

ENGLAND DEMANDS 'REFORM!' & REFORM SHE'LL HAVE!

Air, "White Cockade," "Paddington Omnibus."

CHEER up! Cheer up! Britannia
cries,
And gain our rights we surely will,
It does the cats and dogs surprise,
To listen to the **TORY BILL!**
It is a bill and no mistake, (sure
They must think the people fools I'm
Give us our rights, says Johnny Bright,
Reform, my boys, & "Nothing More"

—————**CHORUS**—————

Stick to 'em lads, old John Bull cried,
Treat their measure with disgust and
scorn,
Old England wont be satisfied,
Until she gets a **RIGHT** Reform.

When Disraeli brought in his bill,
He nearly frightened all the lot,
Finality Johnny hollowed, Ben, '
Oh, what a stunning nerve you've got!
Hang your Reform bill round your neck,
Oh, cut it Ben, the members bawled,
Why the people wont be satisfied,
You had better made no bill at all.

One member who had seldom spoke,
Said, Well, I never knew such rigs,
If I had my will, the cats should vote—
The Bullocks, Jackass's and Pigs;
And every female in the land,
Who was not drunk, & in her mind.
Should have a vote—that is if she,
Would never wear a Crinoline!

The costermonger's want Reform,
And so does all the lasses too,
The tailor, snob, and dusty Bob,
The coalheaver, chimney-sweep & jew.
And if we do not get Reform,
The Emperor of the French will bawl,
"I'll rule the coast, to the English coast,
"We'll toddle now, and eat them all!"

The Tories say throughout the land,
The people are not fit to vote,
And why should they despise a man—
Because he wears a ragged coat (?)
There's an honest perhaps 'neath that
coat,
You might depend on that man's word
Why should he not be as good a man,
As the bastard son of a Lord.
I think old Israel will look queer,
If he his p's and q's don't mind,
He'll be running down to Bucking-
hamshire,
With his muslin hanging out behind.
Old Derby he will get the sack,
Or else he'll have a stand up fight;
I will bet a sovereign he'll get whacked,
"Give him pepper" Jackey Bright!
Old Southwark Charley, where are you?
How is it you don't want to fight?
Go at old Israel the Jew,
And fire your guns for Johnny Bright!
Be quick and man the ship **REFORM**,
And to the coast of freedom steer,
Guide the helm,—weather the **storm**,
Sing, "Briton's wont be slaves,"—
Napier!
Be up and do the thing that's right,
And britons greivance to them tell;
Come, Duncombe, Roebuck, Gibson,
Bright,
Stand forward. Williams & Roupell.
Every man demands his right,
Treat the **TORY** bill with scorn,
Stick like bricks to Johnny Bright,
And shout, "Old England wants
REFORM!!"

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