

In which all the landlords and landladies of Dover will make their first appearance on the stage.

Sung at Dover Theatre, 1799

1. In every age and every clime
Some fashions have had sway, Sirs
And many strange and simple things
By turns have had their day, Sirs.
And many jolly things you'll see
In case you turn a rover,
But never jollier fellows meet
Than the landlords here at Dover.
2. With famed London City I'll begin,
By Steriker now kept, Sirs.
The next of note, the Ship Inn
And kept by Wright you know, Sirs.
Then Mecrow at the Royal Oak,
The York House, Master Payn, Sirs.
Each loves his friend, each keeps

good house,

Each can his bottle drain, Sirs.
3. At the Antwerp Inn brave Luckett lives,
A noble volunteer, Sirs.
Who likewise a good larder keeps,
With very best of cheer, Sirs.
At the Saracen's Head lives Harry Marsh
Who once was a rover,
But now for many years has kept
The Bowling Green at Dover.
4. At the Black Horse read little Robinson,
But not the famous Crusoe.
And Kitham will salute you next
If you'll but let him do so.
The Harvey at the Queen's Head,
At the Red Cow, mighty Merit, Sirs.
At the Three Cups, Prebble lives,
A Kentish lad of spirit, Sirs.
5. At the gallant Nelson, William lives,
And Cleveland at the Rose, Sirs.
Next Harvey at the Carpenter's Arms,
Who loves his evening doze, Sirs.
Then Benskin at the Flying Horse,
With Arnold at the Lion, Sirs.
And Reynolds at the Fox we'll name,
Oh! Faith he is a sly one, Sirs.
6. At the monstrous fish called Dolphin
Is Thomas Osley's wife, Sirs.
As Drum Major of the Middlesex,
He loves his martial life, Sirs.
Then at Eight Bells, Wyndham lives,
Who is rather squeezed for room, Sirs.
Where bells would fain a jingling be
But always out of tune, Sirs.
7. There's Elvey always at command
The landlord of the Bull, Sirs.
No doubt he's always very glad
To see the Catch Room full, Sirs.
For as friendship and unanimity
Our motto we have chosen,
All enemies to harmony
Dare not put their nose in.
8. There's Tom Ladd of the

Guildford Arms,

The Jolly Porters, Moon, Sirs.
Next Bullard at the White Horse lives,
Who's never out of tune, Sirs.
Then Wilkins at the Jolly Tar,
Whom all our Britons love, Sirs.
Though flags Imperial skulk away
From where he's pleas'd to rove, Sirs.

9. There's Brockman at the
 Bricklayer's Arms,
 And Tom Grant at the Fountain.
 And Rigden at the Briton True
 Whose fame I'd be recounting.
 Jack Cesar at the Barley Mow,
 And Harvey at the Fleece, Sirs.
 At the Chequers lives Ned Hollingsworth
 Who only aims to please, Sirs.
10. At the Packet Boat fam'd Chittenden,
 And Atkins at the Pig, Sirs.
 Who by no means must be despised
 Because he wears a wig, Sirs.
 Then Easton at the King's Arms,
 And Davis at the Gun, Sirs.
 And at the Swan friend Ellis lives,
 A broth of boy for fun, Sirs.
11. At the Cooper's Arms,
 Prince you'll find,
 At the Dover Castle, Ford, Sirs.
 And Hammond at the Dragon lives
 Who sometimes keeps his word, Sirs.
 Then Jenkins at the Three Kings,
 Boyce at the Fleur de Lys, Sirs.
 And Watson at the North Sea Boat
 You any day may see, Sirs.
12. At the Coach and Horses, Atkins lives,
 And Chapman at the Brothers,
 Two as hearty fellows hay
 As any of the others.
 Then Bowles at the Marlborough Head,
 And Goodburn at the Ark, Sirs.
 At the Folkestone Cutter,
 Penn you'll find
 As brisk as any lark, Sirs.
13. There's Evans at the Seven Stars,
 Where politicians meet, Sirs.
 Then Simmonds at the
 Shipwright's Arms,
 Where many cocks were beat, Sirs.
 To the Ordnance Arms in Paradise,
 With Ruttom you may steer, Sirs.
 At the Prince of Wales lives Head,
 A man you need not fear, Sirs.
14. Next Carlton at the Herrings Three,
 A man who's rather serious,
 At the Scarborough Castle,
 there you'll find
 That jolly dog, Cornelious.
 But ah! poor James, the Pilot Boat
 Looks very sad without you
 For Boney d--- him took you, here
 You'd time to look about you.
15. And now the lady landlords come,
 A merry set, I vow, Sirs.
 And what of them, I have to say that
 You shall hear just now, Sirs.
 Kath Sandford at the Brewers lives,
 Good purl you may have there, Sirs.
 And if you choose a mug of Fenners
 Canterbury beer, Sirs.
16. Ann Podevin at the King's Head,
 I wish for her we'd peace, Sirs.
 Dame Harnett for her Privateer
 Has had a pretty breeze, Sirs.
 Ann Whitehorne at the
 Crown and Anchor
 (Not that in the Strand) Sirs.
 And Barras at the Hovelling Boat
 Has got our grumbling band, Sirs.

