

THE  
**CRIES OF LONDON,**  
FOR THE  
*INSTRUCTION*  
AND  
**AMUSEMENT**  
OF  
**GOOD CHILDREN.**

—  
YORK:

*Printed by J. KENDREW, Colliergate.*

7  
IF

£ 60.<sup>00</sup>

FRONTISPIECE.



This man doth wander round the town,  
With fruit, both fresh and sweet,  
For those who do attend their book,  
And go both clean and neat.

THE  
**CRIES OF LONDON,**  
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**GOOD CHILDREN.**

---

*DECORATED WITH WOOD-CUTS FROM LIFE.*

---

**YORK :**

Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

Roman Capital Letters.

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A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S  
T U V W X Y Z Æ Æ

---

Old English Capital and Small Letters.

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A B C D E F G H I J K L M N  
O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z  
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v  
w x y z & æ œ

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Italic Capital and Small Letters.

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A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P  
Q R S T U V W X Y Z Æ Æ  
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u  
v w x y z œ œ fi ff fl

Come buy my fine Writing Ink!



Thro' many a street and many a town,  
The Inkman shapes his way,  
The trusty ass keeps plodding on,  
His master to obey.

Green large Cucumbers twelve a  
penny.



A penny a dozen Cucumbers,  
Taylors, hallo! hallo!  
Now from the shop-board each man  
For Cucumbers below. (runs

Dainty Sweet Briar.



Sweet Briar, this girl on one side holds  
And flowers in t'other basket ;  
And for the price she that unfolds,  
To any one who'll ask it.

Mary, Mary, where are you now,  
Mary? Tiddy dol, tol drol, tiddy dol.



Tol dol, tiddy, tiddy, dol,  
Is all this tradesman's cry, (Poll,  
That Tom, and Dick, and Sall, and  
His curious cakes may buy.



Rue, Sage, and Mint, a farthing a bunch.



As thro' the fields he bends his way,  
 Pure nature's works discerning;  
 So you should practice every day,  
 To trace the field of learning.

Diddle, diddle, Dumplings, oh!



This woman's in industry wise,  
She lives near Butcher-row; (plies,  
Each night round Temple Bar she  
With Diddle Dumplings, ho!

Buy a fine Bread Basket or Work  
Basket.



For pretty Misses who are found  
Their needle-work to prize;  
This woman takes her daily round,  
And Work Baskets she cries.

Oars, Sir! Oars or Scullers, Madam,  
do you want a Boat?



For Oar or Scull upon the Thames,  
There's none like honest Ben ;  
He'll row you up and down the stream  
And to and fro' again.

Black your Shoes, your Honour.



Tho' black, your Honour, is my trade,  
 Be you no mockish conner ;  
 For should you in your learning fail,  
 I fear you'd have no honor.

## Nice Yorkshire Muffins.



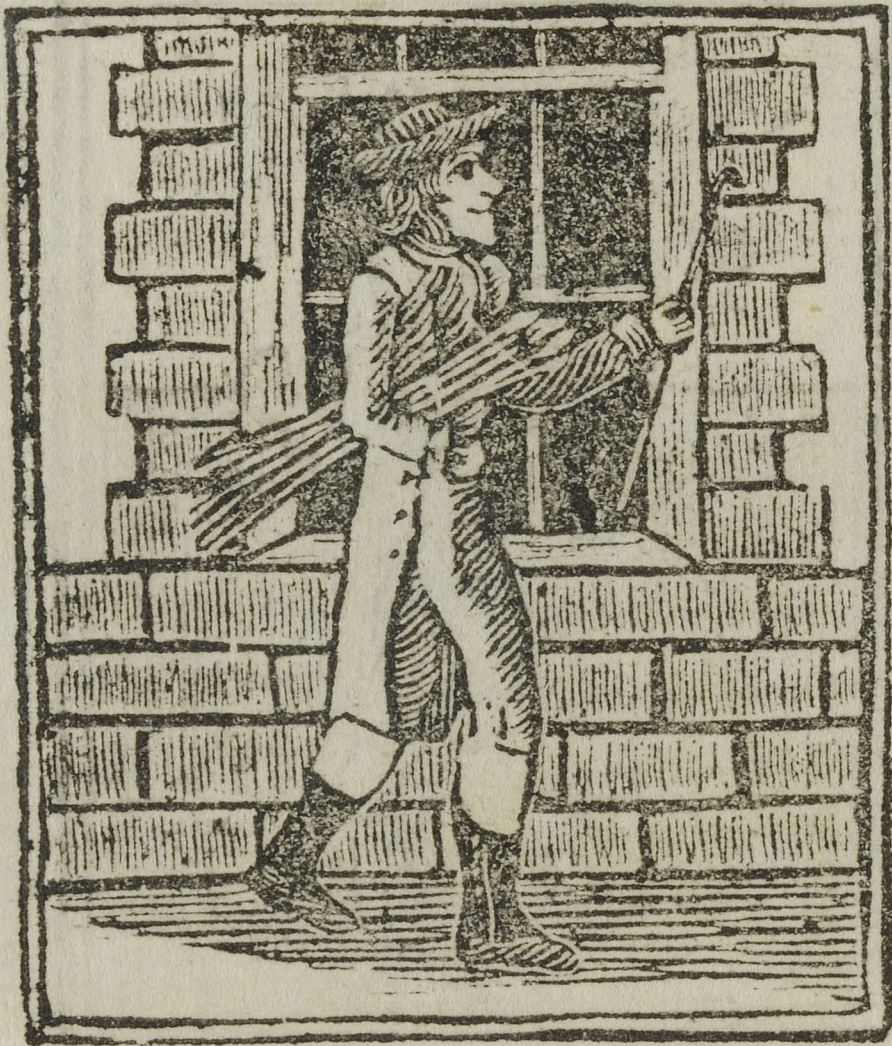
This man cries Muffins, eve and morn,  
And you'll of them partake;  
But if to learn your book you scorn,  
You don't deserve a cake.

Buy a Broom! buy a Birch Broom.



A name I think for this I've got,  
 To give it some don't fail,  
 They call it--let me see--what? what?  
 Oh! Margery Tickle-tail.

Come, buy my little Jemmies, my little Tartars, but a half-penny a piece.



How sloven-like the school boy looks,  
Who daubs his books at play,  
Give him a new one—no—adzooks,  
Give him the cane, I say.



Twelve-pence a peck, Oysters.



From Billingsgate, industrious Will,  
Brings Oysters for the town;  
Thro' frost or rain, he fears no ill,  
But cries them up and down.

My good soul, will you buy a Bowl?



My honest soul, will you buy a bowl,  
A skimmer, or a platter?  
Come, buy of me a rolling pin,  
Or spoon to beat your batter.

Buy a young Chicken or a Fowl.



Buy a young Chicken fat and plump,  
Or take two for a shilling,  
Is this poor honest tradesman's cry,  
Come, buy if you are willing.

## Ripe Strawberries.



In lowly beds, by nature taught,  
The Strawberries are display'd ;  
And thence, for us, to market brought  
By this industrious maid.

Rabbit! Rabbit!



Rabbit! Rabbit; who will buy?  
Is all you hear from him;  
The Rabbit you may roast or fry,  
The fur your cloak will trim.

One a penny, two a penny, Hot Cross  
Buns.



Think on this sacred festival ;  
Think why Cross Buns were giv'n ;  
Then think on him who dy'd for all,  
To give you a right to heav'n.

Pretty Maids, pretty Pins!



In selling Pins for pretty maids,  
 This tradesman takes delight ;  
 And if to purchase he persuades,  
 He's surely in the right.

Maids, buy a Mop!



Let every pretty Miss at school,  
Observe this easy lesson;  
That housewifery's a golden rule,  
And industry a blessing.

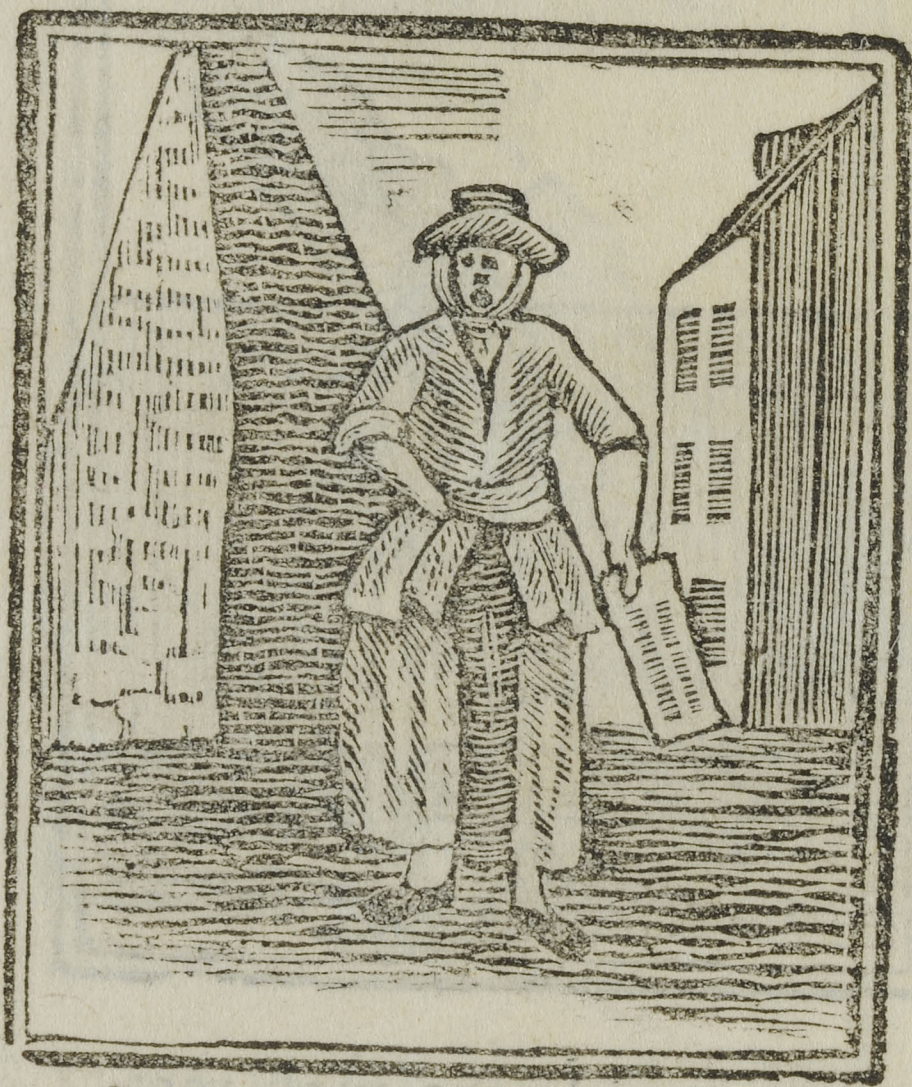


Old Chairs to mend, Old Chairs to  
mend.



How serviceable are such men,  
Who turn what's old to new,  
A task which scarcely one in ten  
Industriously pursue.

A merry song, which you may sing  
to the tune of Sally in our Alley; while  
I go play, so your Servant.



Of all the misses in the school,  
Who come their minds to frame-a,

There's none so well confirms to rule,  
As sweet Miss What's-her-name-a.

I wish each little lady here,  
As little were to blame-a,  
Then to all friends she'd be as dear,  
As sweet Miss What's-her-name-a.

O! how her needle-work she minds,  
Her book and slate the same-a,  
In which she various pleasure finds,  
O! sweet Miss What's-her-name-a,

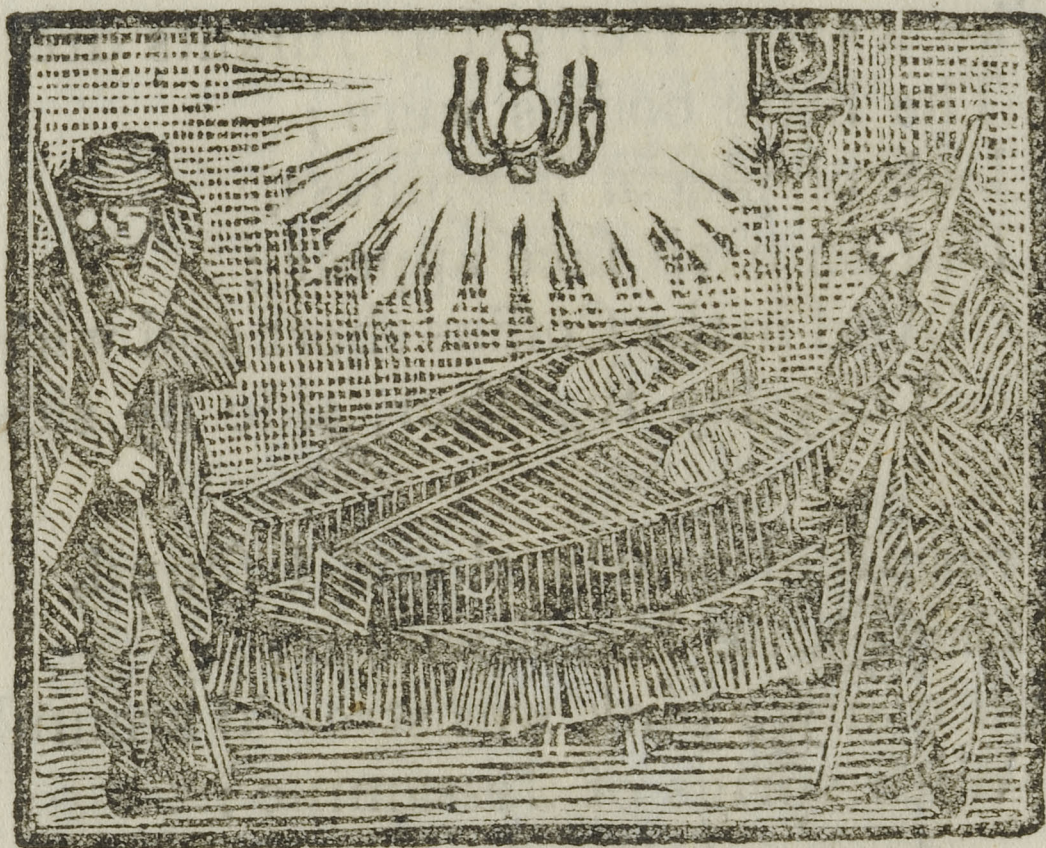
Next breaking-up she goes to see,  
Relations whence she came-a,  
For very anxious must they be,  
About Miss What's-her-name-a.

If right I judge, some few years hence,  
Her chariot she will claim-a;  
Bless her! will cry all folks of sense,  
That's good Miss What's-her-name-a.

## Buy my Flounders.



With flounders caught upon the  
Thames,  
This man supplies the town ;  
Thro' every street he cries the same ;  
And rambles up and down.



*THE DEAD TWINS.*

---

'Twas Summer, and a Sabbath eve,  
 And balmy was the air,  
 I saw a sight that made me grieve;  
 And yet the sight was fair.  
 Within two little Coffins lay,  
 Two lifeless Babes as sweet as May,

Like waxen Dolls that Infants dress,  
The little bodies were ;  
A look of placid happiness,  
Did on each face appear ;  
And in the Coffins short and wide,  
They lay together, side by side.

A rose-bud nearly closed I found,  
Each little Hand within ;  
And many a pink was strew'd around,  
With sprigs of Jessamine ;  
And yet the flowers that round  
them lay,  
Were not to me more fair than they.

Their mother as a Lilly pale,  
Sat by them on a bed,  
And bending o'er them told her tale,  
And many a tear she shed :  
Yet oft she cried amidst her pain,  
My Babes and I shall meet again!"

---

My little Masters all attend,  
 And see with your own eyes,  
 This Book contains unto the end,  
 Most of the London Cries.



Which you may for one penny buy,  
 And when you've read it o'er,  
 Go to the shop again and try,  
 You may buy twenty more.

*FINIS.*

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Printed and Sold by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.

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J. KENDREW, COLLIERGATE,  
YORK.

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