

ABOLITION OF THE CORN LAWS

Tune—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

Attend awhile and you shall hear,
The glorious day is drawing near,
When you may banish grief and care,
They must abolish the Corn Laws ;
The evil we have encountered long,
Petitions to the throne does throng,
The nation is excited strong,
And every class is now among,
The men of note the people's friends,
Who vowed they'd struggle until when
Monopoly was at an end,
And they'd abolish the Corn Laws.

CHORUS.

Huzza ! huzza ! the time is come,
Open the ports it must be done,
The landlords fine career is run,
They must abolish the Corn Laws.

We soon shall great advantage reap,
A loaf of bread, we shall get cheap,
And of rolls and butter in a heap,
When they've abolished the Corn Laws ;
Before a month, I'll make a bet,
A loaf for threepence we shall get,
Besides a pot of heavy wet ;
Oh, wont we make the landlords sweat ?
In a corner they will sit and mope,
Without the slightest spark of hope,
With twopence each they'll buy a rope,
When we've abolished the Corn Laws.

Old Arthur says it mustn't be done,
And sliding Bobby mad does run,
Saying won't I shew them lots of fun,
We must abolish the Corn Laws ;
For if we don't they will surely groan,
And think our hearts as hard as stone,
To Hampshire go to gnaw the bones,
But we will conquer all the drones ;
Muffins for breakfast you will see,
Hot rolls and butter too for tea,
Cheer up, says Bull, and shout with me,
They must abolish the Corn Laws.

Great changes will be shortly seen,
Among the poorest class, I ween,
Sir Bobby went and told the Queen,
She must abolish the Corn Laws ;
Oh, well, said she, my best I'll try,
I know the time is drawing nigh,
When folks will raise their voices high,
With rolls and crumpets puddings & pies,
Go on says Vic. John that's your sort,
I will listen to your wrongs at court,
I say, old Nosey open the Ports,
We must abolish the Corn Laws.

From Foreign parts the ships will pour,
With wheat, and barley, oats, and flour,
Oh, won't the tyrants all look sour,
When they've abolished the Corn Laws ;
They will send tremendous lots of grain,
From Holland, Portugal, and Spain,
From America across the main,
And France, to banish England's pain ;
England will be all alive,
The manufacturing towns will thrive,
And day and night will Britons strive,
To bury the nauseous Corn Laws.

Fast approaching is the day,
They know we can no longer stay,
Let monopolists do whate'er they may,
They must abolish the Corn Laws ;
Great Britain now is all in arms,
But soon will banish all alarms,
Oh, won't this be some fine concerns,
And make all rogues in future learn,
The poor they must not dare oppress,
And look and laugh at their distress,
It makes them grin I must confess,
They must abolish the Corn Laws.



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