



THE
ORTON GHOST;
 OR, THE
DEVIL OUTWITTED.

J. Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

Come all you noble sporting gents attend to me awhile,
 While I relate a story that will make you for to smile,
 Concerning the Orton Ghost as I have heard them tell,
 Of all the Ghost's in England there's none can him excel.

CHORUS.

This Orton Ghost is a curious thing as ever was seen before,
 It makes the tongs and poker go all around the floor.

What can this devil think his wonders they are great,
 He nips up the rolling pin and smashes all the plates,
 He goes up and down the house as I've heard them say,
 And when the people goes to see it, it vanishes away.

It is very strange that Ghost has nothing else to do,
 Than kick up such a row and cause a rumour too,
 From spirits black all around us kind heaven us defend,
 And if he still does visit us perchance he will us mend.

This Dobbie is a curious rogue, the truth to you I'll tell,
 And where this Ghost comes from none of them can tell,
 He does his work so cleverly as I've heard them say,
 He takes the cakes when smoking hot and vanishes away.

The Sabbath bells were tinkling forth with all their sweetest tones,
 Which caused great confusion—the people left their homes;
 The news of this Orton Ghost has through the country spread,
 When up came ten policemen and crack'd him on the head.

The rolling pin was dancing, the cradle was on fire,
 The knives and forks were moving as if they were on wire;
 One gentleman he lost his hat unto his great surprise,
 While another trying to comfort him had meal thrown in his eyes.

A cobbler hearing of the fun a tremendous oath he swore,
 He'd eat his lapstone, hemp, and wax, or he'd the thing explore;
 A tailor followed after, and swore by his roasted goose,
 He'd eat his cabbage and needles, or else he'd finish the ghost.

The shopkeepers and the butchers wish that he was gone,
 Or if the butchers had him they would fry him in a pan,
 The ghost has spoiled the markets the grocers they do say,
 The butchers cannot sell their meat upon the market day,

So I take my pen and finish and conclude these lines I've penn'd,
 And if I have not pleased you all I will try my faults to mend,
 It's about this Orton Ghost that I have in my rhymes,
 Let us hope and trust in Providence to send us better times.



PIRATE
CREW.

Harkness, Printer, 121 Church Street, Preston,

O'er the wide world of waters we roam ever free,
 Sea Kings, and rovers, bold pirates are we,
 We own no dominion what matter we sail,
 Light hearted and true in the loud roaring gale
 We love the blue waters as we ride o'er the billow,
 The strong timber creeks, the mast shakes like a willow
 But fearless in danger we brave the mad foam,
 Ever free on the deep the wide ocean our home.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Merry's the life of the bold pirate crew,
 Dauntless and daring the deeds that we do!
 Hurrah! the black banner is nailed to the mast,
 Death to the foe as it waves in the blast,

"Crowd sail! a strange vessel is heaving in sight,
 Shouts the pirate aloft, she is ours to night,
 Now we dash through the foam bearing down on the prize
 No quarter we give to the stranger that flies,
 Clear the deck, ever brave are the pirates in battle,
 The strong timber creek, the loud cannons rattle,
 Now we board her in triumph, and bear her away,
 Three cheers for the prize as we bound o'er the spray."

Merry's the life, &c.

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