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# Going out a Shooting

W. H. Williams

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# Going out a Shooting.

A New Song, sung by W. H. Williams.

Tune—King of the Cannibal Islands.

Some friends of mine for mirth and glee,  
Fixed on a day to have a spree,  
When 'twas agreed upon that we

Should all go out a shooting.  
There was Will Smith and Stephen Shore,  
With Harry Blunt and Bobby Blower,  
Besides old Muggins and Dickey Moore,  
I think in all full half a score.

Towards the Autumn's dreary close,  
When frost begins to nip the toes,  
These friends of mine they did propose  
We should go out a shooting.

With powder, wadding, dog and gun,  
Up, sportsmen, up! the day's begun,  
I never shall forget the fun  
We had when going a shooting.

'Twas at old Muggins' house we met,  
All ripe for fun, a jovial set,  
We had cigars, and just a wet,

Before we went a shooting.  
Old Muggins he a musket had,  
Which was his father's when a lad,  
While Bobby Blower made a fuss,  
About his uncle's blunderbuss.  
Determined all things should be right,  
We primed and loaded over night,  
Some fell four hours before 'twas light,  
We were to start a shooting.

As off down Fenchurch street we set,  
Towards St. George's Church to get,  
A lot of the New Police we met.

As we went out a shooting.  
The Serjeant quick did collar me,  
The rest as they the guns did see.  
Sung out, 'Lads, here's a burglary!  
What's in those bundles—Come's let see!  
With that a dreadful fight arose.  
And Muggins got a broken nose,  
So off we to the Station-house goes  
Instead of going a shooting.

At length by paying something each,  
As we for freedom did beseech,  
We did contrive to mend the breach  
And started off a shooting.

Every thing then went on right well,  
No pleasure sure could ours excel,  
Until we came to Camberwell,  
When we a precious fog did smell,  
So thick and in such clouds arose.  
Like cobwebs it hung on our clothes,  
None saw an inch before his nose,—  
As we went out a shooting.

Disasters soon did follow nigh,  
For as we crossed o'er Peckham Rye,  
Bob poked his gun in Bill Smith's eye.

As we went out a shooting.  
At length so dreadful came the fog,  
Poor Muggins fell into a bog;  
His gun went off and shot his dog  
As dead as any wooden log;

And when he again on dry ground stood,  
We laughed, tho' forced to chew the cud,  
To see his mouth stuffed full of mud,  
Through going out a shooting.

We halted just about day break,  
As all our legs began to ache,  
And thought we would some breakfast take,  
Ere we commenced our shooting.

Upon a stile then nicely moored,  
We had of meat a perfect hoard,  
The gin and water we had stored,  
Into our tumbler's then we poured,  
But it seems misfortune never halts,  
For Muggins' wife who had her faults,  
Instead of gin had packed up Salts  
For him to take a shooting.

We every step through rain did come,  
At last we saw poor Muggins home,  
Who vows he ne'er again will roam,  
At least to go a shooting.

For my part I can only say  
I never spent so sad a day,  
And as to birds, black, white, or grey,  
We did not see one all the way.

Now Muggins sits at home and crams,  
And sells his butter, eggs, and hams,  
But as for sporting, fairly d—s  
The day he went a shooting.

With powder, &c.

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