

JOHN BULL & his Party

Or, Do it Again

As the shamrock, the rose, and the thistle were meeting,
Together one morning, so jovial and gay,
First in popped a welchman and then came a Frenchman,
And loudly to old Farmer Bull thus did say,
I think this great nation wants some alteration,
All over the land and far over the main,
You once was victorious, done deeds bright and glorious,
But now do you think you can do it again,
Do it again, do it again, but now do you think you can do it again.

I met with young Albert, so buxom and all pert,
He was down in the nursery telling tales,
In the royal palace to Addy and Alice,
The young Duke of York, and the great Prince of wales.

Then he went in the passage and took up a sausage
And strove for to banish all sorrow and pain,
He played up so charming, oh, it was alarming,
Buy a broom, ax my eye, and we'll do it again.

Then up stept Victoria, all England adores her,
Russians, Prussions, and Frenchman she loves,
to invite,
She likes you know what then to travel to Scotland,
And gaze on the Highlands with joys and delight
towns counties & cities with sweet little kiddies,
By steam she'll supply & send them by the train
If old Bull don't like it, why then he may pipe it
She has done it before and she'll do it again.

Then up stept old Nosey so blythe and so cosey,
with his cocked hat and feathers believe it's true
His cannons rattled as it 'twas in battle,
when he faced poor Boney at famed waterloo,
Like a soldier afloat with his sword, sash, & coat,
He had travelled through Houndsditch and Petticoat Lane,
Singing, buy old clothes, hay day, belts, powder,
and pipe clay,
I am getting too old for to do it again.

then ratcatching Bobby jumped up in the lobby,
And to old Neddy K— those words he did say
You know and will state they have broke down the toll gates,
while you was a hopping in Kent t'other day,
Jemmy G— with letters of hymen and fetters,
Came creeping and weeping in sorrow and pain
when his nose it went right slap into Bobby's rat trap,
And old Bull holloa'd out will you do it again.

Up came Gladstone a blinking with old Mr. Lincoln?

And as in the Enclosure together they stood,
Said Gouldbourn to Lincoln by jingo I'm thinking
they will bang us all up in the forests & woods
Then old Harry Hardinge with a bag of half-farthings,
Got a good situation right over the main,
So says he off I'm jogging, I was once fond of flogging,
And I shan't come to England to do it again.

Like winking did up run Mr. Tommy Durcombe
And in Finsbury-square he began for to dance,
He was followed so quickly by Alderman wabley
who out of his pocket did pull a great lance,
Saying Duncombe so clever we'll struggle togethe
and threw our enemies into great pain,
We will strive for to righten, we must not be frightened,
I have bled them before and I'll do it again

up came Mr. Daniel saying uow don't I staud we
against all oppression and shocking bad law,
Repeal now and glory and no whig and tory,
The Lakes of Killarney and Erin go bragh,
I will not be frighted til Erin is righted,
For the repeal the unis my werves I will strain,
You know well Hibernia, repea ldoes concern her,
I have beat them before and I'll do it again,
Do it again, do it again, I have beat them before
and I'll do it again.

I'll not Beguile thee From thy Home.

I'LL not beguile thee from thy home,
I For me thou shalt not friend resign,
Or exi.'d from thy kindred roam,
In poverty and grief to pine,
Oh, no, no, no,
Too dearly do I love thee:

Though losing thee I bid farewell,
To every hope and every joy,
Think not I wish thee here to dwell
If 'twould thy happiness destory,
Oh, no, no, no,
Too dearly I do love thee.

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