

A New Song for the Times

The Union houses must come down and Railroads go to pot:

COME all you English poor folks,
And listen to my son,
An alteration must take place—
And that before 'tis long;
The steam has great distriction made,
On land from shore to shore,
And the Union houses long has been
The terror of the poor.

CHORUS.

England must confess we're in mess,
Sad is our nation's lot,
The Union houses must come down,
And the Railroads go to pot.

The Foreigners from Britain's shores,
Must quickly banished be,
Italians, French, and Germans,
And monkeys o'er the sea;
For thy have ruined old John Bull,
Whom they did never serve,
Foreigners can live like nobles
Where poor Englishmen will starve.

Trade's at a stand throughout the land,
And labour's thrown away,
A poor man like a horse must work—
For scarce a bob a day,
While his tender wife and children pines,
And hangs their drooping heads,
The rich can sing and quaff their wines
While the poor scarce get bread.

Not more than fifty years ago,
The truth you must allow,
Our parents then was able,
To keep a pig and cow;
The little farmers they could live
And people did not dream
Instead of eattle, every sort
Of work should go by steam

But now the times are altered,
Farmers daughters wear a veil,
A bustle, and a bow, made
Just like a donkey's tail;
A fine blood horse to ride on,
So spirited and savage,
And coral ear-rings hanging down,
As big as a German sausage.

We recollect Andover, where
The poor folks made their moans,
And where for water gruel, they
Was sent a grinding bones;
The Poor Law act, it is a fact,
Was passed by selfish elves,
May the Lord have mercy on the poor,
The rich can help themselves.

Where'er you go you'll find it so,
In country or town,
The people say the Union houses
Shotly must come down;
They've been tried, and will not answer,
They are unjust and cruel,
Would Nosey and Prince Albert
Like to live on water gruel.

When Albert first to England came,
From Germany alaek!
He had neither breeches, coat, or shoes,
Or shirt upon his back;
But now he houses has, and lauds
And a great big Flemish Farm,
And a blooming little wife to roll,
And cuddle in his arms.

An Englishmen of labour
Was never yet afraid,
All we want is work to do,
And for our labour paid,
Foreigners all sent away,
Taxation at an end,
And each great Farm in England
Divided into ten.

But the time it is fast coming boys,
And come it will we'll see,
The Railroads and the Union houses
At an end will be;
The poor shall live in happiness,
Contentment will be seen,
Manual labour, liberty;
And nothing done by steam.

RIAL & Co., Printers, 2, & 3, Monmouth
Court, Seven Dials.

1858

