



The girl like a shot down stairs she flew,
And the Street door wide open threw;
Then catching hold of the man so quick,
Pulled him into the house by his Copper-stick.

Says she my mother is so very crossid,
Two days the Copper-Stick she's lost;
And as we're going to wash tomorrow,
Your Copper-Stick I want to borrow.

Nancy Dawson's

CABINET OF CHOICE SONGS,

Being a collection of some of the most superlative, amatory, flash, luxurious, and dainty dittes, ever before printed, and not to be obtained in any other work; among innumerable others of slashing character will be found:—

THE COPPER STICK!

A capital new song.

THE MAGICAL TORCH & the TINDER BOX!

A famous original amatory stave.

SALLY MAY!

THE AMIABLE FAMILY!

NANCY DAWSON!!!

An out-and-out frisky song not to be had in any other work.

The Tare Hole Forest Tree!

THE STEAM TOOL!! – THE LEAK HOLE!!

A Slap against the Garden Gate!

THE OLD WOMAN THAT WANTS A GRIND!

A rummy teaser.

WHEN I BEHELD A MAIDENHEAD.

THE WONDERFUL GIANT!!!

THE SAINT GILES'S JADE!

An excellent flash chaunt.

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT!

A most delicious amatory song.

THE DAYS WE WENT ROGERING!

I Cannot Take It In! – Down, down in the Alley!

SMUTTY JONATHANS.

Such a Getting out of Bed; a new flash parody.

I AM THE STALLION OF TOWN THEY SAY!

An out-and-out parody.

Such a getting into bed, a new flash parody. /

W. West, Printer, 57, Wych Street, Strand. /

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NANCY DAWSON.

THE COPPER STICK.

A famous new smutty ditty never before Printed

Air – The White Cockade.

In London town not long ago,
A laundress lived as you must know,
Who had a daughter young and fair,
Whose beauty made the male sex queer.
Now Betty was a clever maid,
And help'd her mother at her trade.
'Till one day with grief I tell the quick,
Her mother lost the copper stick,
It was such a rummy copper stick,
A long, a strong, good copper stick,
An instrument to do the trick,
But alas! she lost the copper stick. /

All round about did Betty look,
In every corner, every nook,
But vain her search fate was unkind,
The copper stick she could not find.
Up stairs ran Bet to escape the route,
And from the window she peep'd out;
When underneath the little miss,
A youth came up and began to p—ss!
He show'd a member long and thick,
A regular one to do the trick,
And Betty who saw it cried out quick,
'By jingo that's my mother's copper stick.

Just like a shot down stairs she flew,
And the street door wide open threw,
And catching hold of the man quite cool,
Pull'd him into the hall by his lanky tool.
Says she my mother has lost, oh dear,

A copper stick, I do declare,
 But as we're going to wash to morrow,
 This here for a copper stick I'll borrow.
 It is so very long and thick,
 Just the sort to do the trick,
 May every woman – when in the nick,
 Always find such a funny copper stick. /

THE T—D AND THE SOAP SUDS.

A capital amatory stave.
 A gentleman once in a snug country town,
 Popp'd into a barber's whose name it was Brown,
 For he wanted a shave – and he knew very well,
 That the barber a man was of wonderful skill.

In walk'd the gent and he sat himself down,
 And got lathered and shaved by the said Mr. Brown,
 But view'd every thing with disgust quite profound,
 For nothing but filth could he see all around.

The floor was as black as a coal cellar, oh dear,
 And the shop stunk like a common sewer or near,
 While the napkins – and every thing in it, good lack,
 Were dirty and stinking, and filthy and black.

My friend, said the gent, my wonder pray stop,
 Now what is the reason you don't sweep your shop? /
 Oh, sweep it, it's useless, the barber did say,
 'Cause I'm going to leave upon next quarter day.

It happen'd the barber was call'd from the spot,
 So the gent bared his duff – and he down then did squat,
 And as true as the words I now state in my song,
 He s—t in the shop a t—d twelve inches long.

The barder came in – and did wonder disclose,
 At such an effluvia under his nose;
 But he looked down below, and how much he demurr'd,
 When he saw in his soap pan the Gentleman's turd.

Oh, dear, sir, how could you, the barber did cry,
 Shit in my shop – when the shit-house is nigh?
 The gentleman laughing – thus keenly did say,
 Never mind, in a moment I'm going away.

'Twas in a brown pan the gent did let fly,
 In which Brown mixed his lather when no one was by, /
 A butcher came in, for a shave gave the word,

Brown mixed up the lather – forgetting the t—d.

‘Why dam it,’ the butcher cries, with many winks,
 And swallowing a mouthfull – ‘why how your soap stinks!’
 But the barber kept lathering his chopps, oh dear,
 And said, it’s the best yellow soap I declare.

SALLY MAY.

A capital smutty parody on ‘Alice Grey.’
 Sung at Offley’s, the Coal Hole, &c.

She’s all my fancy painted her,
 She’s slap up, she’s divine,
 But her snatch-box is another’s,
 It never can be mine.
 Yet I’m as large as any man,
 At least the blowens say,
 Oh, my Roger now is standing,
 For a slap at Sally May. /

Her snatch-box is all mossy o’er,
 Her belly spotless white;
 They say she has been bored before,
 But that is only spite!
 At p—ss one day I saw the lass,
 Which put me in a way,
 But in scorn she turned away her a—e,
 Did wicked Sally May.

For her I’d grind till all was blue,
 And think each turn a treat;
 For her with glee I’d ever strive,
 To fill both mouth’s with meat.
 To work for her I ne’er could tire,
 I’d kiss her night and day;
 Oh, my tulip now is standing
 For a slap at Sally May.

I’ve stuffed the blowens every one,
 Been in their arms locked fast;
 But now my Grinding days are done,
 My Rogering is past.
 There’s only one thing now I crave,
 ’Twould stop me from decay;
 If I my wish, my hope could have,
 A poke at Sally may. /

NANCY DAWSON.

A very celebrated and out-and-out ditty, not to be had in any other collection.

Sung at the Coal Hole, Cyder Cellars, &c.

Air – The Pretty Girls of London.

Nancy Dawson was a whore,
And in that town was many more,
And when the sailors went on shore,
Law, they ask'd for Nancy Dawson!
For she was such a sprightly lass,
All other mots she did surpass,
Shew her your stuff, she'd wag her a—e,
All right, says Nancy Dawson.

The jolly tar so stout and bold,
Who o'er the sea for months had rolled,
Came home with rare galore of gold,
Would fly to Nancy Dawson;
When he lugged out his marlin spike,
My eye, 'says Nance,' 'tis what I like,
So let us quick the bargain strike,
Aboard of Nancy Dawson.

The tall, the short, the old, the young,
No matter, so they were well hung,
The port-holes open free were flung,
Of frisky Nancy Dawson. /
Upon her beam ends she would lay,
And her full broadside would display,
Then cried my lads, come fire away,
Spank into Nancy Dawson.

Such battering she'd received, 'tis true,
But still a vessel fair to view,
The tars full loaded ever flew,
For an action with Nancy Dawson.
For fourteen pounders she cared not,
For bumb-shells or for good grape shot,
So long as she good ramming got,
All right, says Nancy Dawson.

The Royal George – to England came,
With tars aboard of gallant fame,
Who all with courage in a flame,
Steer'd off to Nancy Dawson.

When all the crew had bored her straight,
 With their good marlin spikes so great,
 I'll take the admiral to make weight,
 On board, says Nancy Dawson.

The tall black cook with her made free,
 One day beneath a apple tree,
 He gave her inches twenty-three,
 Bore on said Nancy Dawson.
 The midshipman then came in view,
 So out his little bit he drew,
 And cried out, shipmate after you,
 For a turn at Nancy Dawson. /

The midshipman then went to work,
 He was as hungry as a turk,
 Her duff she up and down did jerk,
 Did frisky Nancy Dawson.
 The lieutenant of the ship came by,
 As quick as you can mate, he did cry,
 I'm bursting now to have a shy,
 At the craft of Nancy Dawson.

The lieutenant so strong and gay,
 Then stepp'd on board and fired away,
 Such courage he did then display,
 He well pleased Nancy Dawson.
 Then passed the rare old commodore,
 Who for ten years hadn't had a whore,
 So vowed that he would have a bore,
 At frisky Nancy Dawson.

The commodore was hot and strong,
 His member it was stout and long,
 He made sad mess the works among,
 Of pretty Nancy Dawson.
 Hold off, she cried, but on he jogg'd,
 If I leave off, may I be flogged,
 Until your vessel's water logg'd,
 Oh dear, cried Nancy Dawson.

For full an hour he drove away,
 While Nancy panting there did lay,
 And ever since that fatal day,
 Done up is Nancy Dawson. /
 So all fair crafts, who lust afford,
 Your little put holes careful board,
 Ne'er take a commodore on board,

Like friskey Nancy Dawson.

THE TARE HOLE FOREST TREE.

A parody on Fairlop Fair.

Original, by young M.

Of a rum old boy I'll sing you a spree,
 Who had in his garden a great big tree,
 Near Tare-hole Forest which you know very well,
 The truth of this many girls can tell;
 It was square all round, but so well it ground,
 No equal to be found, though the fact may astound;
 And he used all day, with the girls so sly,
 Which caused all their bellies to be raised so high.
 It was, &c.

Near Tare-hole Forest big Fan used to ride,
 And a big hole for this tree she'd provide;
 My eyes, how she'd shake it, from bottom to top,
 And take all the fruit that from it did drop. /
 It was eight inches round, and twelve from the ground,
 Weighed about six pound, and was square all round!
 And he used all day, with the girls so sly,
 Which caused all their bellies to be raised so high.
 It was, &c.

In the centre it grew, believe it may,
 And it belonged to one Daniel Day;
 It was the stiffest old thing that you ever did see,
 And looked just like the limb of a tree.
 Dan would lush Port and Sherry, and make the girls merry,
 Then he'd lug out his tree, and make'em ho'd the jerry;
 And he used it all day, with the girls so sly,
 Which caused all their bellies to be raised so high.
 It was, &c.

At Tare-hole Forest stiff stood this tree,
 As stiff as any thing could be,
 And was surrounded with wanton dames,
 Who came to this tree, to quench their flames. /
 They would clasp round the tree, till weary they'd be,
 And they'd agree, that they'd had a good spree;
 And he used all day, with the girls so sly,
 Which caused all their bellies to be raised so high.
 It was, &c.

THE STEAM TOOL.

Air – The Cork Leg.

Original, by young M.

To sing you a song quite willing I am,
 About a man of Rotterdam,
 A sixteenth brother to Mynheer Von Clam,
 Who had a steam leg without any sham.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

Mynheer with the girls would off make free,
 And oft with the girls would play, d'you see?
 He would kiss and cuddle them all with glee,
 Until they gave him the woeful P.
 Ri too ral loo, &c. /

A surgeon was call'd in to his aid,
 And when he had the part surveyed,
 He then drew forth a shining blade,
 And quick cut off the part decayed.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

From my loss, says Mynheer, I'll soon recover,
 And in its place I'll soon have another;
 The cove that made the leg for my brother,
 Shall make me one of India rubber.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

The artist was sent for, who came with speed,
 And begg'd to know, what Mynheer did need;
 Why I want a new tool, in the old one's stead,
 To make it the artist then quickly agreed.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

The tool the artist did complete,
 Of India rubber just twenty feet,
 'Twas charged with steam, 'twas strong but neat,
 So he fixed it on and made his retreat.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

This monstrous tool did quickly arise,
 To bind it down next Mynheer tries /
 It was no go, and to his great surprise,
 The tool sprung up, and broke the ties.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

Higher and higher the monster grows,
 And right bang through the ceiling goes,
 Right through a bed on which a lady repose,
 Went slap through her mutton as you may suppose.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

The tool from stretching Mynheer could not stop,
 And quite o'er power'd on the floor he did drop;
 It kept on stretching, and soon did pop,
 Bang through the house, right out of the top.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

At length the steam power much stronger grew,
 From the top of the house it all came through;
 And with it came the Dutchman too,
 And like a sky rocket away it flew.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

The neighbours were all filled with dismay,
 To see the poor Dutchman carried away; /
 It's ten years ago since it happen'd they say,
 And he's never been heard of to this very day.
 Ri too ral loo, &c.

THE OLD WOMAN THAT WANTS A GRIND.

A very celebrated smutty parody, never before correctly printed.

Air – The Hospital gate.

As I passed by an hospital gate,
 I saw an old whore complaining;
 She was in age full sixty eight,
 It heavily was raining.
 She raised her feeble voice above,
 And she was nearly blind;
 Oh, ye powers above, grant me another shove,
 I'm an old woman that wants a grind.

For many years I've passed my life,
 As happy as could be;
 I was fifty years a well ground wife,
 But now it's all o'er with me!
 My nerves are getting very weak,
 For the want of the male kind. /
 Then ye powers above, grant me another shove,
 I'm an old woman that wants a grind.

When I was in the prime of life,
 Each youth was quite a glutton;
 And used to run both far and near,
 For a slap at my sweet mutton!
 But now because I'm old and tough,
 To my wants they are all blind;
 Oh, ye powers above, grant me another shove,
 I'm an old woman that wants a grind.

There's my old man who once was strong,
 I'm sure he would not chuse less;
 But all he had is now gone,
 'Tis shrivell'd up and useless!
 I prize it for the good it's done,
 But a solace in that can't find;
 So ye powers above, grant me another shove,
 I'm an old woman that wants a grind.

I've saved up ten shillings in a purse,
 I've a flannel petticoat new;
 A pair of stays, a new Holland smock,
 A bran new gown-piece too!
 I'll give them all for the joys of love,
 Which belong to womankind;
 So ye powers above, grant me another shove,
 I'm an old woman that want's a grind. /

A SLAP AGAINST THE GARDEN GATE.

A capital new smutty parody on *'The Garden Gate.'*

The day was spent, the moon shone bright,
 The villiage clock struck eight,
 When Kitty hastened, with delight,
 Unto the garden gate;
 For Lubin had promised to meet her there,
 And showed to her his jewels rare,
 And make her bless her happy state,
 By rolling in her arms at the garden gate.

She traced the garden o'er and o'er,
 The villiage clock struck nine;
 Which made young Kitty sigh and say,
 What a luckless Fanny's mine!
 For many months I've longed for meat,
 For it must be such a lovely treat;
 But Lubin comes not here elate,
 To give me a bit at the garden gate.

She'd scarcely spoke those simple words,
When Lubin there did stump;
And coming sly behind her there,
He caught hold of her rump!
And ere she could resist his hands,
With Roger erect 'fore her he stands;
So long, so strong, so stout, so great,
She saw all he had at the garden gate. /

He felt her bubbies o'er and o'er,
And then pull'd up her clothes;
And at the sight he then beheld,
With lust young Lubin glows!
To work he went with might and main,
And tipped it her again and again;
Her amorous fire he did create,
And gave her all she wanted at the garden gate.

For hours they kept their amorous play,
Till Kitty felt quite sore;
And Roger dropping down his head,
Proved he could do no more!
Says Kitty – oh, what joy is this,
I never before felt such bliss;
So meet me every night at eight,
And we'll have it up against the garden gate.

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