

STORMING THE GAMING HOUSES.

Or the west-end in an Uproar.

The policeman scaled their castle walls,
And put them to the rout,
The windows flew like waterloo
The Castle soon did crack,
And the poor captured gamblers found,
It was all round my hat.

In such a plight filled with affright,
It nearly drove them mad
In hackney coaches butchers carts,
Wheel-barrows and cabs,
They placed the captive prisoners
How awful was their fate,
And drove them off to Malborough street,
Before the Magistrates.

SUCH a game there was on tuesday last,
The seventh day of May,
When Dukes and Lords and barbers clerks,
Had all began to play,
At rouget nore and catch the flats,
And knock me on the ground,
The policeman all their castles stormed,
At the west end of town.

CHORUS.

In Piccadilly German street,
And Regent Street what sport,
Bennetbury and Castle Street,
And the nick in Leicester Court,

We stormed the cottage in Jennyn Street.
and caused some sport and fun,
To Bennett street and Bury street.,
And albermarle we ran,
To see the lark all in the dark,
So nimbly they flew
It beat the Battle of agineourt,
Copenhagen and Waterloo.

The police was there from every where,
Which put them in a mess.
The A B C and E F G,
Besides some of the S,
We nobly stormed the Battries.
Upon last tuesday night,
The gentry up the chimney rum
Quite overcome with fright,

Their gates being barricaded,
There was no entrance in or out,

There was old young and proud,
And men of many words,
There was sharpes and flats, pages and fops,
Footman snobs and lords
Some popped up so boldly,
While others hung behind
And several had to pawn their shirts,
and shoes to pay the fine.

So know those gaming castles
are nicely gone to pot,
and from the nick In Loicester Court,
They brought a tidy lot,
The cottage castle in Jenuyn Stroet,
Is covered in wounds and scars,
and all the rest will rue the day,
They entere'd in the Wars,

The people thought that fatal night,
When arrivod up from their sleep,
The greeks and turks and portugues'
Had come across the deep,
Or else the ghost of bonaparte,
Had come from the french ground,
and come by sleam to have a lark,
and visii London Town.

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