

The LORD MAYOR'S SHOW IN 1858.

AIR,—“WAIT FOR THE WAGGON,” “DASH ALONG,” &c. &c.

CHEER up all lasses, blythe and gay
And onward quickly go!
And have a lark this glorious day,
At London Lord Mayors show.
It is not as it used to be,
When our ancestors did joy;
To see old Billy Whittington,
His Cat and Mister Gog.

So here's Alderman Wire,
He's the peoples desire;
Brave Alderman Wire
Is—the good Lord Mayor.

Away goes Pretty Polly,
With her Mussell bonnet fine,
And bouncing Jane, and Sally,
With their dashing CRINOLINE,
Mind your knees, do as you please,
And dont turn out your toes,
Or the end of a nasty Crinoline,—
Will hit you on the nose.

The band shall play so merrily,
And old Bow bells shall ring,
They have shoved old bobby Carden out
The barrow boys do sing.
Success to Alderman Wire,
He's a gentleman of fame,
And they'll burn old Carden's Effigy,
At the end of Peticoat Lane.

Itwigg'd a rum old Lady,
And she wore a CRINOLINE,
She said I've seen the Lord Mayor's show
Above 300 times;
She lived in Widegate Alley,
And was born on Lord Mayor's day,
When off went poor old Sally,
With her nose against a dray.

There's tinkers, snobs, and tailors,
And bucksome girls and sparks,
There's fishmongers, and sailors,
With a lot of barbers clerks,
There's goldsmiths too, and CUTLER'S
And ladies with their veils;
And there's naughty Mister Johnson,
Just come out of Holloway Jail.

Mind your rings and locketts,
See how they shove behind;
Good People mind your pockets,
Ladies—mind your CRINOLINE.
Sing 'Wait for the Waggon,'
And whistle 'Go it Bob,'
Like the Cutler, Mister Johnson,
When he went to Holloway Quod

CHORUS

Then here's Alderman Wire,
He's the Citizen's desire!
Alderman Wire,
And the Lord Mayors Show.

The Publicans do all rejoice,
For it is their desire,
Their Solicitor should be Lord Mayor,
They must have Alderman Wire.
You Licensed Victualars all rejoice,
They will have him, you require,
So let us sing, with heart and voice,
“Success to Alderman Wire.

Now is the time, or, never.
To skip and jump about;
Alderman Wire, lads, for ever!
He is in, and Carden's out!!
He's the pride of London City,
And a good Lord Mayor I ween;
So we'll drink success to Wire,
And we'll sing “God save the Queen!”

CHORUS

‘Old Carden's out,—and Wire is in,’
The Barrow Boys so glad do sing;
Drink in Brandy, Ale, and Gin,
Success to Alderman Wire!

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Printed and Published at SUCH'S Song Mart,
123, Union Street, Borough, London.
Hawkers Supplied.

