

A NEW SONG ON  
THE VERE-STREET CLUB.

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ATTEND to my narration:—

From private information  
At Bow-Street Office lodg'd,  
A brace of cunning Runners,  
Those active police gunners,  
A pretty covey dodg'd.  
These clever traps have undone  
The Cannibals of London,  
Who thought to taste their flesh;  
For the scurvy Cook of Vere-Street,  
Provided very queer meat,  
And they wanted something fresh.

[SPOKEN.]—"Gentlemen," said Mr. AMOS, at the club one Sunday evening, "it is plain that we ourselves begin to be disgusted with the present proceedings; and no wonder—for who the Devil can always be content with those tough, old, dirty hind-quarters, which we have each of us gnaw'd at and drivell'd over a hundred times? For my part I shall certainly take my custom to another house, if our Cook does not serve up better viands, and the Landlord introduce to us more delicate persons than ourselves—

So, come hither, waiter ILOT,  
For you shall be my pilot—  
D'ye hear—and go before.

Now, beyond their expectation,  
The guardians of the nation  
Pick out two artful blades;  
And to the White Swan meeting  
These go, while they are eating,  
As modest as two maids.

But, oh! alas! and good lack!  
Each prov'd a bitter thornback,  
Although they seem'd so mild,  
So tender, so complying,  
All the Club for them was dying:—  
So well were they beguil'd.

[SPOKEN.]—For these knowing ones were too knowing for the Vere-Street gentry. They suppressed their indignation, indulged them by seeming to enter into a few preliminaries, flattered them with hopes of a successful negotiation, and by these means became eye-witnesses for three meeting-nights of their abominable proceedings. The club, being blinded by their lust, took them for novices; but one Sunday evening they came with a large party of officers, apprehended the whole gang, consisting of twenty-eight monsters, and convinced the Un-naturals, as well as all England, that Bow-Street Runners are up to every thing!

So here's to you, friends and neighbours,  
Success to Bow-Street labours,  
Which found these wretches out.

And now for the conclusion,  
The pelting and contusion,  
Of six of this vile gang;  
In caravan though riding,  
They find no place for hiding;  
'Twere better far to hang.  
Four fav'rites of the Graces  
The Pill'ry now embraces—

Pray don't your bowels yearn?—  
While the Landlord and his Waiter,  
With filth on ev'ry feature,  
Are waiting for their turn.

[SPOKEN.]—"Make way! make way! for a lady with an apron-full of rotten eggs; and take care you don't crush them as she passes."—"Sir, you cannot enter the ring: the culprits are to be left to the mercy of ladies only; and by what I perceive, I am sure they will strikingly manifest the public indignation."—"See at that fellow, Cook! he kicks out his leg at the crowd in derision; now go it! and plant a potatoe in his skull for that."—"Well done, my nice ones; huzza!"—"At them again, ladies; keep the game alive! huzza."

And now the pill'ring ended,  
To prison they're attended,  
And pelted all the way.