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STVDII
SALAMANTINI

Lower, Richard (1782-1865),

Tom Cladpole's Journey to Lunnun (1849)

PREFACE

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Most people want to know when dey buy a book who is de author ov it. So one says to another, "An who is dis Tom Cladpole wot maaks sich a fuss about he's travels?" Why Tom ent ashamed ov he's clawney, so he wishes me to tell ye a liddle about un. *Ol' Cain* was de fust an um, an he jes was a gurt Farmer; ye may be sure ov dat, fer he built a City; now uf eny ov our Farmers build a Barn, a Stable, or even a Hog-poun, 'tis thought much ov! Howsomever uf dis Cain wos a gurt man, he wos loike a dunnamany other gurt men, good for naun; but good or bad, he wos de Father ov all de Cladpoles,

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an t'wood taak me up a wick to tell about um all.

So I shall onny goo back to Tom's Grandfuther, dat is to my Father, who about a half a hundred year agoo or dareaway, used a Farm ov about twenty acres under Squyer Squeezer--about dat time de French kicked upa row an cut der King's head off! Dat made our King so lamantable crass fer fear dey wou'd cut he's head off too dat he set to fighten de French at a

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robben ov a rate, an all dat was able was off a soageren; an ever sense dat time dere has been two families ov de Cladpoles, de gurt Cladpoles and de liddle Cladpoles. De gurt uns wont own de liddle uns fer ken now; howsumever dey be ken to us, an I can prove it, fer Tom's Granmother whose name was Sue Slapver, was fust cousin to de present Squyer Slapper's Father, an he's own Mother was a Cladpole, so ye see dat we be all ov a breed loike.

I think Tom is de fust dat ever told about he's Travels, fer dis reason, acaus all de family be troubled wud sich bad eyes; fer as my ol' cousin Sam Quizum used to say, dere never was a Cladpole dat ever coud look higher dan de top ov de mow, nor deeper dan de plow went.

Now if dere shud be enny body wot dont loike to believe me about our Family, let um go an ax de Parson, fer he has got all der names in he's gurt book; besides ye know wot de Parson says must be right, fer he is paid fer tellen de truth.

Well dat is all we can say about Tom at present: mayhap we may tell a liddle more about our family sum dey--but now about de book--Tom has sold another thousand ov um an lacks more now, so he has

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got sum more prented. It cums to a power ov money fer prenten, an wot is wos, Tom sent sum to a fellur at Lunnun, an never got de money fer um; so Tom 'lows dat de Lunnuner's be all a peck ov rubbage together, but dat dey say is a trick ov trade, an so

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de trade beant a bit onester dan dey shud be; but 'tis no manner ov use a grumblp, as I have sumwhere read--

"Though fretting may make our calamities deeper,

"It never can make bread and cheese to be cheaper!

an uf we can git brencheese I think we had better maak ourselves contented. Sum fellurs hav lacked Tom to be off *a charten*, but Tom knows better dan all dat, fer he 'lows dat wull be de way to git into Lewes Jail, an dere he wull git no cheese wud he's bread, an dat chep must be a fool wot can git brencheese uf he throws away de cheese an eats de bread alone!

I forgot to tell ye dat de book is bigger dis time, as Tom forgot to tell one story dat appened as he wos cummin home fru in Lunnun.

So I wish ye well, an good bye to ye all.

Yer ol' fren,

Tim Cladpole.

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TOM CLADPOLE'S JURNEY TO LUNNUN

Last Middlemus I 'member well,
When harvest was all over;
Us cheps has hous'd up all de banes,
An stack'd up all de clover.

I think says I, I'll take a trip
To Lunnun, dat I wol,
An see how things goo on a bit.
Lest I shu'd die a fool!

Fer Sister Sal, five years agoo,

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Went off wud Squyer Brown;
Housemaid, or summur,--don't know what,
To live at Lunnun town.

Dey 'hav'd uncommon well to Sal,
An ge ur clothes an dat;
So Sal 'hav'd nashun well to dem,
An grow'd quite tall an fat.

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I ax'd Ol' Ben to let me goo,
(Hem rum ol' fellur he.)
He scratch'd his wig: "To Lunnun Tom?"
Den turn'd his quid, "I'll see."

So strate to mother home goos I,
An thus to ur did say:
"Mother I'll goo an see our Sal,
Fer measter says I may."

De poor ol' Gal did shake ur head,
"Ah! Tom 'twant never do,
Poor Sal is gone a tejus way,
An must I now lose you?"

I never shall furgit de dey,
When Sal an I did part,
If sum mishap shud fall to you
I'm sure tud braak ma hart.

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Besides dey kidnap people dere,
Ah! ketch um by surprize,
An send um off were nub'dy knows,
Or back up up in pies!"

"Sho pies! I be'nt a bit affeard,
I shud'nt valley three,
I'll send ma fist among der skulls,
An maak um 'member me"

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"Well, sen ya wull so headstrong be,
Sun riggen we must git,
I'll wash ya out another shurt,
An sprung ya up a bit.

Yur ol' haboots wol never do,
Yur wesket, how is dat?
Yur olive frock's as good as new,
But den ya lack a hat."

"Ah never mind, I've got ya know
Three sufrens good and bright,
I arn'd um all a harvesten,
Luk here's a pretty sight!

An darn ma wig, I wol fer wonce
Have jest a merry jerk,
I'll lay out ev'ry tuppence ant
Afore I goo to work."

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“But winter’s cummen Tom ya know,
An den ya’ll lack de brads,
Ya know how ‘tis wud Poddies now,
Dey won’t employ de lads.”

“Ol’ Pinchgut den must find us work,
Fer Overseer is he;
He’ll grumble when he sets us on,
But jigger, what care we!

[10]

Here’s off den down to Billy Wax,
Fer he’s haboots be best;
He sells straa-hats an overknees,--
An den I shall be drest.”

Well, so nix mornen up scratch’d I
An Mother up scratch’d she,
She cry’d an ‘low’d tud braak ur hart
In parten thus wud me!

“Now Tom” says she, “besure Tom do,
‘Have well were ya be gwyn,
Whatever others do to you,
An never turn agin.”

“Yes, very purtty fancy dat!
No blow ma jackut tight,
If dey begin der rigs wud me,
I’ll dewced soon show fight!”

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“So good bye Mother!”--off I goos
As fast as I cud brish;
But thought as I went by our shaa
I'd cut a liddle swish.

‘Twas ashen butt, both tuff an strong,
De gurt ene had a nub;
An s’pose we say ‘bout three fur long,
An taper’d loike a club.

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Now wislen up de drove I goos,
Close by ol’ Grinder’s Mill,
Birds sung an seem’d to cheer me up,
As I went down de hill.

Many long miles I shuffled on
As fast as I cud goo,
At last I ‘gun to feel ya see,
De haboot ring my toe.

A liddle aluss stood close by,
Thinks I, I’ll goo in here,
An git ya see, a cogger loike
Ov good brencheese an beer.

De umman ge a bit o’ rag
About my toe to tie,
I think’d ur for’t, mopp’d up de beer,
An off agin went I!

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Now wost ant was, I cudn't read
De letters on de post,
So sumtimes I went roun about,
An otherwile was lost!

I howsumever trudg'd away,
An see de sun went down,
Jest as I cum upon de brow
Dat leads to Crayton town.

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So now thinks I, I think I'll stay,
An ax um fer a lodgen;
An wen de mornen cums agin,
Why den I can be bodgen.

De aluss stood upon de right,
An was both big an fine,
An had I think, (but most furgit)
A Jack Ass fer a sine!

I seed a man upon de steps--
"Well measter" den I sed,
"If I stop here, what wol ya charge
A fellur fer a bed?"

At fust he bawl'd out rather bruss,
An den he squirr'd aroun
Much loike a pegtap, den sed he,
"Why on'my half-a-crown!"

What! half-a-crown fer one poor snore?

Good lack how I did stare!

“Den git along ya clown,” sed he,

An den he ‘gun to swear.

If ‘twa’nt fer gitten in a scrape

About dis half-a-crown,

I’d us’d my ashen swish a bit,

An lay’d de dandy down.

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I ‘member’d too what Mother sed,

An so I went away!

An den I seed a osler chep,

An so I ‘gun to say:--

“Ol’ mate I cum a tejus way,

A fur as I be able,

I’ll trate ya wud a pot o’ beer,

To let me in yur stable.

Where I may rest myself a bit,

An sleep away de nite,

Den I can start away ya see,

When mornen peeps de lite.”

“Why yahs ya seem a ‘onest man,”

De stable chep did say,

“Ya may lay down in dat are pen,

Among dat good soth hay.

“Der’s nun but ‘onest men must cum,
Fer times be gitten queer;
Nothen ya know loike ‘onesty,
So ya be welcum here.”

I thought de man was monstus good,
I’d treat un well fer dis,
So out into de street I goos,
To git sum more brencheese.

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Well den we set an stuff’d away,
An talk’d of one an tother;
He told about his uncle Dick,
An I about my Mother.

So arter dun-a-much more talk,
He sed he must be gwyn,
“Good nite, he says.” “Good nite ol’ mate”
Says I; an den turn’d in.

Now be’en tir’d, ya may be sure,
I soon fell fast asleep,
Soun’ly I snor’d, an never wak’d
‘Till dee-light ‘gun to peep.

Nor shud I den, but turnen roun,
I felt sum liddle twitches;
An what d’ye think? ‘twas sum’dy’s han,

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A grabben at my britches!

Hallo! says I,--what do ya here?

But not a word he sed;

Wud dat I fetch'd un sich a clout,

Dat made un shake his head.

I now ketch'd up my liddle swish,

An den he took a squallen,

I ge un sich a preshus wipe,

An down I laid un sprawllen.

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Den he begin to beg and pray,

An I was plaguy crass,

I sed I'd split he's canister,

If he oo'nt say who he was.

As soon I foun de rascal now,

Dat I had bin a beatin,

Was he who talk'd of 'onesty,

De nite afore when treatin!

I claa'd holt an im by de throt,

Fer I was gittin mad,

"I'll ha ya yo a majesty,

Yes dat I wol my lad!"

He 'low'd he'd ge me half-a-crown,

An treat me wud sum beer,

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If I wud make it up wud him,
An let un goo off clear.

I did'nt lack to hort de chep,
So we shook hands and parted,
He went to cure he's blue-black eye,
An I fer Lunnun started.

Thinks I 'tis rather funny toom,
How dis shud cum about;
I've got more money in ma bag,
Dan when I fust cum out.

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I'd better git a bit o' grub,
Afore I furder goo,
Jes den I see'd sum sassages
Hang in a gurt long row.

De butches kipt a aluss too,
An soon fry'd up a poun,
An den another pot o' beer,
Dat wash'd um nicely down.

Den off I goos, both fresh and strong,
Nor did I stop agin,
'Till I did cump upon de bredge,
Where wessels do cum in.

I b'leve I did jes goggle roun,

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As on de bredge I stood,
It looj'd fer all de world jes loike
Our twenty-acred 'ood!

So arter I had look'd awhile,
I thought 'twas time to quyer
If anybody know'd our Sal,
Or else mayhap de Squyer.

"Pray measter do ya know our Sal?
She lives wud Squyer Brown,
At Govs' nor Square,"--"O bless de man,
Dats' tother side de town."

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So up an down, an in an out,
Roun crooks an turns I went,
To find "de 'tother dide de town,"
'Till I was gran nigh spent.

Sun sed I was ol' leather ligs,
Sum pynted to ma hat,
An ax'd me uf a swarm o' bees
Was housen under dat.

But I din'dt mind der jibs a bit,
Still ax'd fer Squyer Brown,
An darn um, all dat I cud git,---
"'Tis 'tother side de town!"

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Furder I went, an tir'd anuf,
'Till turnen roun a corner;
I met)'twas quite by exceldent,
Ol' crumple foot Jack Horner!

Rite glad was I to meet un too,
An soon he had me back;
I never shud foun Govs' nor Square,
Uf 'twant fer poor ol' Jack.

He show'd me to a gurt fine house,
An glad anuf besure
Was I to bed ol' Jan good bye,
An see de Sqyer' door.

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Sum gurt roun steps den up I goos,
As white as any wall;
I ge de foor a thump or two,
An who shud cum but Sal.

Now dash ma wig--I cud'nt spake
As soon as I did see ur,
An Sal begun to bellur out,
It made us both so queer!

So I buss'd Sal and Sal buss'd me
As in de house we went,
'Till Madam Brown did tell us how
To maak ourselves content.

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Fer Madam Brown's a uman good,
Also a lady fine,---
She ax'd me how ma Mother did,
An ge me cakes an wine,

Wud beef, an beer, an gin, an stuff,
Dey kipt me loike a king,
An sed nixt dee, dat Sal shud goo
An show me everything.

Now Sal ya see,---Sally I mean,
(Fer so dey call'd here dere,)
Had got a liddle man dat ust'
To cut de ladies' hair.

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He cuddled Sally ya must know,
(Les wise I guess'd 'twas so,)
So we went down to 'quyre ov him
Uf he wid us ud goo.

He's shop was fine, an smell'd so sweet,
Wud heads dat look'd loike life,
Hem purtty too was won an um,
Jes loike our Doctor's Wife.

“Well Robert will you go with us?”
Sally to him did say,
My brother wants to see the town,
Now do go with us pray!”

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“To morrow morning then do come,”
So Robert did agree,
Den I an Sally sed “good nite,”
An home agin went we.

We went to bed and slept awhile,
An den de mornen cum,
So I foun out der deys an nites
Was ‘bout loike ours at home!

De mornen cum, de dee was fine,
Barber an all was ready,
Wud dun ya good to see our Sal,
She look’d jes loike a Lady!

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Robert as any carrot smart,
Wud trowsers, boots, and dat,
Dang it! I thought, if mother know’d,
She’d say, “Dey cut it fat!”

Sally ya know, was six fut tall,
(It makes me grin,) but den,
Poor liddle Robert was but five,
I think but four fut ten!

We met sich houghty site ov folks,
Hosses an coaches fine,
As arm an arm dey march’d afore,
An I trudg’d on behind.

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We went into a gurt high church,
'Twas very well besure,
Naun much but tombstones to be sin,
An sich I've sin afore.

We went into a wile beast show,
I den begin to stare,
To see de lion an de 'olf,
A lepper an a bear.

An den gurt ol' helefant,
Which I shid think doe relly,
Our measter's bull wud tarnal nigh
Goo undernead his belly!

[21]

To see he's tail on 'tother ene,
I laffed my breath all out:
Fer dat wat shud a hung behine,
Was swingin on he's snout!

De monkeys too,---an won an um
Set in a gurt arm-chair,
He smok'd a pipe o' baccor well,---
Dey call him de Lord Mayor.

An won things too, I never see'd
De loike in all my borns,
It was fer all de world jes loike
A jack-ass wud two horns.

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So den we went to see de burds,
An soon as we was cum,
Won parrot know'd me (can't tell how,)
An sung out, "Ah! wot Tom!"

Now dat was liddle odd to me,
An made me mortal queer,
I thought as how sum cunnen men,
Or witches liven here!

I went to stroke poor Poll abit,
An ge de thing a plum,
Dart me she ge'n me sich a gripe,
Went rite smack thro' ma thum.

[22]

We walk'd agin all roun about,
'Till to de park we cum,
So dere we see a soadger fine,
A beatin ov he's drum.

An den cum out hem av a kit
Ov soadgers, big an tall,
Wud shinen guns all in a row,
As starte as any wall.

An den a slick bruss master man,
He'd got a gurt long sword,
He quarrel'd at de soadgers so,---
Dey never sed a word.

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But wot he sed I did'nt know,
At last he hollor'd "Weel,"
An ev'ry soadger march'd away,---
Not won an um was still.

De music play'd, de drums did beat,
De soasgers all was prancin,
Sally, an I, an liddle Bob,
Was gran nigh set a dancin!

I'd loike to be a soadger too
I thaut wen dey was gone;
But den I thaut I never wud
Be quarrel'd at fer naun!

[23]

De nix fine site we went to see
Was where de hosses run,
Full gallop roun an roun a ring,
My eye dat jest was fun?

Fer fellurs ride heels upards dere,
May be ya think I lie,
Won an um had a pair o' wings,
An fancy he did fly!

Sum twists as if der bones was out,
Jes loike so many eels,
An turn der heads hine side afore,
Down undernead der heels.

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'Twas arternoon an we was tir'd
An summut lack'd to eat,
So Robert sed he'd ha us out,
An ge us a gud treat.

An so he did, wud staaks an pies,
An dun know what beside,
But everything was mighty good
To stuff a fellur's hide!

We den cum to a twitten place,
All overhung an dark,
'Twas hem-an-all de nighest way
Dat brung us from de park.

[24]

But sea-a-bit, ud we went dere,
Had we know'd how tud bin,
De wost ant was, as I will tell
De mess dat we got in.

Fer 'tother ene a kit o' boys,
So ragged, ruff, an rudy,
Stud staren at a jockey dere,
Who'd got a Punch-anJudy.

So gooen jest acrass de road,
To look at Punch's fun,
De saacy brats as we stud dere,
Der rigs dey gin to run.

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Dey sed dat Sally was long Meg,
An Bob ur liddle popput,
An 'gun to shucj my frock about,
An call'd me ol' Jack Scupput.

Jigger, I wud'nt stan all dis,
An so I 'gun to tell um
If dey did'nt shet der nabble-traps
My liddle swish shud fell um.

But on dey went, I rais'd my swish,
To hit won on de back,
He dodg'd jes den, an so de ene,
Went thro' de winder smack!

[25]

Out cum de man, an 'gun to storm,
an ketch'd holt av ma collar,
"Ya bumpkin, ya shall pay a crown,"
De boys dey 'gun to holler.

Long cum a man, was dress'd in blue,
Dey call'd un Muster Pleece,
He fix't fast an me:---Den I ax'd
Wat bis'ness 'twas ov he's?

So I ge him a clusmy thump,
Fer I was gotten crass,
He ge my airm a sudden gudge,
An broke another glass.

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Wud dat he hollor'd out so loud,
An long did cum another
Drest jes fer all de world loike him,
I reckon 'twas he's brother.

I sed ya cowards, two to won
Dat never can be fair,
Dey sed, an told de shopman too,
Dey'd ha me to de Mayor!

I in de scuffle lost ma hat,
De boys tore dat to pieces;
Dey chain'd ma hans an I was fos'd
To goo wud dese two pleeces.

[26]

I was as mad as enny cat,
How Sal did bellur sure,
De Barber frighten'd, run away,
An I see'd him no more!

De people all did stare an scrounge,
As thick as enny fair:
Dey brung me to a gurt fine house,
An dere set Muster Mayor.

Wud gurt long wig, an jackut on,
He look't most wond'rous wise,
Wud dat de shopkipper did 'gin
To tell sich monstus lies.

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He sed I had his winder broke,
An den he sed as how
I brung a pack o' noisy brats,
An 'gun kick up a row!

I told um 'twas a plaguy lie,
Sal sed if dey wud sen
Fer Squyer Brown ov Govs'nor Square,
Dat he wud be ma fren.

Dey sent, an puffin out ov breath,
along cum Squyer Brown,
He sed I ment no hort, an was
"A simple country clown."

[27]

So arter dun-a-much more glib,
Dey did agree at lass,
Dat I shud pay ten shillens down,
Fer braaken ov de glass.

I paid de brads, as turnen roun,
I thaut to cum away,
"No no," dey sed "ya luckless lad,
"Ya've twenty more to pay!

Fer what? I ax'd, dey sed "fer cost,"
(Dat I cud never know,)
So I dubb'd down de stuff ya see,
An den dey let ma goo.

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I growl'd, but not a single word
Ov all dat I ud say,
Wud dey attend:---so fierd crass,
At lass I cum away.

If dis be Lunnun, now thinks I,
I'll soon be bodgen home,
I told our Sal an Squyer too,
I wish'd I'd never cum.

She sed uf I'd goo back ud ur,
She'd ge me a new hat,---
But dash ma wig, I'd no more peace,
In Lunnun arter dat.

[28]

An so nix mornen up I scratch'd,
We buss'd an sed gud bye,
I cum away tarnashun crass,
But Sally pip'd ur eye.

Ma bag was gran nigh empty too,
An dat ya know is bad,
Fer ninepence now, to tell de truth,
Was all de brass in a stable.

But plague a-bit, (as Mother says,)
When momen'y's gone, ya may
Goo taak a rup an hang yurself;
So I creep'd in sum hay.

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'Twas undernead a stack so cold,
It rain'd an wet me thro'
How I did shiver all de nite,
An didn't know what to do.

By mornin lite a bayly cum,
An swore, an 'gun to swagger;
He jowter'd at me loike a dog,
An sed I was a begger.

[29]

An den a tejus crass ol' dame
Sung out so loud an clear,
"Ya Begger fellur get ya gone,
"Ya hav no bis'ness here!"

She'd not a tooth in all ur head,
But she had got a tongue;
Dat loike de clapper ov a bell,
All roun an roun it swung!

"Ya rogue" says she, an rais'd ur broom,
It wasn't many wicks,
Sence ya did rob ma roosten house,
An car away ma chicks."

"I rob yur roost! dat can't be rite---
I rob ya! when an how?
Don't talk too fast ol' dame, says I---
I ne'er was here till now."

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Afore I'd time to turn me roun,
Or 'nother word had sed,
Ur broom cum down wud sich a whop,
Dat gran nigh broke ma head!

Dat rais'd ma wool an turnen roun,
I thought to fix de hag,
Jes den de bayly's dog jump'd up,
An ketch'd me by de leg!

[30]

He tore ma frock an breeches too,
An made me jump an roar,
Says I, "ol' boy I'll taak good care,
Dat you shall bite no more."

I aim'd ma swish an levell'd well,
To polt un on de head,
I ge him sich a clumsy clout,
An down I fetch'd un dead!

'Twas jest agin a gurt wide pon,
Where hosses us'd to drink,
An dere de bayly jawen stood,
Upon de very brink.

So lion-loike to knock me down,
Was now he's full intent;
I dodg'd aside an headlong plump,
Into de pot he went!

The Salamanca Corpus: Tom Cladpole's Journey...(1849)

O'er nick an shoulders, head an heels,
He got a mornin's dip,
Den out he scratch'd as drainin wet,
As enny new wash'd ship.

Bayly he bawl'd---an dame she squall'd,
"We'll send ya off to jail!"
Well, well, thought I---I'd better try
To look ye up Lig Bail!

[31]

De Dog was dead---de Bayle wet---
De Dame too old to run,
An as I shuffled off, thinks I,
Why did is middlen fun.

De Dog---de Bayly---an de Dame,
I sarv'd um out all three,
An sarv'd um rite---fer what had dey
To do wud jawen me?

De win did blow, de rain did fall,
My toe did ring full sore,
I thaut I never shud return
To see my Mother more.

As luck did goo dat very dee,
I lit wud ol' Tom Styles;
He took me up into his cart,
An car'd me many miles.

A pint o' beer I ge to him,
As from de cart I jump'd,
Paid de las tuppece I had got,
An den I was jest stump'd.

[32]

So I got home dat self same nite,
Which Mother star'd to see,
I told ur how it was ud Sal,
An how it was ud me.

I sed I'b bin to Lunnun wonce,
But I'd goo dere no more,
Fer I cum back a bigger fool,
Dan I had bin afore!

But Mother never sim'd to mind,
Tho' all ma brads be gone,
Yet arter all 'tis very true
I han't bin dere fer naun.

Fer I have larnt a thing or two,
From hat I now have sin,
An wise anuf I'm sarten sure
Never to goo agin!

[33]

TOM CLADPOLE'S RETURN

TOM

I'll say so agin as I sed it afore,
I woll stay at home, an leave Mother no more;
Wud Bowler an Capten, I'll harrar an plow,
Swack out all de barley an fother de cow.
Derry down! Down, down Derry down!

MOTHER

To hear ye say so does so gladden ma hart,
Dat you an yer Mother Tom never woll part;
I'll maak ye a pudden---an baak ye a pie,
An ge ye sum porter when ya be a dry---
Derry down! &c.

UNCLE TIM

Why dat is felosophy Tom I must own,
So you by yer jurney much wiser be grown,
Fer when folks have blundered felosophy says
Dey can do nothing better dan alter der ways.
Derry down! &c.

TOM

No more ov yer 'losefers, Uncle fer me,
Let dey live at Lunnun, I'll stop were I be;
Dey chounc'd all ma money, an ge me a squeeze,
An turn'd me out under a hay-stack to freeze.
Derry down! &c.

MOTHER

Ah, never mind money Tom, work fer sum more;
I'll ge all my chicken to add to yer store;
So let us be merry---an driv away care,
An talk about Lunnun, but never goo dere.
Derry down! &c.

[34]

UNCLE TIM

To all I declare who have enny desarnin
You reason together loike people ov larnin;
De family dictum is now understood,
De felosophy's just an de logic is good.
Derry down! &c.

ALL TOGETHER.

While others more foolish be tempted to roam,
Let Uncle, an Mother, an Tom stay at home,
Wud ?? ov porter most cheery we sing
Succ?? Tom Cladpole an "God save de King!"
Derry down! Down, down Derry down!