"And Travellers are out of date, I mean to cut them soon,
Unless you send me some one who has travelled to the Moon."

"WHAT IS LONDON'S LAST NEW LION?"

No. 5.

Of a Series of

Songs of Fashionable Life.

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WHAT IS LONDON'S LAST NEW LION?

Allegretto.

What is London's last new Lion? Pray inform me if you can; Is't a

Woman of Kam_schatka Or an O_ta_heite Man? Is't a Woman of Kam_schatka Or an O_ta_heite Man? For my Con_ver_saz_i_o_ne You must

+232
send me something new, For my Conversation You must send me something new, Don't forget me, Oh I sigh for the Éclat of a Début, Don't forget me oh I

sigh for the Éclat of a Début.

I am sick of all the

"Minstrels" all the "Brothers" this, and that; Who sing sweetly at the parties while the
Ladies laugh and chat; Who sing sweetly at the parties While the Ladies laugh and chat; And the Man who play'd up on his Chin is *passe* I suppose, The Man who play'd up-

on his Chin is *passe* I suppose, So try and find a Gentleman Who plays upon his

Nose. Do try and find a Gentleman Who plays upon his Nose.
Send half a dozen Authors for they help to fill a rout, I fear I've worn the literary Lionesses out! I fear I've worn the literary Lionesses out. Send something Biographical, I think that Fashion spreads, Send something Biographical, I think that Fashion spreads, But do not send a Poet till you find one with two Heads. But do not send a
Poet till you find one with two Heads. The Town is grown fas-

tidious; We do not care a straw For the Whiskers of a Bandit, or the

Tails of a Ba-shaw! For the Whiskers of a Band-it, or the

Tails of a Ba-shaw! And Travellers are out of date, I mean to cut them

soon, And Travellers are out of date, I mean to cut them soon, Un-
less you send me some one who has travell'd to the Moon, Un_less you send me

some one who has travell'd to the Moon. Oh! if you send a

Singer, he must sing with_out a throat! Oh! if you send a Player, he must

harp upon one Note! Oh! if you send a Player he must harp upon one
Note! I must have something marvellous; the marvel makes the Man; I

must have something marvellous; the marvel makes the Man; What is

London's last new Lion? Pray inform me if you can, What is

London's last new Lion? Pray inform me if you can.
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*I'm not a Single Man, or, "Well, I confess, I did not guess a simple Marriage Vow"
*Anatomy Song, or, "Twas in the middle of the night, to sleep young William tried"
*Sally Brown, or, "Young Ben he was a nice young Man"
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Something
My Wife, the tight Lacer
Sang by Mr. W. H. Williams
Ditto

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I don't object
Signor Sol-fa
*The Milliners' Song in "The National Guard"
Pray Papa, pray Papa, stay a little longer,—from Colonel West's Collection

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