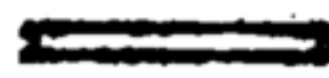


A P A R O D Y

U P O N

S W I F T ' s N U R S E S ' S O N G .



OH my Charley, my Charley,
The man of the people was he,
Such a sweet pet as Charley
No one did ever see.

“ Once he went up, up, uppy,
“ Long he’s gone down, down, downy,
“ Oft he’s gone backwards and forwards,
“ And now he’s quite run agrouney.”

Has

Has he lost all his credit,
And has he lost all his money?
His friends will all make him a purse,
For he's still their own dear honey.

“ Once he went up, &c.”

Here are his own two Dukies,
Each with his thousand in handey;
Here are three Earls and a Marquis,
And here is his dear Napper Tandy.

“ Once he went up, &c.”

Earl S——pe, as straight as a steeple,
On the table puts down his five poundy,
Then drinks to the Man of the People,
And the glass it goes merrily roundy.

“ Once he went up, &c.”

Next

Next comes his own dear Sh——ry,
No friend like to Sh——ry on earth,
A thousand good pounds he subscribes,
Which is more than poor Sh——ry is worth.

“ Once he went up, &c.”

Then be not discourag'd, dear Charley,
Your friends are all met in convention,
Contented to lose their own credit,
By fixing on you a good pension.

“ Once he went up, up, uppy,

“ Long he's gone down, down, downy,

“ Oft he's gone backwards and forwards,

“ And now he's quite run agrouney.”