

1. There once was a bold Fisherman, Who sail'd forth from Billingsgate, To catch the mild bloat-er and the gay mack-er - el; But when he ar-rove off

Pim-li - co, The wind it did be - gin to blow; And his lit - tle boat it wib - ble wobbled so, That slick o - ver-board he fell—All among the Conger eels, and the Dover soles, and the kipper'd Herrings, and the Dutch plaice, and the Whitebait, and the Black bait, and the Tittlebats, and the Brickbats—

CHANT. ad lib.

Chorus.

Dinkle doodle dum, Din - kle doodle dum, That's the high-ly in-ter-est-ing song he sung: Din - kle doo-dle dum, Din - kle doo-dle dum, Oh! the bold Fish - er - man.

2 First he wriggled, then he striggled,
In the water so briny,
He bellowed, and he yellowed
Out for help, but in vain;
Then down did he gently glide
To the bottom of the silv'ry tide,
But previously to that he cried,
"Farewell, Mary Jane."

CHANT.—On arriving at the *terra firma* at the bottom of the *aqua pura*, he took a cough lozenge, and murmured—

Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
That's the refrain of the gentle song he sung:
Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
Said the bold Fisherman.

3 His Ghost walked that night
To the bedside of his Mary Jane;
He told her how dead he was,
Then, says she, "I'll go mad,"
"For since my love's dead," says she,
"All joy from me's fled," says she:
"I'll go a raving Luniack," says she,
And she *went*, very bad.

CHANT.—She therefore tore her best chignon to smithereens, danced the "Can Can" on top of the water-but, and joined the "woman's rights association," and frequently edifies the angelic members by softly chanting—

Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
That's the kind of soul-inspiring strain she sung:
Dinkle doodle dum, Dinkle doodle dum,
Oh! the bold Fisherman.