

He dung to a lamp post to stay his pace, But the Leg would'nt stay; but kept on the chase.

LEG

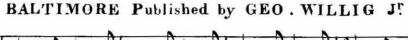
A CELEBRATED COMIC SONG

Gung with great Applause,

M: BURTON

Baltimore Published by G. Willig J.

THE CORK LEG







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One day, when he had stuff'd him as full as an egg, Horror and fright were in his face, A poor relation came to beg, But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg, He clung to a lamp post to stay his pace, And in kicking him out he broke his leg. Ri tu, di nu &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation, Came and made a long oration, He wanted a limb for anatomization, So he finished his jaw by amputation. Ri tu, di nu &c.

"M! Doctor' says he, when he'd done his work, "By your sharp knife I lose one fork, "But on two crutches I never will stalk, "For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork. Ri tu, di nu &c.

An Artist in Rotterdam twould seem, Had made cork legs his study and theme, Each joint was as strong as an iron beam, And the springs were a compound of clockwork & Ri tu, di nu &c.

The leg was made, and fitted right, Inspection the Artist did invite, Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight, As he fixed it on and screw'd it tight. Ri tu, di nu &c.

He walk'd thro' squares and pass'd each shop, Of speed he went to the utmost top, Each step he took with a bound and a hop, And he found his leg he could not stop! Ri tu, di nu &c.

The neighbours thought he was running a more But the leg would'nt stay, but kept on the chace. Ri tu, di nu &c.

Then he calld to some men with all his might, "Oh! stop this leg or I'm murder'd quite!" But though they heard him aid invite. In less than a minute he was out of sight. Ri tu, di nu &c.

He ran o'er hill and dale and plain, To ease his weary hones he'd fain, Did throw himself down_but all in vain, The leg got up and was off again! Ri tu, di nu &c.

He walkd of days and nights a score, Of Europe he had made the tour, He died_but though he was no more, The leg walk'd on the same as before! Ri tu, di nu &c.

12 In Holland some times it comes in sight, A skeleton on a cork leg tight, No cash did the Artist's skill requite, He never was paid and it sarv'd him right. Ri tu, di nu &c.

My tale I've told both plain and free, Of the rummest merchant that could be, Who never was buried_ though dead we see, And I've been singing his L.E.G. (elegy) Ri tu, di nu &c.