

The Sunday Beer Bill IS REPEALED

TUNE—"Bailiffs are coming,"



RIAD & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth-court, 7
Dials.

AROUSE lads, arouse! bid adieu to the pump,
The Beer Bill's repealed, cut away and get drunk
Our friend, Wilson Patten is now out of reach,
Let us sing in a bumper his last dying speech.
Here's a health to brave Berkeley, may he never deplore,
And jolly good luck to all friends of the poor;
The Bill of last Session is repealed, 'tis a fact!
And 'twas done through my Lord Bobby Grosvenor's Act.

Here's Berkeley for ever! long praise him we will,
And the magistrates who crushed the cursed Beer Bill;
Fill the pot and the glass, let us drink till we reel
Hurrah lads, hurrah! the Beer Bill is repealed.

Said Carden, I a friend to the publicans ain't,
If I'm not a sinner, I am not a saint,
Poor Benjamin Hall who to beat us have tried,
Jumped over a wall singing I'm bona-fide.
Tom Wakley proved troublesome, & Cuncombe felt queer,

And said 'twas a shame to be kept without beer,
Brave Dan Whittle Harvey spoke up like a man
Let us drink all their healths in a full flowing can

Young ladies may whistle, old women may sing
And drown all their sorrow in ale, rum and gin
All the long day on Sunday, till eleven o'clock,
And if they've no money leave gown, shawl,
and smock.

We can drink and merry without any fear,
We can have ale and sterry, wine, brandy & beer
And all the landladies shall be drest up slap,
With a bunch of blue ribbons and new dandy cap.

I heard an old woman sing-red, white, and blue
And she danced till she kicked out the toes of her shoes,
She met a policeman and wanted to fight,
And sung jolly good luck unto Saturday night,
And then upon Sunday she roamed like a duck,
Her flat iron she pawned, with a sheep's head and pluck;

Like a cat dress'd in breeches, lawk how she did grin,
She drank 10 pints of stout, & six glasses of gin

O the Bill, boys, the Beer Bill, is at last nicely licked,

And the man wearing *pattens* has now cut his stick,

He is gone out to Russia where he will feel queer
On a hot Sunday morning without any beer;
May he always drink water when weary & faint
And have a go in with Carden, the saint,
When tir'd may they not have a chance for to ride
May they stick in the church till they are bona-fide.

The Bill of last Session in the head they did knock
On Sunday from five till eleven o'clock,
We may drink and be merry, drown sorrow and pain,

Come landlord and fill us a bumper again:
We have fought and we've conquer'd huzza lads,
"huzza!"

Every man to his post and we'll carry the day,
The world is got funny, the times they are queer,
The saints are done up, and there's nothing like beer.

The Beer Bill, the Beer Bill, the Bill is repealed
To the voice of the people it was forc'd to yield,
So now in a bumper drown sorrow and pain,
We will fight and we'll conquer again and again.

