

A New Song and Dialogue on the Opening of
THE PORTS.

COME listen awhile to my song,

And I will not detain you a minute,
 It is neither too short nor too long,
 But there is something comical in it;
 You have heard what the Queen's going to do,
 No doubt she's a regular good'un,
 The poor she is going to besiege
 With nothing but stunning good pudding.
 Hurrah! for the Queen and Free Trade.

JACK.—Well, Tom, my boy, here is glorious news! the Ports are now open, and wheat is now coming in by ship loads

TOM.—Coming in Jack! what the devil's the odds whether it's a coming in or going out, if we have no money? Now suppose we could get a 4lb loaf for a penny, if we had not got that penny, how could we get it? that's what I want to know.

Lord John is the Premier of State,
 I'm sure he's a good hearted fellow,
 He will give us all plenty to eat,
 And now I am going for to tell you,
 Some members are cutting their throats,
 The Queen she will not be mistaken,
 For she has thrown open the Ports
 To feed us on cabbage and bacon—

But where's the money to buy?

JACK.—Well, it's true what you say; but as for my part, I have no money, and I believe there are a good many like me. But if work was stirring, and money in circulation—why then I could get a sheep's head and pluck for about 9d., that would last me, my wife and six children all the week—provided I left it in the cupboard five days out of six.

JACK.—The ports are open, Tom, that's your sort.

TOM.—The ports are open! I think they had need to open their hearts as well as the ports—for if they don't, I think they will have to open John Bull's pockets a little wider, for I know very well that the people's mouths are wide enough open.

Of promises we've had enough,
 What is past is only a token,
 Hot cabbage, fat bacon, and stuff,
 We will have—now the Ports are throwa open.
 Fat pigs will be roasted by steam,
 And bread for a halfpenny farthing;
 They're going to set tatoes and greens
 All in the Zoological Gardens.

JACK.—I know that Tom, and shut too, for there is nothing in but wind and poverty, two very bad comforts; but cheer up my lad, bad now, better another time: the world was not built in a day.

TOM.—I knew that Jack, nor were the ports opened in a day; and now they are open, I do not see anything coming in to be of service to you or me either, or any body else

JACK.—Will you inform me what they are going to do for the good of the poor?

We'll have tea for three half-pence an ounce,
 The old women's hearts for to nourish,
 O dear, how they'll caper and bounce,
 To see how the tea-pot will flourish!
 We shall have pickled onions and beef,
 If you will only credit my story,
 Duck eggs at a farthing a-piece,
 And then you will be all in your glory.
 What comical times we shall have!

TOM.—Why they are going to bring in a bill forward in Parliament for every poor family to be put in possession of three acres of land, a large dwelling house, cow-house, stable, duck-house, hen house, pig-stye, cat and dog house, including a large garden, all for two shillings a week.

JACK.—Well, Tom, if what you say can be done, I shall call them clever fellows, and instead of Bobby Peel and Victory, we will sing Lord John and the Queen for ever!

TOM.—To be sure we should Jack; and if I was a Member of Parliament, that is how it should be—and so help me tea, toast and frying pan! if I wouldnt fight out thirteen to the dozen until I had done some good for the country—blow me!

They say that Prince AL. and the Queen
 Are going to learn to be Bakers,
 And Bobby Peel and Little Lord John
 Are going to sell hot baked tatoes;
 The poor will have every thing nice,
 And leave poverty three miles behind—
 Come sharpen your teeth and rej ice,
 You will soon have enough for to Grind.
 Come cheer up your spirits once more.

From W. PRATT'S Song Emporium 82, Digbeth,
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