

The Lord Mayor's Show

IN 1851.

The eventful year is nearly gone,
Of eighteen hundred and fifty-one,
To see some thousands haste along,
The new Lord Mayor of London ;
Alderman Hunter how he smiles,
And the Lady Mayoress, too in style,
And some to see came fifty miles,
The new Lord Mayor of London.

Running, jumping, oh what fun,
Pushing, driving, how they run,
To see they from all quarters run,
The new Lord Mayor of London.

There's Nosey, and Lord Little John,
To invite the Queen a porter run,
But she was engaged and couldn't come
To see the Mayor of London ;
There's noblemen of all degrees,
And Batty's stunning menagerie,
Donkeys, lions, bugs, and fleas,
And the new Lord Mayor of London

Go it Molly, go it Bet,
Go it Sally, how you sweat,
I have lost my bustle and visette,
To see the Mayor of London ;
There's wolves and tigers, kangaroos,
Crocidiles and leopards too,
Fried fish and cock a doodle doos,
To see the Mayor of London.

I say old chap, you've scratched my nose
Old woman don't tread on my toes,
So help my Betty, there he goes,
The new Lord Mayor of London ;
There's Gog and Magog in a mess,
There's women in the Bloomer dress,
He is a King I must confess,
The new Lord Mayor of London.

Come with me Sally, Tom, and Will,
And see a lark on Ludgate Hill,
If you wish to see you must stand still,
The new Lord Mayor of London ;
Move along you lasses gay,
You know this is the Lord Mayor's day
Pull up your stockings, clear the way,
For the new Lord Mayor of London

At night so grand, so gay, and fine,
What numbers will sit down to dine,
On pig and mutton, beef and wine,
With the Lord Mayor of London ;
Rolls and butter, bacon fat,
Eels & herrings, this & that,
Ginger pop and pickled sprats,
With the Lord Mayor of London.

At the ball the ladies will advance,
Up the middle they will prance,
And in the Bloomer costume dance,
With the Lord Mayor of London ;
Foot it out, and Polka run,
Double shuffle, jump and come,
Oh ! what a glorious bit of fun,
For the new Lord Mayor of London

Sing, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves,
Justice, all the City craves,
From the Lord Mayor of London ;
It is not now you understand
As when King Arthur ruled the land,
And Whittington lived in the Strand,
And was Lord Mayor of London.

This is you know the Lord Mayor's day
Comes once a-year so fine and gay,
So just look our and clear the way,
For the new Lord Mayor of London

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