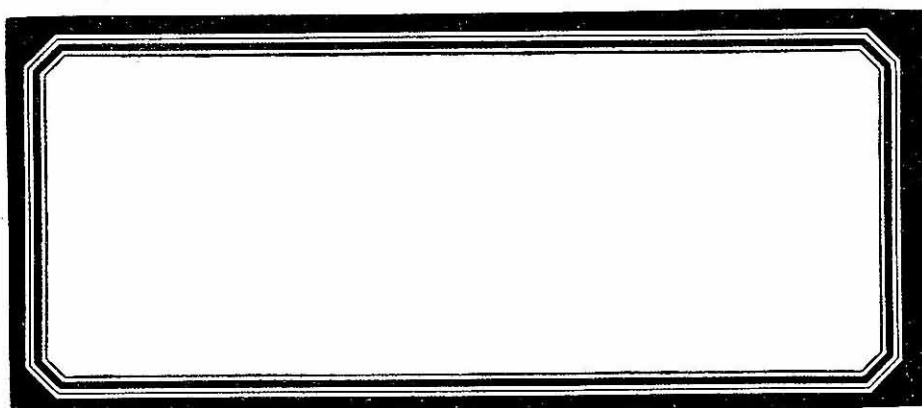




When Temperance on the Alehouse Bench

the words from the
NEW YORK MIRROR,

written by the
AMERICAN BARD WILLIAM,

As a Parody on the

BOSTON BARD'S

song of

When Freedom on the Battle Storm,

the
MUSIC
by

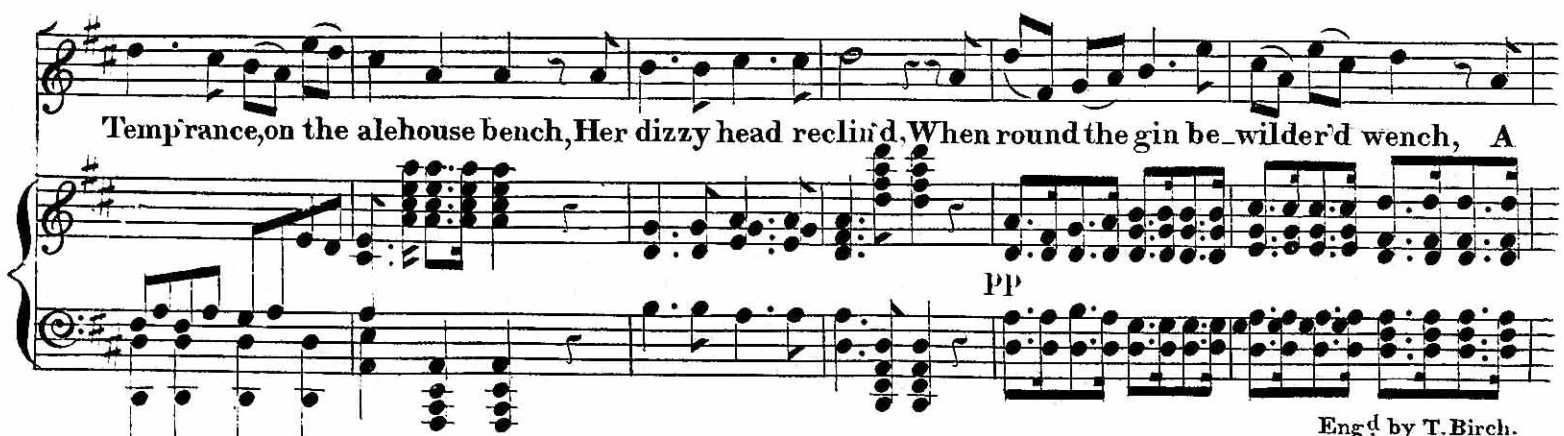
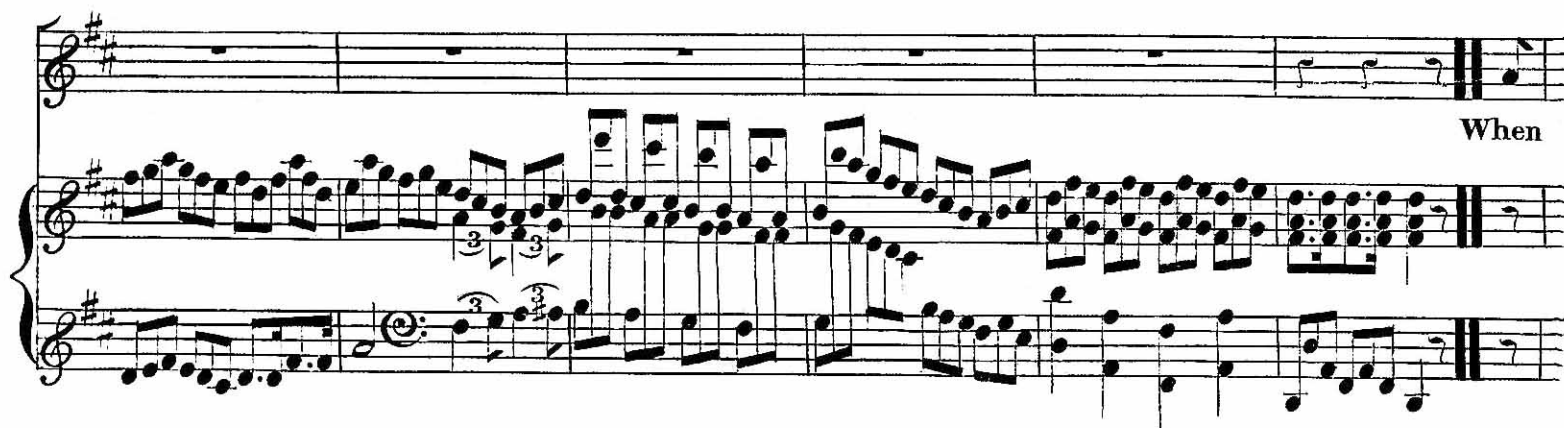
T. W. H. B. B.

NEW YORK.

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Price 25 cts.



Eng'd by T. Birch.

dozen tiplers join'd; Amid the din, amid the crowd, Old Boniface appear'd, With daring voice he spoke so

loud, The tipsy sleeper heard: Leave, leave thy seat, be sober, girl. Wake up, and try to rise; Stretch.

stretch thy jaws, and drink some purl, And open thy sleepy eyes, Clothe, clothe thyself in decent gown, Let Richard

sell his hemp; Rule rule thy husband, cheat the clown, And wear the breeches, Temp. Temp. Temp. Temp.

Temp. And wear the breeches, Temp.

3^d & 4th Verses
Go tell him, sure as he is born, That if he scold you more, You'll tiddle here from night to morn, And run another score; Be
wide awake, and let him find, Henceforth you'll master be; Wear, wear this oaken stick of mine, 'Twill help to steady thee. He said, and
lo, in jealous spite, His consort at him flew; And soon with talon'd fingers bright, The blushing claret drew; Then Temperance boldly
seiz'd a pot, That smok'd with Windsor purl. Flew with it to her husband's cot, And shar'd it with the churl, churl churl. And shar'd it with the churl

