

THE KINGDOMS COMPLAINT OR BIRDS WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE LADIES'.

HODGES, from (PITTS,) Wholesale Toy
Warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.

Tune,—“Nancy Dawson.”

Has there not been a sad to do,
In England Ireland, and Scotland to
The facts are these—I'll tell you true,
It was all about the charter.
It frightened those I do declare,
Who does the letter'd garter wear,
And get their thousands every year,
To displease a loyal people.

CHORUS.

Attend to the wants of poor John Bull,
And find the poor man work to do,
That they may get their belly full,
And that will please the people.

When a child I was this lesson taught
With others not to find a fault,
Unless the remedy I had brought,
To show I did not judge ill;
But the people want a loaf of bread,
Not pop-guns, no, nor pill of lead,
Nor truncheons broke upon their head,
For that won't please the people.

Now I will make it plain you see,
How rich and poor might both agree,
And live in perfect unity,

And keep England from all ills
The working class must comfort share,
And feed upon old England's fare,
As they have done in former years,
And that will please the people.

Now a lot of expensive birds are here,
With lots of gold eggs every year,
And from their nest a few might spare,
To save the british people.
These birds they dwell at splendid seats,
While the poor are wandering through the streets
With scarcely any food to eat,
Now that don't please the people.

The first is a German bird you'll hear,
With 30 thousand gold eggs a year,
And surely he a few might spare,
To benefit the people;
And his mate, the bird that he likes best,
With 60 thousand she is blest,
That's a pretty tidy feathered nest,
And that don't please the people.

The next a blackbird will be shown,
Who at Canterbury is well known,
He has a tidy lot too of his own,
For looking after the steeples,
And as he talks of charity,
With others of his cloth do you see,
Let them help the poor from out of their fee
And that will please the people.

The next bird I bring in my song,
Is female birds, who comes it strong,
Who to the pension list belong,
What an insult to the people.
They have heaps of gold eggs every one,
For services that others have done,
But they take care of number one,
While starving are the people.

but it is different with the poor,
When they can labour hard no more,
They go to a house with grated door,
That is built for common people.
Where if they die not in the streets,
They end there days, what a treat.
With scarcely any grub to eat,
Sure that can't please the people.

And now good folks my song is done
And I hope that I've offended none.
Let us hope the good times they will come,
To bless the loyal people.

HERES A HEALTH TO THE LADIES

Oh woman dear woman, the charm of our life
So beauteous they fill every scene,
That whether as lover, companion or wife,
They are lovely, and ever have been,
And should the world's wrongs ever perplex us in
mind,

'Tis then that soft feelings possess them,
they're all that is lovely, so blooming and kind
Ere a health to the ladies god bless 'em
God bless 'em.

Come fill me a bumper of burgundy,
And this song, let this be the toast,
Here's a health to the man who shall make it
appear,
Next to life he loves woman the most,
may beauty and joy sweetly smile on each face
And every soft feeling possess them,
And while on this earth I have being or place
I'll drink to the Ladies God bless 'em.

