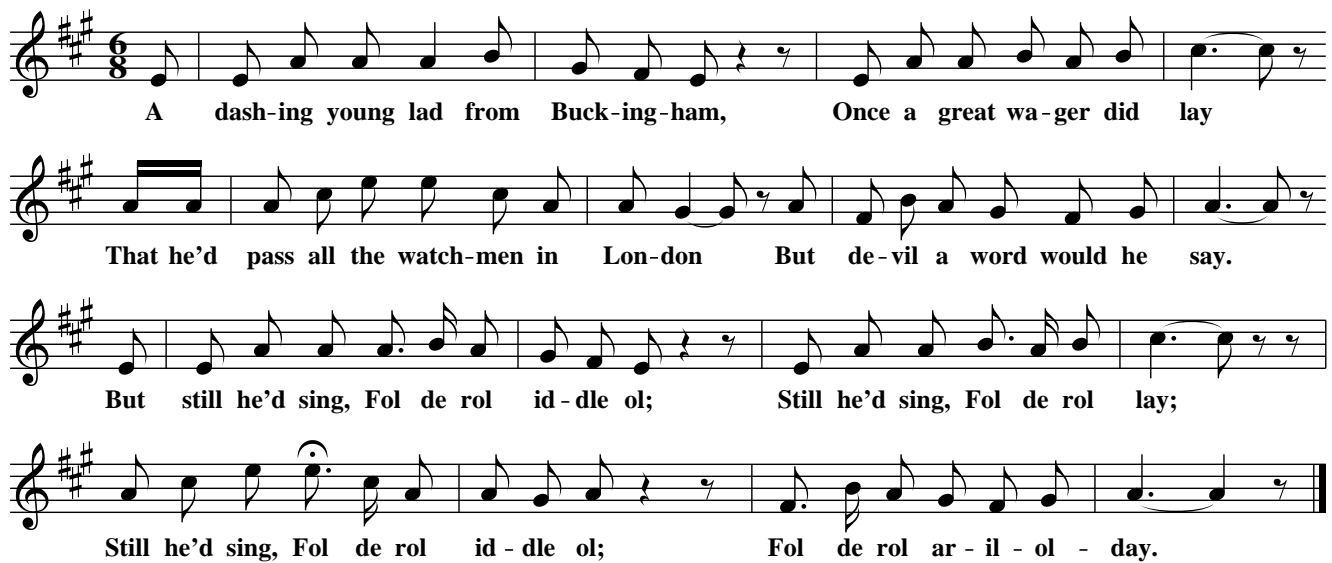


A Dashing lad from Buckingham



A dash-ing young lad from Buck-ing-ham, Once a great wa-ger did lay
That he'd pass all the watch-men in Lon-don But de-vil a word would he say.
But still he'd sing, Fol de rol id-dle ol; Still he'd sing, Fol de rol lay;
Still he'd sing, Fol de rol id-dle ol; Fol de rol ar-il-ol-day.

A dashing young lad from Buckingham
Once a great wager did lay
That he'd pass all the watchmen in London
But devil a word would he say.

(Chorus)
But still he'd sing, Fol de rol id-dle ol;
Still he'd sing, Fol de rol lay;
Still he'd sing, Fol de rol id-dle ol;
Fol de rol ar-il-ol-day.

(A verse is missing here)

The gentlemen riding beside him
They stopped him at the Trooper's Gate;
And all that e'er they could do with him
The devil a word would he speak.

"The man has got drunk with good liquor
Or else he is turned in his brain
We'll send him to Newgate till morning,
By then he'll be sober again."

(A verse is here missing, in which the lad is brought before the Lord Mayor)

"this man he did nothing but sing
All night that in Newgate he lay;
So we brought him before you this morning
To hear what your Worship would say."

The lord's daughter sitting beside him,
And very hard for him she prayed;
"O father, come grant him his pardon,
It is for some wager he's laid."

"O daughter, O daughter, dear daughter
And since that it is your desire,
A pardon to him I will grant
If he'll pay all these officers' hire."

Then he put his hand in his pocket,
And paid them down every one,
He gave a low bow to the lady
And then he went singing along.