

THAT LICKS ME! AND LICKS US ALL.

As the rose and thistle was conversing,
That licks me!
And with the shamrock was discoursing,
That licks me!
Said Farmer Bull, trade and stagnation,
Free trade and navigation,
Has made a serious alteration.
That licks me!

How Victoria's mind they're bewildering,
That licks me!
How she keeps and nurses all her children,
That licks me!
How it is Prince Albert don't get savage,
When they knock him up and down the passage,
With sour crout and German sausage.
That licks me!

What makes the ladies look so rosy,
That licks me!
And why the Queen employs old Nosey,
That licks me!
Day after day he is getting older,
A poor forlorn and tired soldier,
That he is worn out no one sure has told her.
That licks me!

Where all the people's money goes to,
That licks me!
Such a pitch that steam has rose to,
That licks me!
When the Commons Members takes their station,
And Joey Hume cries numeration,
And teaches them multiplication.
That licks me!

Why men should form themselves in mobs then,
That licks me!
Why all don't hold with Bright and Cobden,
That licks me!
And how it is, the people axes,
Such loads on old John Bull they packses,
How he can carry all the taxes,
That licks me!

How a man can dare his children strike, sir,
That licks me!
How a man can live with a drunken wife,
That licks me!
We often meet with things uncommon.
An enemy, we must keep from 'em.
How any man can beat a woman,
That licks me!

To freedom gain, how they can try on,
That licks me!
For Doheny, M'Manus, and C'Bien,
That licks me!
A point they're going to try and reason,
'Cause the convicted was o' treason,
When Irish laws was out of sea on.
That licks me!

Why in the house there's such a bustle,
That licks me!
At the approach of Jacky Russell.
That licks me!
How they can jump about the lobby,
Capering like Lord Tomnoddy,
When they hear the voice of Tamworth Bobby,
That licks me!

How the Irish members will have no truck,
That licks me!
With the Sheffield lawyer, Arthur Roebuck,
That licks me!
How he can say and speak with reason,
When eggs and bacon is in season,
That digging taters is not treason.
That licks me!

Why they shouldn't make the money faster,
That licks me!
Why a footman should not wop his mister,
That licks me!
Why the Poor Law coves who act so cruel,
Should not be made to fight a duel,
And fed six months on water gruel.
That licks me!

Why Charley Cochrane should suit not,
That licks me!
To keep a stunning fine pea soup shop,
That licks me!
Why he should not have been elected,
When crossing sweepers he protected;
Why Charley Cochrane was rejected,
That licks me!

Why the English farmers grumble,
That licks me!
When with their wives the hay they tumble,
That licks me!
In crossing hedges, stiles, or ditch then,
They all declare by that and this then,
There's no man like the Duke of Richmond.
That licks me!

