

THE Strike

Come all you gallant Britons bold, and listen awhile to me,
We'll be better paid, have better trade, and better times we'll see.

Let every man throughout the land, do the thing that's right,
See one and all both great and small, through England's on the strike.

Here, there, and everywhere, things surely can't be right,
For every grade and every trade, are going on the strike.

Earl Russell said the other night, I'll tell you of a lark,
That did occur the other night, when all was still and dark:
The Prince of Wales jumped up in bed, and began to thump his wife,
He said my dear, its very clear, that I am on the strike.

Jemmy Mace got in disgrace, when he went down with Goss,
Who in the ring did swiftly spring, and won the fancy toss;
Like dunghill cocks, or wooden blocks, neither of them could fight,
So with Goss and Mace, no fight took place, for they were on the strike.

The sailors they are on the strike, and will not go to sea,
The builders and the bakers too, are striking for better pay.
The jolly boys so help my bob, both old and young alike.
Say they'll have their leather cheaper, or they'll go upon the strike.

When the little children cry for bread, their darling mothers do shout,
And with a stick begin to knock the kids about;
There is no bread, the mother said, and bawled with all her might,
You'll get none to-day, go out and play, your father is on the strike.

The Tailors they are striking too, and says it's no use,
They'll have more pay, and cabbage they say, or else they'll eat their goose;
The Government Reform bill, the Tories did not like,
So the liberals they threw up their post, and went upon the strike.

The women they are on the strike against the price of meat,
And bretty girls with hoops and curls, that nightly walk the street—
They're all alike, and swear they'll strike, and will not walk the town,
Or do a job, so help my bob, for less than half-a-crown.

The times are queer, and meat is d— we find it hard to live,
Each master man, throughout the land, must better wages give,
Or they'll be done, to destruction and that they will not like
They'll curse the day, my lads huzza, the men went on the strike.

Tramp!

TRAMP, TRAMP.

Pearson, [Printer, Chadderton-street,
[Off Oldham-road,] Manchester.

My name is Paddy Doyle,
I'm a native of the soil,
Where the purty little shamrock grows,
For a soldier I did list,
Got a shilling in my fist,
A bounty, and a nobby suit of clothes.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are marching,
Cheer up comrades, let's be gay,
We will toast each bonny lass in a full
and flowing glass,
With the merry fife and drums we'll
march away.

And when we march along,
Through the gay and happy throng,
The girls all admire their darling joy,
For a smile from every maid,
Who loves the white cockade.
For courting purty girls I'm the boy.
With the nurses in the Park,
Sometimes I have a lark—
I praise their figure and their beauty;
While the children run and play,
We pass the time away,
That's what I call doing soger's duty.
Whene'er we leave a town,
The damsels pout and frown,
To think that they'll not see us any more
But I always bear in mind,
The girls I leave behind,
The darling little creatures I adore.

Hark! I hear my comrades come,
There's the merry fife and drum,
The sound fills my heart so full of joy,
Then raise a hearty cheer,
For home and friends so dear,
And success attend the jovial soldier boy.

