

HOW TO MAKE A NOVEL.

A SENSATIONAL SONG.

AIR—*Bob and Joan.*

TRY with me and mix
 What will make a Novel,
 All hearts to transfix
 In house or hall or hovel.
 Put the caldron on,
 Set the bellows blowing,
 We'll produce anon
 Something worth the showing.
Toora-loora-loo, &c.

Never mind your *plot*;
 'Tisn't worth the trouble:
 Throw into the pot
 What will boil and bubble.
Character's a jest;
 What's the use of study?

All will stand the test
That's black enough and bloody.

Toora-loora, &c.

Here's the 'Newgate Guide,'
Here's the 'Causes Célèbres ;'
Tumble in beside,
Pistol, gun, and sabre.
These Police reports
Those Old Bailey trials,
Horrors of all sorts,
To match the Seven Vials.*

Toora-loora, &c.

Down into a well,
Lady, thrust your lover ;
Truth, as some folks tell,
There he may discover.
Stepdames, sure though slow,
Rivals of your daughters,
Bring us from below
Styx and all its waters.

Toora-loora, &c.

* Seven Dials?—*Printer's Devil.*

Songs and Verses.

Crime, that breaks all bounds,
Bigamy and arson,
Poison, blood, and wounds,
Will carry well the farce on.
Now it's just in shape ;
Yet, with fire and murder,
Treason, too, and rape
Might help it all the further.

Toora-loora, &c.

Or, by way of change,
In your wild narration
Choose adventures strange
Of fraud and personation.
Make the job complete ;
Let your vile assassin
Rob and forge and cheat,
For his victim passin'.

Toora-loora, &c.

Tame is Virtue's school ;
Paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave, and fool,
With always a Detective.

Hate for Love may sit ;
Gloom will do for Gladness,
Banish Sense and Wit,
And dash in lots of Madness.

Toora-loora, &c.

Stir the broth about ;
Keep the furnace glowing :
Soon we'll pour it out
In three bright volumes flowing.
Some may jeer and jibe :
We know where the shop is,
Ready to subscribe
For a thousand copies !

Toora-loora-loo,
Toora-loora-leddy ;
Now the dish will do,
Now the Novel's ready.