John Bull and his Bitter Beer,
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
Jersey Blue,
Old John Jones,
Uncle Ben, the Yankee.

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### FIRST SERIES

**BEADLE'S ONE CENT SONG BOOKS,**
Numbers One to Ten.

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John Bull and his "Bitter Beer."

AS SUNG BY LINGARD.
The subject of my little song is one I hold most dear,
It supports our constitution, and it will for many a year,
John Bull would surely be defunct, or else look rather queer,
If Bass and Co. should cease to brew their glorious Bitter Beer.

CHORUS.
Allsop, Bass & Co., they each deserve a monument;
So give them while we are here,
Three cheers for Bass and Allsop,
And their glorious "Bitter Beer."

I've tasted hock and claret too, Madeira and Moselle,
Not one of those boshy wines revives this languid swell.
Of all complaints from "A to Z," the fact is very clear,
There's no disease but what's been cured by Bass's Bitter Beer.

(CHORUS.)

I've lived in Scotland many years, and drunk its mountain dew,
I don't deny but what it's good, and a stimulant, it's true,
I'm far from being prejudiced, as many think, I fear,
But give to me a cooling draught of Bass's Bitter Beer.

(CHORUS.)
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

In the prison cell I sit,
    Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away:
    And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
    Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag
    We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
    When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
    But before we reached their lines,
They were beaten back dismayed,
    And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell,
    We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
    And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
    As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
    Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the starry flag
    We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.
Jersey Blue.

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Crossing the Jersey ferry,
   Going to the land of blue,
Better be a little wary,
   And know just what you do.
Jersey is a land of railroads,
Musquitoes, mud and peat;
Jersey men are known wherever they go
   By the red soil on their feet.

CHORUS.

Then take off the brakes; ding dong the bell;
   Whistle for the train out of sight;
Hold in your breath, and stick to your seat,
   If you want to get through to-night.

Riding on a rail in Jersey,
   Over the Camboy road;
Conductor's got my ticket,
   The engine's got a load.
Everybody rides in Jersey,
   They all go on a train;
Insure your life, when you get in the cars,
   You may not get out again. (CHORUS.)

Famous for the girls and peaches,
   Good enough to take and eat;
Whether in a hoop or basket,
   They look and taste so sweet.
Farmers gather up the peaches,
   The boys pick up the girls,
Soft and rosy cheeks, like peaches dead ripe,
   And their heads hung round with curls.
Oh, old John Jones was a merry old man,
A merry old man was he,
He fell in love with a pretty lass,
In love with a lass fell he.

**CHORUS—**He fell in love with a pretty lass,
In love with a lass fell he.

The lass was fair and the lass was young,
Fair and young the lass was she,
But old John Jones was a very old man,
A very old man was he.  

(CHORUS.)

And old John Jones was ugly as sin,
As ugly as sin was he;
But he could dance and he could sing:
Such a gay old man was he.  

(CHORUS.)

Now old John Jones told the pretty lass
Greatly in love was he;
But the young lass boxed the old man's ears.
And cried out, "Oh fiddle de dee!"  

(Cho.)

So old John Jones was grieved to the heart,
Oh, very much grieved was he
That the handsome lass has acted so,
So he died quite suddenly.

**CHORUS—**He fell in love with a pretty lass,
In love with a pretty lass fell he.
Uncle Ben, the Yankee.

Uncle Ben, did you never hear tell,
In Boston town he was born full well—
The only failing poor Ben had
Was that his memory was bad.

For sich a tarnation chap was old Ben the Yankee,
Sich an absent man you never did see.

Once with him I did walking go,
When he felt an itching in his great toe;
He stooped, with such a serious phiz,
And scratched my toe instead of his.

After washing once, it was the case,
He with the paper wiped his face;
He then sat down—the towel perused,
And vowed he had been much amused.

Once his forgetfulness was such,
Instead of an egg, he boiled his watch;
And kept in ignorance sublime,
Till he looked at the egg to see the time.

In his optics being but queer,
He put his specs once on his ear;
Then walked sideways, four miles did go,
Before he did the difference know.

Intending once to ride his horse,
He put the saddle his own back across—
Nor saw he his mistake, alack!
Till he tried in vain to get on his own back.

Intending once to get into bed,
He put his trousers there instead;
He tucked 'em up, and then this elf,
Across the chair-back threw himself.