

THE CORKERS.

BY JACK WILLIAMS.

AIR—"Oh Susanna."

The Corkers are a crowd of men, who loaf about the town,
Whose boarding bills are running up, and funds are running down;
When work aint very plenty, all their friends will disappear,
So they dine upon a pretzel, and a glass of lager beer.

Oh Corkers be cautious, for Cherry Hill is near,
And some may take their lodgings there, before another year.

A Corker's known quite easy, by the shabby suit he wears,
The nap is wearing off his coat, but not a bit he cares;
If to a tavern you should go, you'll see a Corker there,
He's either drinking with a chum, or dosing in a chair.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

Some Corkers they are honest chaps, but others are not so,
They'll hang around an angel, when they know he's got the dough;
They lead him in the lion's den, where he is bound to treat,
And they won't leave him go, until they bleed him clean and neat.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

When young men get a lazy fit, they look so sour and cross,
They'll leave their work, and soon commence to quarrel with the boss;
To reason they'll not listen, the're determined to resist,
And very soon you'll find their names upon the Corkers' list.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

The Corkers are quite numerous, you can see them in each street,
And when they see a crony, they will ask him for to treat,
They always keep their eyes about, and see you from afar,
They either beg tobacco, or will ask for a segar.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

When their clothes are too seedy, in public to appear,
They'll enlist in the navy, and for foreign ports they steer,
But if their spirrits leave them, and they find there is on hope,
They find their way to prison, or dangle by a rope.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

In the Engine or Hose house, the Corker you will find,
But when there is a run at night, he likes to stay beind;
Although he's sleeping in the bunks, it is his heart's delight,
But he does not approve of running to a fire at night.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

Take warniug then, ye gay young chaps, don't loaf upon the town,
For if you are a Corker once, your funds will soon run down;
While the alms house is handy, and Moyamensing near,
Where you will be confined, without your pretzel or your beer.

Oh Corkers be cautious, &c.

T. M. Scroggy, Publisher, 443 Vine st. below 13th.
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