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Go it, Jerry

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Go it, Jerry

Sung by Mr. Sloman

YOUR pardon may I be so bold as enquire
If any one here as seen poor Jeremiah ;
He wandered away with old fireproof Fanny
Our kind fellow traveller and soldier like granny

Spoken.—Bless her old heart ! I shall
always love her, for she took care of us,
when we could not take care of ourselves ;
and damn him, says I, that would desert
an old friend because she wears a ragged
soldier's coat—so

Have you seen Jerry—my brother Jerry.
Have you seen Jerry and Granny oh oh

When we went to Domingo and fought against
Christophe

They called brother Jerry a d—d stupid oaf ;
But they found that in fight he the foremast would
rush (bush.
While I cheered up his heart safely perched in a

Spoken.—My gemini ! to see how he
laid about on both sides of him—where
are you Jemmy ? "said he,—“ here bro-
ther Jerry. " said I,—“ come and fight
Jemmy, " said he—I'll be d—d if I do,
“ says I—“ you shall have all the honor
to yourself, “—so,

Go it Jerry—tip it him Jerry
Go along Jerry for you are the boy

a crack'd head for honour I thought was a ham
So I'm blow'd if I did not creep into a drum ;
Poor Jerry was brought on and doomed to be shot
But I sent both his enemies quickly to pot

Spoken—Yes, I was wise enough to
have a brace of loaded pistols in my belt
by way of body guard. so when Jerry
was placed against a tree, and they cried,
“ make ready ! present ! “—I fir'd, and
gave them a belly-full of bullets, while I
fung,

Go it, Jerry, &c.



then we made our escape but were near being
drown'd

On the coast of the Caribis the ship ran aground
We clung to the wreck thro' the night dark as pitch
But were save in the morn by the pretty White
witch

Spoken.—Ah, there it was I fell despe-
rately in love with little Mooney.—she
was what you may call a black beauty,
for all the world like a stick of Spanish
liquorice—she coax'd the centinels while
brother Jerry got into the fortrefs—did
not I look through a window, and see
him fighting with three at once—and
didn't I cry—Go it Jerry, &c.

In the heat of the battle I lost all my feast
So I took o'd Tame Ram the high priest by the ear
It signified not hing to whimper and whine
For I led him along like a pig in a line

Spoken, On our march—me and my
prisoner—I spied Jeremiah and granny,
as usual fighting as if the devil was in
them, I hadn't time to assist them, so I
cried, Go it, Jerry, &c.

For our lives in our travels we had many squeaks
And have lately been arined in the cause of the
Greeks,

But now we must rest from our perilous works
For we have put down oppression and lathered
the Turks

Spoken.—aye, that we have, and may
all tyrants be served the same sauce—
but while old Fan Fireproof, Jerry, and
I have a leg to stand upon, we shall con-
tinue to assist the cause of the oppressed,
that is, brother and Granny shall fight,
while I sing—

Go it, Jerry, &c,

J. Pitts, Printer, and Wholesale Toy
Warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew Street,