

THE
MONTREAL MUSEUM.

No 11. OCTOBER, 1833. Vol. 1.

GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL,

A TRUE STORY.

Oh ! what's the matter ? what's the matter ?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill ?

That evermore his teeth they chatter,

Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

Of waiscoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine ;

He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;

The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

At night, at morning, and at noon,

'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;

Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,

And who so stout of limb as he ?

His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,

His voice was like the voice of three.

Auld Goody Blake was old and poor.

Ill fed she was and thinly clad ;

And any man who pass'd her door,

Might see how poor a but she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,