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# THE RIOT;

OR, HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.

## THE GOOD MILITIA MAN;

OR, THE MAN THAT IS WORTH A HOST.

AND, THE

LOYAL SAILOR; OR, NO MUTINEERING.



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# THE RIOT

ON WHICH A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE KILLED

## THE GOOD WILLIE'S MAN

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE GOOD WILLIE'S MAN'

LOYAL SERVICE OR NO MUTINY



EDITED BY J. E. EVANS

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# THE RIOT;

OR,

HALF A LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD:

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN JACK ANVIL AND TOM HOD.

To the Tune of "A Cobler there was."

WRITTEN DURING THE SCARCITY OF 1795.

TOM.

COME, neighbours, no longer be patient and quiet,  
Come let us go kick up a bit of a riot;  
I'm hungry, my lads, but I've little to eat,  
So we'll pull down the mills, and we'll seize all the meat;  
I'll give you good sport, boys, as ever you saw,  
So a fig for the justice, a fig for the law.  
Derry down.

Then his pitchfork Tom seiz'd—hold a moment, says Jack,  
I'll shew thee thy blunder, brave boy, in a crack;  
And if I don't prove we had better be still,  
I'll assist thee straightway to pull down ev'ry mill;  
I'll shew thee how passion thy reason does cheat,  
Or I'll join thee in plunder for bread and for meat.  
Derry down.

What a whimsey to think thus our bellies to fill,  
For we stop all the grinding by breaking the mill!  
What a whimsey to think we shall get more to eat,  
By abusing the butchers, who get us the meat!  
What a whimsey to think we shall mend our spare diet,  
By breeding disturbance, by murder and riot.  
Derry down.

Because I am dry 'twould be foolish, I think,  
 To pull out my tap, and to spill all my drink ;  
 Because I am hungry, and want to be fed,  
 That is sure no wise reason for wasting my bread ;  
 And just such wise reasons for mending their diet  
 Are us'd by those blockheads who rush into riot.

Derry down.

I would not take comfort from others distresses,  
 But still I would mark how God our land blesses ;  
 For though in Old England the times are but sad,  
 Abroad I am told they are ten times as bad :  
 In the land of the Pope there is scarce any grain,  
 And 'tis still worse they say both in Holland and Spain.

Derry down.

Let us look to the harvest our wants to beguile,  
 See, the lands with rich crops, how they every where smile !  
 Mean time to assist us, by each western breeze  
 Some corn is brought daily across the salt seas ;  
 Of tea we'll drink little, of gin none at all,  
 And we'll patiently wait, and the prices will fall.

Derry down.

But if we're not quiet, then let us not wonder,  
 If things grow much worse by our riot and plunder ;  
 And let us remember, whenever we meet,  
 The more ale we drink, boys, the less we shall eat,  
 On those days spent in riot, *no* bread you brought home,  
 Had you spent them in labour, you must have had *some*.

Derry down.

“ A dinner of herbs,” says the wise man, “ with quiet,  
 Is better than beef amid discord and riot.”

If the thing can't be help'd, I'm a foe to all strife,  
 And I pray for a peace every night of my life ;  
 But in matters of state not an inch will I budge,  
 Because I conceive I'm no very good judge.

Derry down.

But though poor I can work, my brave boy, with the best,  
 Let the king and the parliament manage the rest ;  
 I lament both the war and the taxes together,  
 Though I verily think they don't alter the weather.

The king, as I take it, with very good reason,  
May prevent a bad law, but can't help a bad season.

Derry down.

The parliament men, although great is their power,  
Yet they cannot contrive us a bit of a shower;  
And I never yet heard, though our rulers are wise,  
That they knew very well how to manage the skies;  
For the best of them all, as they found to their cost,  
Were not able to hinder last winter's hard frost

Derry down.

Besides I must share in the wants of the times,  
Because I have had my full share in its crimes;  
And I'm apt to believe the distress which is sent  
Is to punish and cure us of all discontent,  
But harvest is coming—Potatoes are come,  
Our prospect clears up—Ye complainers be dumb!

Derry down.

And though I've no money, and though I've no lands,  
I've a head on my shoulders, and a pair of good hands;  
So I'll work the whole day, and on Sundays I'll seek,  
At church, how to bear all the wants of the week.  
The gentlefolks too will afford us supplies,  
They'll subscribe, and they'll give up their puddings and  
pies.

Derry down.

Then before I'm induc'd to take part in a riot,  
I'll ask this short question, What shall I get by it?  
So I'll e'en wait a little till cheaper the bread,  
For a mittimus hangs o'er each rioter's head:  
And when of two evils I'm asked which is best,  
I'd rather be hungry than hang'd I protest.

Derry down.

Quoth Tom thou art right—if I rise I'm a Turk,  
So he threw down his pitchfork, and went to his work.

Z.

# THE GOOD MILITIA MAN ;

OR, THE

MAN THAT IS WORTH A HOST :

BEING A NEW SONG BY HONEST DAN THE PLOUGH-BOY  
TURNED SOLDIER.



I WAS a plough-boy tall, sir,  
 My name was honest Dan ;  
 But at my country's call, sir,  
 I've turn'd Militia Man.

So on our little green, sir,  
 Away from all the mire,  
 I daily now am seen, sir,  
 To cock, present, and fire.

In regimentals bright, sir,  
 Of scarlet, I do shine,  
 With hair tied up so tight, sir,  
 And whiten'd all so fine.

Of maidens not a few, sir,  
 Come crouding round the green ;  
 And so do parents too, sir,  
 The children push between.

There like a soldier prime, sir,  
 I march both quick and slow ;  
 I stamp my foot in time, sir,  
 And then kick up my toe.

Meanwhile with sound so grand, sir,  
 They beat the rum—drum—drum ;  
 'Till all our valiant band, sir,  
 Do wish the French would come.

But stop—methinks 'tis wrong, sir,  
 To talk this swelling stuff ;  
 For no true soldier's song, sir,  
 Should deal in empty puff.

I'll give you then a spice, sir,  
 (Oh, how you'll like my plan)

Of sound and good advice, sir,  
For each militia man.  
First then be sound at heart, sir,  
Be loyal, says my song,  
And nobly act your part, sir,  
To right your country's wrong.  
Yet let no soldier hold, sir,  
He merely need be stout.  
And blunt, and brave, and bold, sir,  
And mad to fight it out.  
Your soldier of true stamp, sir,  
Is not like brutish cattle ;  
And he'll be good in camp, sir,  
As well as good in battle.  
Unlike the looser herd, sir,  
Each vice he'll try to crush ;  
Nor will he speak a word, sir,  
To make a maiden blush.  
Nor will he shew his spunk, sir,  
By turning jolly fellow ;  
He never will be drunk, sir,  
No, no, nor yet be mellow.  
He counts it quite a shame, sir,  
To hear a soldier swear ;  
'Tis what King George would blame, sir,  
No doubt, if he was there.  
Nor does he laugh and grin, sir,  
At these as petty things ;  
Your swearing is a sin, sir,  
Against the King of kings.  
For be it understood sir,  
He says with honest Dan,  
" The soldier can't be good, sir,  
While wicked is the man."  
Now should some saucy tongue, sir,  
Here stop me for a toast,  
I'll give the man I've sung, sir,  
" The man that's worth a host."

# THE LOYAL SAILOR ;

## OR, NO MUTINEERING :

BEING A SONG FIT TO BE SUNG ON BOARD OF ALL HER  
MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

Giving an account of the very aukward affair at Portsmouth, with the increase of pay then agreed to on all sides, by a sailor supposed to be on board ; and also of that most melancholy and dreadful mutiny which happened afterwards at the Nore, and which caused so much astonishment throughout this loyal nation. In which song it is further represented, how this honest sailor was giving away half his ration to his wife Nell, and was also promising part of his pay to her and the children, when a strange fleet hove in sight, and he instantly prepared for action.



TO THE TUNE OF " THE MARDY TAR. "



YE Britons brave  
Who ride the wave,  
And make the cannon rattle,  
When winds do roar,  
Who quit the shore,  
To fight your country's battle !  
I'll sing you now,  
If you'll allow,  
A song well worth your hearing,  
And we'll agree  
Each end shall be,  
Beware of mutineering.  
Now should perchance  
The sons of France,  
Those chaps we deem so skittish,  
By day or night  
Come forth to fight  
Us seamen all so British ;  
Oh ! how we'll fly  
To fight or die,  
No French or Dutchman fearing ;  
And while we sing  
God save the King !  
Beware of mutineering.



Yet though we rush  
 Our foes to crush,  
 We're not like brutish cattle ;  
 Our duty's clear,  
 Hence freed from fear,  
 We'll trust the God of battle ;  
 'Tis for our laws,  
 And country's cause,  
 The thought, my lads, is cheering ;  
 'Tis for our King  
 We'll fight and sing,  
 Down, down with mutineering.

About some pay,  
 I grant, one day,  
 Our fleet did grow loquacious,  
 What then befel  
 Methinks I'll tell,  
 'Twill prove our King so gracious ;  
 'Twill prove beside,  
 Though some may chide,  
 And think perhaps of sneering ;  
 Yet on the whole,  
 I from my soul  
 Do hate your mutineering.

'Twas on one night  
 'Twixt dark and light,  
 When some you see were drinking,  
 All down below,  
 While none did know,  
 I spy'd some fellows slinking,  
 Then up came Jack,  
 And slapt my back,  
 (The thump it seem'd endearing)  
 And dropt a word  
 That scarce was heard,  
 Could this be mutineering ?

But next of pay  
 He talk'd away,  
 And hop'd we'd be united !

I hung my head,  
 And merely said,  
 I wish the thing was righted ;  
 " Come, come," said he,  
 " Since all agree,  
 We'll claim an instant hearing :"  
 " I'd like," says I,  
 " To share your pie,  
 But hate your mutineering."

Our noble crew  
 Were good and true,  
 Yet now they fell a prating,  
 And though so mild,  
 They all turn'd wild,  
 And got to delegating.  
 Now here again  
 I told the men,  
 " Be careful how you're steering :  
 Avast," I said,  
 " You'll risk your head,  
 Beware of mutineering."

Well, next you see,  
 They did agree  
 To tell their whole condition ;  
 The King he sent  
 To parliament,  
 Who granted our petition :  
 'Twas promis'd then  
 By all our men,  
 ('Twas done within my hearing)  
 We'd ask no more,  
 But shut the door  
 Against your mutineering.

The time would fail  
 To tell the tale  
 Of all that follow'd after,  
 In part I'm clear  
 'Twould fetch a tear,  
 In part 'twould raise your laughter ;

For in the close  
 Rebellion rose,  
 Her dreadful forehead rearing ;  
 And Oh ! how queer  
 Did things appear,  
 Amidst the mutineering !

Some rais'd to power  
 Were flogg'd next hour,  
 All which was vastly funny ;  
 And some they say,  
 To mend their pay,  
 Subscrib'd away their money.  
 Then round the Nore,  
 To guard the shore,  
 What crouds came volunteering !  
 For like one man  
 The nation ran,  
 To crush the mutineering.

Out bursts the flame,  
 To blows they came,  
 What prospect could be darker ?  
 " King George, I say,  
 Huzza ! huzza !  
 King George, and no King Parker !"  
 Come, take your stand,  
 Foul treason's plann'd,  
 Come, come, sir, don't be veering ;  
 See here's the try'd,  
 Old English side,  
 And there's the mutineering.

Fire, fire's the cry,  
 They fall, they die,  
 The mutineers are routed ;  
 Some lose their head,  
 Some beg their bread,  
 By all the nation scouted † ;

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† The merchants and ship-owners of London had a general meeting, in which it was resolved to receive no sailor into their service after the peace, unless he brought a certificate from his captain, of his not having joined the mutiny.

Some fly to France,  
 Who led the dance,  
 Which proved a happy clearing ;  
 And for their pains  
 Are clapt in chains,  
 To cure their mutineering.

Now let us sing  
 To George our King,  
 Here's health to all the nation ;  
 And let each wife  
 Now take her knife,  
 And share her husband's ration :  
 With you each day  
 We'll part our pay,  
 Our children while you're rearing ;  
 But mind you, Nell,  
 Now don't rebel,  
 Beware of mutineering.

But while I tell  
 Of gentle Nell,  
 And all that frightful faction—  
 " A fleet!—a fleet !  
 O now we meet,  
 My lads prepare for action :  
 Let ev'ry ship  
 Her cable slip,  
 And while the decks are clearing,  
 Sing, Britons, sing,  
 God save the King !  
 Down, down with mutineering !"

FINIS.

