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## A Boat! A Boat!

Author Unknown

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# WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher, 177, Union Street, Boro'. S.E.

YOUR Molly has never been false she declares,  
 Since the last time we parted at Wapping old stairs,  
 When I ~~was~~, that I still would continue the same,  
 And gave you the 'baeco box marked with my name;  
 When I passed an whole fortnight between decks with you,  
 Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?  
 To be useful and kind with my Thomas I staid,  
 For his trowsers I washed, and his grog too I made.  
 'Tho' you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall  
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sall,  
 In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,  
 And only upbraided you Tom, with a tear.  
 Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?  
 For the heart that is true it should ne'er be despised.  
 Than be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,  
 Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.

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# WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID?

WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?  
 Where are you going, my pretty maid?  
 I'm going a milking, sir, she said,  
 I'm going a milking, sir, she said.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?  
 Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?  
 O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,  
 O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid?  
 What is your father, my pretty maid?  
 My father's a farmer, sir, she said,  
 My father's a farmer, sir, she said.

Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?  
 Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?  
 O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,  
 O yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.

And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?  
 And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?  
 My face is my fortune, sir, she said,  
 My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid,  
 Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid;  
 Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said,  
 Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said.

## A BOAT! A BOAT!

A Boat, a Boat; haste to the ferry,  
 For we'll go over to be merry,  
 To laugh, and qu ff, and drink old Sherry.