



## A New Flash Song.

**M**E and five more we all set out,  
To rob and plunder without doubt,  
Away to Hyde Park we did steer,  
To light on the culls and the rattlers there.

We met with a cull that was just the thing,  
With a large pair of wedes and a diamond ring,  
We took from him all we could sack,  
With a silver hilted sword, and gold lac'd hat.

Many robberies are done in the park,  
When that the evenings they are dark,  
But the sallery put us to a fright,  
And we scal'd the wall's like stags that night.

Then strait to Kensington we did steer,  
Resolv'd to rob all we came near,  
A coach and four came rattling by,  
Stop, coachman! we aloud did cry.

There were four ladies in the coach,  
And up to it we did approach,  
Their black cloaks so gay did shine,  
We thought our blowings would look fine.

We declin'd thieving for that night,  
But the very day a rum lock did fight,  
For we were hobbi'd by break of day,  
And up to the blind beak's had away.

Our blowings we did safe secure,  
No one could find them we were sure,  
If we were taken we very well did know  
That up to Bow-street we must go.

We gammon'd hard our lives to save  
And to the old beak gossip gave,  
But our prosecutor was so hard,  
Unto our youth paid no regard.

We were gammon-patter'd, to Newgate sent,  
Which gave our blowings discontent,  
I'd rather on the gal ows die,  
Than in those dismal cells to lie.

O hark! I hear St. Pulchre's toll,  
The Lord have me cy on each soul,  
With black hatbands we look'd so neat,  
With weeping eyes, and nosegays sweet.

And as the tumbler mov'd along,  
Some people sung a different song,  
Let the young dogs go, they'll leave enough  
To strip us o'd culls to the buff.

When to the turnpike we had got,  
We turn'd our heads and look'd about,  
And saw the gibbet so high to look,  
And wish'd our friends advice we'd took.

When the cap was pull'd over our eyes,  
Unto the Lord then each one cries,  
It is a pity, they all did cry,  
Such clever lads as they should die.

Then of these youths don't make your game  
Altho' they die in wretched shame,  
For oft times you might live to see  
The old grey hairs brought to the tree.

Our blowings in a rattler come,  
Our bodies for to carry home,  
Then in a hearse we were convey'd,  
Here's an end of our lives our debts are paid.