

STATE OF Great Britain.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street
Seven Dials.

As old John Bull was walking one morning free
from pain, [to complain,
He heard the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle
An alteration must take place together they did
sing, (another thing.
In the Corn Laws and Poor Laws and many
Conversing on the present times together they did
range, (strange,
All classes thro' Great Britain now appears very
That England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, does
sadly want a change.

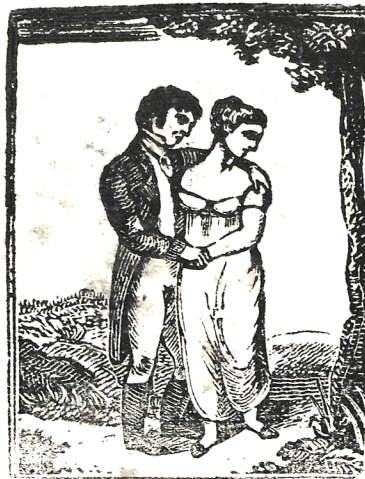
The railroads thro' England have great depression
made, (trade,
Machinery of every kind has nearly stopped the
The innkeepers are weeping with grief and agony,
And ostlers swear they'll buy a rope and go to
felo-de-see.

The steam-boats to old Belzebub the watermen do
wish, (all the fish,
For they say they've nearly ruined them & drowned
Of all the new inventions that we have lately seen,
There was none begun or thought upon when
Betty was the Queen.

Behold the well-fed farmer how he can strut along,
Let a poor man do what'er he will he's a'ways in
the wrong, (drooping head,
With hard labour and low wages he hangs his
They wont allow him half enough to find his
children bread.

The farmers daughters ride about well clad and
pockets full, (a bull,
With horse and saddle like a queen and boa like
In their hands a flashy parasol and on their face
a veil, (ing pail.
And a bustle nearly seven times as big as a milk-
The nobles from the pockets of John Bull are all
well paid, (servant maid,
Somtimes you hardly know the lady from the
For now they are so very proud, silk stockings on
their legs, (pigeon eggs.
And ev'ry step they take you think they walk on
The tradesman he can hardly pry his rent and
keep a home, (breaking stone;
And the labourer has thirteence a day for
The farmer used to ride upon a pony or a mule,
There never was such times as these since Adam
went to school.

Some can live in luxury while others weep in woe,
There's a very pretty differencenow & a century ago
The world will shortly move by steam, it may
appear strange, (a change.
So you must all acknowledge old England wants



A LOWLY YOUTH

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.

A lowly youth, the mountain child,
Within his heart a love conceal'd,
Whose depth, with accents sweet and
wild,

To echo only he revealed.
Ah! if you know, he would repeat,
How fair she is, how true, how fond,
But echo, faithful and discreet,
The name he breath'd would not re-
spond.

His secret having thus possess'd,
She priz'd so much its charmed tone,
That echo, strange to say, confess'd
Instead of his deep love her own.
That voice so tender and so sweet,
Was her's who worshipp'd at his
shrine.
And which would day and night repeat,
My heart is fond and true as thine.



1850