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# Sammy Slap the Bill Sticker

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### Sammy Slap the Bill Sticker.

I'm Sammy Slap the bill-sticker, and you must all agree sirs,  
I sticks to business like a trump, and business sticks to me sirs,  
The low folks call me plasterer, and they deserves a banging,  
For genteelly speaking, vhy my trade is *paper hanging*.

With my paste! paste! paste!  
All the world is puffing,  
So I paste! paste! paste!

Round Nelson's staty, Charing Cross, when any thing's the go sirs  
You'll always find me at my post a sticking up the posters;  
I've hung Macready twelve feet high, & though it may seem funny  
Day after day, against the walls I've plaster'd Mrs. Honey.

With my paste, &c.

Now often in the vay of trade, and I don't care a farden,  
Arter I have been well paid to hang for Covent Garden;  
Old Drury Lane has call'd me in, with jealousy to cover 'em,  
And sent me round vith their bills to go and plaster over 'em,

With my paste, &c.

In search of houses old and new, I'm always on the caper,  
And werry kindly gives 'em all a coat or two of paper,  
I think I've kivered all the valls round London though I preach it,  
And if they'd lot me kiver St. Pauls, so help me bob I'd reach it.

With my paste, &c.

I'm not like some in our trade they deserve their jackets laced sirs,  
They stick up half the master's bills, & sells the rest for vaste sirs,  
Now honesty's the best policy, vith a good name to retire vith,  
So vot I doesn't use myself the old gal lights the fire vith.

With my paste, &c.

I'm proud to say there's Ellen Tree, the stage's great adorer,  
I've had the honour of posting her in every hole and corner,  
And Helen Faucit, bless her eyes, ve use her pretty freely,  
And plaster Madam Westris bang atop of Mr. Keeley.

With my paste, &c.

Sometimes I'm jobbing for the Church vith charitable sermons,  
And sometimes for the Theatres the English and the Germans,  
To me of course, no odds it is, as long as I'm a vinner,  
Vether I vork for a saint, or hang up for a sinner.

With my paste, &c.

The paste I use I make myself, and I'll stick to this however,  
That vhen my bills I've put up, they'll stand both vind & veather;  
I comes the fancy work, although there up, mind in a twinkle,  
I never tucks the corners in, nor leaves a blessed wrinkle.

With my paste, &c.

Then surely you will all allow I am a man of taste, sirs,  
I arn't a pastry cook, although I deals in *puffs* and *paste*, sirs;  
Vhenever you may have a job, to show how I deserve you,  
About the town thro' thick and thin I'll brush along to sarve you.

With my paste, &c.



### The Maniac.

Hush! 'tis the night watch, he guards my lonely cell!  
Hush! 'tis the night watch! hush, 'tis the night watch,  
Hush! hush! he comes to guard, to guard my lonely cell!  
He comes, he comes this way. Yes, 'tis the night watch!  
Yes, 'tis the night watch, his glimmering lamp I see.  
Hush! 'tis the night watch—softly he comes.  
Hush! hush!

No, by Heaven—no, by Heaven, I am not mad!  
Oh, release me—oh, release me!  
No, by Heaven—no, by Heaven, I am not mad!

I loved her sincerely, I loved her too dearly;  
I loved her in sorrow, in joy, and in pain;  
But my heart is forsaken, yet ever will awaken  
The memory of bliss which ne'er will come again.  
Oh, my poor heart is broken—oh, my poor heart is broken!  
I see her dancing in the hall—I see her dancing in the hall,  
I see her dancing—she heeds me not.

No, by Heaven, &c.

He quits the grate—he turns the key;  
He quits the grate, I knelt in vain.  
His glimmering lamp still, still I see,  
And all, and all is gloom again!  
Cold, bitter cold! no life—no light,  
Life, all thy comforts once I had:  
But here I am chained this freezing night.

No, by Heaven, &c.

For, lo you! while I speak,  
Mark how you demon's eyeballs glare,  
He sees me now, with dreadful shriek,  
He whirls, he whirls me in the air.  
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth  
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!  
Aye, laugh, ye fiends! laugh, laugh ye fiends!  
Yes, by Heaven—yes, by Heaven, they've driven me mad!  
I see her dancing in the hall! I—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Oh, release me—oh, release me, she heeds me not!  
Yes, by Heaven—yes, by Heaven, they've driven me mad!

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.