Everybody's songster

London

1859

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EVERYBODY'S
SONGSTER.

W. S. FORTEY, General Steam Printer and
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A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Beautiful Nell.

Don't talk to me of pretty girls,
Of lovely women don't!
I'll never listen to a word,
I won't—no, that I won't.
There's not a beauty in the land
To match my peerless belle,
I'll tell you all about my love,
My beautiful—my Nell.

(Whistle) Beautiful girl with beautiful eyes,
Bright as the morning and blue as the skies;
Beautiful teeth and hair as well.
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Nell.

"We met, 'twas in a crowd."
As some one somewhere sings;
The scene—a ball-room, where I mark'd
This angel wanting wings.
She floated in the gay quadrille,
Mazurka'd, polk'd as well:
But whirling wildly in the waltz,
My darling tripp'd and fell.

Spoken.—Exposing the smallest portion
Of the heel of a Cinderella slipper, oh!—
I pick'd her up tenderly,
And ask'd if she was hurt,
Convey'd her to an ottoman,
And then began to flirt.
She told me she was just eighteen.
Was reading Martin Tupper,
Was fond of strolls in moon-lit groves,
And thought she'd have some supper.
At supper, lobster salad, love,
And chicken we discuss'd,
We gabbled and we gobbled, as
All supping lovers must;
We champagn'd, sherried, and mose'd,
Each time the bottle past
Methought each smile the darling gave,
Was lovelier than the last.

I think, somehow, the wine I drank
Had made me all amiss,
Or why—why was I fool enough
To try and steal a kiss.
"Oh! some one fetch my husband do!"
She screamed out in affright,
"Married by jingo!" I exclaimed,
And did a "fly by night."

Aadder and a wiser man,
I reached my home once more,
And sadly raving at my lot,
My raven hair I tore;

I'm wretched as a man can be,
And farewell! oh, farewell!
To that sweet, dear, deceiving dream,
My beautiful, my Nell.

The Chickaleary Cove.

I'm a Chickaleary Bloke, with my one, two,
Whitechapel is the village I was born in,
For to get me on the hop, or on my Tibby drop,
You must wake up very early in the morning.
I have a rorty gal, also a knowing pal,
And merrily together we go on.
I don't care a flatch as long as I've a tash,
Some pannurn for my chest, and a tog on.
I'm a Chickaleary Bloke with my one, two,
Whitechapel is the village I was born in,
For to get me on the hop, or on my Tibby drop,
You must wake up very early in the morning.
Now kool my downy kickies—the style
For me.
Built upon a plan worry naughty;
The stock around my squeeze, a guiver colour see.
And the vestat with the bins so rorty.
My tailor serves you well, from a Ferger to a swell,
At Groves's you're safe to make a sure pitch:
For ready yenom down, there ain't a shop in tow,
Can lick Groves's in the Cut, as well as Shoreditch.
I'm a Chickaleary, &c.

Off to Paris I shall go, to show a thing or two,
To the dipping blokes what hangs about the Caffes;
How to do a cross-fan for a super or a slang,
And to hustle them Grand'arms I'd give the office.
Now my pal, I'm going to slope, see you again I hope,
My young woman is awaiting, so be quick,
Now join in a chyike, the jolly we all like,
I'm off with a party to the "Vic."
I'm a Chickaleary, &c.
**Just before the Battle, Mother.**

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you;
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave around me lying,
Filled the thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Chorus.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But oh! you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hill side, we'll rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
We'll welcome our numbers, the loyal, true and brave,
And altho' we may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
We'll take in the course of our brothers gone before,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with the million free men more.

May we always look forward for better things, but never be discontented with the present.
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.
A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Don't you touch my Girl.

About a month ago, we went to Fairlop Fair,
Took Sarah for a spree, we looked a nobby pair,
We went down in a van, me and two or three more,
And if I had have counted the kids, there must have been a score;
But Mr. Porkey Joe, he thought I was a dunce,
He got up to his tricks, so I gave him the tip at once.

Keep your mawlers off of Sal,
I don't allow you to touch my girl,
Hit me smash me, knock me down,
But don't you touch my girl.

As we went along the road, didn't we cut it gay,
The horses had their load, and a good blow out of hay,
There was plenty of grub in the van, I fell on my pipe,
After having a swig in the can, Sal fell on her tripe.
But Mr. Porkey Joe couldn't let Sal alone,
Then I spoke to him again, in a sort of a under-tone.

When we got to the fair, Sal got into a swing,
Mr. Porkey Joe was there, doing the Highland fling,
He went and bought a pet-shooter, such a fissen made of tin,
And every now and then, he'd shove a hot 'am in;
We went down some shady lanes, to have a short repose,
But Mr. Porkey Joe landed a horse bean on Sal's nose.

The time it passed away, when Joe to me he said,
"How is it that you can come and punch my head,"
Before a word I could say, with his left he let fly,
I bawked it off so nice, in the corner of my eye;
Then we formed a ring, got at it left and right,
Two peelers coming by, locked us up for the night.

Have you seen my Polly.

I'm such a happy chap, I'm as happy as can be,
No doubt you wonder what it is that fills me so with glee;
I'll tell you, I'm in love, with such a pretty dame,
And pretty Polly Primrose is the little darlings name.

Chorus.
I say, boys, have you seen my Polly?
Have you seen her pearly teeth, have you seen her hair?
I say, boys, have you seen my Polly?
Polly's such a pretty girl, the fairest of the fair.

It was at the West-end, this girl I first did meet,
She was looking at a bonnet at a shop in Regent Street;
I said, "That's very pretty," "It is sir," she replied,
"And I should like to have it," and saying this she sigh'd.

We onward stroll'd together, 'twas a pleasant walk, because
I enjoy'd it much and so did she, but soon she made a pause;
"Good-bye," said she, "I'll leave you here," said I "Don't go so soon."
She said, "I must, but p'raps I'll come to-morrow afternoon.

Next day she came, and very often afterwards—what bliss!
And at every parting how I did enjoy that lovely kiss;
I told her, soon, I lov'd her as dearly as my life,
And Polly Primrose promised that she soon would be my wife.

We married ere, and, gentlemen, on the day that we were wed,
The bonnet we saw when first we met, she then wore on her head;
We both live comfortably, and I bless the hour of life,
When I saw that pretty bonnet, and took Polly for my wife.
My Girl Sarah.

Written, composed and sung, by
W. J. Adams.

Here I am my friends, again,
Come to sing another strain,
I hope you will not think me vain,
If I sing in praise of Sarah.
Sarah's handsome, Sarah's kind,
She's the girl to speak her mind,
There's not another girl you'll find,
To equal my girl Sarah.

Give me the girl that likes a spree,
Full of frolic, fun and glee,
She's the sort of girl for me,
And just such a girl is Sarah.

You've oft heard of her before,
Many, many a time, but lor!
Just see her now, she makes you roar,
Such a funny style has Sarah.

There's no green in Sarah's eye,
B'ry night to me she'll cry,
'Keep up your courage, don't say die,'
And don't forget your Sarah.

Sarah's dad's a sailor bold,
He's possessed too of lots of gold,
And says as he's now getting old,
He will leave it all to Sarah.

Oh! then won't we do the grand,
'Mongst the nobles in the land,
For I shall be a Marquis,
And they'll make a Duke of Sarah.

Give me the girl, &c.

Oh! Mary, quite Contrary.

Sung by George Leybourne.

I'm in a quandary, because I've lost my Mary,
I'm sure I shall go crazy, I've nearly lost my mind;
I've wandered over mountains, silver streams and fountains,
I've looked down wells and chimney-pots, but no Mary can I find.

Chorus.

Oh, Mary; Oh, Mary; why did you behave contrary?
Oh, Mary; Oh, Mary; why did you treat your love so?

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells, and cowslips all of a row,
Goosey, goosey gander, where shall I wander,
If she's in my lady's chamber, I'm sure I do not know.

Chorus.

Oh, Mary, &c.

Little boy blue, blow your horn, sleep in the meadow eating the corn,
Have you seen Mary pass this way, tell me, since the break of day?
If you have, I pray you tell, because you know, I love her well;
You rascal, you have been to sleep, instead of tending to the sheep.

Chorus.

Oh, Mary, &c.

Little Miss Muffet, she sat on a tuft,
Eating of curds and whey,
In her mother's garden, upon a very day,
Oh, perhaps a spider, my love, crept down beside her,
And like he did Miss Muffet, has frightened my Mary away.

Oh, Mary, &c.

Little Bo-peep she lost her sheep, and didn't know where to find them,
But when she awoke she found it's a joke,
For they came with their tails behind them.
I wonder if I, like little Bo-peep, was to go right off to sleep.

Oh, Mary, &c.
LKGTIUN' OF FAVUOKiTi

Father has come Home.
Answer to "Come Home Father."

Yes, Mary, dear Mary, your father's come home,
We have waited through all the long night,
He was deaf to your pleadings, for reason was drown'd,
But he has come back with the light;
It seems like a dream, oh! a terrible dream!
But, alas! I know it is true,
Poor Benny is dead, but your father's come home,
Dear Mary, to mother and you.

Chorus.
Round goes the world,
Trouble I defy;
Jogging along together my boys,
My rattling old bay mare.

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Chorus.
Round goes the world,
Trouble I defy;
Jogging along together my boys,
My rattling old bay mare.

My rattling Mare and I.

I am a country carrier,
A jovial soul am I—
I whistle and sing from morn till night,
And trouble I defy;
I've one to bear me company,
Of work she does her share,
it's not my wife, upon my life,
But a rattling old bay mare.

Chorus.
Round goes the world,
Trouble I defy;
Jogging along together my boys,
My rattling old bay mare.

Up and down the country side,
The mare and I we go,
The folks they kindly greet us,
As we journey to and fro;
The little ones they cheer us,
And the old ones stop and stare,
And lift their eyes with great surprise,
At Joe and his rattling mare.

And when the roads are heavy,
Or travelling up hill,
I'm by her side assisting her,
She works with such good will,
I knew she loves me well enough,
Because the whip I spare,
I'd rather hurt myself than hurt,
My rattling old bay mare.

And when the town we reach,
She rattles over the stones,
She lifts her hoofs up splendidly,
Not one of your lazy droues;
Its, "Clear the road," when Joseph comes,
"My crawlers all take care,
Of the carrier's cart, the driver smart,
And the rattling old bay mare."

I would not change my station,
With the noblest in the land;
I would not be Prime Minister,
Or anything so grand;
I would not be an alderman,
To live in luxury.
And state, if it would separate,
The old bay mare and I.
A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Pal o' Mine.
Sung by Vance.
Listen dear boys, I'll tell to you,
What fun I've often had with a pal o' mine
Best of friends I ever knew,
Is this pal o' mine.
We dine at Simpson's in the Strand,
And we have a pleasant talk,
And listen to the German Band,
And sip our sparkling hock.

Spoken. Johannisberg, of course, sent over by Prince Metternich for my friend's special use. My friend, mark you, for you see

My dear boys, my dear boys,
He's a pal o' mine,
He's a pal o' mine,
My dear boys.
When the feed's over, then we go,
Bent on a dance, somewhere in Belgravia.

The light fantastic toe,
With this pal o' mine.
The ladies simper, "Naughty man,
Why do you come so late?"
And tap us gently with their fan,
And say we are their fate.

Spoken. And so we are. They cannot resist my friend, he's such an Apollo. And birds of a feather, you know, flock together; which accounts for the fact

My dear boy, &c.
Needle-guns loading every way,
Muscle or breech, they come all the same to us,
But the Snider is the stay,
Of this pal o' mine.
We're pretty constant at our drill,
So you must not think it strange,
The distance that we're sure to kill,
Is two thousand yards in range.

Spoken. Bother: you talk about your needle guns—hah! Let foreign foes come ever to Old England, and my friend and I, and a few of the right sort will give them a stitch in their sides in our own way, did at we vanquish the natives at the Tir in

Belgium? my friend is the best shot in
England, and to claim my due—
My dear boys, &c.

On the turf we are well known,
And we are both favourites at Doncaster.
When our colours there are shown,
In and this pal o' mine.
With legs and waistcoats we never join,
We know them at a glance,
On "public form" we put our coin,
And stand the honest chance.

Spoken. It's the best way in the long run. "Never trust a dark horse," so my friend says, and as I have already had the honour of remarking—

My dear boys, &c.
On a good pal you may depend,
You'll find him there if you are in want of him,
And the first who'll me defend,
Is this pal o' mine.
We've stood the racket and the strife,
And we'll stand what fate may send,
For trust me boys, all thro' life,
There's nothing like a friend.

Spoken. That's so; you'll make no end of acquaintances, but precious few friends. When you get one, therefore, stick to him, and if you do, I will be glad to say of you, as I have always said of my own friend—

My dear boys, &c.

The Sunny Hours of Childhood.
Music at C. Jeffreys.
The sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
How soon, how soon they pass away,
Like flowers, like flowers in the wild wood
That once bloom'd fresh and gay;
But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart,
Lives but a few brief hours,
And then for age depart.

The friends, the friends we saw around us,
In boyhood's happy days,
The fairy, fairy links that bound us,
No feelings now displays;
For time hath changed for ever,
What youth cannot retain,
And we know, oh! never,
These sunny hours again.
The Fellow that Played the Banjo.

Composed and Sung by Harry Liston.

I dare say you fancy that strange it appears,
To see a comedian who's nearly in tears,
But when my sad story I pour in your ears,
Perhaps you will pity my woes.

I 'm a young damsel so fondly did doat,
A charming young creature was she,
She fancied the stage, but could not sing a note,
So came to take lessons from me.

Chorus.
To music halls nightly this damsel would go,
And listen to Liston, who enchanted her so,
But now she is married, and lives in Soho,
With a fellow that plays the banjo.

On hearing me sing the Bohemian swell,
Right up to her neck she in love with me fell,
In less than three weeks she knew all her notes well,
For to her such attention I paid.

All new ladies' songs that were published I sought,
I bought her stage properties new,
For she by that time to perfection was brought,
And soon was to make her debut.

As I out of town for one evening did go,
I ask'd a young fellow I happened to know,
He being a debate upon the banjo,
To perform my town duties for me:
He promised, and for my journey did start,
Come back to my great dismay,
Found he with his banjo had so charmed her heart,
That with him she had bolted away.

Come, I say,
She never came near me from that very night
I ne'er saw her more, tho' I look'd left and right,
For seven weeks I was laid up thro' the fright,
So much on my feelings it played.
Some time after that, when out walking one day,
I started to hear music's tones,
Turn'd round saw this banjo-chap strumming away,
And she was a shaking the bones.

Oh! Miss Jones.

Against that young fellow a grudge I now owe,
He did very wrong in serving me so;
I likewise a grudge have against his banjo,
And I hope it will not keep in tune;
I hope when he plays it the bridge will break down,
And knock a great hole thro' the skin,
And as for those, may they go round the town,
And ne'er get a farthing of tin.

Chorus.

I will stand by my Friend.
As on we go through life's career,
How many have to rough it;
While one gives us a friendly hand,
A dozen try to buffet;
Still let's be faithful where we can
A helping hand to lend,
My maxim is, that come what may,
I will stand by my friend.

When well to do in life, we all
A ready welcome got,
It's "How do you do to-day, my boy,
I'm glad that we have met!"
But, if in our career through life,
Bad luck does us attend,
How few will give a hand and say,
"I will stand by my friend."

A friend in need, is one indeed,
His heart and hand he lends;
How different where we have to say,
"Oh! save us from our friends."
With many, friendship's but a name,
No sympathy they lend;
They bid "Good day," but never say,
"I will stand by my friend."

They bid, &c.

May our friends be perpetual, and our enemies not so.
May British hearts be like their ships, hearts of oak.
May we never envy those who are happy,
but always try to imitate them.
May industry be always rewarded as the favourite of fortune.
FAVOURITE SONGS.

A COLLECTION OF FAVOURITE SONGS.

Pull, Pull together, Boys.

We've heard of Shop's fables, when

At school we got our licks,

And I dare say you've not forgot

The bundle made of sticks:

The moral's stick together, boys,

And that moral's far from wrong.

So, pull, pull together, is

The burden of my song.

Chorus.

Pull, pull together, boys,

Pull, pull together, boys,

All pull together, boys,

Like brothers ev'ry one.

Now all my life I've practis'd, mind

This good and golden rule,

Commencing when a little boy,

But greatly whopped at school.

We robb'd the master's apple trees,

By night as well as day,

And as we pull'd the apples off,

I always used to say—

Pull, pull, &c.

And when I went to college, still

My maxim was the same;

By all the Dons and Proctors, I

Was up to many a game.

There, I was Captain of my boat,

At sea, I wag our backs,

I taught to sing this jolly toast,

As pass'd the sparkling wine.

Pull, pull, &c.

I came of age, dropp'd into tin,

Went on the town of course;

Learnt to pick out a pretty girl,

With jolly dogs I went the pace,

And never drill this heart deceive

My own dear Maggie May.

When others thought that life was gone

And death would take away,

Still by my side did linger one—

And that was Maggie May.

May be happy and our enemies know it.

May he who has a spirit to resent a wrong,

Have a heart to forgive it.

May virtue increase her exports and imports, and vice become a bankrupt.
THE CATNACH PRESS,
(ESTABLISHED 1813.)

WILLIAM S. FORTEY,
(Sole Successor to the late J. Catnach,)

Printer, Publisher,
AND
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1859.