

A NEW SONG AND DIALOGUE ON THE OPENING OF THE PORTS.

COME listen a while to my song,
I'll not detain you a minute,
Its neither too short or too long,
But there is something comical in it.
You have heard what the Queen going to do
No doubt she's a regular good one,
The poor she is going to besiege,
With nothing but stunning plum pudding.
Hurrah for the Queen, & free trade,

Jack. Well Tom, here is glorious news,
the ports are open and the wheat is coming
in by ships loads.

Tom. Coming in Jack, whats the odds
whether it is coming in or going out if we
have no money, now suppose we could get
a 4lb. loaf for a 1d. if we had not got it
how could we get it.

Lord John he is primier of state,
I sure he's a good hearted fellow,
He will give us all plenty to eat,
And now I am going to tell you,
Some members are cutting their—
The Queen she will not be mistaken,
For she has thrown open the ports,
To feed us on liver and bacon,
But where is the money to buy.

Jack. Well Tom, it is true what you say,
but as for my part I have no money and I
believe there is a many more like me, but
if work was stirring and more in circulation
why then I could get a sheep head, and
pluck for 9d. that would last me my wife
and six children the whole week, provide
I left it in the cupboard five days out
of six.

Of promises we've had enough,
What's past it is only a token,
Hot cabbage, fat bacon, and snuff, [open,
We shall have now the ports are thrown
Fat pigs will be roasted by steam,
And bread for a ½d. farthing,
They are a going to set taters & greens,
All in Zoological gardens,
We have such a stunning blowout.

Jack. the ports are open Tom.

Tom. I know that but I think they had

need to open their hearts as well as the
ports, and if they dont they will have to
open old John bulls pocket, for I know the
people's mouths are pretty wide open.

Jack. I know that and shut too, for there
is nothing to go in but wind and poverty,
two very bad comforts, but cheer up my lad
bad now, better another time, the world
was not made in a day.

Tom. No Jack, nor the ports where not
open in a day, and now they are open I
dont see anything come in to be any
service to you, me, or any body else.

We shall have tea 1½d. an ounce,
The old women hearts for to nourish,
O dear how they will caper and bounce,
To see how the tea pot will flourish,
We'll have pickled onions and beef,
If you only credit my story,
Duck eggs, at a farthing a piece,
And then we'll be all in our glory.
What comical times we'll have.

Jack. What are they going to do for the
poor.

Tom. Why they are going to bring a
bill forward in parliament that every poor
family shall be but in possession of 3 acres of
land, a Dwelling house, a cow house, a
stable, a duck house, a hens house, a cats
house, a dogs house, and a large garden at
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 Victoria, we shall
sing Lord John and the Queen for ever.

No wonder my head it turns grey,
To hear of such comical capers,
Lord John and sir Robert they say,
Are going to sell hot bak'd potatoes,
The poor will have every thing nice,
And poverty five miles behind them,
Come sharpen your teeth and rejoice,
You will soon have enough to grind.
Come cheer up your spirits once more.

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