

A SKETCH OF The Present Times,

(TUNE Cobbler & Butcher.)

All you that is low spirited,
To me I pray draw near,
I have something here to please you,
And to drive away dull care,
You are all aware the times that's past,
We never again shall see,
And such very funny times as these,
Was never seen before.

CHORUS.

Something now must come to view,
We are certain every day.

Once people had to get along,
Through London as they could,
But we have omnibuses now and cabs,
And streets all paved with wood,
Ladies now wear handsome frills,
And frounces too we see,
Instead of dangling on the ground,
Are up above the knee.

We have got a Queen and Prince of Wales
And a Princess Royal too,
And another little Prince that
Has lately come to view,
We have got an old king Arthur
And we've got a little bob,
And we have got a man called Ireland Dan
Who swears he'll break his nob,

Agusta Cambridge tother day,
Was Joined in wedlock snug
Tied all right both close and tight
Unto a mecklenburg,
With three thousand pounds to Germany,
She is gone to live and tarry
And may she have as many sausages
As ever she can carry,

We have mecklenbugs and arranbugs,
And bugs of all degrees,
We have Scumbugs and humbugs,
Witten bugs and fleas
We have bugs can bite both day and night,
And fine our skins a pail,
And bugs can bite the breeches knees
Of poor old Farmer Bull,

The pretty maidens roam the streets
When they ought to be in bed,
With a bonnet like a tinder box
Upon their pretty heads,



A bustle like an iron hoop,
stuck neatly on their bum,
and an apron round her stomager,
To hide her jigle em jum.



On sunday dressed so neatly
To church some bend their w y
Some go their to gape and talk
But very few to pray,
Some go home without the text,
Some talk of what they see,
While some sing gentle mother dear,
And woodman spare that tree.



You may walk by steam, and talk by
steam,
Sing by steam and dance
In an hour you may go by steam
From London bridge to france.
You may run by steam to seotland,
And from dublin down to cork,
And Prince albert & the Queen by steam
Is going to get a duke of york.



If you saw the butcher's wife walk out,
With her hair all washed in fat,
You would think she was the dutchess,
Of tit falarel wack
And if you saw the barbers lady
Like a curling tongs to jump,
You would swear upon my life that
She was lady tiddebump,



Counter jumpers roam the se ets,
Like dandies they are decked,
With their hair just like a fleece of wool,
Dangling down their necks
A penny cigar stuck in their mouth,
To make them look complete,
And a fourpenny halfpenny maeintosh,
Bought in monmouth street.



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