

JOHN BULL & the TAXES.

Here is some lines about the times,
That cannot fail to please you,
And if it don't, it can't be help'd,
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.

The oldest person living,
Never saw such times before.

When Victoria went to Parliament,
The deuce a word she said,
About the taste of England,
The Corn Laws or the bread ;
They did expect she'd something say,
Which caused a pretty bother,
And the speech was full of nonsense,
From one end to the other.

They are going to raise 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 seissors,
Kettles, table-spoons, and knives,
They are going to tax all donkey drivers,
And their blooming wives ;
And for to raise some money,
For the accouchment of the Queen,
They will tax old maids and bachelors,
That are turn'd 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,
They will double tax the rum,
And the day before good-Friday,
They will tax the hot cross buns.

They will tax the perry-winkles,
They will tax the children's toys,
They will tax the German sausages,
Black puddings and savelovs ;
They will tax the brooms and fenders,
All the whigs are curious fellows,
For they are going to tax the frying pan,
Gridiron, tongs, and bellows.

They will tax the chairs and tables,
The bedstead and the windows,
They are going to tax the coals and coke,
The chamber pot and cinders ;
And they are going to tax the farmer,
And they'll treble tax the hay,
And hey are going to make policemen live
the thirteen-pence a day

They are going to tax the salt pot,
They are going to tax the trays,
They will tax old women's nightcaps,
Gowns, 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 the turnip tops and greens.

They are going to tax the brewers,
And 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 drub the sailors,
And they are going to play the devil
With 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,
That go out of doors at night,
They are going to tax the butchers,
With a bunch of bullock's lights.

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

They will tax the ground we walk on,
They tax the bread and meat,
They are going to tax the blankets,
The bolsters and the sheets,
They will lay a tax on every thing,
From night unto the morn,
They'll in future tax all children
A week before they are born.

They are going to tax the sweeps,
And they are going to tax the eggs, !
They are going to tax the three cock'd 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 mutton,
And they are going to tax the beef,
And they are going to tax old women,
If they have not got sharp teeth ;
They are going to tax the donkey,
And they will treble tax the horse,
And they are going to tax the devil
When he lives at Charing Cross.

