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I.C.D. C _____th's Dream

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I. C. D. C. _____ TH'S DREAM;

OR,

THE D— AMONG THE COAL PITS.

ONE night, sad and weary, I went to my bed,
A wonderful vision came into my head;
Methought from below a gulf opened wide,
And a horrible spectre came up to my side;
He was tall, he was black, he'd two horns and a tail,
And, like a green dragon, was covered with scale;
His eyes darted fire, he'd a sulphurous smell,
He looked like a stranger just sent from h—:
Says he,—My dear friend, you know I'm no stranger,
I've just come to tell you your seat is in danger;
You must raise a stout army of terrible men,
Or else you'll come out, and let Leatham go in;
Look well through the town, and you'll soon find a staff
That will do your black work,—at the head put a Barff,
Jo Brear, Joe Fernandes, and two or three dozen;
Whatever you do, don't forget your dear Cousin:
There's Sanderson Tom, as pure as the snow,
And pious Sam Green, whom you very well know;
Then Crowther and Shaw, two dealers in brandy,
At sleight-of-hand tricks you'll find them quite handy;
There's Alder the fop, and his friend Sally Rigg,
And then there's the stranger that rides in the gig;
There's the *Man in the Moon* who is just out of town,
And his intimate friend, one Henry Brown;
There's the great bull calf whom they call Timy
Sweeting;
He'll supply all your wants with drinking and eating,
There's Long Tommy Moore, he's been named in the
paper,
He'll do any black job,—he's a broken-down draper;
There's my friend Number Nine, pin him to your tail,
He can write a petition if every thing fail,
Or cook up your books so nice and so neat,
Should Commissioners want them they'll find them
complete;
There's Westmoreland Joe, the publicans' friend,
He'll stick at nothing to come at his end,—

And should he get drunk, and become quite unable,
You may stow him away safely under the table;
There's Barratt the gardener, the saint and the preacher,
To do a sly job he's just the right creature,
And his duck of a wife you may just call and see,
For perhaps she'll instruct you how to buy tea;
Prize-fighters from Leeds, get two or three score,
Then send to Manchester and get a lot more,
You may just call them "roughs" for keeping the peace,
They look more like gents than the rural police;
Make Tom Alder captain of this jolly crew,
Give him plenty of money, he'll know what to do,
He can fraternize with them without any disgrace,
In fact he is the "right man in the right place!"
With such men as these you'll get all your own way,
They'll swear black is white,—they'll swear night is day;
Give them plenty of drink and pay them all well,—
At perjury they'll beat all the d—s in h—;
But you know, my dear friend, you are low in the purse,
You must first raise the wind, and then find a nurse,—
A wet nurse, I mean, for rum, brandy, and gin,
Who will first make folks drunk, and then take them in:
You know that money is all squandered and lent,
You've not got quite over that fifteen per cent. ;
You must think of some plan for raising the brass;
Hawn anything, everything, except your eye-glass;
Pawn houses, pawn lands, or you may venture
Your engines, your coal pits, or railway debenture;
Go over to Leeds—do the job on the sly;
If you are asked any questions, just tell them a lie,
Never mind a false oath,—just swear what you please,
When you sit on the Bench you'll be quite at your ease;
But if a poor sinner for mercy should bow,
Just remember the sin that's stamped on your brow.

