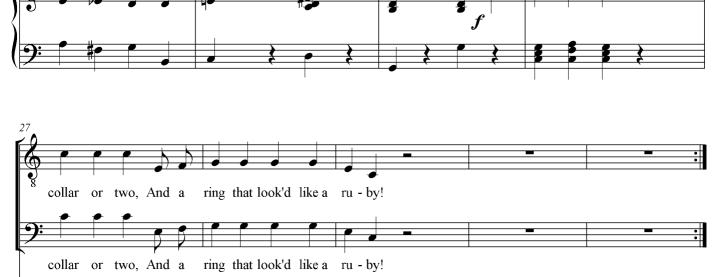
## No. 4: THE JUDGE'S SONG









In Westminster Hall I danced a dance, Like a semi-despondent fury;
For I thought I never should hit on a chance Of addressing a British Jury.–
But I soon got tired of third class journeys, And dinners of bread and water;
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's Elderly, ugly daughter. 3.

CHORUS. She may very well pass, &c.

The rich attorney, he jumped with joy And replied to my fond professions: "You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy, At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions. You'll soon get used to her looks," said he, "And a very nice girl you'll find her! She may very well pass for forty-three In the dusk, with the light behind her!"

CHORUS. So he fell in love, &c.

4.

The rich attorney was good as his word: The briefs came trooping gaily,
And every day my voice was heard At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
All thieves who could my fees afford Relied on my orations,
And many a burglar I've restored To his friends and his relations.
CHORUS. And many a burglar, &c.









