THATCHER'S

Auckland Songster.

THINGS YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE.

Air........Irish Washerwoman.

There are strange sights in Auckland exciting surprise,
You'll observe some queer things, if you open your eyes:—
But just pay attention and listen to me,
And I'll tell you some things that you don't often see:—
Now you don't often see on a very dark night
A lamp in the city that gives any light;
You don't often see—no, I'm blessed if you do—
Captain Fitzgerald mounted except on a screw.

Chorus.—I've the honor before you once more to appear,
Some things I say you may think very queer;
Just think what you like, for it's nothing to me,
I'll tell you some things that you don't often see.

You don't often see beggars going about,—
Nor beadle with cocked hats in gold lace togs'd out;
Nor for wrenching off knockers a cove charged in Court—
For of knockers the colony's awfully short;
You don't often see here a Lord Mayor's show,—
Nor a Jew with a blue bag exclaiming "Old clo'"—
Nor champagne ever tapped by a Land Auctioneer,
For it's always bad cider, and makes you feel queer.
At an auction of watches you don't see a Jew
Bidding for 'em, unless it's a regular do;
You don't often see a flower show in this place,
Or an Otahuhu 'bus that is not a disgrace.
Now you don't often see Osmund Lewis get tight;
Nor a bobby at hand if he's wanted at night;
Nor a shop gal on Sunday her walk here enjoy,
Unless arm in arm with a lump of a boy.

You don't often notice a Post-Office clerk
That ever has time to go out for a "lark;"
Nor a Commodore here who is not very large,—
Or a baker in Auckland who don't overcharge:
You don't often see many natives out here
Who of brandy or rum have a horror or fear;
Or a roadside hotel, go wherever you please,
Where the blankets are not the head quarters of fleas.

Now you don't often notice a boy without cheek,
Or a boatman that keeps sober more than a week,—
Nor an omnibus horse that ain't gone in his feet.
Or that's good in his wind going up Wakefield Street;
You don't often notice a Dundreary swell
Go and put up at this "William Denny" hotel,—
Or a Waikato Ensign in town with a pass
Who of himself don't make a very great ass.

You don't often see a balloon ascent here,—
Or a man-of-war's man who's not fond of his beer,—
Nor little James, unless he's in a tall hat,—
Nor a bullock just landed that looks very fat;
You don't often see Thatcher come before you
Without he can treat you with something that's new,
And here every night at his post he will be—
To tell you the things that you don't often see.
THE DISPUTED TURKEY.

RECITATION.

The turkey question: that's the question now;
Sure, about Turkey always there's a row,—
Especially that spacious Turkey where
They stand in awe of the great Russian Bear:
Turkey has long been in a sick condition,
And Russia fain would act the kind physician:—
That's not the Turkey I have in my mind,
The Turkey I mean's of the feathered kind,
Though, as regards this Turkey, 'tis too true,
It has been troubled with a rusher too;
Our Auckland rusher this same Turkey seized—
His appetite with it he'd have appeased—
But that the owner kicked up a dissension,
Threatening him with judicial intervention;
But to hear more about it you all long,
Suppose I tell you the affair in song:—

Air.....Nature's Gay Day.

'Twas such a gay day,
A bright smiling May day,
The Novelty's trial trip folks went to see;
By the Mogul invited,
Lots went delighted,
Including the cheeky and small Q.C.E.—
There's Mister Aitken,
To the wharf his way making,—
And Rattray the merchant, who thinks he can steer;
A nice little lot there—
There's the grave Mr. Watt there—
And also Sam. Cochrane, the famed auctioneer.

There's Stark, the bank broker,
Is asking the stoker,
As to how many knots the new steamer will go,—
And Beveridge, the chairman,
Who is such a rare man,
Is scrutinizing all the machinery below.
Wrigley is laughing—
The Mogul is chaffing—
"We'd better be going," the Super doth say:
And soon on the ocean
The Novelty's in motion,
And for Motutapu's isle they all get underweigh.

AIR.............Far, far upon the Sea.

Very slowly through the sea
Goes the little Novelty,—
This discovery is made too late I'm told,
And, strange as it may seem,
They don't try how she'll steam,
Till they fancy to the Government she's sold:
The stoker has a fit,
And David says—"That's it,
The fires are low, you cannot judge her power,
If in proper trim, you'd see,
Instead of going three,
The 'Novelty' would then do her ten knots an hour."

Chorus.—Very slowly through the sea
Goes old Russell's "Novelty,"
Against a head wind she would be no where,—
She wouldn't have the power
To steam two knots an hour—
But gaily goes the puffer when the wind blows fair.

(Spoken.)—On the passage the Mogul is supposed to be pointing out the beauties of Motutapu to his brother the Super:—

AIR.......Tight Little Island.

"That island, old chap,
Is the famed Motutapu,
I'm proud now to tell you it's my land.
For a quarantine ground,
What place can be found
To equal this tight little island?"
So if Government now want to buy land,
Or lease it, then just look at my land,—
The rent isn’t dear,
Four thousand a-year
Is all that I ask for the island.”

Air.....Paddy’s Wedding.

Now there on board
Good things are stored,
And soon to the grub they’re marching, O—
And Aitken says
The ham sandwiches
Are salt, and with thirst he’s parching, O,—
He prefers, he thinks,
Teetotal drinks,
But ginger beer isn’t handy, O,
And so he goes in
For a wee drap o’ gin,
And they sing out for soda and brandy, O.
The Q.C.E.
With the grog makes free,
And the auctioneer is frisky, O;
No one that day
Refused to pay
His respects unto the whiskey, O.

Air.....Lucy Long.

Now Aitken to the island
The “Novelty” did steer,
And, warm with the exertion,
Of course he did his beer;
Poor Wrigley was quite sea sick,
But relief was very close,—
As brandy’s the right physic
He took a jolly dose;
Watt was very merry—
Stark held on by a rope—
And Rattray punished the sherry,
Though he’s one of the Band of Hope.
AIR. Cottage by the Sea.

Then the steamer lets go anchor,
And the lot repair on shore:
James says "I feel very thirsty,
And of grog I want some more,"
Then before a soul could hinder
That young cheeky Q.C.E.,
He tumbles through the window
Of the cottage by the sea.

AIR. Admiral.

How joyfully, how merrily o'er the island then they stray,
Aitken and the Mogul both shooting start away;
Some of 'em hunt for oysters,—and then some two or three,
To get a cooling bathe undress and plunge into the sea;—
The guns go bang, and round the isle the noted sportsmen roam,—
But David grumbles, for the birds they have to carry home,
He puffs and blows and wipes his brow, for he is very hot,
And his guests he stigmatises as a jolly lazy lot.

In shooting, bathing, and the like, they pass a pleasant day,
And go on board the steamer, which then gets underweigh;
To learn about the vessel, Aitken pumps the engineer,—
And Rattray then prevails upon the man to let him steer:
But, though in scientific style he grasps hold of the wheel,
The movement of the vessel makes our new chum steersman reel,
Until the spokes he can't control, and down poor Rattray goes,
With a large amount of bark knocked off his unoffending nose.

AIR. County Jail.

On the passage back the Q.C.E.
Talks to Beveridge confidentially,
And the chairman by him is implored
To give up his berth in the City Board:
James says to him, "I declare,
That you are the only gen'elman there,
With coves like them you shouldn't be,"—
What a cheeky little Q.C.E.!!

Air........Cheer up, Sam.

They all were very jovial,
Some of 'em reeled about,
But this was owing to the
Vessel's motion I've no doubt;—
One of 'em says "I see two wharfs,
And a couple of Wynyard Piers;"
And addresses then the mightiest
Of the Auckland auctioneers:
"Cheer up Sam,
And don't let your spirits go down,
You come with me
And we'll have such a spree
'As soon as we get into town."

Air...Joe Buggins.

How they got home, if they're candid,
Some of them I fear can't say,
For they walked when they had landed
In a most peculiar way.
David made them all a present,
For to each he gave some game,—
But some one walked off with his pheasant
And he called it a great shame.

Air...Don Bolt.

With Stark's big turkey Beveridge made a bolt,
And did the poor bank-broker brown,
He was full of delight, and flourished with a smile
The bird, as he walked through the town;
When Stark looked round, unto his dismay
He found he was left all alone.
With a mean looking turkey, so skinny and grey,
'Twas a poor substitute for his own.
AIR... Trab trab.

He went to the Police Court,
Rage got the better of grief,
And he stigmatised the chairman
As a most consummate thief;
"I've just been robbed," says he,
"Policeman, come with me,
Trap, trap, trap, trap, trap, there's a lawyer chap
I'll give into custody."

AIR... Billy Taylor.

But alas, no satisfaction
From the bobbies could be had,
Really, he was so excited,
They believed he was Stark mad.

Then he stormed the Beveridge mansion,
When they opened wide the door
In a fiery rage he pitched the
Scrappy bird upon the floor.

Shouting to the unfigned wonder
Of the boy of Mr. B,
"Take your skinny old grey turkey,
Give my fat 'un back to me."

"Where is Beveridge? Bring him out here,"
But the chairman was too deep
To appear, but sent a message
Stating he was fast asleep.

They say he's restored the turkey,—
Spoiling thus the promised sport
Of seeing a predatory lawyer
Charged with this foul crime in court.

Though he has ignobly squared it
All the Auckland boys will say
"Billy, twig him, that's the cove wot
Shook the turkey t'other day."

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A SCENE IN COURT BETWEEN MRS. McGUINESS
AND JUDGE ARNEY.

Air..................................Kate Kearney.

You all know the Judge Sir George Arney,
I don't think he comes from Killarney;
If you go to the Court
You'll have some fine sport—
Queer cases are tried by Judge Arney.

At the opening of the Court by Judge Arney,
Old Merriman commenced with his blarney:
“For many a day
You’ve alas been away,
And we’ve felt it a great loss, Judge Arney.”

The state of the Court made Judge Arney
Indignant and kick up a barney:
“Any animal here,
In this vile atmosphere
'Twould be wrong to confine,” says Judge Arney.

I went in to see Sir George Arney,—
No wonder he kicks up a barney,—
For over his head
Seems a four post bedstead:
What a fine Supreme Court for Judge Arney!

Then Auckland's great Judge, Sir George Arney,
When Merriman had finished his blarney
Called on the first case,
And some great fun took place
'Twixt a witness and great Sir George Arney.
A lady was sworn before Arney,
She was Irish as the pigs in Killarney,
Not the least memory
Of occurrences had she,
And Missis McGuinness vexed Arney.

She excited the wrath of Judge Arney,
And with her he kicked up a barney:
"Just listen to me,
Committed you'll be
For contempt, if you don't mind," says Arney.

She then took a fancy to Arney,—
And soothed him with her Irish blarney,
She gave such a leer,
And she called him "My dear,"
To the great consternation of Arney.

She then describes unto Judge Arney
The facts of the case with more blarney:
"The prish'ner wid a key,
Undid a box," says she,
"And took out a night wrapper," Judge Arney.

"What's a night wrapper?" then says Judge Arney;
The old lady replied, full of blarney—
"Why then, if you please,
It's a kind of chemise,
Wid a quilt to it, Misther George Arney."
THE RETURN OF THE MAORIS.

Air....From Cinderella.

The Maori chiefs that left the hulk
To pay a friendly call
Upon the rebels t'other day
In company with Paul,
Are back again, upon my word,—
Yes: after being free,
To the hulk they've actually returned,
And that gets over me.

Air....Nothing More.

I really thought those Maoris would
Among the rebels stay,
But it must be the stunning grub
That brings them back this way;
Upon the hulk they've not to work,
But merely eat and snore,—
A good supply of grub is all
They ask for, nothing more.

(Spoken.)—Ah! it was an affecting sight the other morning, when the two chiefs left the hulk on the conciliation racket.—Poor old Captain Krippner was rubbing noses with the chiefs for fully half an hour, and as they went down the ladder he addressed them in the following style:

Air....Am I not fondly thine own?

Ah me! you go away,
I hope dat you will not stay,
Come back early I pray,
Tell me back soons you will come;
Do, do, do, do
Tell me back soons you will come.
You are mine childrens indeed,
And I wish you goot speed,
And on the best you shall feed
Ven back to de hulk you shall come.
    Do, do, do, do
Tell me back soons you will come.

Make now my compliments
Unto de Vaikato gents,
I shall be full of laments
Till back to de hulk you shall come.
    Do, do, do, do
Tell me back soons you will come.

(Spoken.)—Before they went, Dr. Sam wished to know if they wanted any toes cutting off, or bullets extracting, and wished them good bye, and said:

Air... Jeannette and Jeannot.

You are going far away, far away from Doctor Sam,
That you'll jolly soon come back again, convinced I strongly am;
But good luck now unto you, wherever you may go,
You won't find any feeding like you get here, I know;
When you get among your comrades you'll all be full of grief,
You'll have fern-root 'stead of biscuits, and potatoes with no beef;
I'm sure you'll miss the feeding, and all of you will sulk
And be anxious to return unto the tucker of the hulk.

But if you should run away 'stead of spending here your days,
You'll get as thin as weasels living on that wretched maize;
You'll then want to surrender, but you will want in vain,
We'll take care that you never come inside the hulk again:
If you still resist our troops and a bullet lays you low,
Who the douce will then extract it, or amputate a toe?
You'll be so miserable, and jolly sure I am
You'll sigh then for the surgery of the noted Doctor Sam.
(Spoken.)—A tender-hearted Scotchman on board was deeply affected at their departure and addressed them as follows:—

**AIR.**...Will ye no' come back again.

Wae's me for ye gang awa',
And my heart is filled wi' pain,
And I fear 'twill brak in twa
'Gin ye no come back again:
Will ye no' come back again,
Will ye no' come back again?
Better fed ye canna be,
Will ye no' come back again?

Cheese in whangs ye ha'e to spare;
For parritch ye will sigh in vain;
Haggis ye will get nae mair,
Until ye come back again.
Will ye no', &c.

**AIR.**..............Old Dan Tucker.

To town they came the other night,
And they were welcomed with delight,
They took the hulk quite by surprise;—
And then Commander Dinnen cries:
"Come along this way and have some tucker,
You've just come in time for supper."

(Spoken.)—But Oh! to see the joy of Krippner at their return: he danced up and down with delight, and welcomed them back in the following affectionate style:—

**AIR.**.......German Waltz.

While sleeping on mine pillow,
I've been like a weeping willow,—
I love you very dearly:
Did you ever tink of me?

Come to mine arms, mine childrens a:"—
You shall never go away from here,—
I love you very dearly,
You shall always stay mit me.
THE AUCKLAND PROPHET.

Air... Paddy Miles.

Religious instruction! how often folks scoff it,
On coves in white chokers some have a great down,
But when 'tis announced that a wonderful prophet
Will appear to the people it wakes up the town;
That a great one amongst us had made his arrival,
I learnt by some bills that were stuck on the wharf,
And on Sunday week there seemed quite a revival,
To hear the Lord's prophet we all started off.

Close there by the barracks a crowd had assembled,
To get a good look at him how they did strive,
And I've no doubt that many a one of 'em trembled
At the thought of the end in eighteen seventy-five.
In my mind's eye I pictured that prophet's tall figure,
A venerable patriarch, with a white beard;
But instead of that, when I beheld a short nigger
I must really own to you I fairly was queered.

His colour was very much darker than copper,
He was far from majestic, and stumpy, not big,
The prophet had got on a glossy beetropper,
He'd no flowing locks, but a short frizzly wig.
The boys shouted at him, and seemed very scoffy,
And in their rude slang took the poor darkey off,
For lots of 'em told him to stick to his coffee,
Which at twopence a cup he retails near the wharf.

In a big bullock dray he had taken his station,
'Twas crowded with boys, he had no room to spout,
Of his prophecies they evinced no admiration,
And no one bought the pamphlets he handed about.
The pole of the dray then, some wicked chaps lifted,
The boys then to save themselves, from it did jump,
And the prophet was unceremoniously shifted,
For he then lost his balance and down he came plump.

They jostled him then, which was not at all proper,
He was touselled and pushed about to his surprise,
And a cove who had got a down on his beltopper
Knocked his poor Golgotha over his eyes.
In vain he resisted, they shouted and hollered,
The darkey retreated, midst laughter and noise,
And all the way to the Police Court was followed,
Where for refuge he fled from the vagabond boys.

'Twas a pity to cut short his grave inspiration, [task,
Having heard him they then could have called him to
And I noticed some walk away full of vexation
Who came there the prophet some questions to ask.
Some officers here with the army connected
Were sorry to see him retreat thus so fast,
They were going to ask how long the prophet expected
The war with the Maoris was likely to last?

David Graham had come there to ask him if bringing
Another stone-breaking machine here would pay
And Thatcher would p'raps have enquired if singing
Would answer down Nelson or Marlborough way?
To enquire 'bout his quartz reef poor Keven was eager,
And to ask if more tin to it he should devote?
And a bobby intended to enquire of the nigger
How long it would be ere he got his new coat?
THE CONVIVIAL MEETING OF THE CITY BOARD.

Air..............Kitty Jones.

The other day the City Board in conclave met together,  
To discuss the state of Auckland streets, made worse by rainy weather;  
The noted lawyer Beveridge, of course, was in the chair;  
And, though 'twas wet, our friend Macready found his way up there;  
Sheehan left his snug fireside up at the Governor Browne,  
Although 'twas very dirty coming down into the town;  
And Webster who lives up my way was very nearly floored,  
For he slipped no less than three times coming to the City Board.

Now Swanson came in in a rage, all covered o'er with mud,  
Of abuse against the gas work chaps he poured out such a flood,  
His foot gave way, and he'd slipped down into a narrow trench,  
And he wasn't sure he wouldn't pull 'em up before the bench;  
There was Wrigley the great architect, and Mister Finlay too;  
And Darby came in, and his nose with cold was very blue;—  
The dreadful state of Auckland streets these worthies all deplored,  
But they blamed the weather for it all, and not the City Board.

(Spoken.)—A lot of letters, complaining of the filthy streets, and the damage done by the gas works in laying down the pipes, were then read by Mr. Ogilvie the clerk:—“Bother them,” says Beveridge, “refer 'em to the streets' committee.”  
—The price of the stone-breaking machine was then discussed: Sheehan called it a regular do,—and Macready stigmatised it as a swindle, but said, as the Board had accepted it, they must in honor pay for it.—Beveridge then asks Swanson, the bill discounter,
to lend the Board a lot of money to go on with: Swanson buttons up his pocket, and refers them to the new Auckland Bank.—The proceedings are rather monotonous, and Wrigley calls on Beveridge for a song: Beveridge says he has no objection to sing after his friend Macready has obliged.—Beer and pipes are then sent for,—and Macready, having taken a pull at the pewter, intimates his intention to commence.—I'll now give you Mr. Macready's song:—

AIR. .... Beautiful Star.

Beautiful bar, light up so bright,
Softly falls the kerosene light;
Soldiers drop in, and many a tar
Comes for a drink to my beautiful bar.

Beautiful bar, beautiful bar—
My bar of an evening's a beautiful, beautiful bar.

In my shirt sleeves there, all the day,
The British beer I'm drawing away,—
And all of the liquors first-rate are
That I dispense over my beautiful bar.

Beautiful bar, &c.

Success to my bar—the liquors are fine,
There's nobody sells such brandy as mine,
And well-known Rushingtons come from afar
Every evening to drink at my beautiful bar.

Beautiful bar, &c.

(Spoken.)—Mr. Darby here rose and said, that Mr. Macready's assertion that nobody sold such brandy as he did was totally wrong; for he could assure them if they came up to the "Thistle" he could give them as good a glass of Reinault as Macready could.—Macready replied, that nobody but a donkey would ever think of going to a "Thistle" while he could drink at the beautiful bar of the "Duke of Marlborough."—Mr. Darby retorted by saying, he thought Macready was a better judge of watchmaking than he
was of brandy.—Mr. Sheehan entirely concurred with Mr. Darby's remarks, and would beg leave to remind Mr. Macready that there was such a place as the "Governor Browne,"—and, with the permission of the Board, he would now give them a song:—

Air........ County Down.

You may talk about Macready's bar,
And call the liquors there a treat,—
But of all the City Hotels there are
None like the one in Hobson Street;
"Tis there to drop in they delight,
And coves from the famous County Down
And Tipperary every night
For a nobbler come to the "Governor Browne."

"Tis there good beer all day we pull,
And brandy that cannot be beat;
And lodgers too we are choke full,
Although we don't live in Queen Street;
And if a chap should there get tight,
To the lock-up he is not hugged down;
You'll find no bobbies of a night
Ever roam up near the "Governor Browne."

The mild Mr. Webster on being called on for a song said, unfortunately he was no singer, but, being a great admirer of Doctor Watts, he would give them a paraphrase on one of his moral songs for children:—

How doth the busy City B
Improve each shining hour,—
And tinkers Queen Street all the day,
Made worse by every shower!

How skilfully the folks we sell!
We spread clay tight as wax,
And labour hard to cart it well—
But what a mess it makes!
In works of fine road-making skill
I would be busy too,
For Webster has some property still
For the City Board to do.

Let's spend the money while we may
On our pet streets so fast,—
For, though we are in power to-day,
We'll be kicked out at last.

(Spoken.)—An animated discussion then took place, in which it was clearly proved that the City Board had nothing to do with the dreadful state of the streets, but the weather was to be blamed for it all.—Look at what the Board had done in improving Queen Street (Hear, hear).—Mr. Beveridge said he would take another glass of beer on the principle that “one good Beveridge deserved another”—He had promised to give them a song, but, before he did so, he begged to remind them that he was now compelled, from press of business, to vacate that beloved chair in which he had presided so long: seated in that comfortable piece of furniture, he had often enjoyed a comfortable snooze while Mr. Ogilvie was busy reading those uninteresting letters from the inhabitants complaining of the state of the streets;—though he was about to leave it, he loved it still, and he trusted that the next person who sat in it would be as worthy to occupy it as he had been. He would now give them his song:—

AIR. . . . . . . . . . . . The Old Arm Chair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that Old Arm Chair,—
I'm going to leave it, but gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
But seated in it I'm as proud as a beak:
I love it, I love it, but 'tis hard to tear
Myself now away from that Old Arm Chair.
Another will sit in this chair by-and-by—
The dear old chair that I now occupy;
Though Macready upon it has cast longing eyes—
It wouldn't do for him—just consider his size,—
For, if once he sat in it—Oh! bless my heart—
The legs would give way, and the glue would start;
To vote him into it would not be fair,
For he'd soon make an end of that Old Arm Chair.

(Spoken.)—Mr. Macready rose and said, that Mr. Beveridge had made an offensive personal allusion to his being stout, but he would remind him that corpulence was no crime, and, if he was fat, it wasn't caused by the consumption of disputed turkeys.—Mr. Beveridge, in reply, said he had merely alluded to Mr. Macready out of consideration for the future welfare of the chair he was about to vacate, and he considered the reference to disputed turkeys entirely uncalled for,—and if Mr. Macready could by any mysterious process bring himself down to his (the Chairman's) weight, he'd be happy to fight him for the championship of the City Board.—Here there was a deal of confusion, Mr. Finlay generously offering to take any man on the Board, catch weights.—Mr. Ogilvie here rushed in and said, that the animated discussion of the Board was rather too loud, and was beginning to attract the attention of people passing in Queen Street.—Order was then restored, and Mr. Wrigley, the architect, having emerged from the ante-room, blacked up as "Old Bob Ridley," finished the evening's amusement with the following song:

Air..... Old Bob Ridley.

I'm an architect, and can't be beat O—
In short, I am the Auckland Peto;
If they want a design they send for me,
And I am doing a job for the Q.C.E.
I'm old Jem Wrigley, Oh,
I'm old Jem Wrigley, Ah!
I'm Jemmy Wrigley, Oh, oh, oh—
I'm old Jem Wrigley, Ah!
There's Finlay, who is good at building,
But architecture he's not skilled in,—
But I'll say no more, lest he should fly up
At me, and order me to "dry up;"
I'm old Jem Wrigley, Oh.
I'm old Jem Wrigley, Ah!
I'm Jemmy Wrigley, Oh, oh, oh—
(Am every member of de Board looking at me?)
I'm old Jem Wrigley, Ah!

DOWN BY FAT MACREADY'S.

Air: Down in Piccadilly.

It's much to be deplored
Queen Street's in such a state now,
Confound the City Board,
Ill feeling they create now.
The road you will agree
In a dreadful state indeed is,
That part especially
Just down by fat Macready's.

They're doing the Street that way,
You'll notice many a fellow,
They pitch down lots of clay,
A thick tenacious yellow;
It only makes it worse,
In a fine state it indeed is,
And the carters shout and curse
Just down by fat Macready's.

It bogs the drays and carts
And down the horses slip there,
While o'er their tender parts
The drivers use the whip there;
They swear and curse their luck,
Which all in vain indeed is,
For every horse gets stuck
Just down by fat Macready's.

It sticks up every horse,
And slew the female parties,
The ladies cannot cross
To get a book at Varty's:
What with the rain and mire,
My opinion now indeed is
A ferry we'll soon require
Just down by fat Macready's.

And there's another treat
Which no one here expected,
Into the muddy street
We often are ejected:
Foot passengers will swear,
And with fury ask what need is
Of those wooden hoardings there,
Just down by fat Macready's.

So whenever you down there
Should chance to be a rover,
Of the muddy street beware
And mind how you cross over;
Or else there's little doubt,
The clay so deep indeed is,
You'll have to be dug out
Just down by fat Macready's.
Our Gracious Queen's birth-day we've just celebrated,
The ships here presented a very gay scene,
With signals and flags they were all decorated,
And the guns kept on firing salutes for the Queen;
Besides this, the troops and militia had warning
That military tactics they'd have to go through,
And up at the barracks General Cameron that morning
Inspected them all—'twas a first-rate Review.

The people rushed there, and the ladies assembled,
The fair sex came out in their best crinoline,—
But when the troops fired their blank cartridge they trembled,
Just as if they expected killed dead they'd have been;—
There were dozens of children that got in the way there;
The horsemen I feared would have mangled a few;
And Carey came out in such gorgeous array there,
And wore a cocked hat at this noted Review.

General Cameron looked noble upon his white charger,
He's a brave soldier, and I trust peace he'll restore;
And Colonel Balneavis on horseback looked larger
By a great deal than ever I'd seen him before;
The Military Train in their dresses looked splendid,
And Colonel O'Brien deserves credit too;
The Depot Company must also be commended,
'Ton my word they looked well at this noted Review.

The Auckland Militia a contrast presented—
To Falstaff's ragged regiment these coves I compare—
Their dresses looked shabby, and 'tis to be lamented
In military tactics they were not all there,
They seemed out of luck, but they should have looked bolder,
But don't forget they've had hard duty to do;
I twigged little Hayles with a gun on his shoulder,
Oh didn't he look fierce at this noted Review!!
The Naval Volunteers must also be commended,
   In their dress they looked well, there's no doubt about that,
In his coat with white buttons Tom Guilding looked splendid,
   But I grieve to observe that he's getting too fat,
Though his belt scarcely goes round his big corporation,
   A fine stout resistance he'll make I tell you,
And the political fat boy had a great fascination,
   For the ladies all smiled on him at the Review.

I twigged old Fitzgerald—a tall horse he rode there,
   He kept the crowd back, and he looked mighty big,
And though by a lot of the boys he was joed there,
   For the chaffing he got he did not care a fig,—
When the troops fired a volley his horse began rearing,
   And I really thought that he'd have tumbled off too,
But his cap tumbled off instead, 'midst lots of cheering,—
   He was here, there, and everywhere at the Review.

The General's servant his master rode after,
   In his stunning top-boots a sensation he made,
And somebody asked him, 'midst half-smothered laughter,
   How much would take for his nobby cockade,—
He rode with the staff though his waistcoat was yellow—
   He'd no red about him, his coat was a blue—
Notwithstanding all this, he's a handsome young fellow,
   And looked finer than Fitzgerald at the Review.

The Review, I am sorry to say, was soon ended,—
   Our soldiers are no doubt all we can desire, [descended,
But 'twas plainly proved when showers of rain there
   Our troops can't stand water though they may stand fire;
The General rode off with his staff helter-skelter,—
   To the barracks for shelter the soldiers all flew,—
And the fat boy crouched under the stone wall for shelter;
   For the rain put a stop to that splendid Review.

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