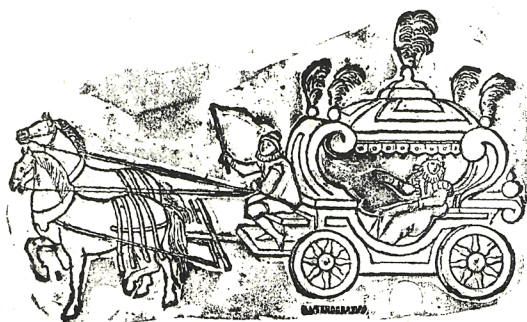


LORD MAYOR'S DAY



HODGES, Printer, (from RITTS) whole sale Toy and Marble warehouse, where upwards of 5000 Songs are continually on sale, 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.



ALL classes in London I'm sure,
As long as they live will remember,
The wonderful doings they saw,
On the glorious ninth of November,
The sweet prince of Wales will be there,
'Tis his birthday, and he'll have a bother,
And to have a peep at the Lord Mayor,
Run away from his father and mother,
To look at the Lord Mayor's show

There is marquises, dukes, earls and lords,
And ladies with fine rings and lockets,
Prince Albert said he would be there,
With two chaldron of coals in his pockets.
But the best of the fun, what a lark,
The gay Prince of Wales so light hearted,
With a sprat twice as big as himself,
Was dancing round Billingsgate Market,
What a lark on the Lord Mayor's day.

There is large legs of mutton and peas,
Saveloys, baked sheep's jemmies & cabages,
Baked potatoes and big lumps of cheese,
And stunning fine great German sa'sages.
There is ladies with flounces so big,
And whiskers so beautiful and large,
With bustles behind lawk a day,
About six times as big as a coal barge,
Old women get out of the way.

An old butcher was stuek in Cheapside,
And his lady stood by him so all pert,
A coal heaver a donkey did ride,
And the butcher's wife swore 'twas Prince
Albert,

A greengrocer betted a crown,
And the butcher pulled out all his riches,
When a great lump of coke knocked him
down,
And his nose tumbled into h's breeches.
Such fun on the Lord Mayor's day.

One old lady cries out oh my nose,
My mantle you're treading upon it,
Dear me, said a damsel, they've stole,
My collar, and damaged my bonnet.
Said another, my shawl it is gone,
And surely they done it most clever,
Bawled a cobbler, 'Pol ce. I am robbed
Of my lapstone and three pounds of
leather,
Look out at the Lord Mayor's show.

Now spooney just mind how you go,
Your larking and gaming pray stop it,
Oh, there goes the Lord Mayor's show,
Just keep your hands out of my pockets.
Jemmy Duke has gane out of his place,
And Farncomb is playing some capers,
When slap in an old woman's face,
Came a slap up big hot baked potatoe,
while Looking at the Lord Mayor's show

Queen Victoria sent word she'd be there,
And the citizens all did believe her,
To look at the Lord Mayor's show,
with Prince Albert the royal coalheaver,
But she was not able to go,
So she sent out her friend Jacky Russell,
To purchase two chaldrons of coal,
and a new two and sixpenny bustle.
what a game on the Lord Mayor's day.

Through the city there is such a row,
Such a terrible fuss and a bother,
Shoving and pushing, oh law,
and a falling one over another.
Such wonderful doings is there,
If there is not I think 'tis a pity.
Here's old whittington's cat the Lord
Mayor,
and the humours of great London city.
The rigs of the Lord Mayor's day.

