



Jeannot's Answer Jeannette.

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CHEER up, cheer up, my own Jeannette,
tho' far away go,
In all the changes I may see I'll be the same
Jeannot;
And if I win both fame and gold, ah! be not so
unkind
To think I could forget you in the home I leave
behind.
There's not a lady in the land, and if she were a
queer
Could win a heart from you, Jeannette,
true as you have been.
They must have gallant warriors; chance hath
cast the lot on me;
But mind you this—the soldier, love, shall no
deserter be.

Why, ever since the world began, the surest road
to fame
Has been the field, where men unknown might
win themselves a name;
And well I know the brightest eyes have ever
brighter shone,
When looking at some warrior bold returned
from battles won;
And you would put an end to deeds which ladies
love so well,
And have no tales of valour left for history to
tell;
The soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette, then
rail no more;
Were only kings allowed to fight there'd be an
end to war.

WONDERFUL COUSIN

TUNE—"Paddy O'Carroll."

OH wonders a dozen I'll tell of my cousin,
The day he was born he was seven feet high,
His father and mother, his sister and brother,
Once rode on his back, as far as the sky;
He was such a glutton, a devil for mutton,
The neighbours ran off when they saw him approach
When he was eleven, he was ten feet seven,
And his little snuff-box was a hackney-coach.

CHORUS.

For sure there was never another so clever,
My wonderful cousin had many a prize;
His frolics to smother, would be over t'other,
I hope you don't think I tell you any lies.

One day he so clever swam to the Swan river,
From Greenwich he went twenty miles at one stroke
The emigrants saw him, they all ran to jaw him,
So he play'd at all fours with them for a joke,
They all begg'd his pardon, he made them a garden,
Six hundred miles round, in one day at his ease;
He let off a cannon, the people then ran on,
The ground that was instantly cover'd with trees,
For sure, &c.

He eat for his supper—two whales, a grasshopper,
Three hundred potatoes, bak'd mealy and brown;
Ten bunches of carrots, and seven young parrots,
Then drain'd the Swan river to wash them all down;
And when he retired to sleep being tired,
About fifty tigers walk'd up to his bed,
He jump'd up with trim ease, and bit off their jemmies,
Then snor'd while he danced a hornpipe on his head,
For sure, &c.

Next day he departed, upon a bear started,
To come but at the North Pole on the ice,
He kindled a fire, then on a large wire,
He roasted and eat all the bears in a trice;
And as he was swimming, some pirates were trimming
Their vessels, and hail'd him to go from the spot,
Tho' calm was the weather he blew them together,
He then sprang upon them and sunk the whole lot.
For sure, &c.

He then came to London, a little more fun done,
He walk'd arm in arm with St. Paul's in the Park,
They both got so groggy, the night being foggy,
That they many houses knock'd down in the dark;
They both rather funny-bent, walk'd to the Monument
And told him they'd make him jolly well drunk,
They sack'd rum and brandy, and all that was handy,
Then chaunted a glee well called Mynheer Vandunck.
For sure, &c.

St. Paul's & the Monument, home to their lodgings went
St. Paul's ever since has been black in the face,
My Cousin retired, soon after expired,
And walk'd by himself to his burying place;
He held by the steeple, until all the people,
Had made him a grave where he quiet could lie,
And when it was ready, he walk'd in it so steady,
And was cover'd up when he bid them good bye.
For sure, &c.