

The Great Chartist Meeting.

Cheer up my lads, says farmer Bull,
What will the folks be after,
There is nothing can them satisfy,
Unless they have the Charter;
Some thousands flock from far and near,
And say they now have hit it,
And all that I can say, fair play,
I wish that they may get it.

CHORUS,

Some thousands strong, do onward throng.
What can the coves be after,
It seems they'll not be satisfied,
Until they get the Charter.

To sit in glee, and live rent free,
And their cigar be puffing,
They want a Cow, a Pig, a Plough,
And a large peck loaf for nothing,
O'Connor wants to be premier,
And Vincent says he'll hit it,
O'Brian wants to be a prince,
And I wish that he may get it.

The constables are all sworn in,
And we shall be protected,
Such a funny lot, I'll tell you what,
And who they have elected,
Prince Albert has a rolling pin,
The Queen away will trust it,
Lord Morpeth has an apple tree,
And Nosey carries a musket.

Lord Stanley has the curling tongs,
John O'Connell a ladies bustle,
Old Brougham has a broomstick,
And Grey and Johnny Russell,
Has such a cat of nine tails got,
To give it to them right siap,
Old Evans has nine yards of steel,
And Bobby carries a rat trap,

The Masons they are all sworn in,
The Butchers and the Bakers.
The blind, the lame, the deaf and dumb.
The Prigs and Undertakers;
The Gaslight chaps, and Fishmongers,
The hatters, snobs, and tailors;
The dustmen and the coalheavers,,
The Soldier and the sailors.



Some of them are armed with swords,
And they along must march quick,
Some are armed with fryingpan.
And some are carrying broomsticks,
Some has a fender on their nose,
This jeb does really start us,
Huzza, Huzza, get out of the way,
And make a road for the chartists.

Now when we have the charter got,
Heigho, says Sally Carter,
We'll drink a health to M Guizot,
And go to bed with the charmer,
The summer nights are drawing on,
Fried turnip tops and cabbage,
We will send the foreign bugs away.
With a clip of a German sausage.

The world would end if times don't mend,
Now shortly through the nation,
England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland,
Want a serious alteration;
There's tens of thousands out of work,
How dreadful, in this country,
It is very hard for a man to see—
His wife and children hungry.

This day we never can forget,
The day they thought to hit.
When all their wants would be supplied,
I wish they soon may get;
Poor old John Bull was frightened sore,
He cried: what are you after?
Oh, never mind, a lady said,
Old John, we want the Charter.

CHORUS.

Huzza, Huzza, this glorions day,
We wonder how they'll hit it,
They want the Cherter, says Old Bull,
And I wish that they may get it.



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