MARKS'S EDITION.

THE

HISTORY

OF

GAFFER GURTON'S VISIT

TO THE

FAIR.



LONDON

Printed and Published by J. L. Marks, 91, Long Lane, Smithfield.



HISTORY

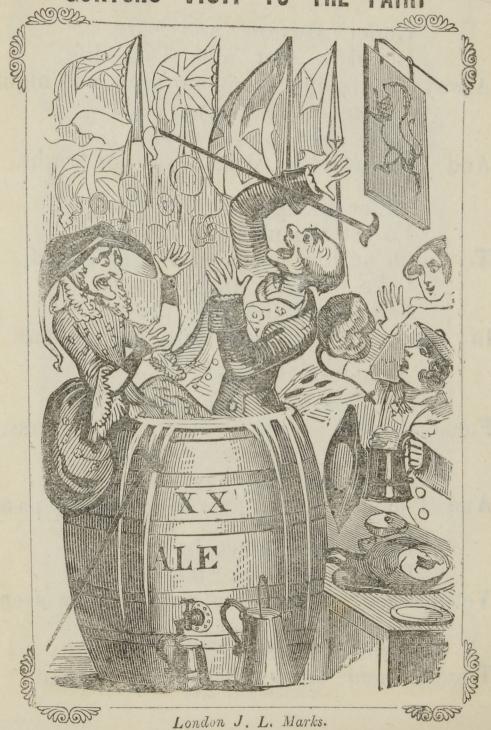
CERTER CURTONS VISIT



MOGROA

Printed and Passished by J. L. Nerks,

GURTONS VISIT TO THE FAIR.



Gaffer Gurton and wife
Lived a Cat and Dog life,
Always wrangling, from morning till night,

Whatever he'd say, she'd Have her own way,

And whatever he did, was not right.

Gaffer thought far the best
To set the matter at rest,
To laugh at the scoffs, and the frowns,
Take his pipe and his glass

And round the joke pass, In spite, of the ups and the downs.

> 'Twas one Holiday time The weather being fine,

For once this couple agreed o'er a glass, She says gaffer list pray Unto what I do say,

And I mean, shall likewise come to pass.

We married have been
Two score years and ten,
Yet a small share, of pleasure, have seen,
To morrow my dear
We'll visit the fair,

That's, held upon Blackberry green.



Just as the cock crows
Dame and gaffer arose.
And dress'd in stiff starched bib and tucker,
Hat, Bonnet and gown
Were strewed all around,
Sure no couple were in greater pucker.

In an old fashioned bonnet A great bow stuck on it.

And gaffer in his cocked hat and jazey,

They went off at a pace That would ne'er win a race,

Those queer figures I'm sure would amaze ye.

Away then they trudged For a mile and a half,

Hands and arms sticking out like two dummys,

Some boys shouted out

With a grin and a laugh,

Here's the ghost's of couple of Mummys.

The Dogs, set up a bark
The Roys in a lark,
Thinking their temper to ruffle,
Cries, sir be so kind

As to just walk behind,

And your Lady help on with her bustle.



'Tis too bad said the Dame
And realy a shame,
That folks on their way can't be joging,
But each saucy boy
Must thus them annoy.
They realy deserve a good flogging.

At the end of a mile
They came to a stile,
Which put the old pair on their metals,
Gaffer safe over got
But the Dame she did not,
But headlong pitches into some nettles.

With some trouble and care
They at length reached the fair,
And what wonderful sights did they see,
Lions, Tigers, Jackalls,
With fried sausage stalls,
And the great show of Johnson and Lee.

The crowd came so strong
It drove them along,
In spite of their efforts and cries,
From behind came a whack
Over poor gaffers Hat,
And doused it bang over his eyes.



The Dame cried out shame But they served her the same,

In less time than I now tell you on it, For in spite of her frown

They beat in the crown,

And turned inside out her best bonnet.

But very soon after Came another disaster,

The mob clap't them on to a barrel of ale,

They heard it gave way And shocking to say,

Right up to their middles they fell.

A wag standing by Then made a reply,

Your feelings good folks I'll not vex, But to me it is clear

If you do not like Beer,

You can both take your share of Double XX.

With scarce a dry rag They soon called a cab,

The Man helped them in with a grin, They soon reached their home

With scarce a whole bone,

And resolved they would ne'er go again.

See First Page.

Printed by J L. Marks, Long Lane, Smithfield.

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