



London: DEAN & MUNDAY, Threadneedle.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Susan Laddes. Gift of Mrs Roberts. 1842.



Great Paganini to London came,
And fiddled his way to wealth
and fame.

Enough, he cried, my work is
done,

My magic fiddle I'll give to my
son.

Come hither, my darling, this
fiddle take,

And, like your dad, your fortune
make.

Little Pag took the fiddle, and
cried, with glee,

I thank you: some fun with this
fiddle I'll see:—



And first, like old Orpheus, I
will see

If the Bears and the Monkeys
will dance to me?

So to Regent's Park he hied away,
And there on his magic fiddle
did play;

The Lions and Tigers about did
roll,

The Bears danced briskly up
their pole,

The Monkeys skipped, and the
Elephants danced,

So much were the Beasts by his
fiddle entranced.



Now, said Pag, as I know the
brutes I please,
My fiddle I'll try on the fish in
the seas.

He tuned: in an instant, a mighty
Whale

On the sides of the Steamer beat
time with its tail;

The fish around fluttered; a
snarling Shark

Was quite hoarse with calling
silence! and hark!

While Porpoises, Dolphins, Scate,
and Brill,

All merrily joined the marine
quadrille.



To Margate, next, little Pag took
a trip,
Where Ladies and Gents were
going to dip:
The sea was smooth, and fair the
day,
Says Pag, on the deck they shall
dance away;
Pag tuned, and they all began
to dance,
E'en the Horses that drew the
machines, did prance:
And never was seen such a sight
before,
As the sea displayed off Margate
shore.

Pag, next, smartly dressed, at the
palace is seen,

Making his bow to the Prince
and Queen:

Said the Queen,—your music I
wish to hear;

Pag played an air, so sweet and
clear,

That the Prince and Queen, with
courtiers all,

At once commenced a Royal ball;
While judges and soldiers, old
and grey,

Danced themselves young again,
that day.



Said Pag, though my progress
has been very funny,
I now, like my dad, must scrape
up some money;
So he went to a Miser, who cried,
O dear,
Your music's expensive, now
don't play here:
But no sooner did Pag with his
fiddle advance,
Than, spite of himself, he began
to dance;
His cash-box danced also before
he could lock it,
And the gold danced out into little
Pag's pocket.



When Pag had grown rich in
wealth and fame,
To his native land he returned
again,
Where prince of the fiddlers he
was made,
Yet still keeps up his joyous
trade.
Come old, come young, come
thin, come stout,
Pag still can make them jig
about.
More stories of little Pag I could
tell,
But, for the present, I bid him
farewell.



