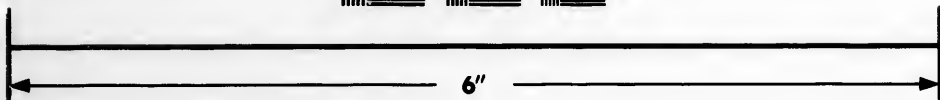
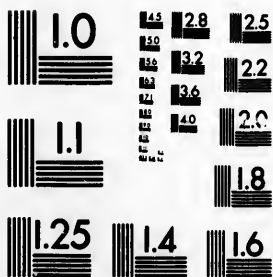


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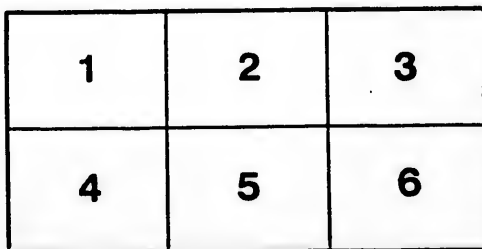
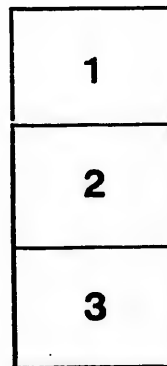
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THE

SONGS OF THE CITY

M. T. T. T.

By A Reformed Barrister.

CONTENTS :

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TORONTO :—1864.

Songs of the City.

BY A REFORMED BARRISTER.

The following original songs are dedicated,
without permission, to George Boomer, Esq.,
Police Magistrate, by

THE AUTHOR.

THE MUSLIN WISP.

(AIR :—OLD HUNDRED.)

Oh! don't you like the muslin wisp
That I have twisted round my hat?
Ladies, your approbation lisp;
For it's a failure without that.
What though my father's battered tile—
The funniest you ever saw—
Adopted quite another style,
And wore a suggawn made of straw.
There's not a creature knows me here,
That of my home or friends can tell;
For I've been absent many a year,
And can securely cut a swell.

No one believes that, when a boy,
 Half naked and without a shoe,
 I would have jumped at the employ,
 To sweep the streets for such as you.

So now where'er I go they stare
 At the once ragged kibey brat;
 And think I'm "some" because I wear
 A muslin wisp around my hat.

But ladies they dont understand,
 That this device, so white and crisp,
 Conceals the grease and dirty band—
 That's why I wear the muslin wisp.

THE SNOB.

AIR :—LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

In the concert he sat, with a glass in his eye,
 Among William Street gigglers as empty as he;
 From his gabbling and grinning the people hard by
 Throughout the whole night scarce a moment
 were free.

Not a word could they catch, not a note could
 they hear,
 With the nonsense and drivelling that fell from
 his tongue;
 There the black whiskered ape chattered on with
 a leer,
 Quite unconcious of all that was played or was
 sung.

THE IRON CHEST.

(AIR :—GARRYOWEN.)

Oh! I'm a rich man and live in a fine house,
 Safe from thief and from beggar and every such
 pest,
 And secure from the inroads of cockroach or mouse
 For I keep everything in a stout iron chest.
 The bread, the butter, the meat, the cheese,
 The milk, the eggs and the "mountain dew,"
 Aye, everything to the cold boiled peas,
 Or the cake of blacking that costs a *sous*.

Then remember when King Street you're passing
 the while, [south or west:
 Though you come from the east, or the north,
 That within the deep silence of one lonely pile,
 There are strange things locked up in a stout
 iron chest.

And yet when I walk out on Bay or on King,
 Don't the seedy *elite* soon come swarming about,
 For they know I have money and that is the thing,
 That can bend their stiff backs were they ten
 times as stout.

But the devil a *sous* they get from me,
 Though they sometimes beg and coax and pray,
 For my Christian creed's, myself, you see;
 For that you perceive was my father's way.

Then remember when King Street you're passing
 the while [south or west ;
 Should you come from the east or the north,
 That within the deep silence of one lonely pile,
 There are strange things locked up in a stout
 iron chest.

MY HORSE-HAIR WIG.

(AIR :—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.)

Oh! I am not from Carrigallen ;
 Although a handsome, legal, Irish sprig ;
 Nor am I from the Bog of Allen,
 Wid all this knowledge in my horse-hair wig.

I'm from or near the town of Sligo,
 Wid testimonials from the clargy there ;
 So, as you see, wherever I go,
 I'm sure to make the very spalpeens stare.

'Though you'd not let me represint you
 In this unruly House of Parlamint,
 Now, you persave, you all repint you, [sint.
 That "Praise God Barebones" and Aw. M. were

But I've a mare and a purfesshun,
 And do not care for any man in town ;
 But whin the Police Coort's in sesshun,
 I'll knock the dibs out of my dhrabbled gown.

But, tare and ounthers! what's the matther,
 Somebody has been at the foulest play;
 Was it a barber or a hatther,
 That thrated me in this unhansome way.

What shall I do before a jury,
 Sure I won't look so wondherous grand and big;
 Oh! blur and turf!—your sowl to fury,
 Whoever stole my darlin horse hair wig.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.*

AIR:—BEGGAR GIRL.

Thou of the silver voice,
 Why come so feloniously
 And steal all the hearts of our people away?
 But what could they do,
 It was done so harmoniously?
 Therefore their homage they cheerfully pay.

May blessings attend you, then,
 Where'er your lot be cast,
 For all the pleasures you've brought us here!
 Thou of the silver voice,
 Let it not be the last,
 Come to us often, that hold you so dear

* Written on the occasion of her late Grand Concerts in
 the Horticultural Gardens, August, 1864.

CITY COUNCILMAN.

(AIR :—MOLLY ASTHORE.)

I am a jolly Councilman,
 I need not tell my name,
 I do the very best I can,
 Or worst; it's all the same.
 No matter what it is I do,
 I can't suit those or these;
 So therefore, between me and you,
 I'll just do as I please.

Whene'er a contract's to be let,
 I'll step into the way,
 And give it to some cunning pet—
 Myself, that is to say.
 For I can get for a mere song,
 Some one to toe the mark;
 And in his name can slide along,
 And keep things in the dark.

And if the Mayor or any chum,
 Should question what I do,
 The newspapers shall strike him dumb,
 For I can grease them too.
 And if the people should rebel,
 And turn me out of place,
 I'd have my pockets lined so well,
 I'd laugh right in their face.

THE PEELER'S SERENADE.

(AIR :—GENTLE ZITELLA.)

Come here young Towser,
Come here young dog,
I've in my trouser,
The choicest of prog.

Come from the kitchen,
With its greasy cook,
The morsel's bewitchin',
I drop in this nook.

Come here, young Towser,
Come here, young dog ;
Or else some mouser
Will steal off the prog.

Then take the collation,
'Tis very nice "mince,"
From the Corporation.
Sent to Captain P-n-ce.

Oh! you've condescended,
For woe or for weal,
And now that it's ended,
Pray how do you feel ?

Come here young Towser,
Why kick, roll, and splash ;
That dose was a rouser,
And settled your hash!

THE MAYOR.

(AIR :—COME TO THE BOWER.

I'm the *founder* of my fortune, Sir,
 And tell me who would dare,
 To say his fortune's *founder*, Sir,
 Should not become a Mayor ;
 And though not "oratarial," Sir,
 I'm made of that stout stuff,
 That every man is made of, Sir,
 Who's always up to snuff.
 Then I'm my fortune's *founder*, Sir,
 And fearlessly declare,
 That the man who *founds* his fortune,
 Is the very man for Mayor.

Yet in the Corporation, Sir,
 It's hard to get along,
 For C-n-v-n is seldom right,
 And B-x-t-r always wrong ;
 And there is St-r-ch-n the grocer, Sir,
 And I will bet a V.,
 That in the City Council,
 There's no *grosser* man than he.
 But I'm my fortune's *founder*, Sir,
 And therefore cannot bear,
 That the man who *founds* his fortune,
 Should be deemed unfit for Mayor.

NEWS-BOY'S SONG.

(AIR:—DIXIE.)

Ho! out of your beds every newspaper reader,
Now is the time for the *Globe* and the *Leader*,

A hoo! A hoo!

But five cents for the two.

All the news that's going

You'll find is here,

And everything worth knowing,

So they are not too dear.

Only three cents, then, for the *Globe* or *Leader*!

Only three cents, then, for the *Globe* or *Leader*!

(CHORUS:—DANCE.)

Come out to the door, then, every pretty servant maid,
And come up, Master Sambo, from kitchen or the
cellar,

And hand me out the "dibs," you both, while neither
is afraid,

And do something sprightly for a young and hand-
some fellar.

Ho! out of your beds every tosser and tumbler,
How is the time for the *Growler* and *Grumbler*,

A hoo! A hoo!

But five cents for the two.

In them there's lots of frolic,

For that's their *forte*,

To cure the blues or cholic,

And trifles of that sort.

Only five cents for the *Growler* and the *Grumbler* !
 Only five cents for the *Growler* and the *Grumbler* !

(CHORUS :—DANCE)

Then come out to the door, every pretty servant maid,
 For here is one of "Terry Finnegan's Letters,"
 And buy the funny things in the *Growler* that are said,
 And *Growler*, *Leader*, *Globe* and *Grumbler* carry
 to your betters.

COACHMAN'S DITTY.

AIR :—GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

My master bought a "shanderadan"
 At auction, after marriage,
 And hired me, a servant man,
 To drive "the horse and carriage."

But I had something more to brook—
 'Aye, more than I was able—
 For I was scullion, housemaid, cook,
 And waited on the table.

The family, though starved and thin,
 Seemed always in high feather ;
 And made me drive them out and in,
 In every sort of weather.

They stuck a cockade in my hat,
 Until I looked "what not," boy ;
 And then their "Coachman" called me, flat,
 Although I was their pot boy.

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THE NEWSPAPER HACK.

(AIR :—THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.)

The editor sat in his low back room,
That was choked up with dirt, and with dust, and
He looked very shabby, and jaded, and thin, [gloom ;
For himself and his little ones wanted tin.
And he thought, as he mused, what a low machine
For many a long, long year he'd been ;
And how that his conscience and pen were sold
For an empty promise of guilty gold.

Oh, the Newspaper Hack !

Oh, the Newspaper Hack !

Sad he took up his quill and began to indite
Just what the proprietor wished him to write ;
He knew it was wrong, but 'till nearly dead,
He wrote and he wrote, and the people read.
Poor soul ! had he struggled against the disgrace,
Some dunce off the street would be stuck in his place ;
For the world cares but little how stupid or dull
What is written, so long as the papers are full.

Oh, the Newspaper Hack !

Oh, the Newspaper Hack !

Oh, what a disgrace ! what a crying disgrace
On the destiny, manhood, and pride of our race,
That the wealthy, though ignorant, hold thus in chains
The pen of the scholar, his heart and his brains !
And, sadder than all, that for half a crust,
A man should be bowed till he licks the dust ;
And be blindly through penury goaded along,

Till at last he cares little what's right or what's wrong.
 Oh, the Newspaper Hack!
 Oh, the Newspaper Hack!

THE DRY-GOODS STATESMAN.

AIR :—SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

“Our divided and unhappy country,” I see,
 Has its eyes and its hopes fastened fully on me,
 With my yard-stick, and Hymn Book, and house on
 For my name in the papers is constantly seen, [the hill:
 Where I now and then manage to humbug the green
 With blustering subscriptions to this and to that,
 Still catching the mackerel by throwing the sprat,
 And leading the Methodist grist to my mill.

What man in the city can come up to me?
 I've a shop, and a coachman, and am an M.P.,
 And am very effective at tea or in class.
 And what though some say that I have'nt much *nouse*,
 And cut but a very poor dash in the House,
 I've a smattering of French, and of Latin, and Greek,
 And the people of Eln Street believe I can speak—
 So that all, said and done, I can't be such an ass.

But my poor sainted mother and father oft said,
 As between them I lay on a hard barrack bed:
 “Oh! this Johnny of ours he will be a great man;
 For he's not taught the vices of victuals and clothes,
 But, without shoes or stockings, he lives upon brose;
 And lets on to be pious, though he's wide awake,
 And is gen'rous whenever there's something to make,
 And keeps all he gets, and gets all that he can.”

So, my friends, you perceive that my parents were
right,

And that I, the sole hope of their house, their delight,
Have grown up in your midst, rich, and hand-
some, and strong.

I've the name of being wealthy, but—well let that go—
It just answers the case if the people think so—
But this I can tell you, between you and me,
The last time I went for goods over the sea
I thought I was kept there a trifle too long.

THE UPPER TEN.

AIR:—AULD LANG SYNE.

“The Upper Ten” among us here
Are wretched of their kind,
For they are really but “small beer”
In pocket and in mind.

In pocket and in mind, my friends,
In pocket and in mind;
For they are really but “small beer”
In pocket and in mind.

Whene'er they take a generous fit,
And give a good “blow out,”
For months they don't recover it,
Or know what they're about.

Or know what they're about, my friends,
Or know what they're about;
For months they don't recover it,
Or know what they're about.

TERRY FINNEGAN.

AIR :--O! WEEP FOR THE HOUR.

Oh! Mr. Terry Finnegan,
 I see that you've gone in again
 Into a correspondence with your friend, McGee ;
 But I wonder if its true
 That he does'nt write to you,
 Or to those he knew before he joined the Ministry ?

And, Mr. Terry Finnegan,
 Before you did begin again
 You should have learned what this selfsame boy
 For some one here declares [was at,
 That the sorra fig he cares
 For any one that's not a thorough English Pat.

Then, Mr. Terry Finnegan,
 When you've got any tin again,
 Just pay a "letther" to him with these words in
 "Now my tindher frind McGee, [full :--
 Take a civil hint from me,
 And run your comb or fingers through your curly
 skull."

And, Mr. Terry Finnegan,
 It may prevent his sin again,
 And clear his woolly pate till he thinks once more ;
 For lately, I must say,
 He's a little bit astray,
 And is scarcely half the Irishman he was before.

DOCTOR FLATTERY.

AIR :—TEDDY THE TYLER.

Doctor Flattery's come to town,
A medical man of great renown ;
A capital fellow, that's always down
On all sorts of diseases.

The heart, the lungs, the eye, the ear,
And a thousand parts we can't name here,
Are swept, so cleverly, clean, and clear
Of all defects, when he pleases.

Those who would on the doctor wait,
Will find him, King Street, 48.
Hurry, then, and don't be late,
When pain or ache on you seizes.

Don't be afraid he's not a quack,
Or any of that unworthy pack,
For solid testimonials back
Everything he professes.

And we advise you, one and all,
To give this able man a call,
For he can cure you, great or small,
Of aught that you distresses.

Then, Doctor Flattery is the man
Step to his office all who can,
And he will put you on the plan
That every pain redresses.

CABMAN'S SONG.

AIR :—ONE POUND NOTE.

At the boat, or the train, sir, your sure to find us there,
Where we'll take yourself and baggage at an honest
fare ;

In a double cab or single, sir, you can have which
you please,

For in either one or t'other you can ride at ease ;
And we'll drive to the Revere or the Queen's, if you
have wealth,

Where we'll drop you, and be very glad to drink your
health.

All our cabs are as neat, and as clean as clean can be ;
For though cabmen we are gentlemen in our degree ;
We are honest, we are sober, and we're civil and
polite,

And you may intrust yourself with us by day or by
night ;

And we'll drive you where you please, in the very
best of style,

For an honest sum, and, if you will, a parting " smile."

And who now would walk when he can so cheaply ride
With, perhaps, a smiling beauty sitting by his side,
As he drives 'round the city, and sees every sight,
To his infinite pleasure and to her delight ?

Then a cab, sir ! a cab, sir, is waiting your command,
You'll find it at the train, or boat, or on the stand ;
" A double," or " single," sir, you can have which
you please,

For in either one or t'other you can drive with ease.

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