



*He clung to a lamp post to stay his pace,  
But the Leg wouldn't stay; but kept on the chase.*

## THE CORK LEG

A CELEBRATED COMIC SONG

*Sung with great Applause,*

*by*

**M<sup>r</sup> BURTON**

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2  
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, The neighbours thought he was running a race  
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. But the leg would'nt stay, but kept on the chace.  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

3  
A surgeon, the first in his vocation, Then he call'd to some men with all his might,  
Came and made a long oration, "Oh! stop this leg or I'm murder'd quite!"  
He wanted a limb for anatomization, But though they heard him aid invite,  
So he finished his jaw by amputation. In less than a minute he was out of sight.  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

4  
"Mr Doctor" says he, when he'd done his work, He ran o'er hill and dale and plain,  
'By your sharp knife I lose one fork, To ease his weary bones he'd fain,  
"But on two crutches I never will stalk, Did throw himself down—but all in vain,  
"For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork. The leg got up and was off again!  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

5  
An Artist in Rotterdam t'would seem, He walk'd of days and nights a score,  
Had made cork legs his study and theme, Of Europe he had made the tour,  
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam, He died—but though he was no more,  
And the springs were a compound of clockwork & steam. The leg walk'd on the same as before!  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

6  
The leg was made, and fitted right, In Holland some times it comes in sight,  
Inspection the Artist did invite, A skeleton on a cork leg tight,  
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight, No cash did the Artist's skill requite,  
As he fixed it on and screw'd it tight. He never was paid—and it serv'd him right.  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

7  
He walk'd thro' squares and pass'd each shop, My tale I've told both plain and free,  
Of speed he went to the utmost top, Of the rummest merchant that could be,  
Each step he took with a bound and a hop, Who never was buried—though dead we see,  
And he found his leg he could not stop! And I've been singing his L. E. G. (elegy)  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

8  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

9  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

10  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

11  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

12  
Ri tu, di nu &c.

13  
Ri tu, di nu &c.