



# Saucy Sailor BOY.

Oh, come my own one, come my fond one,  
Come my dearest unto me,  
Will you wed with a poor sailor lad,  
That's just returned from sea?

Oh, you are dirty, love, you are ragged, love,  
And smell so strong of tar,  
So begone you saucy sailor boy,  
So begone you Jack Tar.

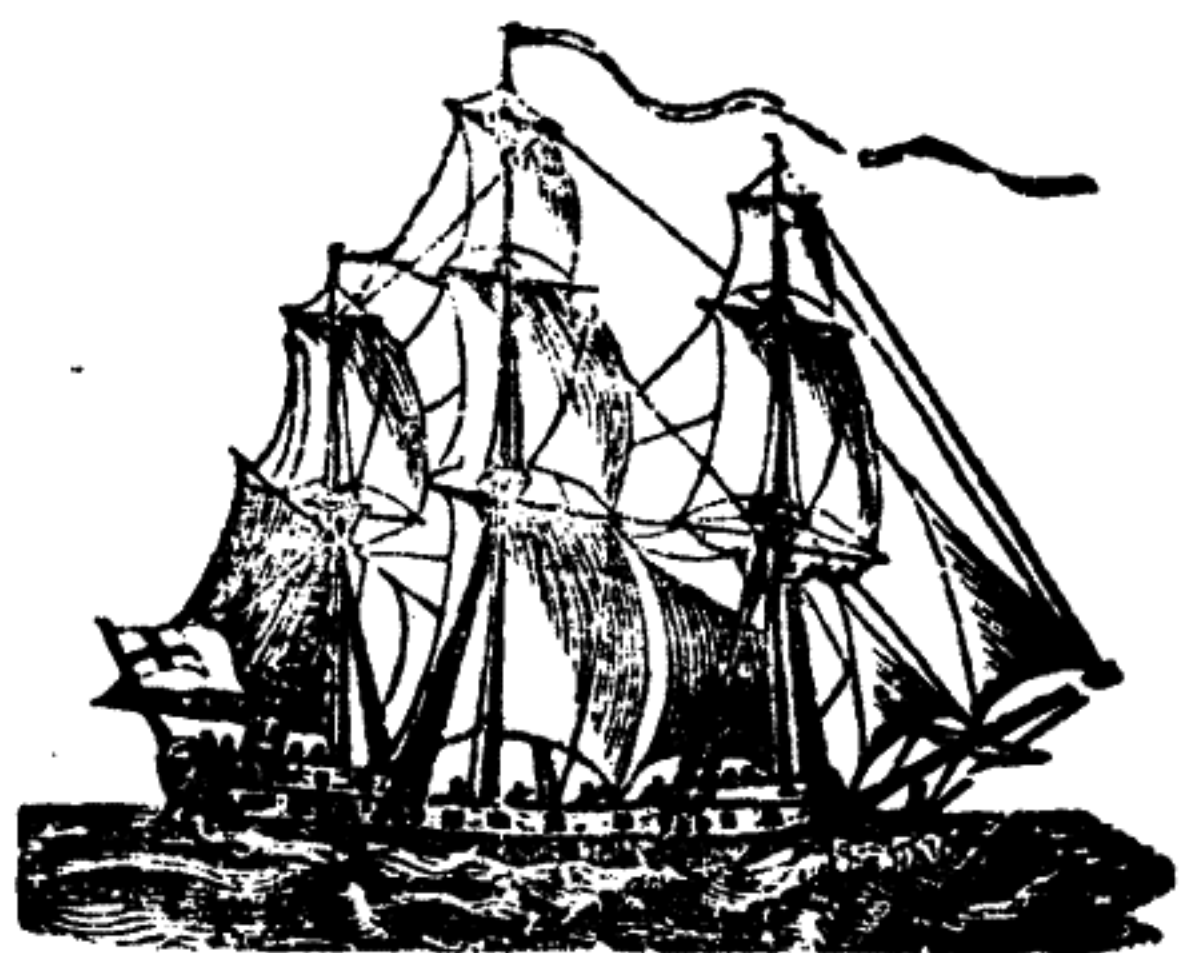
If I'm dirty, love, if I'm ragged, love,  
And smell so strong of tar,  
I have got silver in my pocket, love,  
And gold in bright store.

As soon as she heard him say so,  
Down on her bended knees she fell,  
She says, I will love my Henry,  
I will love my jolly sailor well.

Do you think I am foolish, love,  
Do you think I am mad,  
For to wed a poor country girl  
When there's a fortune to be had.

So I'll cross the briny ocean  
Where the meadows are so green,  
And since you have refused my offer, love,  
Some other girl shall wear the ring.

I am frolicsome, I am easy,  
Good-tempered and free,  
And I don't care a single pin, my boys,  
What the world says of me.



# CANADA I O.

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher 177, Union Street, Brough, S.E.

THERE was a gallant lady all in her tender years,  
She was courted by a sailor, 'tis true she loved  
him dear,

But how to get to sea with him the way she did not  
know,

She fain would see the pretty place called Canada, I O.

She bargained with her sailor all for a purse of gold,  
They soon conveyed the lady down into the hold;  
We will dress her in sailor's clothes and call her off to  
plough,

She soon shall see the pretty place called Canada, I O.

Oh, when that her true love heard of the news,  
He called the ship's company his passion to pursue,  
I'll tie thee hand and foot, my love, and overboard I'll  
throw,

Oh, you never shall see the place called Canada, I O.

It's up spoke our captain, O that can never be,  
For if you drown this lady it's hanged we shall be;  
We'll dress her up in sailor's clothes and call her off  
to plough,

She shall see the pretty place called Canada, I O.

She had not been in Canada scarcely half-a-year,  
Before the captain married her and made her his dear;  
She dresses in silks and satins, and makes a noble show,  
She is the grandest captain's lady in Canada, I O.

164.



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B

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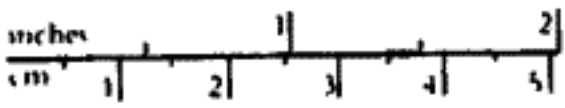


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A B

HARDING B-11 (3429 A)



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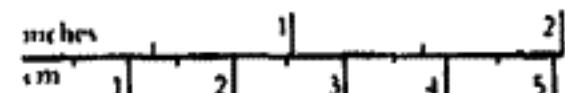
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# MY GRANDFATHER WAS A MOST WONDERFUL MAN.

J. O. Belbington, Printer, 26, Goulston-street, Oldham-road, Manchester, and sold by H. Andrews, 27, St. Peter's-street, and John Beaumont, 176, York Street, Leeds.

My grandfather was a most wonderful man,  
He could do and invent, could propose and could plan;  
When he was at school—a boy very small,  
At writing and reading why he beat them all.  
He could dance, he could sing, he could poetry write,  
He could wrestle and box, he could run and could fight.

Spoken—I believe you he could! Why, lord love you, my grandfather was a wonderful man. Why, he knew jaw-ography, cook-ology, tan-ology, cat icology, ento-mology, phiz tology, nose-ology, and all the other ologies, Ah, and my grandfather was the boy for a song. Why, what do you think, when I tell that he once wrote a song of one hundred and ninety-nine verses—used to sing it himself—and took him two hours and three quarters to sing it, for the first verse was always repeated. Well, you must know this song was in praise of the Whigs; and my grandfather was a Whig—a political Whig—an upright and downright Whig. So, when my grandfather attended the vestry, and he had anything to say, he would say it, and did say it, and said his say, in spite of what anybody said. Well, this song of my grandfather's, of a hundred and ninety-nine verses, he offered to a printer for nothing; but he wouldn't print it because it was all about the Whigs—and you know my grandfather was a Whig; and not only a Whig, but he wore a wig—and he'd a precious long tail to his wig. Ah, and that tail once saved my grandfather's life, too. But he died one day, for, clever as he was, my grandfather couldn't deceive old Death, though.

What a pity it is this life's but a span—  
For my grandfather was a most wonderful man.

He sailed round the world without going wrong,  
He killed a large crocodile twenty feet long;  
He caught a large whale, and brought it ashore,  
He tamed fifteen lions, and killed a wild boar.  
He could change brass to copper, and get diamonds from coal;  
He fried at the Indies, and froze at the pole.

Spoken—Indeed, my grandfather was a wonderful man—there never was his equal, nor never will be. He once went right round the North Pole—brought a piece of the pole away with him; used it long after for a walking stick, with a snuff box at the head of it. Ah, and once, when he walked out in the dog-days, he was met by two mad dogs; and just as they were going to bite him he crammed the snuff-box right down their throats, and choked them. But my grandfather hadn't finished the job, for he took them to a place opposite Greenwich, and buried them—so, ever since, it's been christened the Isle of Dogs.

What a pity, &c.

He travelled about to vast regions unknown,  
And almost found out the philosopher's stone;  
My grandfather was the seventh of a seventh son,  
And wonder cures out of London he's done,  
Just like a physician, he could heal any limb,  
And just like a duck, or a goose, he could swim.

Spoken—Talk about swimming—ah, my grandfather was the boy to swim. Why, he once swam from Westminster Bridge to the Nore—beat all the steamers by two hours and a half. Every body thought he was lost, but he wasn't though; no, he came up, after being under water five hours, as fresh as a lark. But, as I was saying, my grandfather was once saved by wearing a tail to his wig. You must know, my grandfather was a famous fisherman—wonderful fisherman was my grandfather. Well he went a fishing one day in a boat; at last he got a nibble, and then he got a bite; so there sat my grandfather in the boat, rod in hand. Oh, what a wonderful man was my grandfather!—had a wonderful bite, too; so he kept letting out the line, till he had let it all out; and when he'd let it all out, he couldn't let out any more, you know. He had a wonderful pull, too—but he couldn't pull the fish into the boat; oh no, the fish was too strong for him. So instead of my grandfather pulling the fish into the boat, I'd be hanged if the fish didn't pull my grandfather into the water. But

## CANADA, I O

There was a gallant lady all in her tender years,  
She was courted by a sailor, 'twas true she lov'd him dear,  
But how to get sea with him the way she did not know,  
She fain would see the pretty place called Canada, I O.

She bargain'd with her sailor all for a purse of gold,  
They soon convey'd the lady down into the hold;  
We will dress her in sailor's clothes and call her off to plough,  
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Oh, when that her true love heard of the news,  
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It's up spoke our captain, Oh, that can never be;  
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She had not been in Canada scarcely half-a-year,  
Before the captain married her and made her his dear;  
She dresses in silks and satins, she cuts a noble show,  
She is the grandest captain's lady in Canada, I O.

Come all you pretty fair maids wherever you may be,  
Prove loyal to your husbands in every degree;  
For the maid she prov'd false to me the captain he prov'd true,  
And it is all for the sake of wearing true blue.

He kept tight hold though, and trod water all the way from Trow  
kenham to Battersea. So, at Battersea, a waterman saw my  
grandfather tugging away at the fishing-line. So, says he to my  
grandfather, "hollo! there, old chap, let go that fish." "Oh, no,"  
says my grandfather, "not for a month to come." So the water-  
man caught hold of his wig, and lugged him into his boat, and  
then my grandfather pulled—and the fish pulled—and the water  
man pulled—till at last they pulled the fish clean into the boat.  
And what do you think it was, after all? Why, a large eel, nine-  
teen feet and a half long, which served all the family for a month.

What a pity, &c.

He sailed to each part of Japan and Peru,  
And could tell if a wife to her husband was true;  
He swam the Nile over without any clothes,  
Watch papers and minatures cut with his toes,  
He could make anything that once he had seen,  
From a microscope up to a sausage machine.

Spoken—Why my grandfather was a wonderful man. Why, he  
once made a chain bridge from Dover to Calais—went to put it  
up—but the inhabitants wouldn't let him. And my grandfather  
was very fond of my grandmother too; so, one day, thinking to  
give her a treat, he takes grandmother, and pops her into a steam  
wheelbarrow; and when he let go of the wheelbarrow, while he  
went to light his pipe, away it went with grandmother, and she  
was never heard of from that day to this—which made my poor  
grandfather get so precious drunk! But the last my grandfather  
made was a gentleman's understanding. You must know, My-  
nheer Van Crackfelt being engaged in a battle, had his right leg  
shot clean off, and as he couldn't find it, he was obliged to leave  
it behind him; so he sent off for my grandfather to replace it.  
Well my grandfather made him a cork leg, made by steam and  
clockwork; so directly my grandfather fixed the leg on, away  
went Mynheer, over hedges and ditches nobody knew where.  
Some say he came to England—so he did; for about fifty years  
after, he was seen running through Saint Paul's Church-yard  
with all the flesh of his bones.

What a pity, &c.

328

