

The CHARTIST'S Flare-up on Witsun-monday.

Tune.——"Paddy will you now."



THE Chartists all are going mad,
And Old John Bull looks very sad;
They are asking for a tidy lot,
and that I really can't tell what.
They want says John, and nothing minces,
To be made Kings, Lords, and Princes,
And each of them wants his old woman
To spin a yarn in the House of Commons.

CHORUS.

Tow, row, row, what a glorious row,
There is with the Chartists on Witsun
monday every where.

The Constables are all sworn in,
To carry a monstrous rolling pin,
The little Prince of Wales we're told,
Has a truncheon made of irish Gold,
Prince alfred has a summer cabbage.
Prince albert carries a German sausage,
Lord Lansdowne carries his kitchen saddle,
and Bobby Peel a leg of the table.

The ladies too have warrants bright,
and they must all turn out and fight,
Ladies maids with clarence boots,
House maids, kitchen-maids, and cooks,
Queen vic. declared she'd have a tustle,
and kill the chartists with her bustle.
While old Duke Nosey swore he'd punch'em
With a shining gutta percha truncheenn.

Now when the specials did go by,
The little boys and girls did cry—
Move along right face about,
and does your mother know you're out,
Children squalled and women jangled,
Crying has your mother sold her mangle,
How you would laugh to see them running
Clear the way the police are coming.
There were nine old maids went out wa
On Whitmonday to have a sprce,
And when two soldiers they beheld,
In shericks on the ground they fell,
They shouted help Fergus O'Conner,
Bet fel down and lick fel on her,
And a lady hallowe pray let go her,
You have broke her bustle and spilt her bow
Since France such curious games have had,
They have drove the English chartists mad
John Bull can't tell which way to rule,
Such monstrous lots of rogues and fools,
Clear the way and toddle on quick,
Shovels, pokers, pikes and broom-sticks,
And all those chartists games so clever,
We'll end in a bottle of smoke and leather
You would laugh to see the people roars,
When they at night are going home,
With broken hats and bonnets too,
Some tare their coats some lost their shoes
Teeth knocke i out as some supposes,
Besides black eyes, and bloody roses,
Some lost their shawls and some their riches,
And some had their sarits hanging out of
their bre-ches.
The times are hard we all well know,
And thousands scarce know what to do.
It is very cruel John Bull said,
To see the poor people wanting bread,
But I'm afraid they will not hit it,
I wish the charter they may get it,
I wish O'Connor joy and cosey
May take the place of old Duke nosey.
So to conclude and make an end,
I hope the times will shortly mend,
And all the collegemen, oh fegs,
Shall guard the streets with wooden legs,
Tag rag and bob tail how they are running,
When they see the policemen coming,
All this confusion row and racket,
Will be quelled at the sight of a soldiers
jabket.

C. Paul, Printer, Gt. St. Andrew St 7 Dials.

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