

# Baron OF Parliament.



Come one and all now list to me,  
 I'll tell you of a jovial spree,  
 The Jews in England have now got free,  
 They sit in Parliament, sir.  
 After five years' struggling to get in,  
 To take the oath he thought a sin,  
 At last a bill they did bring in,  
 And he sits in Parliament, sir.  
 Fried fish and liver without a doubt,  
 They will blow their bags well out,  
 Good luck to Mrs. Levy Snout,  
 They've got in Parliament, sir.

At last Rothschild is brought to book,  
 When he began his hat off took,  
 And swore by Rebecca, his dirty cook,  
 Did the member, Baron Rothschild.

Lord Johnny swore by all that's good,  
 Till the Jew got in he'd have no food,  
 Good luck to him, he's kept his word,  
 The Jew's in Parliament, sir.

He's going to have a civic feast,  
 Cause from his oath he is releas'd,  
 He cares for neither man nor beast,  
 He sits in Parliament, sir.  
 He swears, if all swearing is the same,  
 He'll keep up the rites of Petticoat Lane,  
 He'll have Salmon in for Greenwich again,  
 Now he's in Parliament, sir.

The rejoicings were great in Petticoat Lane,  
 And in Monmouth-street it was just the same,  
 To think that the Baron had gain'd such fame  
 To sit in Parliament, sir.  
 Like cannibals you would suppose,  
 They pull'd and tugg'd each other's nose,

Never mind how the world it goes,  
 We've a member in Parliament, sir.  
 Hot peas and cucumbers they've got,  
 Liver and taters smoking hot,  
 Old hats and coats they went to pot,  
 The Baron's in Parliament, sir.

When the Baron makes his maiden speech,  
 A lesson to members he will teach,  
 About emancipation he will preach,  
 Good luck to Baron Rothschild.  
 No workhouses he says he'll have,  
 That sends a poor man to his grave,  
 From breaking stones he will every one save,  
 The man for the people is Rothschild.  
 He'll give the members all the blues,  
 He'll fill the House with lucky Jews,  
 And all England soon shall hear the news,  
 And praise the Baron Rothschild.

Mrs Isaacs swore before she'd go,  
 She'd kiss the Baron Rothschild's toe,  
 And let the people all to know,  
 As good as the Pope is Rothschild.  
 Mrs. Jacobs with a nose like a horn,  
 Swore she knew him before he was born,  
 In sackcloth and ashes for his father did mourn,  
 And she vership'd Mr. Rothschild.  
 When it was settled off he went,  
 And took his seat in Parliament,  
 Let's hope that England will not repent,  
 In giving a seat to Rothschild.

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