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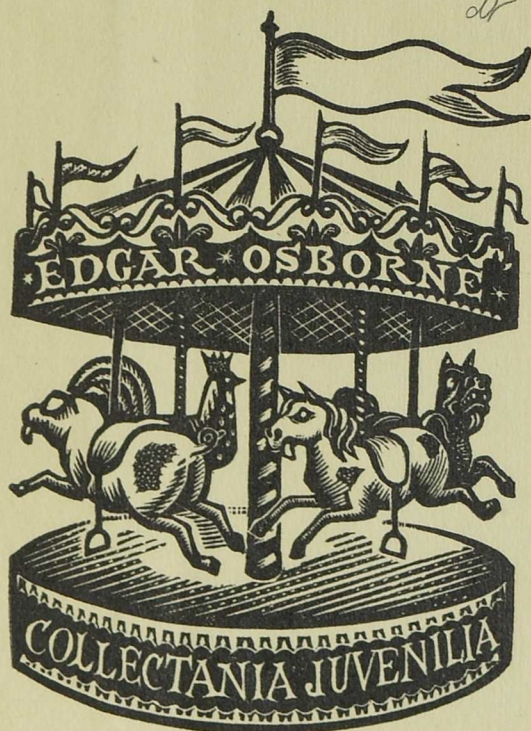
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729 **VICISSITUDES** : or the life & adventures of Ned Frolic : an original comic song . . . for all good boys & girls. *Glasgow, Lumsden*, 1818. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ins., contemp. plain wrappers. 16 pp., & four engravings, with brilliant *contemp. handcoloring*. Large frontispiece & three plates in whose various compartments are 21 scenes in Ned's chequered career. 10/-

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FRONTISPIECE



Ed & his Mother

VICISSITUDE:
OR THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
NED FROLIC.

AN ORIGINAL
COMIC SONG.

For the Entertainment of
ALL GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS
IN THE
British Empire.

GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY J. LUMSDEN & SON.
1818.

Niven, Printer.

VICISSITUDE.

AN

ORIGINAL SONG.

TUNE.—“ *Fie let us haste to the bridal.*”

WHEN I was a youngster, my Mother
Would oft pat my cheek;—and then cry,
“ In ENGLAND there’s not such another,
“ Tight, smart little LAD!” (such as I!)
And when I was first put in breeches,
To caper and frisk I began,
And then over hedges and ditches,
Transported with pleasure I ran.

CHORUS.

*So then to be cheerful and happy,
And end the fatigues of the day,
I tasted of Daddy’s brown nappy,
Which made me quite jocund and gay.*

II.

To learn my A, B, and C, sir,
 My Parents they sent me to school,
 Resolv'd when a man I should be, sir,
 I might not, then, look like a fool.
 I soon learnt to read and to write, sir,
 My lessons expound, and what not,
 As I in accounts took delight, sir,
 My *Tables* I soon got by rote.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

III

I was meant as Apprentice to Daddy,
 Whose Trade was—*the making of Ropes*,
 But to make a proficient of NEDDY,
 My Friends entertain'd little hopes;
 To a *Pastry-cook*, then, they apply'd, sir,
 (My TALE you will read with surprise,)
 And then thro' the streets I oft cry'd, sir,
 “Come, who'll buy—*my Hot Mutton Pies!*”

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*



IV.

I soon became tir'd of the calling,
My place I resolv'd not to keep,
But as I was still fond of bawling,
Apprentice I went to a Sweep!
But folks were so cursed uncivil,
They mock'd at poor NED night and day,
So when they call'd out—"there's the devil!"
From Master I scamper'd away.

CHORUS.*

*So then to be cheerful and happy,
And end the fatigues of the day,
A jorum I took of brown nappy,
Which made me quite jocund and gay,*



* This Chorus to be continued to the end.

V.

I then bound myself to a *Saddler*,
 But soon hopp'd away from my place;
 O then I set up for a *Peddlar*,
 And sold *ribbons*, *thimbles*, and *lace*:
 With *ballads*, and ev'ry thing rare, sir,
 And *trinkets*, my *pack* was supply'd,
 "Come, buy of my very best ware," (sir,)
 To all pretty maidens, I cry'd.

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

VI.

I next was a *Gingerbread-maker*,
 But fortune now threw to my lot,
 A *Mill*—then as *Miller* and *Baker*,
 A snug little fortune I got;
 A *pack of fine hounds*, then, I bought, sir,
 And cut for a while a grand dash,
 But soon to the *hammer* was brought, sir,
 Poor NEDDY—he made a sad splash!

CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

VII.

It happen'd one day, rather oddly,
 (But being, now, quite out of place,)
I heard a field preacher, most godly,
 Say something 'bout "*Sweet babes of grace!*"
So then, for to carry the farce on,
 I turn'd a *Field Preacher* myself,
And so well, then, I acted the *Parson*,
 I took all the charge of the *pelf!*

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

VIII.

I afterwards went to a 'Graver,
 But Master and I disagreed;
O then I set up for a *Shaver*,
 Drew teeth—and soon learnt to *bleed*:
Then, *artem secundum* I glister'd,
 And so I became a fam'd *Quack*,
But those that I *physick'd* and *blister'd*,
 Were all quickly laid on their back.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

IX.

When thus of my *Patients* bereft, sir,
 And mock'd at, by all little boys,
 My gilt *Galen's head*, soon, I left, sir,
 Then went to a *Maker of Toys*:
 My Master he grew very sickly,
 And Mistress she gave herself airs,
 So my place, faith, I left very quickly,
 Then mended—*Old Rush-bottom'd Chairs!*
 CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

X.

A *Scavenger* next I was seen, sir,
 I then was a *Maker of Brooms*:
Squire Flash he was struck with my mien, sir,
 And so made me one of his *Grooms*:
 To *Races* of course I resorted,
 And thought none more keen than myself,
 But, some how, whenever I sported,
 'Mongst *Rooks*—faith, I lost all my *pelf*.
 CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

XI.

My prospects grew darker and darker,
For now I was thrown quite in shade,
At last I became *Billiard-marker*,
And money soon made by the trade!
I purchas'd the lease of the *Tables*,
My customers paid pretty well;
I afterwards kept *Liv'ry-stables*,
And liv'd at the sign of the BELL.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XII.

As a *Grocer* I then turn'd money,
In articles dealt not a few,
In *ginger, saltpetre, and honey*,
Tar, turpentine, sweetmeats, and glue.
My abode now resolving to alter,
A journey I then made to TOWN,
COMMON COUNCIL became, and *Dry-salter*,
I then got an ALDERMAN's gown.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XIII.

When *Sheriff* I was of the CITY,
My equipage made them all stare,
But how they all gap'd, when the pretty
NED FROLIC became the LORD MAY'R.
But as in the *Alley* I dabbl'd,
'Mongst *Brokers* got nought—but ill luck,
From the *Bulls* and the *Bears* soon I waddl'd,
And so I became a *lame Duck*.

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

XIV.

But still I'd a Friend in the corner,
Who set me once more on my legs,
So I got, with *old Alderman Horner*,
A contract for *Bacon and Eggs*:
We then became *Army Contractors*!
By which we some *Cash* did obtain,
And laugh'd at those puny detractors,
Who said we were both—*Rogues in Grain*!

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XV.

Having weather'd *Charibdis* and *Scylla*,

I thought I'd be—*happy for life!*

So I purchas'd an elegant *Villa*,

And marry'd—a young dashing *Wife!*

But what with *grand Galas* and *Fetes*, sir,

My *Income* became rather scant,

I was forc'd to sell off my estate, sir,

So *Spousey* and *I* came to want.

CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

XVI.

My *Wife* was a fond loving creature,

To find me reduc'd made her sigh,

Her heart it was tender by nature,

And tears often stood in her eye.

On her I plac'd all my reliance,

On all her sweet fingers she lay,

To conjugal faith bid defiance,

And off with my *Friend* ran away!

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XVII.

As a *Clerk* to a *Navy Comptroller*,
Some *perquisites* fell to my share,
I then turn'd *Actor* and *Stroller*,
In *Rolla* made people to stare!
But, some how, I happen'd to mar it,
Not suiting the taste of the age,
So I mounted aloft to my garret,
And a *Scribbler* became for the *Stage*.

CHOR.—*But then to be cheerful, &c.*

XVIII.

I hir'd myself to a *Japanner*,
But did not long stick unto that;
Assistant I went to a *Tanner*,
But once falling into a *vat*,
I did not much like the disaster,
From thence I set off in a trice,
And hir'd myself to a new Master,
Whose Trade was—to catch *Rats and Mice*.

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*



XIX.

We tramp'd all the country about, sir,

But not liking much his sly tricks,

My Master and I soon fell out, sir,

I then was a *Maker of Bricks*:

I purchase'd a *kiln* for myself, sir,

A cot, too, I took, that lay near;

Once more I got plenty of *pelf*, sir,

O then I became—*Auctioneer*!

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

XX.

A snug little Trade soon I got, sir,

In Village, in City, and Town,

For when my good Friends went to pot, sir,

With pleasure—I knock'd them all down!

But once just forgetting to enter,

Some *Goods* that were brought me to sell,

I found it a cursed adventure,

Lost *Credit*—and *License* as well.

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

XXI.

I enlisted myself for a *Trooper*,
But afterwards got my discharge;
I then hir'd myself to a *Cooper*,
And next to a *Worker of Serge*:
But Trade it became rather flat, sir,
Which gave me, of course, some distress;
So then to be thrown on my back, sir,
As a *Printer*—I took to the *Press*.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XXII.

Next in partnership with an old *Jew*, sir,
Fine Clothes, then, we sold, and *Old Rags*,
From *Moses* some maxims I drew, sir,
And soon scrap'd a few money bags!
Monopolist then I became, sir,
And grew a great *Dealer in Hops*;
Thro' ENGLAND I then spread my fame, sir,
By purchasing all *standing Crops*!

CHOR.—*And then to be cheerful, &c.*

XXIII.

But property gain'd by oppression,
My happiness could not secure,
No comfort I found in possession,
Of what appertain'd to the *Poor!*
My *Riches!*—away soon they dwindled!
False Friends took me in ev'ry day,
By still greater rogues I was swindled,
At last I fell into decay.

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XXIV.

A *Tinker* I was, then a *Cobbler*,
So I skipp'd from a *mender of holes*,
To a calling I thought rather nobler,
As I then was a curer of *Soles!*
I vow'd I wou'd ne'er be a *Tailor*,
But *England* and *France* were at war,
So I went with *Ben Bobstay the Sailor*,
And so I became a *Jack Tar!*

CHOR.—*So then to be cheerful, &c.*

XXV.

And then, when the WARS were all over,
To ENGLAND came back with one leg,
I stump'd it from *Portsmouth* to *Dover*,
From thence up to LONDON to *beg*!
VICISSITUDES strange I have seen, sir,
The like never witness'd by man,
But to drink—and to drive away spleen, sir,
Thro' LIFE has been always my PLAN!

CHORUS.

*So then to be cheerful and happy,
And end the fatigues of the day,
A jorum I take of brown nappy,
Which makes me quite jocund and gay.*

