

Beauties of the Buses.

GOODY BLAKE & HARRY GILL,

AND

THE MISER.



See 4,

LONDON :

PUBLISHED AT J. T. WARD. AND CO'S
Stationary and Children's Book Warehouse,
3, Bread-Street-Hill, Cheapside.

1808.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill,
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still?
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;
He has a flannel on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.



In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,
 Ill fed she was and thinly clad;
 And any man who pass'd her door
 Might see how poor a hut she had.



All day she spent in her poor dwelling

And then her three hours work at night

Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,

It would not pay for candle-light.—

This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,

Her hut was on a cold hill side,

And in that country coals are dear

For they come far by wind and tide

By the same fire to boil their pottage,

Two poor old dames, as I have known

Will often live in one small cottage ;

But she poor woman, dwelt alone.

'Twas well enough when summer came

The long, warm, lightsome summer-d

Then at her door the canty dame

Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her ev'nings then were dull and dead;
Sad case it was as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh, joy for her whene'er in winter,
The winds at night had made a rout
And scatter'd many a lusty splinter,
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile before-hand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill
She left her fire or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
'This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take,
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there at night, in frost and snow,
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,

Thus looking out did Harry stand:

The moon was full and shining clearly,

And crisp with frost the stubble land.—

He hears a noise—he's all awake—

Again, on tip-toe down the hill

He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake;

She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her;

Stick after stick did Goody pull;

He stood behind a bush of elder

Till she had fill'd her apron full.

When with her load she turn'd about,

The bye-road back again to take,

He started forward with a shout,

And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her
And cry'd, 'I've caught you, then, at last
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd
To God, who is the judge of all.

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing
While Harry held her by the arm—
' God, who art never out of hearing,
' O may he never more be warm !'
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy-cold he turn'd away.



He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill :
His face was gloom his heart was sorrow,
Alas ! that day for Harry Gill ;
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he ;
Another was on thursday brought,
And ere the sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain—an useless matter—
And blankets were about him pin'd ;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away ;
And all who saw him say 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,

A-bed or up, to young or old ;

But ever to himself he mutters,

‘ Poor Harry Gill is very cold !’

A-bed or up, by night or day,

His teeth they chatter, chatter still ;

Now think ye, farmers all I pray,

Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.



THE MISER.

DUGARD, the veriest gripe alive,
Whose only maxim was to thrive ;
The common jest of every tongue,
The line disgracing whence he sprung ;
Tho' grudging e'en of food the charge,
A palace built immensely large ;
Its inside rich, its outside great,
He liv'd, or rather starv'd, in state.

By chance Orlando, passing by,
Upon the building cast an eye ;
Dugard, who knew his perfect taste,
His entrance begs—if not in haste ;
He stops—then civilly is shewn
The wonders of each stately room ;
Paintings, from distant climates brought,
Carpets that were in Persia wrought ;

And roofs resplendent all with gold,
You might, with wonder, there behold.

By the large stairs descending down,
At length they enter the saloon ;
There Dugard thus accosts his guest ;
‘ Since with your presence I am blest,
‘ Oblige me, Sir, in this demand ;
‘ These pannels that unfinish’d stand,
‘ I would have pictur’d with some scene
‘ That never yet had painted been ;
‘ Direct my choice.’—‘ If oddness please
‘ E’en paint a man that seems to sneeze
‘ Thy humour, good Orlando, change ;
‘ I would have something really strange.
‘ What stranger yet ! then pr’ythee draw
‘ PLENTY—that thing you never saw.’