

BURNING THEM OUT, Oct. 15, 1840

## OR, A FLARE UP AMONG THE LADIES.

Attend awhile both great and small,  
Of every rank and station,  
High and low and rich and poor,  
Of all denominations ;  
I took a walk the other day,  
And as I was returning,  
In the Waterloo Road good lack-a-day,  
I saw the ladies burning.

CHORUS.

So I tell you all, both great and small,  
No matter what your trade is,  
There is such a row in the Waterloo Rd.  
A burning out the ladies.

As near Broad Wall I chanced to go,  
I saw a blooming creature,  
She tumbled right bang from Stamford  
Street,  
To the Victoria Theatre,  
Bawling out, oh ! curse the Police Act,  
It flares me up like flinders,  
They have searched my clothes & burnt  
my nose,  
And threwed me out of the window.

We are frightened at the bills & boards  
And sore afraid of the Peelers,  
Pray have mercy on us all, they cried,  
Forlorn oppressed creatures,  
To do us up neat and complete,  
The all appear quite willing,  
They won't let us turn out at night,  
To earn an honest shilling.

By a certain street a dandy went,  
Who played on the piano,  
He thought he saw old Wombwell's show  
Lions, tigers, and hyenas,  
So then he ventur'd down the street,  
As nimble as a panthon.  
And there oh dear ! how he did swear,  
And tumbled over a lanthorn.

A rum old maid cried I'm afraid,  
They are acting very shocking,  
When a lanthorn fell upon her foot,  
And burnt a hole in her stocking,

Then a board fell bang into her eyes,  
And gave her such a nice rap,  
That she sung so keen, oh, how I've been  
Served out by the Police Act.

When passing by you will see some cry,  
While others they are chaffing,  
Some so sweet look down the street,  
A grinning and a laughing.  
One said they shall not frighten me,  
No lass was ever bolder,  
I will pack up all my clothes, said she,  
And go and list for a soldier.

Now all you married and single men,  
Night, afternoon, and morning,  
If you away should chance to stray,  
You must look out for warning ;  
For if you go near the Waterloo Road.  
Look out, says Mother Lantern,  
Or else, perhaps, you may burn your  
nose,  
And tumble ever a lanthorn.]

An old swell in Kent, with good intent  
Came up to London town, sir,  
I will go, says he, and have a spree,  
For I have seventy pounds, sir ;  
And when so bright he saw the lights,  
With the lanthorns he'd a tustle,  
He jumped right bang from Waterloo  
Bridge,  
To the Elephant and Castle.

I heard some say. good lack-a-day,  
'Tis done for to degrade us,  
The Police Act, it is] a fact,  
Will ruin us poor ladies ;  
We will unite, with all our might,  
Now we find how the law is,  
And petition the Lords & Commons too  
To alter some of the clauses.

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

Every Description of Printing on Reasonable  
Terms.

