

THE TOPER'S LAMENT.

Come listen now, ye topers all,
Who love the flowing can,
And warning take by my downfall—
For I'm a fallen man.

Oh! I have spent my time and cash
With publicans and sinners;
But they have settled now my *hash*,
And robbed me of my *dinners*.

To "*Horse and Groom*" I owe a bill—
At "*Horseshoes*" an arrear—
I've helped to fill their *till until*,
I've not a *shoe* to wear.

To pay my tribute to "*The Crown*,"
I've parted with my "togs:"
And going oft to "*The Greyhound*,"
Has brought me to the *dogs*.

The "*Black-Horse*" being thorough-bred
Of course I could not shun:
And I have had my face quite red
By sitting in "the *Sun*."

"*The Fountain*" clear for me had charms,
But now I taste the *dregs*;
And when at night I left "*The Arms*,"
I could not keep my *legs*.

I like the *beer* at the "*Black-Bear*,"
The *brewing* of old *Bruin*:
The "*Star and Moon*" both *beacons* were
To light me to my ruin.

There was a time I used to think
The "*White-Hart*" was a *Deer*;
But there I cannot get a drink
My heavy heart to cheer.

The old "*White-Lion*" grins at me,
So jeering as I pass;
The "*Golden*" one is gilt I see
With portions of my *brass*.

The "*Marquis*" now on me doth frown,
Since I'm of tin bereft:
I've been so loyal to "*The Crown*,"
I've not a *half one* left.

"*The Waggon*" keeps its easy pace
With slow and steady team:
The "*Railway Tavern*" is the place
For getting up the *steam*.

The drivers both can drink and sleep
And care not what I feel;
They know I can no longer keep
My *cart* upon the *wheel*.

They fleeced me like a *silly sheep*
To swell the "*Woolpack's*" treasure;
And if I in "*The Bushel*" peep,
They *Strike* me with the *measure*.

Not one of all these jolly ones
Will stand a pint of stout:
I've tried so much at "*The Three Tuns*,"
At last they turned me out.

"*Speed the Plough's*" a good old toast,
With me a favourite sign:
The "*Elder Bush*" I liked almost
As well as *Elder wine*.

I loved the "*Duke of Wellington*,"
As all good Britons do;
But now my *Wellingtons* are gone,
Aye, and my *Bluchers* too.

The "*Wheatsheaf*" yields me nought but *chaff*,
Where once my cup was full;
Too late I find I am a *calf*,
For going to "*The Bull*."

The "*Lamb*" for me is too genteel—
A choice expensive dish:
To see the "*Dolphin*" makes me feel
As dry as any *fish*.

I once was noticed by the *swells*,
But now they *shrink* from me:
I think now when I pass the "*Bells*,"
One soon will pass for me,

To all my former friends I've been,
But sympathy have found none ;
My last appeal was to "*The Queen*,"
My next unto the *Union*.
