

# Lord Mayor's Show in 1846.

Come all you lads and lasses gay,  
Who like a spree on Lord Mayor's day,  
Just give attention high and low,  
While I tell you about the Lord Mayor's  
Show.

Get out of the way you saints and sianers  
For you'll get none of the Lord Mayor's  
dinnere;

Clear the road or you'll be undone,  
For Carroll the great Lord Mayor of  
London,

Get out of the way!

As in Cheapside I took a view,  
Up came a covey drest in blue,  
He gave me a crack, and then did say,  
The Lord Mayor is coming, get out of the  
way.

As near Guildhall with a friend I stood,  
I saw poor Alderman Tommy Wood,  
How he did holloa, bawl, and swear,  
I ought to be the great Lord Mayor.

Then Alderman Johnson he came by,  
And gave old Gibbs a slap in the eye,  
Then Gog and Magog all in bloom,  
Did threaten to wop poor Alderman Moon

Mind your pockets, see there he goes,  
I say spooney, get off my toes!  
Of all the sights I ever saw,  
There is nothing beats the Lord Mayor's  
Show.

Down the river they gently sail,  
To Westminster Hall to count hob nails,  
Then home to dinner they go so pat,  
Like Whittington and his old tom'cat.

There is Lord John Russell and all his  
crew,

The Tories, judges, and ministers too,  
To have a gorge and speech away,  
And starve the poor on Lord Mayor's day

Talk about famine, it would be a treat,  
For thousands to see the citizens eat,

A goose to one is nothing, though e'er so  
big.

Without a leg of mutton, and a roasting  
pig

One polished a round of beef all fat,  
A turtle, a duck, and a bushel of sprats,  
Heshook the foundation fell on the ground,  
And knocked the Guildhall chimneys down

And then they swallow of wines all sorts,  
A large plum pudding and open the ports,  
God help the poor and ring Bow bells,  
For those gormandizers can help them-  
selves.

The alderman, judges, the Tories, & whigs,  
Will grunt and tumble about like pigs,  
Sing Rule Britannia, and humbly pray,  
They may live till another Lord Mayor's day

Then my Lady Mayoress like the Queen of  
France,

Gets up with her finiken lasses to dance,  
With their bustles & muslin gee gaws fine,  
And Lord John with his breeches tore out  
behind.

The Lord Mayor's show said a lady so fine  
I have beheld some hundreds of times,  
I am sure it is nothing she aloud did cry,  
When a brewer's dray went right in her eye:

Wood for ever! a snob did shout,  
Carroll is in and Johnson is out,  
Singing open the ports and off she goes,  
When a paving hammer came bang on  
his nose.

There's her Majesty's ministers telling  
such tales,

Of Albert, the Queen & the Prince of Wales  
Who was never hungry the people say,  
Cause he came to town on Lord Mayor's  
day,

All you that are hungry off may go,  
To have a peep at the Lord Mayor's show,  
Then to Guildhall you may repair,  
And a smell is all you will get for your  
share.

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