

THE GENERAL TAXES.

Here are some lines about the times
That cannot fail to please you,
But if they don't it can't be helped,
But I don't wish to tease you.
Go where you will by day or night,
The town or country through,
The people cry I wonder what,
They ever mean to do.

CHORUS.

No wonder people grumble,
For taxes are more and more,
For they never saw such taxes,
In Ireland before.

They are going to tax the mustard
They are going to tax the gin,
They are going to tax the needles,
And they are going to tax the pins,
They are going to tax the bonnets
They are going to tax the hats,
And they are going to clap a heavy tax
On pickled eels and sprats.

They are going to tax the scissors,
Kettles, table-spoons and knives,
They are going to tax the donkey-drivers,
And their blooming wives.
And for to raise some money,
For the wedding of the Queen,
They will tax old maids and bachelors,
Who are turned seventeen.

They will tax salt fish and parsnips,
They will tax all kitchen stuff,
They will tax the soap and soda,
The potash and the snuff,
They will tax the ladies bustles,
The will double the tax on rum,
And the day before Good Friday,
They will tax the hot-cross buns.

They will tax the periwinkles,
They will tax the childrens toys,
They will tax the German sausages,
Black puddings and saveloys,
They will tax the brooms and fenders,
All the wigs are are curious fellows,
For they are going to tax the frying-pans,
Gridrons tongs and bellows.

They will tax the chairs and tables,
The bedsteads and the windows,
They are going to tax the coal and coke,
The chamber-pot and cinders.
They are going to tax the farmers,
They'll treble tax the hay,
And they are going to make policemen five
On thirteen-pence a day.

They are going to tax the teapots,
They are going to tax the trays,
They will tax the old womens night-caps,
Gossens petticoats and stays.
They are going to tax the butter,
They are going to tax the cream,
And they will lay a heavy duty,
On turnip tops and greens.

They are going to tax the brewers,
They are going to tax the bakers,
They are going to tax the grocers,
And they are going to hang the Quakers,
They are going to tax the soldiers,
And they are going to drug the sailors,
And they are going to play the devil
With the cobblers and the tailors.

They are going to tax the barbers,
They are going to tax the wigs,
They are going to lay a duty on
The ladies and the prigs.
They are going to tax all women,
Who go out of doors at night,
They are going to tax the butchers,
With a bunch of bullocks lights,

They will tax the baked potatoes,
And they are going to tax the swipes,
And they will lay a tax on hot pea-soup,
The leather and the tripes,
They are going to tax the bacon,
They are going to tax the cheese,
And when the sun begins to shine
They'll tax the bugs and fleas.

They will tax the ground we walk on,
They will tax the bread and meat,
They are going to tax the blankets
The bolsters and the sheets,
They will lay a tax on everything,
And keep it on the corn,
In future they'll tax all children,
A week before they're born.

They are going to tax the milk,
And they're going to tax the eggs,
They are going to tax the bill-cock hats,
And tax the wooden legs,
To tax and starve the nation,
They do cobble up some laws,
And the devil says he'll tax them all,
When they get into his claws.

They are going to tax the License bill,
Now that it has passed,
They are going to tax the strikes,
If they should longer last.
They are going to tax the Printers,
But I hope it is not true,
For if they tax the Printers,
They'll tax the singers too.

