1611).[2] A large number of the suggested melodies were associated with broadside ballads of indeterminate seventeenth- or eighteenth-century provenance, while the most popular creations of such songwriters as John Gay (1685–1732), Henry Carey (1690–1743), Allan Ramsay (1685–1758), Charles Dibdin (1745–1814) and William Shield (1748–1829) were also mined for their tunes.

We are thus essentially dealing with a collection – and quite a substantial one – of Georgian popular songs. But the very use of that term 'popular' reminds us immediately of the terminological difficulties we face in discussing this kind of material. Yes, the songs were 'popular' in the sense of not being the sort of art song (*Lied*) that Franz Schubert in Vienna created in abundance from 1814 until his premature death in 1828, but in eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century England the distinction between 'popular' song and 'art' song was not so firmly drawn, at least in the English, as opposed to the Italian, language. Handel's Italian operas were certainly viewed as art music for the nobility but in the wake of *The Beggar's Opera* (1728) English-language musical dramas were aimed at a broader, mainly middle-class, clientele and were thought of as 'popular' entertainments. Eighteenth-century English composers thus straddled the art/popular music divide: they wrote sinfonias, concerti and chamber works for performance in salons and at subscription concerts but also music for operettas, burlesques and popular song lyrics. Many of the songs in this volume were parodies of drawing-room songs written by the leading 'art music' composers of the day or their poet collaborators. Those authors include almost all the big names in the history of English light opera, burlesque and musical drama during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, such as James Hook (1746–1827), John Braham (1774–1854), Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786–1855), Nathaniel Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797–1837) and Michael W. Balfe (1808–70). The genre, which includes both drawing-room ballads and other sentimental and comic lyrics, is sometimes called 'parlour music', although this term, like others we have little option but to use in discussing the history of popular music, is contentious.[3] Our bawdy songs, because of their ribald lyrics, would not have been reckoned suitable for parlours or drawing rooms, but a goodly number of the tunes they used were, musically speaking, examples of the genre, especially if their original florid piano accompaniments were retained in performance.

The great Victorian ballad editor Francis James Child called his ten-part collection *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, employing the word 'popular' to mean created and sung by ordinary (lower-class or uneducated) people.[4] In the main our bawdy songs were not 'popular' in this sense; on the contrary, many of them were written by upper- or middle-class gentlemen, professional

singer-songwriters, and even a few aristocrats (including, apparently, the Prince Regent). Their audience, too, was probably aristocratic and middle-class, since many were first composed for and sung in gentlemen's clubs from which the lower classes were excluded. Even calling them 'bawdy songs' is to some degree a misnomer, since not all of them are ribald, although the vast majority do derive their humour from the deliberate use of sexual double entendres. Nor are they 'popular' in the sense of being examples of the best-selling commercial popular songs of the time, which were normally issued singly as sheet music with piano accompaniment. On the other hand, they do sometimes parody such 'hit' songs as 'The Mistletoe Bough', 'Home, Sweet Home' and 'The Bloom is on the Rye', to cite just three of Sir Henry R. Bishop's most remunerative creations, and they make extensive use of tunes associated with well-known broadside ballads, so in both respects they have links with the most popular music of their time.

There is indeed some overlap between the items in these thirteen songsters and the publications of the London broadsheet publishers of the same era, men such as J. Catnach, J. Pitts, H. Fortey and T. Birt. However, the markets were different: broadside ballads were sold from street stalls and by itinerant ballad hawkers to a lower-class clientele and they were priced accordingly (usually one penny per sheet). Our thirteen songsters, on the other hand, were aimed at a more educated clientele, an audience that would appreciate the many classical allusions in Captain Charles Morris's songs or laugh at the comical and near-unintelligible working-class language in which James Bruton's cockney songs were couched. Again, the items in these songsters were not, in the main, folk songs (in the sense of rural vernacular songs that would later be collected from oral tradition), although a dozen of them could be counted in that category. Given the widespread overlap between print and oral traditions in the history of English folk song, it seems most likely that even such songs as 'The Cuckoo's Nest' [§625 and §796], 'The Fiddle' [§541] and 'The Mower' [§542] were borrowed from broadside ballads rather than taken down from performances in taverns or at country fairs, and it is evident that 'The Collier's Rant' [§656] and 'The Hare-skin' [§671] were copied from Joseph Ritson's pioneering collection *Northern Garlands*.[5] No, the material in our songsters is almost exclusively urban (the two partial exceptions being a few folk songs and a number of parodies of pastoral songs involving nymphs and shepherds), and, indeed, a fair amount of it conjures the street life of central and east London, whether it be the night-life of the Covent Garden district, the low-life of the St Giles area, or the everyday lives of cockney costermongers, fish-sellers or chimney-sweeps from further east of the City.

Before discussing the songs in a little more detail, it is appropriate to say a few words about the venues in which they were performed, the men who sang them and the songwriters who created them. Beneath the song titles the anonymous

editors of the thirteen songbooks often included indications of where a given song had been – or perhaps should be – performed. We find such descriptors as 'All the concerts – bar[r]ing the nobilities', 'Anacreontic societies', 'Bacchanalian parties', 'Convivial meetings', 'Dinner parties', 'Gentlemen's assemblies', 'London concerts', 'Most free and easies' and 'Societies of Jolly Bacchanals'. A mix of public and private gatherings, then, but with an evident emphasis on occasions for dining, drinking and musical entertainment. More specifically, twenty-one locales are identified by name, although one of these (The Cock Pit) may be imaginary. The others, in alphabetical order, were the Anacreontic Society, the Beef Steak Club, the Cider Cellars, the Coal Hole (also known as the Cole Hole), Codger's Hall, the Convivialists' Club, the Finish, the Free and Easy's, the Hibernian Society, Mother Agers (Lancaster Place), Mother Davis's (Hart Street), Mother H's, Mother Sparrow's, the Noble Convivialists' Club, Offley's Burton Ale Rooms, the Royal Standard, the Shades, the Thatched House Anacreontic Society, the White House (Soho Square) and the Union (Bow Street). These were all located in central or east-central London, many of them on or near the Strand, in the Covent Garden district, further north in Soho, St Giles and Holborn, or east towards St Paul's Cathedral. They seem to group into four kinds of establishment: private gentlemen's clubs; nightclubs providing supper and alcohol that were open to the public but clearly catered for the wealthy middle and upper classes; taverns (public houses that provided musical entertainment and welcomed lower-class as well as middle-class clients); and brothels, the latter more or less disguised as nightclubs. The several Anacreontic societies, the Beef Steak Club and the Noble Convivialists' Club are examples of the first category; the Cider Cellars, the Coal Hole and Offley's were the most popular instances of the second type; the Royal Standard, the Shades and the Union were taverns; and the White House was a brothel, as most likely were all the 'motherly' places of entertainment. Of all these named venues, by far and away the most often cited are the two Anacreontic societies, the Beef Steak Club, the Cider Cellars, the Coal Hole and Offley's.

No doubt large numbers of drunken men joined in the choruses, but who took the lead in singing bawdy songs at these venues? We know the names of only eleven or twelve of these singers. About some (Mr Bruce, Mr Buckingham, Mr C. H. Fawcett, Mr Herbert and Mr Richards) we as yet know nothing: they will be good subjects for future research. One, P. T. Tune, sounds as though he (or she) may have used a stage name rather than a real surname; another, 'Captain Fairfield', may well have been a misprint for Captain William Fairman. That leaves five singers about whom we have a modicum of information. The most famous was James Hook (1746–1827), a leading pianist and composer in the *galant* style. He wrote over 2,000 songs, of which the best known is 'Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill'. He also composed much instrumental and orchestral music,

and thirty works for the stage, including the comic opera *The Double Disguise* (1784). His operas and other theatrical works were perfomed at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, while as a performer he worked regularly at the Marylebone and Vauxhall Gardens for over forty years.[6] Charles Dignum (1765–1827) was a popular tenor and songwriter who first made a name singing in the ballad opera *Love in a Village* in 1784. A regular performer at the Drury Lane Theatre, he also occasionally sang at the Covent Garden Opera House, where, for example, he took part in the first performance of Josef Haydn's oratorio *The Creation* in 1800. As a solo artist he specialized in patriotic, sailor and sentimental songs, which he performed regularly during the summer at the Vauxhall Gardens.[7]

Captain William B. Fairman (1798–1837) was an army officer and Orangeman. He served in the West Indies until 1809, subsequently becoming a captain in the Fourth Ceylon Regiment. After retiring from active service in 1826 he rose in the ranks of the Orange Order, becoming deputy grand master of the London lodge. In 1832–3 he was employed by the Duke of Cumberland as a secretary and recruiting agent for Orange lodges in Ireland, but his extravagant lifestyle caused him to lose favour in high circles and he then returned to his former bachelor existence centred around London coffee houses and taverns.[8] William Hewerdine was a regular member of the Beef Steak Club from its early days during the reign of George III. In 1798 he jointly authored with his long-standing friend and drinking companion Captain Charles Morris a collection of satirical, comic and bawdy songs titled *Hilaria, the Festive Board*.[9] His speciality as a singer was his own composition, the ribald ballad 'The Blue Vein', which is included three times in this volume [§620, §795 and §814].

Captain Charles Morris (1745–1838) was by the far the most prolific singer-songwriter of the bunch, and his witty creations are preserved for posterity in at least six of the thirteen songsters, one of which is titled *Capt. Morris's Songs* while three others mention him in their subtitles. He came from a family with Welsh roots, although he was probably born near Cork in southern Ireland and grew up at Bell Bridge, near Carlisle, where he was well educated in the classics by his mother. His father and elder brother were career soldiers, and in 1764 he joined his father's regiment, subsequently serving in America and receiving a promotion to the rank of captain. After a spell with the Royal Irish Dragoons he transferred to the Royal Life Guards in order to reside in London, where he frequented drinking and supper clubs, courted fashionable ladies and lived beyond his means. From the 1780s onwards he made a name for himself as a writer and singer of songs: sentimental, comic, bawdy and political by turn. Mingling in society circles with Whig politicians, Morris composed anti-Tory satirical verses aimed mainly at Prime Minister William Pitt the Younger ('Billy's Too Young to Drive Us' and 'Billy Pitt the Farmer') and at Irish zealotry ('Pat-Riot: A Revolutionary Song'). Most popular of all were his drinking songs, such as 'The Toper's

Apology' and 'Ad Poculum' for which the Harmonic Society awarded him its gold cup. In 1785 he was elected to the Sublime Society of Beef Steaks (also known as the Beef Steak Club), an exclusive private club that dined and drank punch each Saturday at the Covent Garden Theatre. Morris quickly became its regular entertainer and 'poet laureate', and the friendships he developed there proved profitable. They included not only Hewerdine and Fairman but Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk, who gave him a lifetime lease of a summer retreat near Dorking, Surrey, and the Prince of Wales, who became the Prince Regent in 1811 and King George IV in 1820.[10] Morris maintained his membership of the Beef Steak Club until 1831 and the Club awarded him a silver bowl for his ninetieth birthday in 1835, by which time he was witnessing the reprinting by Metford of his bawdier songs in the *Fal-lal Songster*, *The Funny Songster*, *The Rum Ti Tum!*, *Capt. Morris's Songs*, *The Facetious Songster* and *The Fake Away Songster*. However, most of his songs had been published earlier in a series of songbooks, some of which were joint efforts with other members of the Beef Steak Club and/or the Anacreontic Society. They included *The Festival of Anacreon* (1783), *A Collection of Songs by the Inimitable Charles Morris* (1786), *The Songs by Captain Morris, Complete* (1793), *Hilaria, the Festive Board* (1798), *A Collection of Political and Other Songs* (1798) and *Songs, Political and Convivial* (1802). In the early Victorian era two further compilations of Morris's songs were issued: *Capt. Morris's Songs: A Very Capital Collection of Bacchanalian, Amatory, and Double Entendre Songs, etc.* ([*c.* 1840]) and *Lyra Urbanica, or, The Social Effusions of the Celebrated Captain Charles Morris*, 2 vols (1840).

Morris was thus both singer and songwriter. He did not write all the songs included in *Capt. Morris's Songs*, but presumably he performed regularly the few that were not his own. Much the same is true for the other five songbooks that definitely included his compositions: most songs associated with him were his own but others he had made his own, even if the original was a folk song, a broadside ballad or an item culled from *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. Only nineteen songs were specifically ascribed to him by Metford's anonymous editor, but another half-dozen were certainly his, having been 'borrowed' from one of his earlier publications. And then there are over sixty more that were likely his creations: songs included in the *Fal-lal Songster*, *The Facetious Songster* and *The Fake Away Songster* (all of which have 'Captain Morris's Songs' as subtitles) or in *Captain Morris's Songs*. Future research will confirm precisely which of these were reprinted from his earlier publications, but for now the suggested identifications (see the notes to those songsters) must be merely probable, based on style, subject matter and, especially, the frequency of allusions to earlier English poetry or to Roman mythology.

No other songwriter came even close to contributing a similar number of items to Metford's or Edwards's songbooks. Most songs remained anonymous,

although some two dozen authors are indicated by name or by initials. The Duke of D., Sir G. R, J. B. and 'An Illustrious Personage' hid their identities, and P. T. Tune may have disguised his (or hers). Others we know only by name, such as A. R. Horton and J. Martin, who each parodied 'The Knight of the Golden Crest', a drawing-room ballad by Harry Stoe van Dyke set to music by John Barrett, or J. A. Beornheart, whose 'My Pretty Sal' [§672] was a parody of 'My Pretty Jane' (also known as 'The Bloom Is on the Rye'), a highly popular drawing-room ballad by dramatist Edward Fitzball (1792–1873) and composer Sir Henry Bishop. A few songs can be recognized as the work of minor late eighteenth- or early nineteenth-century poets, such as 'I Wish My Dear Fanny' [§676] by George Selwyn, 'Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane' [§647] by George Coleman or the ingenious 'The Literary Dustman' [§632] by Robert 'Bob' Glindon. We know that George Knight, who wrote 'The Hare-skin' [§671], was a worker-poet who earned his living as a shoemaker, and that Sir John Moore ('Aylesbury Races' [§739]), William Hewerdine ('The Blue Vein' [§620, §795 and §814]) and W. Daniels ('All the Corinthians out on a Spree' [§684]) were sometime friends and/or drinking companions of Charles Morris. Leaving aside a few other individuals about whom we know nothing (D. Roach, C. H. Fawcett, T. Little and Mr Parry), that leaves four songwriters who deserve notice.

William Hammond (*c.* 1798–1848), whose 'The Dirty Jade' [§621] was a parody of 'The Mountain Maid', was an actor, singer and comedian who turned to theatre management as a second career: he ran the Strand Theatre in London in 1836–9 and the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1839–40. Thomas Peckett Prest was a hack writer, journalist and musician, who became a prolific producer of 'penny dreadfuls'. He would become celebrated (or notorious) as the co-creator (with James Malcom Rymer) of the character Sweeney Todd, the 'demon barber' in the novel *The String of Pearls* (1846). He contributed three songs: 'Swished for a Week' [§584], 'The Pleasures of a Married Life' [§593] and 'The Vocal Chimbly Sweeper!' [§644]. Then there was Thomas 'Tom' Hudson, a London grocer and greengrocer who wrote dozens of comic songs, performed them at night in local public houses (and, occasionally, by invitation, to assembled gentlemen in the supper clubs). Only two of his compositions ('Taking in the News!' [§581] and 'John Thomas and Peggy Perkins' [§678]) were reprinted by Metford in these songsters, but seven of his other songs were adapted or used as vehicles for parodies, so there is no question that despite his lower-class status his work was well known to the writers and consumers of bawdy songs. And finally we must acknowledge the contributions of James Bruton (1815–67), a writer of comic lyrics and humorous ballads who also sang in London clubs and theatres. He specialized in writing and performing songs in cockney dialect and in creating parodies using cockney dialect.[11] Five items were specifically attributed to him: 'Conger Nell and the Clerkenwell Porkman'

[§603], 'There's Nothing Like Pride about Me' [§633], 'Charley the Buzzman and Mot!' [§635], 'I Have Kissed the Biggest Whore' [§682] and 'I'd Be a Member Mug' [§697]. However, it seems quite likely that he was also responsible for some or all of the other songs in near-impenetrable cockney dialect that are found scattered among the Metford songsters, such as 'Jerry Abershaw's Will' [§538], 'She Svears Ven I Have Caned Her' [§556], 'Knowing Bill, the Coster-monger' [§598], 'Dick Hellfinch, the Link-boy' [§615] and 'The Literary Dustman' [§632]. Some are bawdy, others not, but they are all interesting and original contributions to the English comic song genre; however, the reader will find that recourse to the notes glossing the dialect words and phrases is essential for comprehending the details of what they are about.

This brings us to the songs themselves. As mentioned before, they are not all bawdy, and a few are serious rather than humorous. Of the serious songs, two of Charles Morris's compositions stand out: the touching 'The Wedding Night' [§673], which dares address the subject of impotence, and the powerful, if heavily moralistic, 'The Progress of a Woman of Pleasure!' [§730]. Only a handful of the songs mention contemporary political, social or economic events; for example, 'The Female Tunnel' [§567] satirizes Isambard Brunel's ill-starred attempt to build a road tunnel under the River Thames from Rotherhithe to Wapping; 'And This I Think a Reason Fair' [§667] laments the cost and scarcity of wine due to Napoleon's trade embargo with Britain; 'Taking in the News!' [§581] surveys the variety of daily and weekly newspapers published in London in the early nineteenth century; 'The Female Husband's Nothing at All' [§616] comments satirically, in the tradition of broadside balladry, on the discovery that a supposedly married woman's 'husband' was in fact a butch lesbian; 'May Day Morning' [§712] includes a toast to William Pitt the Younger but also denounces him as a 'kiss my arse chap' who imposed a much resented tax on tobacco; 'A Song of Sentiments' [§759] makes reference to the wars of conquest undertaken by the British in India – the Gurkha War, the Pindari campaign and the last Maratha War; and 'The Institution of Matrimony' [§784] alludes briefly to the beginnings of the Chartist movement in the wake of the limited franchise provided by the Reform Act of 1832. A few songs are obvious parodies of fairly well-known 'national' songs: for example, 'A Blooming Young Maiden of Fifteen Give Me' [§614] and 'Roast Meat and Potatoes for Ever!' [§634] both satirized John Braham's effusive 'The King, God Bless Him', while 'The Pleasures of a Woman' [§845] was a spoof of 'England for Ever Shall Weather the Storm', a patriotic song of disputed authorship that also gave rise to parodies celebrating Freemasonry and Chartism. Taken together, these commentaries on warfare, political events, politicians and the monarchy reveal a mild oppositional spirit and a certain cynicism or scepticism with regard to the dignity, probity and competence of the governing elite.

Less directly, many of the songs reveal much about London low-life and the daily lives of working-class people in central-east London. More than thirty of the songs are clearly set in an area that runs from Covent Garden and St Giles in the west (a district notorious for its crowded housing, criminal gangs and lower-class prostitutes) through Holborn and St Paul's to Eastcheap and Whitechapel. Many but not all of them in cockney dialect, this body of song can be divided into three groups: songs about prostitutes and prostitution, songs celebrating (or at least knowledgeable about and sympathetic to) the exploits of pickpockets and other criminals, and songs depicting the lives, and often the randiness or sexual prowess, of costermongers, fishwives, and chimney sweeps. Songs about whores include 'Love in a Watch Box' [§533], 'The Blowing's Catalogue' [§563], 'Moll Slobbercock!' [§564], 'The Little Go' [§571], 'The Girl and the Country Man' [§624] and 'The Blowing's Lament' [§608 and §797]. The second group, songs of criminal low-life, includes 'Jerry Abershaw's Will' [§697], 'The Lively Kid' [§599], 'Dick Hellfinch, the Link-boy' [§615] and 'The St. Giles's Flash Man' [§733]. Items – invariably in cockney slang – about working-class figures who (sometimes only barely) remained within the law, while finding ways to survive and prosper in the streets of East London and in the fish, meat and vegetable markets of Billingsgate, Smithfield and Covent Garden, include 'Knowing Bill, the Coster-monger' [§598], 'Conger Nell and the Clerkenwell Porkman' [§603], 'Joe's Fine Concern' [§636], 'Now!' [§668], 'Jack Muggins' [§670], 'Red-haired Suke' [§680] and 'The Vicked Costermonger' [§681]. These are some of the most difficult to understand, yet among the most interesting – at least from the point of view of the social historian – of all the items in our thirteen songbooks.

A minority of the items, numbering less than a dozen, derive their rather schoolboy humour not from covert or explicit references to sexual acts but rather to faeces or breaking wind. Some, but not all, of these are in cockney dialect. The more extreme examples of this scatological humour include 'Me and My Ass' [§554], 'Peas, Beans, and Cabbage!' [§627], 'The Two Game Cocks' [§643] and 'Jack Muggins' [§670]. Almost all the songs are sexist in the sense of regarding women exclusively, or at least primarily, as sex objects: 'mutton' is the unflattering term commonly used in several of them. At least 300 of the songs make use of double entendres as their principal source of humour. Many of the ubiquitous word plays have with the passage of time become obscure and the reader will have to have recourse to the notes to comprehend them. There are several dozen slang synonyms for the female pudenda although, curiously, 'cunt' is a rarity, with the softer 'cunny' or 'coney' sometimes substituted, but it is brazenly featured in 'The C, the C, the Open C!' [§665]. Black cats, black holes, black jokes, black things, blue veins, bushes, fountains, gape-holes, hare-skins, hairy rings, muffs, spittoons, trunks, twitchers, verdant spots and water closets are among the many tropes for vagina and/or pubic bush. Cock, too, is used

for both male and female genitalia, and one becomes weary of the anonymous songwriters' delight in repeating the word as often as possible, in the belief that its very mention would always induce a laugh. Certainly, some of these songs are pedestrian and tedious; others, however, are quite sophisticated. Perhaps the cleverest of all are those that derive their humour from carefully avoiding the expected slang word. Examples of such 'missing word' songs are 'The Primrose Girl' [§546], 'The Ballet Girl' [§548] and 'John Long and His – I Know What!' [§553]. 'The Ballet Girl', for instance, carefully avoids, while implicitly suggesting, the words 'cunt', 'prick', 'bollocks' and 'fart'. Incidentally, the first two of those three songs, both found in *The Fal-lal Songster*, were probably the work of Charles Morris.

Another interesting category, almost exclusively the work of Morris, is that of songs replete with classic references. Morris evidently learned Latin as a youth, read Virgil and Ovid, and became familiar with Roman (and Homeric) mythology. His residual knowledge of Latin was demonstrated with aplomb in 'The Bundle of Proverbs' [§540], in which every verse ends with a different Latin tag or saying. Not surprisingly, references to Venus and Cupid abound in his poems and songs, but he also drew upon the characteristics and foibles of other members of the Greco-Roman pantheon. Saturnus, Jupiter, Juno, Mars, Mercury, Neptune, Vulcan, Diana, Apollo, Pan, Priapus, Bacchus and Hebe all appear in his creations, as well as allusions to stories, legends and myths about Diogenes, Minos, Theseus, Charon, Adonis, Narcissus, Endymion, Daphne, Io, Thetis, Ariadne and Penelope. There are more than a dozen of this kind of Morris song, but a few examples are 'The Amours of the Gods' [§536], 'Apollo and Daphne' [§713], 'Ev'ry Cloud a Bagnio' [§717], 'The Tippling Deities' [§719] and 'Jupiter's Wooings' [§777].

Morris's other speciality was drinking songs, although, of course, he was not the only source of the many drinking songs in these thirteen songbooks. There are two types of drinking songs: those specifically celebrating the virtues of wine, beer or other forms of alcohol, and those about other subjects that have rollicking choruses designed for mass participation by an inebriated audience. Focusing on the former, we find perhaps fewer than might be expected, although they number close to twenty. One of the most celebrated was Morris's 'And This I Think a Reason Fair' [§667], which enumerated a series of excuses for resort to the wine glass. Other Morris defences of inebriation include 'She Tells Me with Claret' [§675], 'By Jove I'll Be Free!' [§721], 'The House Warming in Pall Mall' [§731] and 'With Women and Wine' [§776], as well as numerous paeans to Bacchus, such as 'My Temples with Cluster' [§775] and 'Gay Bacchus' [§781]. However, Morris was not responsible for 'Come, Come for a Night On't' [§698], ascribed to the mysterious P. T. Tune, or for perhaps the most thoroughgoing and unrepentant description of a night of drinking, the anonymous 'The Sedgfield Frolic' [§674], which was borrowed from a much-printed broadside ballad.

Mention of broadside balladry brings us back to another category of songs found in the Metford songsters: folk songs and ballads that were probably copied from broadsheets.[12] There are just over a dozen of these. Some of the more lyrical, such as 'The Fiddle' [§541], 'The Mower' [§542] and 'The Cuckoo's Nest' [§625 and §796], were undoubtedly extant in rural oral tradition, but they were also to be found on broadsheets printed in London and elsewhere. Two ('The Collier's Rant' [§656] and 'The Hare-skin' [§671]) were, as we have seen, taken from the collection of Joseph Ritson. Others, for example 'The Cuckold Drover!' [§528], 'The Crafty Maiden' [§543], 'The Rat Catcher' [§623] and 'Courting a Maid and Courting a Mare' [§702] were standard broadside fare, while 'The May-pole' [§622] (also known as 'Come Lasses and Lads'), although not originally a creation of Seven Dials, was taken up with enthusiasm by broadside publishers and much reprinted. It attracted parodies too, as in 'The Gape Hole' [§566].

Parodies were the stock-in-trade of the anonymous (and some of the named) authors of this kind of bawdy song. There were two kinds: those that deliberately guyed the original, relying for their humour on the audience's familiarity with the parodied song, and those that simply used a well-known tune for a new set of bawdy lyrics. Parodies (as well as reprints) of broadside ballads were frequent, but for melodies and models the parodists went further back, to sixteenth- and seventeenth-century vernacular songs and dance tunes. They also raided the works of many eighteenth-century songwriters from Thomas d'Urfey through Henry Carey, John Gay, Richard Leveridge, Allan Ramsay, William Shield, Charles Dibdin and William Mickle to Sir Walter Scott. Henry Purcell's 'O Lead Me to Some Peaceful Gloom' (from his semi-opera *Boudicca, or, The British Heroine*) became an anti-matrimonial, pro-drinking song titled 'Oh Lead Me to Some Peaceful Room' [§631] ('where wives' loud clappers never sound'). John Blow's 'Come Follow, Follow to the Noblest Game', from his pioneering English opera *Venus and Adonis*, gave rise to 'Follow, Follow to the Fountain' [§645], while Thomas D'Urfey provided not only such songs as 'Harry and Doll' [§758] and 'My Thing Is My Own' [§763] but four other tunes for parodies. William Shield's 'Let Fame Sound the Trumpet' became 'Let Shame Crown the Strumpet' [§628] and Gay and Leveridge's popular 'Black-Eyed Susan' was transformed into 'Black Ey'd Sal, and the Juicy Orange' [§754]. There are far too many examples of this type of overt pillaging to cite, but one of the most amusing is 'Jack of Horslydown' [§630], a parody of Sir Walter Scott's version of the traditional ballad 'John of Hazelgreen'.

When looking for older tunes to employ, the parodists essentially went to four different sources: instrumental dance tunes, folk song melodies, songs associated with broadside ballads, and the commercial 'hit' songs of the early and mid-eighteenth century. Some tunes, such as 'Bobbing Joan', 'Ladies Tongues', 'The Rogue's March' and even 'Flowers of the Forest' were beloved of fiddlers,

melodeon players and pipers. Others, for instance the much used 'Bow, Wow, Wow', 'Derry Down' and 'Which Nobody Can Deny', did originally have their own words but had already become standard vehicles for new lyrics, so the nineteenth-century parodists were only adding to an existing crop. There were a few folk songs, for example 'The Old Carrion Crow' and 'The Poachers', that received new and bawdier sets of words, but more extensively employed were tunes associated with such fairly well-known broadside ballads as 'The Bold Dragoon' 'The Dusty Miller' and 'The Devil in Search of a Wife', as well as such less widely distributed ones as 'Maas Simpkins' and 'The Devil and Hackney Coachman'. Other popular vehicles for parodies were anonymous songs on the borderline between vernacular and commercial song, such as 'The Maypole', 'The Girl I Left behind Me' and 'We Shall Never See His Like Again'. Of the eighteenth-century popular singer-songwriters Charles Dibdin was the most parodied, with his 'Humphrey's Clock', 'Ri Fum Ti Fum' and 'The Bee Proffers Honey' among those that attracted attention. Perhaps the most popular of all mid-eighteenth-century creations that drew parodies was 'There's Nae Luck about the House', a well-known Scottish song often regarded as traditional but in fact written by Jean Adam (1710–65) and reworked by William Mickle (1735–88): it turns up as the tune for 'The Primrose Girl' [§546], 'Guess the Rest' [§646] and 'Bill Stroke'em' [§846].

When we move closer to the time period in which most of the lyrics in our thirteen songsters were written, the last decades of the eighteenth century and the first two of the nineteenth, it is hardly surprising that we find many dozens of parodies of the work of leading composers of drawing-room ballads and other respectable but commercial lyrics that found popularity among the middle classes during the Regency and the reigns of George IV and William IV. There are too many, indeed, to mention, but we can give as examples two songs by James Robinson Planché ('We Met! Twas at a Ball' and 'Helmet on His Brow') and three by James Hook ('Mary of the Dale', 'Ma chère amie' and 'Bonny Jem of Aberdeen'). William Thomas Moncrieff's 'Pretty Star of the Night' was also a favourite vehicle, as were two drawing-room ballads by John Barrett and Harry Stoe van Dyke: 'The Knight of the Golden Crest' and 'Rose of Lucerne'.

Even more popular were the works of Thomas Haynes Bayly and Sir Henry Bishop. Drawing-room songs by Bayly that drew parodies included 'My Own Blue Bell', 'Listen, Dear Fanny', 'They Weep When I Have Named Her' and his celebrated 'I'd Be a Butterfly', which provoked 'I'd Be a Member Mug' (a chamber pot) [§697]. His equally popular collaboration with Bishop, the maudlin 'The Mistletoe Bough', was twice parodied (see 'The Juniper Bough' [§535] and 'The Marriage of Dumpling Bet' [§544]), but so was Bishop's own 'Home, Sweet Home' (see 'London's a Rare Place for Mutton' [§583] and 'No Meat Like Mutton' [§789]). His 'My Native Hills' did not escape either, but the song by

Bishop that the parodists loved best was 'My Pretty Jane' (also known as 'The Bloom Is on the Rye'), which provided the vehicle for 'My Pretty Sal' [§672], 'Her Mouth is All Awry' [§694] and 'My Rummy Poll's Blind Eye!' [§792]. In these stakes, however, neither Bayly nor Bishop could hold a candle to Irish poet and tune-collector Thomas Moore (1770–1852). His multi-volume *A Selection of Irish Melodies* was raided for tunes, and the poetic lyrics that he had written for them were mercilessly, if affectionately, parodied by Charles Morris (who was personally acquainted with him) and others. About a dozen of his lyrics were transformed into bawdy songs, including some of his most famous creations, such as 'The Minstrel Boy', 'The Last Rose of Summer' and 'Fly Not Yet'. The latter, for example, became 'The Rambling Sons of Night' [§661], while 'There's a Bower of Roses by Bendemeer's Stream' turned into a song about a brothel with the opening line 'There's a mansion of white in renown'd Soho Square' [§595].

While most of the vehicles for parody chosen by Morris and other bawdy songwriters were old favourites rather than contemporary songs just off the printing press, a handful of commercial popular songs from the 1830s were guyed almost immediately, including 'The Sea, the Open Sea' (see §665), 'I Have Plucked the Fairest Flower' (see §682) and 'The Rose of Allandale' (see §654). Surprisingly, however, the singer-songwriter of the time who provided the most models for bawdy parodies was London grocer/greengrocer Thomas 'Tom' Hudson. Hudson apparently had an ear for a catchy tune, and his comic songs were easily adaptable to more ribald lyrics, with the result that, among others, 'Love-sick Looby' was used for 'Me and My Ass' [§554], 'Barney Brallaghan's Courtship' became 'The Diary of a Libertine' [§597], 'Betsy Baker' turned into 'The Blowing's Lament' [§608] and 'Mrs. Monday' was employed for the cockney duet 'Now!' [§668].

This survey of the songs – tunes and lyrics – employed for bawdy parodies hardly exhausts the subject but it does at least reinforce the fact that our thirteen songsters were underpinned by a wealth of melody that is not obvious to a superficial glance through their sometimes witty, sometimes tedious, sometimes obscure but usually interesting and quite often funny lyrics. To appreciate them one has to put aside one's twenty-first-century repugnance at their sexism and ignore the minority that irritate by their heavy-handed deployment of overused terms. There is much to laugh at and enjoy here, and many readers will perhaps discover Charles Morris for the first time and conclude that he was a skilful and imaginative poet who deserves better than to be written off as a mere 'laureate of the Beef Steak Club' known only for a handful of drinking songs.

In conclusion, a word about editing these songs. Most, but not quite all, of the song titles are in capital letters in the original songbooks, so for the sake of consistency and uniform presentation they have all been given here in capitals. The subtitles and tune titles, however, following the publisher's editorial policy,

have been left with the rather haphazard capitalization, spelling and punctuation found in the originals, and that is true, too, of the song texts. The editorial '[*sic*]' has been used as sparingly as possible, some obvious typographical errors have been corrected within square brackets, and there are some silent additions of periods at the ends of verses. Other than that, this reprint edition aims to give the reader a reasonable sense of what the original songsters looked like, including many misspellings and much erratic punctuation. Hopefully that degree of authenticity will not detract from understanding the songs, and the rather copious notes will help to make the more difficult ones intelligible.

Notes

1. T. D'Urfey, *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, 6 vols (London: D'Urfey, 1719–20).
2. [T. Ravenscroft (ed.)], *Melismata: Musicall Phansies, Fitting the Court, Cittie, and Countrey Humours* (London, 1611).
3. For alternative viewpoints, see P. van der Merwe, *Origins of the Popular Style* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1989); D. Scott, *The Singing Bourgeois: Songs of the Victorian Drawing Room and Parlour*, 2nd edn (Aldershot: Ashgate, 2001).
4. F. J. Child (ed.), *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 10 parts in 5 vols (1882–98; New York: Dover, 1965).
5. J. Ritson (ed.), *Northern Garlands* (London: Triphook, 1810). This is a reprint, in one volume, of four small collections made by Ritson and published separately between 1784 and 1802: *The Bishopric Garland, or Durham Minstrel* (1784, rev. 1792), *The Yorkshire Garland* (1788), *The Northumberland Garland* (1793) and *The North-Country Chorister* (1802).
6. *Grove Music Online* (*GMO*), at www.oxfordmusiconline.com [accessed May 2011].
7. Ibid.
8. *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (*ODNB*), online edition [accessed May 2011].
9. W. Hewerdine and C. Morris, *Hilaria: The Festive Board* (London: Hewerdine & Morris, 1798).
10. *ODNB* [accessed May 2011]. The very useful article on members of the Morris family is by Patrick Waddington.
11. *GMO* [accessed May 2011].
12. On the history of English folk songs and folk-song collecting, see E. D. Gregory, *Victorian Songhunters: The Recovery and Editing of English Vernacular Ballads and Folk Lyrics, 1820–1883* (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 2006); E. D. Gregory, *The Late Victorian Folksong Revival: The Persistence of English Melody, 1878–1903* (Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 2010).

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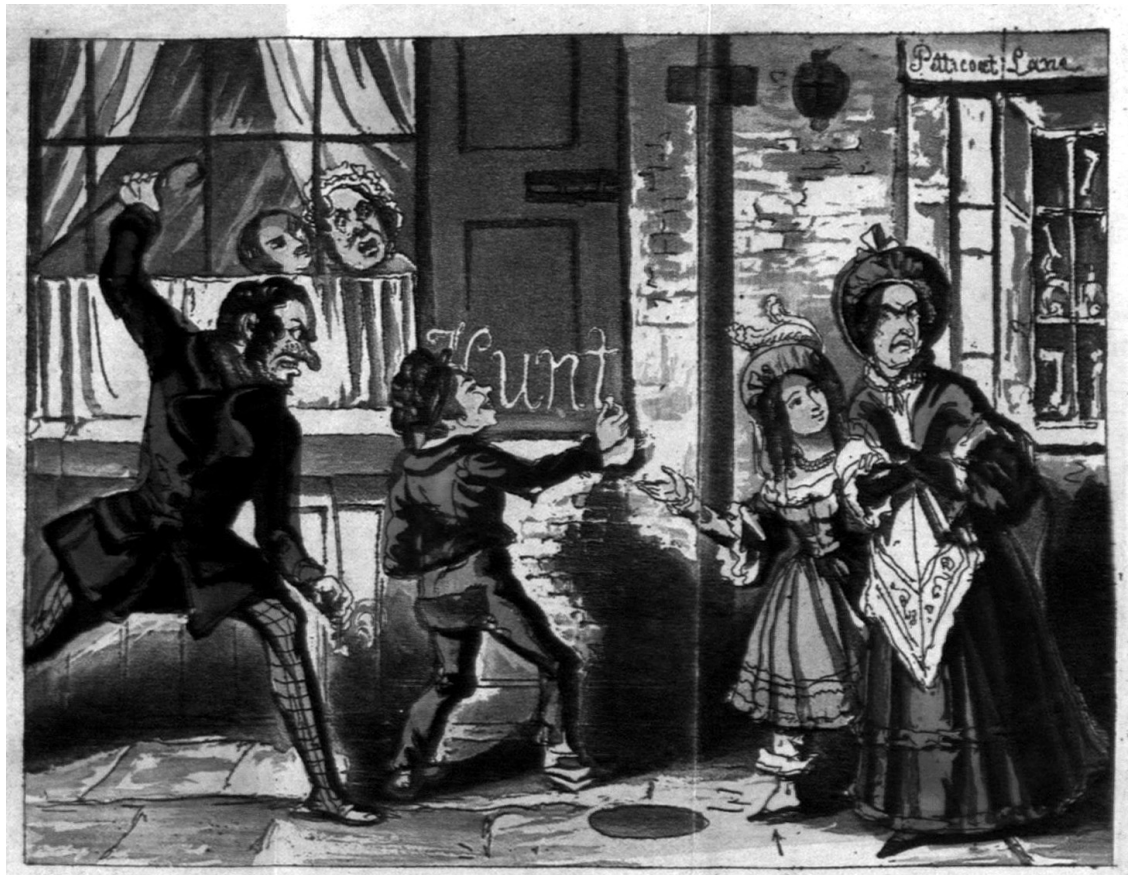

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GENEALOGY,
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THE CUCKOLD DROVER. LUSTFUL PEG.
Love in a Watch Box. Mary Anne's Lament.
THE CUCKOLD'S CAP!
We met – twas at a rout. Jerry Abershaw's Will.
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MARRIAGE OF DUMPLING BET.
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MAIDS WILL BELIEVE.[1] [§526]

Sung at the Beef Steak Club.[2]

When I entered my teens, and threw play-things aside,
I conceived myself woman, and fit for a bride;
By the men I was flattered, my pride to enhance,
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.[3]

They swore that my eyes the bright diamonds excell'd – –
Such a face and such tresses sure ne'er were beheld!
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance –
Oh, the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall;
On his knees he entreated my hand for a dance –
Ah, the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

He conducted me home when the pastime was o'er,
And declared he ne'er saw so much beauty before;
He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance –
Ah, the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had –
At length he declared all his flame to my dad,
But my father loved money and would not advance[4] –
And replied to my lover, young men will romance. –

But though my papa would not give us a shilling,[5]
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing;
So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,[6]
And believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

I WANTED – I COULD NOT TELL WHAT. [§527]

Sung at the Cider Cellars.[7]

When I lived in my grandmother's cot,
    What a happy young damsel was I –
Each day we'd the spit or the pot,
    With plenty of pudding and pie.

I'd a horse that could amble and trot, –
And good neighbours to visit hard by –
Yet I wanted – I could not tell what,
And I sigh'd – but I could not tell why.
I sigh'd, &c.

My daddy he bought me a knot,[8] –
With a fan and a new fashioned fly[9] –
A pair of silk shoes, too, I got,
To wear when the weather was dry.
Yet to pine all the day was my lot,
And in bed ever restless to lie, –
For I wanted – I could nor tell what,
And I sigh'd – but I could not tell why.

For counsel I cared not a jot,
Resolv'd some new project to try –
I quite thought I should die[10] on the spot,
If a pretty young fellow passed by.
At last a brisk[11] husband I got –
'Twas the man I had long in my eye;
He gave me – I must not tell what,
So I loved him – I need not tell why.

THE CUCKOLD DROVER! OR, THE MERCHANT DONE OVER.[12] [§528]

Sung at the C[i]der Cellars.

Come all you lads and lasses gay, come listen to my song,
I'll sing you of a funny ditty before it is long,
It's of a London drover he drove to London town,
Who had a handsome wife as ever the sun shone on.

It's of a rich young merchant he often took a country ride,
To sport with young women for that was all his pride –
As he was a riding one evening on the road,
He met with a drover's wife down by a shady grove.

He stopp'd his horse, and thus to her did say,
I will give you five guineas all night with you to lay –
The drover's wife being gamesome, she made him this reply –
'If you will go home with me, down on the bed we'll lie.'

Now the bargain being made, she went home without delay –
He went unto an inn to put his horse to hay,
He gave the ostler charge for to bed him[13] up quite right,
For he was going to an evening's diversion and should not be back all night,

Then to begin the sport the merchant went straightway,
For to cuckold the poor drover, and with his wife to lay –
When he did come there, 'O walk in, kind sir, she said,
I have lit the candle ready to light us both to bed.

They both went up stairs without any more delay,
On the drover's ground he began to sport and play –
She said, 'My dear you are the man that can ease me of my pain,
And when the drover is from home, I hope you'll come again.

He said then my dear, oh I'll come again to thee,
For to enjoy your sweet charms that so delighted me –
And when I come again, my dear, I'll bring ten thousand pound,
And you shall leave the drover to travel England round.

But somehow the drover he soon found out the game,
And the rigs[14] that his wife and the merchant carried on –
Then he went home as usual, but he no notice took,
But the very next morning he in the closet popp'd.

And when she thought him gone from home as she did suppose,
She sent for the merchant and a grand suit of clothes,
And when the merchant came, she thus to him did say,
I will lie in your arms all night, and in the morning will away.

They then both went up stairs, but scarcely into bed had got,
When out of the closet the drover did pop;
He quickly ran up stairs, such pranks with them he play'd,
He tore off both shirt and smock, and they loud for mercy cried.

He bundled them down stairs, into the street he did them pop,
The merchant without a shirt, and his wife without a smock –
And they were both stark naked to the people were expos'd,
He was forced to sell his horse for to buy themselves clothes.

The drover ran up stairs to search the merchant's pockets round,
There he found a gold watch and ten thousand pounds –
I think I have done him fairly for cuckolding of me –
I can spend a shilling[15] freely, and have a lass upon my knee.

HARRY THE COACHMAN. [§529]

A popular Catch, su[n]g at the Beef Steak Club.

Poor John was worn out by obliging her Grace,[16]
So Harry the Coachman slipped into his place –
She finding that Hal had the whip hand[17] of John,
Cried, 'Oh, what a difference – good coach man, drive on!'

THE AMIABLE FAMILY.[18] [§530]

A celebrated Comic Song, sung at the Cider Cellars, Gentlemens' Clubs, Private Dinner Parties, &c. The only correct Edition.
Music sold at 10, Middle Row, Holborn

By these kids of mine so misbehaving.
I'm so wexed[19] that I soon shall go raving –
There's nothing but strife
With them, 'pon my life –
They spends all the money I'm saving

With my purse they just does commit slaughter –
But though I'm in money much shorter –
The day once was mine,
I could drink my own wine,
Though now I does drink my own water.

'Cos the tippery I'd not got a stock of,
My water rate payments to knock off[20] –
A cove, 'pon my life,
In sight of my wife,
To-day come, and did cut my cock[21] off!

My daughter Selina Jane Anna,
Prac*tizes* upon the pianner[22] –
She is such a rum[23] un,
She's always a strumming,[24]
Such a inweterat[25] manner.

An horizontal was once her delight now,
She the fingering did it all right now –
But the young wretch does say
To me every day,
'I wants for to have a upright[26] now!'

My wife Sal, who never does lack words
Took in tenants, but they prov'd such blackguards[27] –
She did say, by gole!
She let out her whole[28]
Of her house, and then lay *herself* backwards.

For our three rooms we now has three lodgers,
But they is such worry queer codgers[29] –
On our door you'll see wrote,
Those names I here quote –
'Mr. Balls' – 'Mrs. Mary Brown' – 'Rogers!'[30]

So we [a]re underground each now a dweller
And when I gets home rather mellow,
At the door I don't rap,
But I lets down my flap,[31]
To get into my wife in the cellar!

My young boy there's no reconciling
To act right, his conduct so wile in –
He's been with some mot,
And the glue[32] he has got,
And he's *guv* it to us – the whole *biling!*[33]

He tipt it our serwant, Poll Carter,
And the young wretch to me guv it arter,[34]
Then *I* guv it my wife,
And *she* 'pon my life,
Guve it Jack Finch, and Jack to my darter.

My boy he won't ape his betters,
Though I reads to him 'Chesterfield's Letters;[35]
He'll nothing delight in,
Except in a writing
Of HUNT[36] on the shutters!

WHAT I DARE NOT NAME.[37] [§531]

Sung at the Cider Cellars.

Why is your faithful slave disdain'd?
By gentle arts my heart you gain'd –
Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my passion last,
If you will make me once possess'd
Of what I dare not name.

Though charming are your wit and face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze
That will suffice my flame.
Love's infancy on hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give
Of what I dare not name.

When I behold your lips, your eyes,
Those snowy breasts that fall and rise,
Fanning my raging flame;
That shape, so made to be embraced.
What would I give if I might taste
Of what I dare not name?

In courts I never wish to rise –
Both wealth and honour I despise,
And that vain breath call'd fame.
By love I hope no crowns to gain –
'Tis something more I would obtain –
'Tis that I dare not name.

THE LADIES' BUSTLE. [§532]

Sung at the Beef Steak Club.
Tune – 'Rumpti bumpti bay'.[38]

Married men draw near awhile,
And bucks that are so dashing,
While I describe all I know
About the ladies' fashion,
Large bonnets and their furbelows,
And their bustle[39] too – alas!
The ladies they have took to wear,
To substitute their —[40]
Rumpty bumpty, &c.

As Toddy and his wife,
Went out to take the air,
Says Toddy to his wife –
'What is it you've got there?
That every one looks round
As you and I do pass –
It's very strange that they
Are staring at your —[41]
Rumpty bumpty, &c.

'Why, don't you know, my dear,
That ladies now-a-days,
Show all their shapes so clear,
Without the use of stays.
I've left them off, says she,
Like every dandy lass,
And clapt a bustle on
Just to shape my —[42]
Rumpty bumpty, &c.

'A bustle! pray what's that?
You never bustled[43] yet,
Except the other day
When in a drunken fit,
If 'tis to shew your shape,

A shameless thing – alas!
More like a silly ape,
Than any lady's —
Rumpty bumpty, &c.

But mind the sequel now,
Misfortunes often come,
The bustle got loose somehow,
And fell from off her b—m;[44]
When at the very time,
An urchin chanced to pass,
Who bawl'd in words sublime,
'Here ma'am, you've dropt your —
Rumpty bumpty, &c.

Then Toddy curst and swore,
He'd ne'er go out again,
If such strange things she wore,
Unless she was in pain.
The ladies laugh'd and grinn'd,
But hoped his hint would pass –
That those who ventured out,
Would fasten on their —
Rumpty bumpty, &c.

LOVE IN A WATCH BOX, OR, 'SUGAR'. [§533]

Sung at the Cider Cellars.
Tune – 'The [O]ld Carrion Crow'.[45]

As a blowen[46] t'other night was walking about,
Fol lol de riddle. &c.
Looking for a customer for her *ware* no doubt;
But as on she did go,
She cock'd up her toe,[47]
Spoken – Crying Sugar, Sugar![48]
Fol lol, &c.
She met with a swell as she did pike,[49]
Fol lol, &c.
His breeches were lined with what she did like,[50]
Fol lol, &c.
For something to drink, to a lush crib[51] did hike,
'Home let us go.
And get toe to toe!'[52]
Spoken – Sugar, sugar!
Fol lol, &c.
They met with a Charley. 'Old boy, here's bob.[53]

Fol lol, &c.
If in your box you'll let's do a job[54]
The watch cock'd his toe[55] –
In my box have your go.
Spoken – Sugar, sugar!
Fol lol, &c.
Some wags twigg'd this girl of the town,[56]
Fol lol, &c.
And out of a lark, knock'd the watch box down.
Then – oh, my! what a go,
There they lay toe to toe –
Spoken – Sugar, sugar!
Fol lol, &c.

MORAL

Now you amorous bucks, in a watch box don't get,
Fol lol, &c.
'Stead of being *set up* you'll be *upset,*[57]
Then sad scene of woe,
You will be laid low.
Spoken – Sugar, sugar!
Fol lol, &c.

MARY ANNE'S LAMENTATION. [§534]

Sung at Convivial Parties.

Oh, deary me, how I'm forsaken,
All day I do nothing but weep –
I can't think for what I am taken,
The men all away from me creep.

I very soon now shall be thirty,
And yet I have ne'er had a beau;
My face I am told's rather purty,[58]
My figure is rather so, so.

My sister, Miss Fanny, was married
Before she was quite twenty three –
Nine inches[59] her maiden head carried –
Oh! when will this happen to me?

If you ask me why men thus ill use me, –
By all that is good I can't tell;
Not one as a prude can accuse me,
Or say I his offers repel.

However, in spite of derision,
When leap year shall come round again –
Thank Heaven for such a provision –
A maid I'll no longer remain.[60]

Myself I shall not be degrading,
Then ladies may husbands intreat;
So, let those who will be upbraiding,
I'll be kiss'd[61] by the first man I meet.

THE JUNIPER BOUGH. [§535]

A popular Parody on 'The Mis[t]letoe Bough',[62] *sung at the Cider Cellars.*

The juniper[63] flowed in the cobbler's room,
The lads and the lasses all jump'd the broom,[64]
The kiddies all wolfed and lushed away,[65]
Because 'twas Bob, and old Sarah's wedding day –

A covey[66] with envy often eyed,
Bandy-legged Sarah, young Bobby's bride
Oh! the juniper bough,
Oh! the juniper bough.

I'm tired of waiting now, she cried,
Let us give Bill[67] the slip – we'll hide, we'll hide;
And I'll bet a tanner[68] he'll never trace,
The way to our sneaking, hiding place.
Away they sneaked, and their friends began
All over the crib in a funk[69] to run.
Oh, &c.

They searched that night afar and away,
They searched until 'twas almost day –
The cupboards, and kitchens, the areas, wot not,
Scarce a crib[70] that harboured a mouse they forgot.
And when all their search and labour was past
And they gave it up for a bad job at last,
Then Robert appear'd, and the kiddies cried –
'See how Robert funks for his lushy bride!'[71]
Oh, &c.

At length a coal cellar, forgotten before,
They found below – they opened the door;
When Sal and her chum they there espied,
With a bottle of daffy[72] by their side
Oh! sad was their fate, by love oppress'd,

They retired to the coal cellar, there to rest,
And in snoozing and boozing there all night,
They deck'd Bobby's head with the horns[73] that night.
Oh, &c.

THE AMOURS OF THE GODS.[74] [§536]

Sung at the Convivialists Club.

Old Satan,[75] that drone of a god,
And father of all the divine,
Who governed the world with a nod,
He fancy'd both women and wine;
And when he was whimsical grown
By sipping his plentiful bowl,
Then frankly the truth he would own,
That a wench was the joy of his soul[.]

Great Jupiter,[76] like his old dad.
To love and a bottle inclined,
When mellow, was constantly glad
To find a plump girl to his mind.
And then, as the story is told,
He'd conjure himself in her arms,
As once in a shower of gold,
He rifled fair Danæ's charms.[77]

Stern Mars,[78] the great god of the field,
All day though delighting in blood,
At night his fierce godship would yield
To a woman, and wine that is good.
With nectar he'd cherish his heart,
And raise up his wanton desires,
Then to Venus,[79] his darling, impart
The warmth of his amorous fires.

Apollo, the patron of bays,[80]
Full goblets would merrily drain,
And sing forth poetical lays,
When the fumes had got into his brain;
But still as he whimsical grew
By toping the juice of the vine,
To Parnassus daily he flew,
And kiss'd all the musical nine.[81]

Sly Mercury, too, like the rest[82]
Made wenching and wine his delight,

And thought himself perfectly blest,
With a bottle and mistress at night.
No wonder debauches he loved.
And cheating, his pleasure he made,
For the gods have every one prov'd
That pimping was always his trade.

Plump Bacchus, that tun-belty'd son,[83]
His thirst could but seldom allay,
Fell astride on a hogshead[84] he got,
And drank all the liquor away –
As long as upright he could sit,
He'd strenuously bellow for more;
When drunk, then the vessel would quit,
And reel to some bachanal whore.

GENEALOGY.[85] [§537]

Sung at the Beef Steak Club.

A beggar got a beadle, a beadle got a yeoman,
A yeoman got a 'prentice – a 'prentice got a freeman;[86]
The freeman got a master – the master got a lease.
The lease made him a gentleman, and justice of the peace!

Tho justice being rich, and gallant in desire,
He married with a lady, and so he got a 'squire;
The 'squire got a knight of courage bold and stout –
The knight he got a lord, and so it came about.

The lord he got an earl – his country he forsook,
He travelled into Spain, and there he got a duke –
The duke he got a prince, the prince, a king of hope –
The king he got an emperor – the emperor, a pope.

Thus as the story says, the pedigree did run,
The pope, he got a friar – the friar, got a nun:
The nun by chance did stumble, and on her back she sunk,
The friar fell atop of her, and so he got a monk.

The monk he had a son, with whom he did inhabit,
So, when the friar died, the son was made an abbot –
The abbot had a maid, he caught her in the dark,
And something he did do to her, and so begot a clerk[.]

JERRY ABERSHAW'S WILL[87] [§538]

A popular Flash Song, sung at the Cider Cellars.
Tune – 'The twelve inch chive.'[88]

Vhen the noted Jerry Abershaw vas cast for death,
And vas sentenced to exhibit in chains, O!
He inwited all his pals for to vitness his last breath,
And their legacies to take of his remains, O![89]

Said he to Tommy Clark, you my secutor[90] shall be,
But before upon my vill ve do begin, O –
In order that my vishes you more plainerer may see,
Let us *vater* vell our *vinkers*[91] with some gin, O!

And vhen that they had vetted both *vinkers* vith the max,[92]
And viped it vell off vith some more, O!
Said Tommy, I vill do anything vat you will ax,
Just to scour off the snitches old score O.[93]

Then, said Jerry, take these *poppers*, and this fourteen inch chive,[94]
They are *bussom friends* vhat werry seldom fails, O –
They privet[95] all your secrets as long as you do live,
'Cause, do ye see, a dead man never tells no tale O!

This *popper* cured the charley! vhen we crack'd the doctor's *ken*,[96]
Vith *blue boluses*[97] he never did digest O –
This *chive gammed* the captain, and this gagger mumm'd his *hen*,[98]
For vhich Billy Haines was forced to stand the test[99] O!

This belcher *ding to* Dolly, for to flash upon her breast,[100]
To remind her vhen she lifts it to her nose O!
Vhen I am in my *everlasting snit* so tightly drest,[101]
And no friend to wisit Jerry but the crows[102] O!

These garters[103] give to Bet, and bid her bind them round her head,
They vill make her snooze as still as any mouse O –
They are vhat vas used to *pacify* old vimmen in their bed,
Last to keep 'em quiet vhile we cleared the house, O!

And vhen I ride in state,[104] I vill make the svells to stare,
If my pals vill come and *play a game at fives*[105] *O!*
A backee stopper each from my tenter hooks I'll spare,[106]
Vhat vill show them how to regulate their lives O!

Sa vhile another dose of *pigeon's milk*[107] went round.
St. George's tenor did begin to toll, O –
The Or[d]inary[108] appeared, and most thunderly he frown'd,
And said, 'Lord-a-mercy on your vicked soul, O!

Said Jerry, I'm no *snitch*[109] – from hypocrisy I'm free,
And I'm sartain you can't preach me a reprieve, O –
If I have robbed the world, all the world has cheated me,
Then for vot have I the more than them to grieve, O?

The Exciseman[110] fleeces every vun of all that they do gain,
The Bishop just for nothing takes his tithes, O!
The Minister sells places, but the pension does retain,
And the lawyer's quills do cut as deep as scythes O!

The Doctor gives us physic just to make our sickness vorse,
Then says he cannot find out our complaint, O –
The Physician vot he sends puts your guinea in his purse.
Writes dog latin,[111] takes his leave like any saint, O!

At last he vas order'd for to quit his dingy cage,
Which made his *pals* and *blowens* look so shy, O[112] –
And be ready to go off in the eight o'clock stage,
Down to Vimbleton, the Surry air to try, O![113]

Said he, in coat of mail I chooses for to ride,
Just to chouse the *flaying covies*[114] of their fee, O –
His castor[115] he threw up as a challenge to deride
All his pals who vouldn't die as game as he, O!

He said his mother told him he would die in his shoes,
'Cause he boned his father's *tatler* from his fob, O[116] –
But to prove she told a lie, while his scrag[117] was in the noose,
As a legacy he kick'd them to the mob, O.

And now, said he, instead of the clargy will I preach
To all my [h]onest[118] pals that vish to thrive, O –
When you cease to fee the traps they vill never cease to peach,[119]
Cause blood money von't let the innocent survive, O!

So of this vicked vorld I vill now take my leave,
For I never found a man vot I could trust, O –
From the pedlar to the peer all their smiles are to deceive,
And there is but vun Great Being that is just, O!

THE WORLD ARE ALL THINKING ABOUT IT.[120] [§539]

Sung at the Thatched House Anacreontic Society.[121]

Why, the world are all thinking about it,
And as for myself I can swear,
If I fancied that heaven were without it,
I'd scarce feel a wish to go there.

If Mahomet would but receive me,
And Paradise be as he paints –
I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.[122]

But why should I think of a trip
To the prophet's seraglio above,
When Phillid[a] gives me her lip
As my own little heaven of love!

Oh, Phillis! that kiss may be sweeter
Than ever by mortal was given,
But your lip, love is only St. Peter,
And keeps but the key to your heaven!

THE BUNDLE OF PROVERBS.[123] [§540]

Sung at Convivial Assemblies.

Attend all I pray, to the words I've to say,
In tablet of memory insert 'em –
Rich wines do us raise to the honour of bays,[124]
Quem non fecere disertum?[125]
Tol de rol, &c.

Of all the brisk juice the gods can produce,
Good claret[126] preferr'd is before 'em –
'Tis claret shall straight happy mortals create,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.[127]
We abandon all ale and beer that is stale,
Rosa solis and damnable *hum*;[128]
But sparkling bright red shall raise up its head
Above *omne quod exit in um*.[129]

This – this is the wine, which in former time
Each wise one of men they call'd Magi –
Was wont to carouse in a chaplet of boughs,
Recusaus sub tegmine fagi.[130]

Let the hop be their bane, let the rope be [t]heir shame,
Let the gout and the cholic still pine 'em,
That offer to shrink in taking their drink,
Seu Græcum sive Latinum.[131]

Let the glass fly about till the bottle is out,
Let each do to each as he's done to –
Avaunt those that hug the abominable jug,
Amongst us *heteroclita sunto*.[132]

There's no such disease as he that doth please
His palate with beer for to shame us –
'Tis claret that brings Madam Fancy her wings,
And says – *Musa majora canamus*.[133]

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,
That drinketh not wine as we men do –
The more wine a man drinks, the more like subtle sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.[134]

Art thou weak, art thou lame – dost thou sigh after fame?
Call for wine, and thou quickly shalt have it –
It will make the lame rise, it will make the fool wise,
Cui vim Natura negavit.[135]

The more wine in my brain the more merry my vein,
And this to me wisdom and bliss is –
For him that's too wise I can justly despise,
Mecum confertur Ulysses.[136]

THE FIDDLE.[137] [§541]

A favourite Song, sung at the Codger's Hall, London.

As Jockey on a summers day
Was walking with his Moggy,
And as they did together play,
The clown[138] was most unlucky.
He rolled her in the tender grass –
He kissed her in the rushes,
Until the cheeks of this fair lass,
Where filled with modest blushes.

He said, as passing o'er a stile –
'How can you be so cruel?
Come, sit you down by me awhile,
And let me kiss my jewel.
Those pretty little sparkling eyes,
And lips as red as rubies' –
He to her said, and then she cried –
'Begone, thou worst of boobies!'[139]

'I can't, nor won't, for flesh and blood
No longer can I bear it!'
Then she cried out – 'my silken cloak,
I am afraid you'll tear it,'
'My dear,' said he, 'I'll pleasure thee,
Then he clasp'd her round the middle –

And then without any more ado,
Young Jockey tuned his fiddle.[140]

He play'd her such a merry tune,
He charmed all her senses.
She said – 'begone you silly loon,
I'll pardon your offences!
Though my cheeks you have with blushes filled,
And my heart with fits of laughter,
I'll tell my mother, that I will,
How you have served her daughter!'

'What, kiss and tell?' young Jockey said
Why that is not the fashion –
Young maids should never kiss and tell,
For that is like confession.'
'Well, well,' said she, 'I will nothing say
How you clasped me round the middle –
But the next time you come this way
Be sure to bring your fiddle!'

THE MOWER.[141] [§542]

Sung at the Cider Cellars.

As I walk'd out one morning, it was the fourteenth of July,
I met a maid, she asked my trade – I made her this reply:
It is my occupation to ramble up and down,
With my tearing scythe in order for mowing meadows down.[142]

She said – 'my handsome young man, if a mower that you be,
I'll give you some employment if you'll go along with me –
For I have a little meadow keeping for you in store,
And on the dew, I'll tell you true, it's never been cut before.[143]

I said – 'my charming fair one, since you do look so gay.
I'll do my best endeavours in cutting of your hay;
For in your lovely features I see there is no frown,
So my gay young lass, I'll cut your grass that has never been trampled down.

With courage bold, undaunted, she brought me to her ground,
With my tearing scythe in order for mowing meadows down –
There I mowed from nine till breakfast time, it was far beyond my skill –
I was forced to yield, and quit the field, for the grass was growing still.

She said – 'my dearest young man, you promised me quite fair,
You would do your best endeavours in cutting of my hay;
And in my little meadow there was neither hills nor rocks –
So, I pray young man don't leave me till you see my hay in cocks.[144]

So now my hay it is in cocks, and my harvest is all o'er,
This young man he has left me my fate for to deplore;
And where he's gone I know not, it is far beyond my skill,
But I never will yield, nor quit the field, for the grass is growing still.[145]

THE CRAFTY MAIDEN.[146] [§543]

A favourite Amatory Song sung at the Anacreontic Society.

Come all young men and maidens listen to me awhile,
A pretty story you shall hear, I think it will make you smile;
'Tis of a farmers daughter, the truth I will declare,
Was riding to the market to sell her country ware.

She had butter and good cheese, beside some new laid eggs,
Two conies in her basket, and one between her legs –
She to the market rides with her coney[147] between her thighs –
It lay warm, she thought no harm, two lords came riding by.

These two lords being wanton blades,[148] liked the damsel well –
One riding up to her said, what have you to sell?
I have butter, cheese, conies, besides some new laid eggs.
He said – my dear, what shall I give for that between your legs?

The damsel smiled within herself to think what she had there.
She said – kind sir you will not buy the price it is so dear;
The colour of it is brown, sir – the price is, fifty pounds –
He said – my dear, the money's here, let's ride to yonder town.

She said to sell her other ware to market [s]he must go –
He said – my dear ne'er mind it, I'll buy that ware also;
And as for them two conies, upon them we will dine,
And thou shalt be merry, and drink good ale and wine.

The dinner being ended, he called for witness then.
He said – a bargain I have got, be witness gentlemen:
This fair maid's butter and cheese, besides new laid eggs,
Two conies we have dined on, and one between her legs.

The bargain being well fixed, he paid her the fifty pounds –
'My coney it is thin!'[149] and pulled up her coat and gown.
From between her thighs, where he thought to have delight,
She pulled out a rabbit, which did them all affright.

The gentlemen aloud did laugh which made the house to ring –
The young lord did stamp and swear he'd have his cash again;
The witnesses did all declare he had bought the bargain fair –
Then to the justice he did go, to try the matter there.

When to the justice he did come all for to try the cause,
The justice call'd the maiden fair, and ask'd her how it was.
She said he had bought a coney that was between her legs –
He gave me fifty pounds for it, besides my butter and eggs.

How came you by this coney, the justice he did say,
Between your legs – come tell me the meaning of it I pray?
It was a present for a friend, and lest it should take harm,
I put it in between my legs that I might keep it warm.

So he has bought it fairly these men all witness be –
Says the justice, the bargain is fair as ever I did see;
But the young lord did say – sir, I'm sure this is not right,
For I did mean the other thing, to lay with her all night[.]

What do you mean by the other thing? the justice did reply,
For you have fairly bought this coney, you cannot it deny:
The lass she played a cunning part, commended ought to be,
So you may take your coney home and make a fricasee![150]

THE MARRIAGE OF DUMPLING BET. [§544]

Sang at various Bacchanalian Parties.
Tune – 'The Misletoe Bough.'[151]

The old attic was done up so nice and so gay,
And the nightmen and dustmen had met, they say –
And never was seen sich a jovial set
As met at the marriage of Dumpling Bet;
And blear-eyed Jem seemed glad, on my life,
To see his kid Bet a nightman's wife –
And Bet, with her hiccuping, seemed for to be
The lushiest[152] of all that there company.
Oh, my eyes! wot a row –
I never seed such a row[.]

'I'm tired of this here flaring up,' Bet cried –
'I'm drunk as a f—t![153] I'll hide – I'll hide;
And Nightman Joe he surely knows,
The place where I always pokes my nose.'
And when they miss'd her warn't they in a funk![154]
And her father he said as how Bet was drunk,
While Nightman Joe he bellowed outright,
'I sha'n't have a cut at my mutton to-night.'[155]
Oh! my, &c.