

# London Lights

A Favorite *COMIC SONG*, Sung by

*W. Smith,*

with the greatest Applause at the

*Aquatic Theatre,*

**SADLERS WELLS**

*Written by C. Dibdin Junr.*

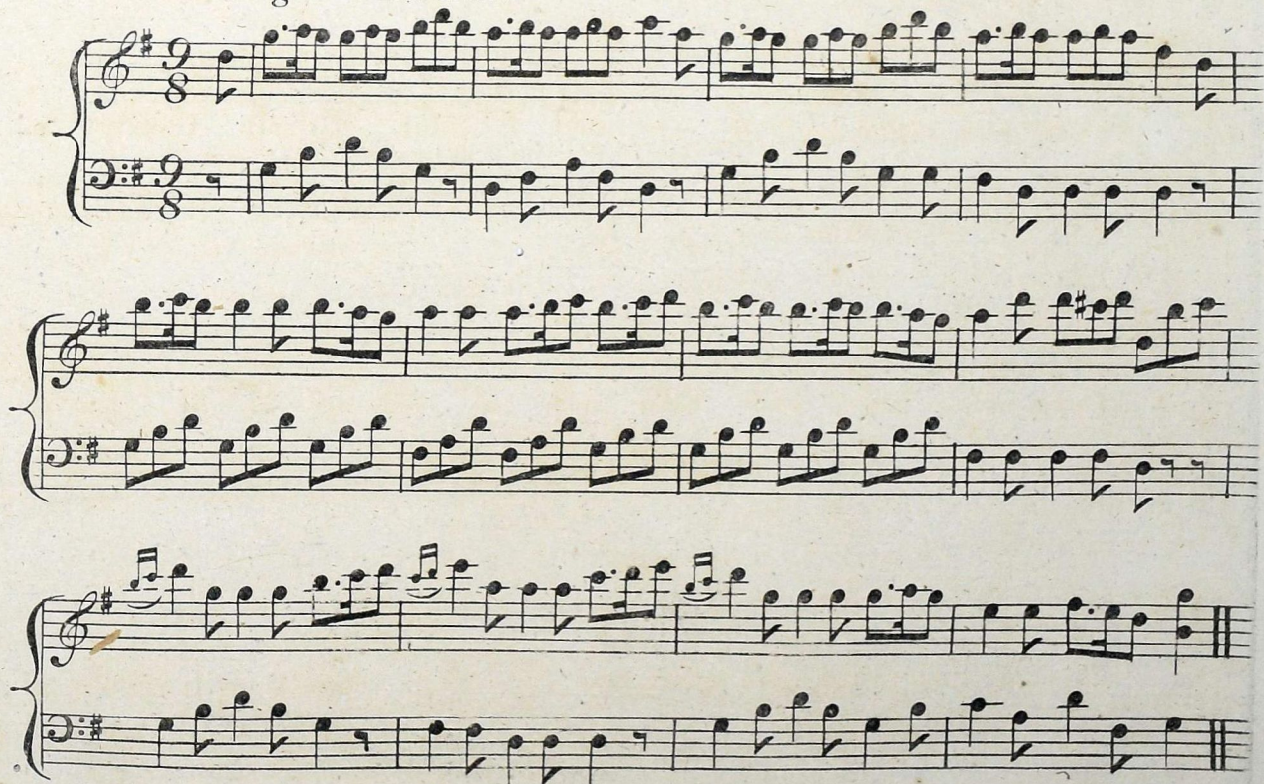
*Composed by W. Reeve.*

*Ent<sup>d</sup> at Stat<sup>s</sup> Hall.*

*Pr. 1*

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**Allegro Moderato**





Last Win-ter quite tird of Til-lage, hard day's work I'd ma-ny

a one done, I left our own snug lit-tle Vil-lage, to

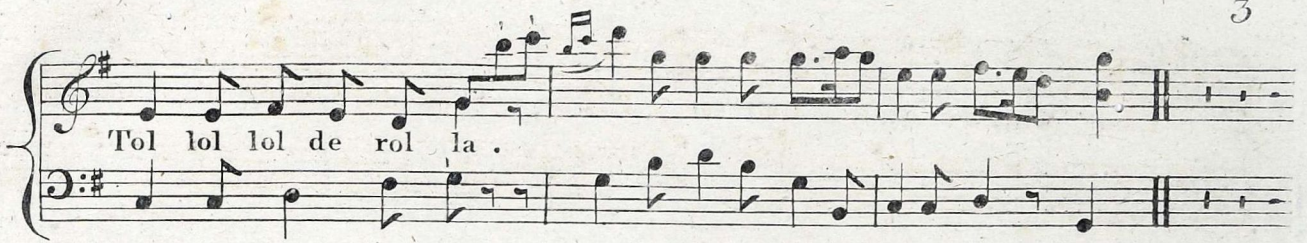
see all the won-ders of Lon-don. The

Roscus, I first went to see, And I think you'll all free-ly Con-

-fess Sir, There hant been such a Bet-ty as he, since the

Days of our good old Queen Bess Sir, Sing Rum ti um ti diddle di,





(2.)

Then the Budget came out by the way,  
 And for Taxes the Ministers call Sir,  
 But few had the Money to Pay,  
 For the Forty Thieves borrow'd it all Sir.  
 Then some Travellers made a great rout,  
 But, in spite of Disguisements to catch ye,  
 They were only, as soon I found out,  
 Mister Bramer and Signora Scratchee .  
 Singing Rum ti um ti &c.

(3.)

Foxhall too were one of the Sights ,  
 And to think on' it puzzled me daily,  
 What a mort they mun pay window lights,  
 For the Lamps that they use in the Galay,  
 Then the Company rank'd pretty high,  
 And I tho<sup>t</sup> it no bad sort of Joke Sir,  
 To see the Game Chicken and I ,  
 Cheek by Jole with the other Great Folk Sir.  
 Sing Rum ti um ti &c.

(4.)

Cook and Kemble I saw in one Play ,  
 But none from applauding woud rest Sir,  
 So not hearing what either might Say ,  
 I couldn't Judge which was the best Sir .  
 And, altho' at the thing you may scoff,  
 I promise you'tisn't a hum Sir ,  
 That a new Finger Post, Five Miles Off,  
 Got all the Town under its Thumb Sir,  
 Sing Rum ti um ti &c.

(5.)

At Astley's and Circus I zeed ,  
 Horses dance Minervits and Cowtillions ,  
 While the Riders true Grasshopper breed,  
 Jump'd over both Saddles and Pillions .  
 Sadlers Wells, I were told were the rage ,  
 And a wonderful Place 'twere no doubt on't  
 For the New River came on the Stage ,  
 And water proof Ghosts they Jump'd out on't,  
 Sing Rum ti um ti &c.

(6.)

To Bartlemy Fair my next start ,  
 Was to see ev'ry Freak and Vagary ,  
 There I tho<sup>t</sup> to have zeen Bonyparte ,  
 For they wrote up "the Corsican Fairy"  
 For Bony were coming 'twere said ,  
 But this Butterfly Emperor tarries Sir ,  
 Cause he knows if we once break his head ,  
 They'll not mend it with Plaster of Paris Sir .

Rum ti um ti &c.