

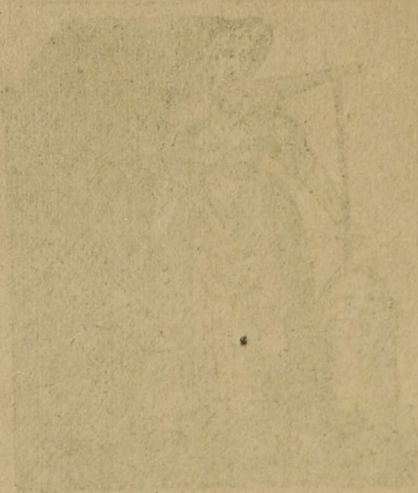
THE
CRIES
OF
LONDON.



WALKER & SON, PRINTERS,
OTLEY.

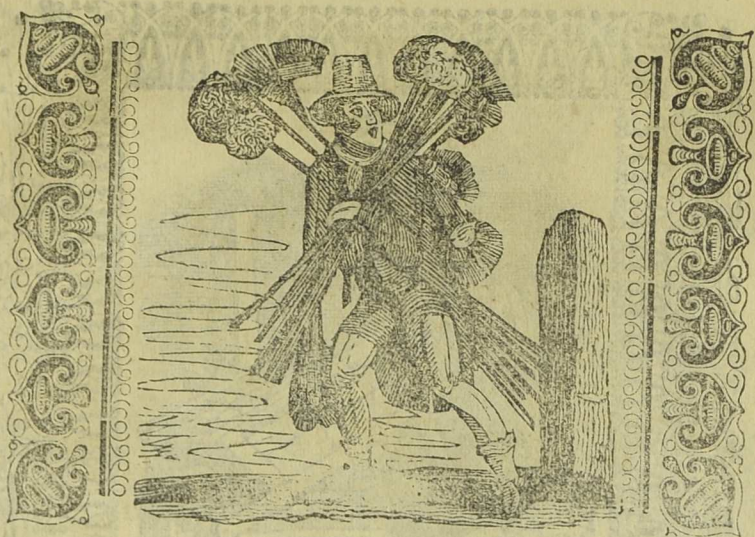
THE
STREET

TO THE



TO THE

TO THE



*Buy a Mop, Brush, or
Hair Broom.*

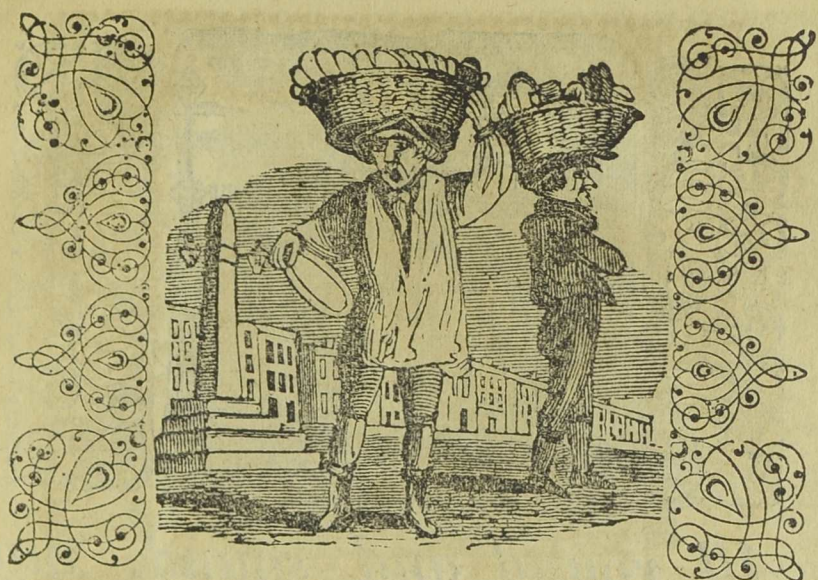
Without the aid of Brush
or Broom,
What would the house-
wife do?
How scour her floor, or
sweep her room
From dust and gathering
flue?



*Flanders Bricks—Penny a
Lump.*

Dear Lady, do try them,
We shan't disagree ;
And you never will buy
them
Of any but me.

LONDON CRIES.



*Any Earthen Ware,
Plates, Dishes, or Jugs,
to-day?*

This flowered bowl of
green
Is worth a gown at
least ;
I am sure it might be
seen
At any christening feast.

LONDON CRIES.



*All round and sound, my
Ripe Kentish Cherries.*

Who such Cherries could
see,

And not tempted be
To wish he possessed a
small share?

But observe, I say small,
For those who want all,
Deserve not to taste of
such fare.



Dust O!—Dust O!

His noisy bell the Dust-
man rings,
Her dust the housemaid
gladly brings :
Ringing he goes from door
to door,
Until his cart will hold no
more.

LONDON CRIES.



Native Oysters.

Oysters fresh, Oysters
fresh,

Oysters fresh I cry;
Who'll buy my Native
Oysters?

My Native Oysters buy.

