THATCHER'S

AUCKLAND VOCALIST.

THE

AUCKLAND LOAFING SOCIETY.

[A new original Song as written by Thatcher, and sung by him at the Brunswick Hall, with immense applause.]

AIR.—The Miner's Man.

What a lot there are here in this town
Who seem to have no occupation!
You'll find as you roam up and down,
The truth of this trite observation.
Of idlers there are such a swarm,
So I think 'twill be no impropriety,
To collect them together and form
A New Zealand Loafing Society.

First we notice the broken down swells,
Once wealthy, but now very needy,
Watch them hanging about the hotels,
While their poor coats look dingy and seedy;
Like Macawber they're on the look out
For things to turn up, with anxiety,
And there can't be the ghost of a doubt
Of their identity with the Society.

Some of them pretend they want work,
But the slightest toil seems to dismay them;
Every good offer they'll shirk,
And tell you the job will not pay them:
At Somerville's corner I swear,
Every day you will twig a variety,
And all you see loitering there
Belong to the Loafoing Society.
Whenever a steamer goes off,
Or the "Queen" from the South is arriving,
They hurry in swarms to the wharf,—
To get a drink how they'll be striving!
They'll pretend they are going a trip,
And of cabins inspect a variety,
Help themselves to the grog in the ship—
It's a rule of the Loafing Society.

Swell loafers are certain to choose
The publican with whom they're staying,
They'll call for the best in the house,
Without any intention of paying.
They swear they'll tip up without fail,
And gammon with wondrous anxiety,
They expect a remittance next mail,—
It's an ancient dodge of the Society.

When a land sale takes place in this town,
The loafers are certain to know it,
Unto the lunch they hurry down,
And in eating and drinking they go it;
Some have a plan stuck in their hand,
Which they look at with seeming anxiety,
But this of course you'll understand
Is a blind of the Loafing Society.

At billiards they'll frequently play,
Although not possessed of a tanner,
When the marker comes for them to pay,
They put on a bounceable manner—
They say "stick it up, its all right,"
But to pay they evince no anxiety,
And the marker thus, night after night,
Is done by the Loafing Society.

To hotels they will go every day,
Help themselves to some cheese and a cracker,
And to anyone drinking they'll say
"Have you got any cut-up tobacco?"
Then a jolly big pipe out they'll pull,
(And wait for a smoke with anxiety)
They hold half an ounce when they're full,
And they're made for the Loafing Society.
Sometimes they're hard-up for a meal,
A beefsteak! oh how they could slaughter,
When the cravings of hunger they feel,
They'll betake themselves off to the water;
The mud at low tide they explore,
And hunt for shell fish with anxiety,
The pipis they get on the shore,
Are a godsend unto the Society.

A PARNELL PICTURE, OR THE ROWDY ELECTION MEETING.

[New original Song as written and sung by Thatcher, at the Brunswick Hall, with immense applause.]

AIR.—Barney O'Keefe.

At every election they say there is cheating,
Bribery, corruption, and public house treating,
But I'll tell you in verse about Williamson's meeting,
That they got up the other night there in Parnell.
Some rowdy chaps went there in order to pack it,
And one had a stick that a skull he might crack it,
If a Grahamite happened to kick up a racket.
At the nice little meeting they held in Parnell.

Whilst Williamson spoke, a dead silence prevailed there,
But the nice little mob David Graham assailed there,
They hissed, and they shouted, and at him they railed there,
At the nice little meeting they held at Parnell.
But David was earnest, and wouldn't be baulked now,
Into their affections, my eye! how he walked now,
To Williamson just like a father he talked now,
And told him a bit of his mind at Parnell.

Ben Turner shewed Williamson not the least quarter,
The poor Super looked like a lamb at the slaughter,
He turned pale, and then took a glass of cold water,
At the nice little meeting they held at Parnell.
When Graham was speaking, oh! how Foley rav-ed,
He foamed at the mouth, and quite badly beha-ved,
'Twas feared this Goliath would swallow poor David,
At the nice little meeting they held in Parnell.
To Williamson Turner his mind kept on speaking,
And boldly accused him of jobbery and sneaking;
'Bout our roads and our bridges this cove he kept cheeking,
At the nice little meeting they held in Parnell.
Says he "your mob's come here to make a noise solely,
And Turner then asked Williamson very drolly,
If he couldn't get some one more decent than Foley,
To come and support him when here in Parnell.

With rage Foley kept getting paler and paler,
Up jumps our old fat ale and porter retailer,
And in his big fist he had got a shillalah,
As if it was Donnybrook 'stead of Parnell.
Some expected to see Turner instantly collared,
And one cove in terror to poor Turner hollered,
"He's got his mouth open, oh Ben you'll be swallered
By Geliah the Giant that's come to Parnell."

Now Ben at the Big Giant didn't turn white now,
But said you big Foley I'm not in a fright now,
Put down your Shillalah if you want to fight now,
At this nice little meeting to-night at Parnell.
Your cocoa nut's just the size I like to tap at,
At a big fellow I prefer having a slap at,
Because don't you see there is something to rap at.
I can accommodate you at Parnell.

Big Foley his tiny antagonist eyed now,
He dried up and sat down and feebly he cried,
"Sure any who don't approve me come outside now,
At this nice little meeting to-night at Parnell."
He appealed to the chairman and fiercely he told him
That Graham was wrong if he thought he controlled him,
And he said that the Divil himself couldn't hold him.
Blood and thunder, oh! didn't he rave at Parnell.

The Presbyter folk in the Parnell location,
Say Foley did not shew enough veneration,
For the school-house resounded with oaths and damnation,
When he was addressing the folk in Parnell.
And so I'm informed that this modest erection
Wont be granted again during any election,
To folk who seem under the devil's protection,
Like the nice little mob that were there in Parnell.
THE AUCKLAND VOLUNTEERS.

[A new original Song written and composed by Thatcher, and
sung by him with immense applause at the Brunswick Hall.]

AIR.—Original.

The Volunteer Force in this town is declining,
They get apathetic; to drill they don’t come,
And not a few more of them think of resigning,
Their love for a soldier’s life only a hum.
Parades in the morning I’m told made them surly,
Scarce one out of ten to be drilled there appears,
Turning out at six a.m. they said was too early,
Nine or ten was the time suited our Volunteers.

They’re split into companies with such rum dresses,
You’d think they were going to some masquerade;
The “Rutland” more officers than privates possesses,
And into obscurity soon it will fade.
There’s a split in the camp; they’ve a down on Balneavis,
Because he’s too lenient with them it appears;
Disorganization I clearly perceive is
At work ’mongst our gallant and brave Volunteers.

Now there’s Joseph Cochrane, and often I greet him,
In battle the Maories he’d put to the rout,
His volunteer cap’s on whenever I meet him,
He wears it to save a belltopper no doubt;
And there’s Tabuteau; if a conflict was raging,
He’d rush to the front, and the men he would cheer,
And when on the wharf brandy casks he’s done guaging,
He appears in the ranks as a brave Volunteer.

There’s Adlam, who of groceries is a retailer,
Declares that he’ll never be put on the shelf,
Of the foe Andrews says too he’ll be an assailer,
And appears with a gun just as tall as himself.
A good looking tailor obeys to the summons,
    He takes up the rifle and throws down the shears,
I fancy in cutting out he'd be a rum'un,
    And inspire them with awe for our brave Volunteers.

Sims says 'gainst these Maories he'll make a resistance,
    But I fear he's a great deal too gouty for that,
In retreating he'd be left behind in the distance,
    And be in the same plight as his friend Mac the Fat.
There's Leroy the sail-maker, and though 'tisn't proper,
    His comrades in arms oft revile him with jeers,
I'm told they've nicknamed this poor chap the grasshopper,
    'Cause he jumps about so with our brave Volunteers.

There's little Von Sturmer that's now on the paper,
    Was afraid that in battle some day he'd get hurt,
So he very soon turned up the Volunteer caper,
    The best thing he thought he could do was desert.
And there's Jacob Bryan whose valour increases,
    As Gumbo Gum once on the stage he appears,
But the giant gave way and fell down in two pieces,
    To the wonder and laughter of our Volunteers.

A few days since Colonel Balneavis relented,
    And resolved that poor Brighton should at last get his belt;
To inspect all the Rifles, and see it presented
    To the modest sharpshooter, quite anxious I felt,
So I went to the barracks where they were collecting;
    When Brighton got hold of the belt he shed tears,
And the speech that Balneavis made was so affecting
    That it quite overcame all the brave Volunteers.

But who is that hero on horseback, oh tell me,
    In such a queer coat trimmed with such dingy braid;
Is it Wellington's ghost? All my doubts now dispel me,
    Say who is that buffer so strangely arrayed?
That's Captain Fitzgerald, but I'm pretty sure now,
    The way he is mounted provokes laughs and jeers,
The screw he is on is a regular cure now,
    Oh give him another ye brave Volunteers.
JOHN WILLIAMSON, MY JO, JOHN:

PARODY ON "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."

[As written and sung by Thatcher.]

John Williamson, my Jo, John,
When folks were first acquaint
With you, you seemed all there, John;
But now, alas, you aint;
You lately, like a child, John,
Your billet up did throw,—
And now you want it back again,
John Williamson, my Jo.

John Williamson, my Jo, John,
Your place you have resigned,
But you say that circumstances
Have made you change your mind:
Back to the situation
Again you fain would go,
But Auckland folks would like a change,
John Williamson, my Jo.

John Williamson, my Jo, John,
When for Auckland you got in,
You had a game at ducks and drakes
With the Governmental tin;
Forty thousand on that wharf, John,
You soon away did throw,
While Cadman stood and rubbed his hands,
John Williamson, my Jo.

For Custom House Street too, John,
You with our tin made free,
Improving thus your property
Quite accidentally:
The Council you ignored, John,
Yet back again you'd go,
That is if we gave you the chance,
John Williamson, my Jo.

John Williamson, my Jo, John,
On the Nomination day,
When you could have explained it all,
O, why were you away?
O, tell us is it true, John,
You'd not the cheek to show
Your smiling mug unto the crowd,
John Williamson, my Jo.

John Williamson, my Jo, John,
And is it also true
You take unto your bosom now
The men who slandered you?
Foley is converted,
But how? we'd like to know.
Is there a contract in the wind,
John Williamson, my Jo?

John Williamson, my Jo, John,
We've had enough of you,
We'd like to give a trial to
The Hero of Namu:
He went back and got the gold, John,
From those Maori chaps, you know,
And may be he will guard our tin,
John Williamson, my Jo.

John Williamson, my Jo, John,
You cause us great expense,
It wants a microscope to see
Your super-excellence:
You're a superfluous John,
And Wednesday next will shew—
Our ancient super's not the soup,
John Williamson, my Jo.

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**A WORD TO OUR NEW SUPERINTENDENT:**

**A PARODY ON "KATTY DARLING."**

As written and sung by Thatcher.

You're elected for this province Graham darling,
And Williamson has met with sore defeat,
Never mind the New-Zealander's snarling,
T'll be down on you because their Johnny's beat.
Your work's cut out for you now Graham darling,
And if you do what's right I'm pretty sure,
You won't be long discovering Graham darling
That your new billet ain't a sinecure.
We want good roads the first thing Graham darling,
    That country folks may come unto this place,
And dispose of their productions Graham darling,
    The present roads are only a disgrace.
Shortland Crescent wants improving Graham darling,
    Pave it on both sides I think you should,
And even Wilson, Johnny's friend, my darling,
    Will be obliged to say you've done some good.

Go in for immigration, Graham darling,
    The Mogul now begins to change his mind,
To bring out chaps to eat his sheep, my darling,
    Is the best thing in the long run he will find.
Bring the forty-acre men out, Graham darling,
    Encourage all the Nonconformist crew,
And send 'em up the country, Graham darling,
    Take care they get their forty acres too.

The Wynyard pier wants mending, Graham darling,
    Let all your contracts be upon the square,
And let every body have a chance my darling,
    Do nothing underhand or what's unfair.
If Cadman wants a job now, Graham darling,
    Just tell him in a jiffy to be off,
Take a sight at him then Graham darling,
    And ask him what he made out of the wharf.

Pull together with the Council, Graham darling,
    Don't be too arrogant to take advice,
Co-operation is the thing, my darling,
    Before you throw your billet up think twice.
Eight hundred yearly's not so bad, my darling,
    So whimsical caprices pray restrain,
Don't resign the situtation, darling,
    Or like Johnny you may'n get it back again.

Thatcher's going down South, Graham darling,
    Yes, by the Queen he's really bound to go,
He'd like to hear from you now, Graham darling,
    So send a "Southern Cross" or two below.
But if you should turn out bad, Graham darling,
    And mis-appropriate the public pelf,
You won't be Superintendent long, my darling,
    Blowed if Thatcher won't put up for it himself.
MISTER EDWARD LEARY.

[A new original Ditty as written and sung by THATCHER at the Brunswick Hall.]

Air.—Judy Callaghan.

New chums you've much to fear;
You're in a queer community,
No offences here
Are committed with impunity;
To nail you is their game,
If you're a trifle beery,
And the lock-up keeper's name
Is Mr. Edward Leary.

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap,
You'd better not get beery;
Artful chap—
Is Mr. Edward Leary.

When first you come on shore,
To the Q. C. E. you'll wander,
But you may have to deplore
If you get too lusky yonder;
A trap you're sure to meet,
He'll say, if he finds you beery,
"Come wid me up the shreet,
And we'll call on Mishter Leary."

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap, &c.

Then he'll take you by the collar,
And with his staff he'll prop you,
And if for help you holler,
With a tap on the nut he'll drop you;
To the watch-house he takes you,
Quite flushed and hot and weary,
And you have an interview,
With Mr. Edward Leary.

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap, &c.

He'll give you a searching look,
While there you stand so humble,
Put down your name in a book,
And in your pockets fumble;
Says the trap, "disorderly
He's been, as well as beery;"
"Come along young man with me,"
Says the noted Edward Leary.

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap, &c.

He shoves you into a cell,
Without any commiseration,
Some of you know it well,
Who've been in for intoxication;
You go to sleep for an hour,
And wake up cold and weary,
And find you're in the power
Of Mister Edward Leary.

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap, &c.

I'm induced to sing this song,
From a letter I saw in the paper,
It exposes a grievous wrong,
And puts us up to a caper;
The magistrate often, I see,
Do't attend to those who get beery,
But a long time lets them be,
In the clutches of Mister Leary.

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap, &c.

From jail you cannot budge,
Till Mr. Beckham's pleasure,
When he's district judge,
You have to wait his leisure;
All day you stop in the cell,
Cold as well as weary,
Its rather too long a spell
With Mr. Edward Leary.

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap, &c.

I mean to inspect the Court,
And the place of incarceration,
And then to you I'll report,
The doings in that location;
But being a sober chap,
I decidedly shan't get beery,
But I'll go without a trap,
To shew me the way to Leary.

Chorus—Trap, trap, trap, &c.
THE "INDIAN EMPIRE."

[An original Song as written and sung by THATCHER in Auckland, with tumultuous applause.]

AIR.—King of the Cannibal Islands.

To this Colony it's a longish run,
So now I'll give you a bit of fun,
And shew you how immigrants were done,
Who came out in the "Indian Empire."

A passenger, Mackinnon by name,
Who out here by that vessel came,
Has exposed the Agents' little game,
Such treatment really was a shame;
He pulled the Captain to the Court,
The case caused not a little sport,
The proceedings now I will report,
And shew up the "Indian Empire."

Chorus (each verse) So write home to your friends the news,
How passengers out here they use,
And I'm certain in future they'll refuse
To come out in the "Indian Empire."

Mackinnon here proceeds to swear
He paid his first-class cabin fare,
But they didn't act upon the square,
On board of the "Indian Empire."

He told the skipper one day on board,
He trusted dainty things were stored,
And wine and beer they would afford;
But on the voyage he found he was floored;
The steward served up bad salt beef,
The pork too, stank, to his belief,
And our cabin passenger came to grief,
On board of the "Indian Empire."

To the skipper he began to talk,
The flour was bad and looked like chalk,
And the weevils made the biscuits walk
On board of the "Indian Empire."

The butter they got was but so-so,
With the sugar 'twas a regular go,
They ran out of milk, a terrible blow,
And the very tea itself was slow:
His appetite he couldn't appease,
The poultry got worse by degrees,
They had the pip or some other disease,

On board of the "Indian Empire."

The butcher of the ship in Court,
Caused a tremendous deal of sport,
When on his oath he gave a report

Of the doings on board of the "Empire."

Says he, "the fowls confined on the poop,
Would very often die of croup,
But the steward would drag them out of the coop,
And have them converted into soup,

Unfit for food they were no doubt,
But the steward said "what are you about?
Don't pitch them away or we shall run out

On board of the "Indian Empire."

The steward came to the cook in a flurry,
And said "look sharp, I'm in a hurry,
Shove all the dead 'uns into a curry,

For the swells in the "Indian Empire."

Says the butcher, "nearly every day,
A grunter or two I used to slay,
But those pigs with boils were in a bad way,
And suffered as much as Job I should say,

But ignorance is bliss complete,
And the cuddly passengers used to eat
Rotten fowls and diseased pig-meat,

On board of the "Indian Empire."

This serious breach of the Passenger Act
Was dismissed, it really is a fact,
And Beckham I fancy must be cracked,

To let off the "Indian Empire."

The agents, he says, are the men to pay
For treating the passengers in this way,
But the captain is liable I should say,
But he on the contrary gains the day,
And this you see is New Zealand law,
In legal matters I'm rather raw,
But I can't help thinking there must be a flaw

To let off the "Indian Empire."
THE RUSH TO COROMANDEL.

[A new Song as written and sung by Thatcher at the Brunswick Music Hall.]

AIR.—Unhappy Jeremiah.

The stagnant state of Auckland now
Gives some dissatisfaction,
But there's nothing like a good gold-field,
To cause a quick re-action.
Quartz mining is the subject which
The papers daily handle,
The welfare now of Auckland seems
To depend on Coromandel.

Look at the specimens and say
What man can be a doubter,
That this new gold-field will turn out
A regular out-and-outer?
The richest reefs of Bendigo
They say can't hold a candle,
Unto the claims at Driving Creek
Down there at Coromandel.

The holders of these wondrous claims
Shew us they are good-hearted,
That the public may participate
These companies are started.
They've always got just one share left,
Your tin they want to handle,
In case the crushing turns out queer
Down there on Coromandel.

So many specimens you'll see
Are in the windows sported,
That you begin to have a doubt
If they are not imported
From Bendigo or some poor place
That cannot hold a candle
To the wondrous reefs that they have struck,
Down there on Coromandel.
There's Keven runs about here,
   His joy's quite effervescent,
And talks I'm told of pitching out
   His boots into the Crescent.
He runs into the bank with quartz
   For Whitaker to handle,
And says "look at this little crumb
   I've got from Coromandel."

Each mother now no longer sings
  To her child "by baby bunting,"
And tell it for a rabbit skin
  It's father's gone a-hunting;
But as the infant in her arms
  She'll daily fondly dandle,
She'll say, "by baby daddy's gone
  For gold to Coromandel."

But now they'll go to work and we'll
  Get confirmation stronger,
It won't do for 'em now to sing
  "Just wait a little longer."
The boiler's come and cakes of gold
  Shareholders soon will handle,
Or on the other hand there'll be
  A smash at Coromandel.

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**THE AUCKLAND POST OFFICE.**

[A new original Song as written and sung by Thatcher.]

*AIR.*—*There's now luck about the house.*

I'm told your postal system here
   Is quite a crying shame,
And so I'll have a slap at them
   And expose their little game.
And trusting that a local song
   Will work a reformation,
With your postmaster I'll just have
   A short expostulation.
The office is an ancient crib,
    Built several years ago,
When Auckland was a tiny place,
    And dismal, dull, and slow.
The town into a city grows,
    But no reform we see,
The edifice remains in all
    Its old deformity.

You go and ask for letters there,
    They answer when they please,
Then leave you for awhile to do
    Their bit of bread and cheese.
You linger at the window, and
    The waste of time deplore,
And when you’re tired out they come
    To ask what name once more.

You find your letters are detained
    For many and many a day,
And when quite stale they turn up quite
    In a mysterious way.
Though numerous complaints are made,
    They do no good it’s clear,
Deaf as a post seems to me an
    Appropriate proverb here.

For letters for me I enquired,
    But waited there in vain,
Like Dickens’s fat boy, that youth
    Had gone to sleep again.
And whilst in this lethargic state
    Some letters he looked through,
And with a sleepy look he said
    "There’s nothing here for you."

Our epistles there accumulate,
    They do not choose to sort ’em,
On our dead letters I’d suggest
    They hold a short post-mortem;
For if those letters could but speak
    They’d make a jolly fuss,
The tenor of their prayers would be
    Good Lord deliver us.
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