

# WESTERTON AND VICTORY.

## BELGRAVIA AND GLORY



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HAVE you heard of the rumpus there was I declare,  
All the Popes in the world was in Belgrave Square,  
But the hero's of England no power could scope,  
They struggled like Britons, and conquered the pope,  
Their candles went out and the Puseyites baw'd,  
St. Barnabus challenged to wallop St. Paul,  
'Three-hundred majority—beat without hope,  
Singing, 'Down with the Priest, and bad luck to the  
Pope?'

CHORUS.

Westerton and victory, Belgravia huzza,  
They made all their enemies scamper away,  
The candles went out and the bears went aloft,  
They frightened the Priest, and they conquered the  
Pope.

There was an old P—n who groan'd like a pig,  
He went in the pulpit and swallow'd his wig,  
He shook till he scarcely could stand on his legs,  
When slap in his eyes came two great rotten eggs;  
The Puseyite's face was completely doom'd,  
There was old Jacky B—t who travell'd from home,  
With his beads, and his candles, his wafers and rope,  
But he had to scamper as well as the Pope.

Now Victory has triumphed and gained the day,  
'Westerton for ever,' come cheer him, huzza?  
Drink his health in a bumper with joy and delight,  
For he is the man who sticks for your rights.  
Westerton conquered, he did go the rig—  
He never was beat by an old B—'s wig,  
Westerton gallantly beat them, oh, fegs?  
While his enemies trembled like big rotten eggs.

# THE WONDER CROCODILE

NOW list ye landsmen all to  
To tell you ruth I'm bound,  
What happen'd to me by going to  
And the wonders which I found  
Shipwreck'd I was once off Parous  
And cast upon the shore,  
So I resolved to take a cruize,  
The country to explore. Fol de rol, &c.  
But far I had not scudded out,  
When close along-side the ocean,  
I saw something move, which at first I thought,  
Was all the earth in motion,  
By steering close up along side,  
I found 'twas a Crocodile,  
And from his nose to the tip of his tail,  
He measured five hundred mile.  
This Crocodile I could plainly see,  
was not of the common sort,  
For I had to climb up a very high tree,  
Before I could see his face,  
And when he lifted up his jaw,  
Though perhaps you'll think 'twas a lie,  
It reached above the clouds for miles three,  
And his nose nearly touch'd the sky,  
while up aloft the wind was high,  
It blew a gale from the south,  
I lost my hold and away did fly,  
Right into the Crocodile's mouth.  
He quickly closed his jaws on me,  
And thought to grab a victim  
But I run down his throat, d'ye see,  
And that's the way I trick'd him.  
I travell'd on for a month or two,  
'Till I got into his maw,  
where I found of rum, kegs not a few,  
And thousands of bullocks in store.  
Of life I banish'd all my cares,  
For in grub I wasn't stinted,  
So in this crocodile I lived ten years,  
Very well contented.  
This Crocodile being very old,  
One day, alas, he died,  
but he was three years a getting cold,  
He was so long and wide;  
His skin nas ten mile thick, I'm sure,  
Or very near about,  
For I was full six-months or more,  
Cutting a hole for to get out.  
but now once more I've got on earth,  
And resolved no more to roam,  
So in a ship that pass'd I got a birth,  
And now I'm safe at home.  
but if my story you should doubt,  
Should you ever travel the Nile,  
Just where it fell, you'll find the shell,  
Of this wonderful Crocodile.



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