

# WONDERS of the 19th CENTURY!

(AIR, John Bull and the Taxes.)

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**BRITANNIA** is complaining,  
And the times are very queer,  
There must be an alteration soon,  
In Europe every where;  
The rich man, keeps the poor man down,  
And treats him very bad,  
The Whigs are going crazy,  
And the Tories raving mad, [awful times.  
And that is my opinion of these present  
Now what is your opinion,  
Of old Derby and his crew,  
Old Packington and Walpole,  
And Disraeli, the Jew?  
Why I think they wanted office,  
And they caus'd a pretty bother,  
Tories and Whigs are six of one,  
Half a dozen of the other, [one can deny.  
So they are all birds of a feather which no  
What do you think of Palmerston,  
Since he has had the sack?  
He went through Piccadilly  
Singing, tit-fol-la-rol whack;  
He sold his coat and trowsers,  
And his hat for seven bob,  
He got in a jolly row sir,  
And was nearly sent to quod, [saw the like.  
Oh! crikey! what a pretty game you never  
What do you think of Jackey Russell?  
Wont he have a pretty game,  
If the Jews don't get in parliament,  
He will pull down Drury Lane,  
He will take a trip to Bedford,  
And with Rothschild's kind advice,  
They will both go down to Deptford,  
And set the thames on fire, [& pickl'd pork.  
Turnip top's & cabbage stumps pea soup  
What do you think of Bonaparte?  
Oh! cock-a-doodle-doo,  
The Ally of Britannia,  
Francais and parlez-vous.  
Why, I think he likes old England,  
And contented he will be,  
If the French they disrespect him,  
He'll come here a refugee,  
For the French are seldom satisfied they  
always want a row.

Hip hip Huzzal & clear the way,  
Before and look behind,

Go home & dry your loving wife,  
A stunning Crinoline,

A bustle, Veil, a Jenny Lin,  
And big Jack Sheppard hat.

What do you think of Bomba,<sup>?</sup>  
The naughty Naple's King,  
Who confined the British engiener's,  
That was a shocking thing,  
If old John Bull does nail him,  
He'll put Bomb-shells on his toes,  
And he'll clap an English Bomb,  
On his old Italian nose,  
There never was such times before since  
Adam eat the pump.

What do you think of India?  
Don't you think we'll gain the day?  
Of that, we are quite certain,  
Old Sir Colin says, Huzza!  
He is just the boy to lick the Nena  
Saib, and the Sepoy's,  
He will make them all black puddings,  
Cabbage nets & savoley's,  
Long live Sir Colin Campbell he will  
pepper their black hides.  
Now what is your opinion of  
(The Leviathan?) great ship,  
Why I think she is a monster,  
And when taking her first trip,  
All the world she will astonish,  
When she's sailing on the main,  
With her Bowsprit in Calcutta,  
And her stern in Salisbury plain,  
There was never such a monster yet upon  
the Raging Main.

Have you heard about the Damsels,  
They who nightly walk the streets,  
The police have all got orders,  
When they catch them on their beat,  
Pretty Nelly, Poll and Jenny,  
Caroline & Fancy Peg,  
To pop them in the station-house,  
And chain them by the leg,  
And send them all for seven days to  
charming Tothill fields.

"Now what is your opinion of  
The fashions and the times?"  
Folks like a Jack Sheppard hat,  
And their new crinoline,  
Why I think they are funny subjects,  
Such things should not be found,  
For they cover all the pavement,  
And they knock the People down,  
Flashy back & hungry belly often roam  
through London streets.

