

Scalding Porridge.



Did you ever hear of one Pot Porridge,
Orange Pot, or Hot Pot Horridge;
If you like, or Pot or Porridge
You'll get 'em good from young Pot Horridge

You must know that Mrs. Horridge,
Famous for good Pies and Porridge,
Had a Son, nam'd Georgy Horridge,
By the lads call'd Hot Pot Porridge.

Once upon a time Pot Horridge,
Gobbling up some scalding Porridge,
Burnt his throat; O, d—n the Porridge!
Shouts aloud this young Pot Horridge.

Orange Pot and Mrs. Horridge,
Once were eating Orange Porridge
With a neighbour; when Pot Horridge
On his cloaths upset the Porridge.

Och! Blood and 'ouns, cries Pot Horridge,
Go to the Devil with your Porridge,
Orange Pot and Scalding Porridge,
Alike unlucky to Pot Horridge.

Alack-a-day! cries Mrs. Horridge,
My dear unfortunate Pot Porridge,
How dangerous is scalding Porridge!
I feel it well, cries Hot Pot Horridge.

I swear by Jingo! cries Pot Horridge,
I ne'er again will taste hot Porridge;
Stop, stop, my dear! cries Mrs. Horridge,
You're too severe upon the Porridge.

For if you'd taken care, Pot Horridge,
To cool awhile your scalding Porridge,
You would not have been burnt Pot Horridge
Either with scalding Pot or Porridge.

I own you're right, dear Mother Horridge,
And so whenever I have Porridge,
I'll let it cool, dear Mother Horridge,
And never swallow scalding Porridge.

And now adieu to Mrs. Horridge,
Who made such exc'lent Pies and Porridge;
And now I hope you know Pot Horridge,
Orange Pot, or Scalding Porridge.

An Allegorical Fable.



A Pigeon, Gander, Pig, and spotted Cat,
Met often near a ditch to play and chat;
A Lad too liv'd in friendship with these four,
Saouly Mc. Donald was the name he bore.
Puss and the Genius of the ditch had made,
A Garden near the spot on which they play'd;
But sad to tell, some young malicious Boy,
With bricks and stones did all the plants destroy—
Enrag'd, the Genius and the Cat accus'd
The Pig and Saouly Mac and them abus'd
With saucy words, nor would they e'er attend,
To hear Poor Pig and Mac themselves defend.
The Dove and Gander, being neutral, strove
Still to remain in mutual peace and love,
But howsoever good was their intent,
The malice of the Cat did it prevent;
For jealous Puss determined she would be
With Pig and Saouly Mac at enmity;
Nor even were their Friends spar'd from her hate,
For their companion Pigeon shar'd their fate,
And just because the peaceful Dove did still
Converse with Pig and Saouly with good will,
The sulky Cat to him would never speak;
How foolish was she, and her brain how weak!



Thus this imprudent, stupid, hasty Puss
Lost three good friends, by making such a fuss.