

**RHYMES OF YE
OLDE SIGN BOARDS**

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Rhymes of ye olde sign boards by F. G. Lewin

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F. G. LEWIN

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Rhymes of ye Olde Sign Boards.



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and
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In Magpies three,
Good Luck we see ;
So says the rhyme,
Of olden time.

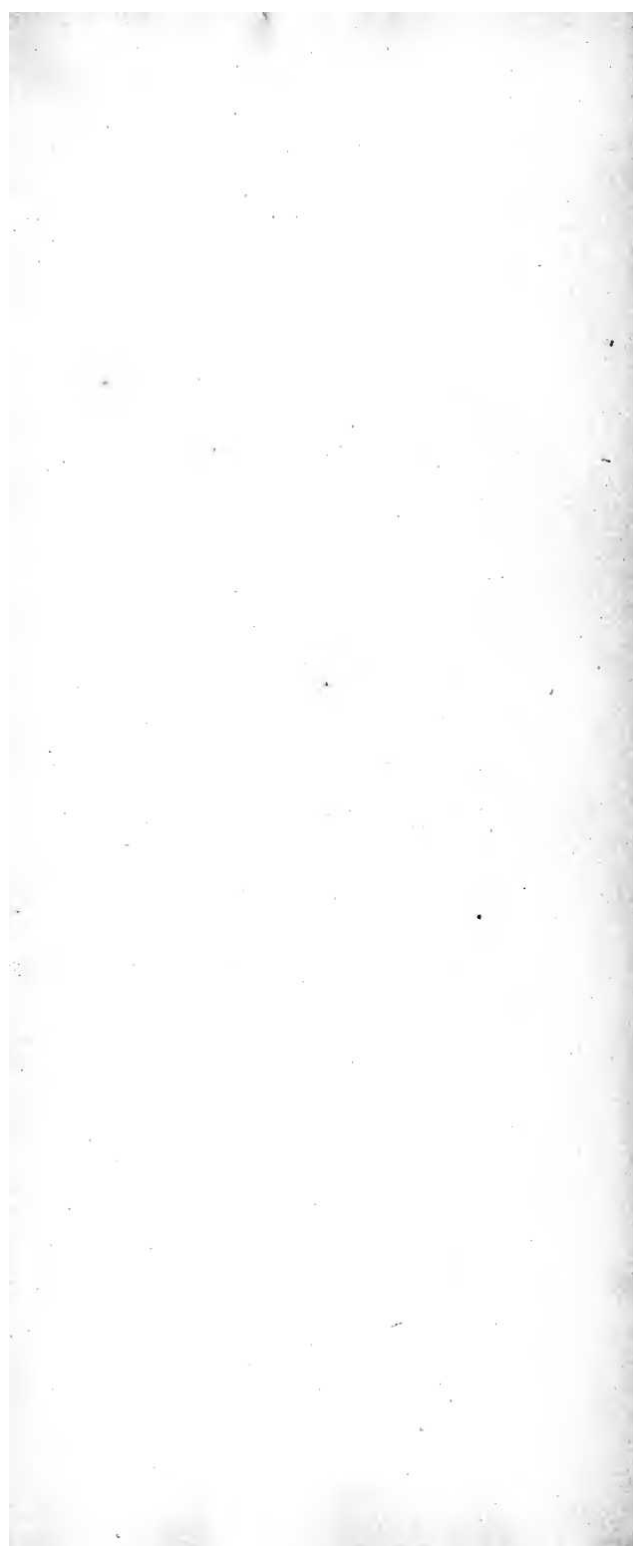
But if one Pie,
Is passing bye,
Luck flies away,
Ye old Folk say,





Ye bold Robin Hood how great was
his Fame,
Such Skill with ye Bow, none other
could claim,
For Nottingham's Sheriff ne'er could
defeat,
Nor Take him in his Woodland
Retreat.

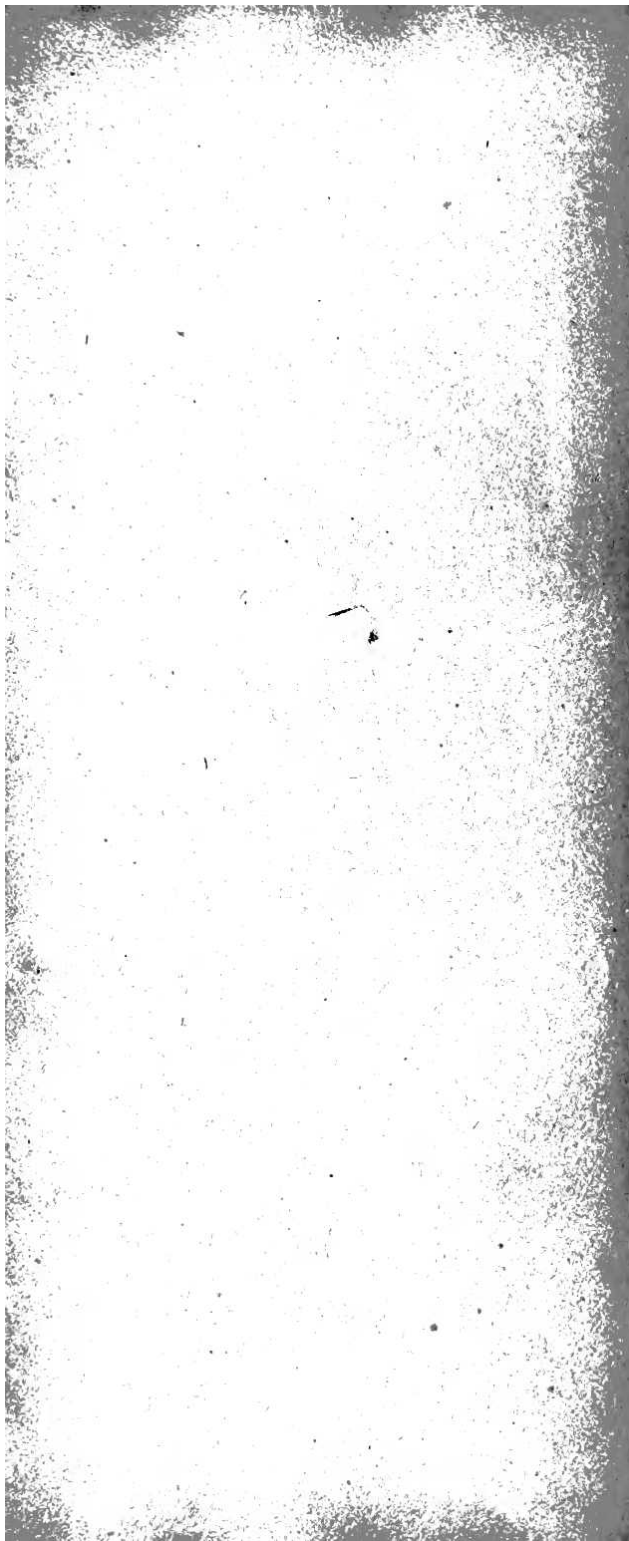






When wicked people of this
 Age,
 Presume ye Law to break,
 In Prison out of sight they're kept,
 For everybody's sake.
 But Times are changed, for long
 ago
 In Stocks they used to sit,
 Exposed to all ye Jeers and Gibes
 Of every passing Wit.







To England good Sir Walter brought
A Weed with Fragrance ripe,
Tobacco was unknown before,
And no one used a Pipe.

To see ye Smoke arise in Fumes
Ye Varlet stood amazed,
"Surely my Master is on fire,"
He muttered as he gazed,
And so, to save him, runs and throws
Cold Water o'er his Master's Clothes.

