

WHAT WILL Old England COME TO.

Bebbington, Printer, 26, Goulden-street, Oldham Road, Manchester, sold by John Beaumont, 176, York-street, and H. Andrews, 27, St. Peter-street, Leeds.

Come all you jolly young fellows and listen awhile to my song,
I'll warrant you'll say it's true & I will not detain you long,
It's concerning the rigs of the farmers, which causes poor servants to rue,
It's all through their pride and ambition.
Oh! what will poor England come to?

When my grandmother was a young woman, O then what doings were there?

When servants did eat with their master and drank the best cider and beer,

But now they're shov'd in the back kitchen the coarsest provision to chew,

And are forced to drink belly vengeance. O what, &c.

When the harvest had used to come O that was the working man's joy,

But now for to reap & mow, it's strangers they all do employ
A man that stops in own parish has scarce any work for to do,
While his family they are half-starvin. O what, &c.

It's plenty of good beef and mutton to the field they used to bring,

With plenty of good beer and cider, 'twould make a man whistle and sing,

But now it's black bread and skim cheese as tough as the sole of a shoe,

With a drop of small beer and sour cider. O what, &c.

Now when that the corn is cut the rakers the ground they run o'er,

And scarcely leave an ear for a mouse instead of a loaf for the poor,

Such doings they will have an end, and the d—— he must He'll shake them for robbing poor people.

Such confounded schemes and contrivances they do invent every day,

If a poor man owes but a trifle he cannot get money to pay,
And when that the cold winter comes on what causes poor workmen to rue,

And all through these thrashing machines.

Then daughters as grand as a duchess away to the market will ride,

Dress'd up in their habits and veils you can scarce see their faces for pride,

Poor men that like negroes do work get it all by the sweat of their brow,

But if that their pride it should fall why then what will they come to.

So now to conclude and to finish, the truth I think to come near it,

If the cap some should happen to fit why those are the people to wear it,

And I hope that old times may revive then we shall have cause to sing,

Success to each master and mistress. God prosper and live the Queen.



CASTLE HYDE.

As I rode out on a summer's morning,
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
To view the groves and meadows charming,
And pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde,
It is there you will hear the thrushes warbling,
The Dove and Partridge I now describe,
The lambkins sporting each night and morning,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

If noble Princes from foreign places,
Should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
It is in this valley they could be feasted
As often heroes had done before,
The wholesome air of this habitation,
Would recreate your heart with pride,
There is no valley throughout this nation,
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

There's a church for service in this fine harbour,
Where nobles often in their coaches ride,
To view the streams and pleasant gardens,
That do adorn sweet Castle Hyde,
There is fine horses and stall fed oxen,
And a den for foxes to play and hide,
Fine mares for breeding and foreign sheep,
And snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

The richest groves in this Irish Nation,
In fine plantations you'll find them there,
The Rose and Tulip and fine Carnation,
All vie with the Lilly fair,
The Buck, the Doe, the Fox, the Eagle,
Do skip and play by the river side,
The Trout and Salmon are always roving,
In those clear streams of Castle Hyde.

I rode from Blarney to Castle Earnet,
To Thomastown and sweet Donerail,
To sweet Kilshannock and gay Rathcormick,
Besides Killarny and Abbey-fair,
The river Shannon and pleasant Boyne,
The flowing Barrow and rapid Bride,
But in all my ranging and serenading,
I saw no equal to Castle Hyde