

Oh, if you won't let me have that pig for what I bid, you may go sing

You 'll shove away, and I 'll shove away,  
And we 'll all shove together, my hearties.

2

Here saunters a dandy with pig's ears so trim,  
Just to shew himself off to the ladies;  
There struts a pert lawyer, all powder'd and prim,  
Old women to cheat as his trade is:  
A fat swagbellied justice, with face like a rose,  
Waddles on to a sirloin of beef, sir,  
Whilst sneakingly past him a thin greencoat goes,  
With a face like a half strangled thief sir.

(*Spoken.*) What a bloody fine girl! Zounds I 'll at her; madam allow me to offer my hand to—A delicate thing, how much will you give for it?—Well, well, tarnation take me, if I did n't guess you came from Slab-city—Three shillings for that turkey—why, where's your conscience?—Gone to the devil long ago.—Arrête, arrête, sacré crapaud, prends pas mon butin, sans payer.—Why, ye maun ken, I dinna speer a word o' what ye're bletherin about.—I say, Mr. Butcher, how much for your prime piece? Why ma'am, things are high today, so I expect a good price—Oh, Mr. Butcher, there's more in the market—Here, Mr. Stitchlouse, here's a fine goose.—No, thankee, my friend, I 'm on the look-out for cabbage.—Donder and blixem! you don't mean to shay I shtole your tam tog?—Py Cot I have de mind to pring you to the poleesh offish, and make you sing

I 'll shove away, and you 'll shove away,  
And we 'll all shove together, my hearties.

3

"Can't you give me some room?" says an old lusty dame,  
"For I'm nearly crush'd into a jelly."

"By Jasus," says Pat, "I am just served the same,  
"Divil fire the whole gut in my belly."—

"La' me! I'm afraid," cries a pert dandizette,  
"I 'll not find the thing I am after"—

Says Pat, "as to that, dear, 't is aisy to get."

And the bye standers shout out with laughter.

(*Spoken.*) Well now! who'd have thought tommy-cods were so scarce! but I must have some for mother she's so fond of 'em.—Friend, is that your son? His mother says so, sir.—I ought to know that.—What's the matter, Sophy?—Why that ugly feller there put his dirty greasy paw on my