

OH DEAR
What can the matter be
L O R D J O H N
Has beat old Ab—d—n.

Here is noble Lord John who has caused such a row there,
 With the helmet of liberty stuck on his brow there
 He told them about Russian bayonets & powder
 He done up poor old A——n
 He told all the tories so manly and clever,
 They were nothing but rogues, fools and hum-
 bugs together,
 Here's the son of the old Duke of Bedford for
 ever,
 Sing jolly good luck to Lord John.

CHORUS,

Hang me and drown me cries old a——n now
 Have mercy upon me, dear England's Queen
 now,
 Such a gallows flare up sure there never was
 seen now,
 With Roebuck and little Lord John.

The secret, the secret I fear will come out now,
 Whatever the deuce Lord John are you about
 now,

Me and my friends you have put to the rout now
 Oh pity poor old a——n,
 I am off in a jiffey to old Windsor Castle,
 Do you mean for to send us away in a parcel,
 Come H——rt, come G——e and Mr. N——w-
 c—e,
 We are done like a chaldron of coals.

Oh dear, where shall we wander now,
 Bundled clean out of the great royal chambers
 now,

You say we are nothing but geeses and gan-
 ders now,

'Cause we are conquered by little Lord John,
 Why you know very well I have caused a great
 bustle,

And to keep in my place I have had a large tussel
 Now must I be beat by that little Jack R——ll,
 Have mercy on poor a——n,

I have washed up the plates and I have licked
 out the dishes,
 To keep in my place friends is my earnest wishes
 To have a blowout of the loaves and the fishes,
 To nourish poor old a——n,
 But they cry turn him out and arnt it a pity,
 It is true, it is true and how sad is my ditty,
 By that little chap who belongs to the City,
 You all know my little Lord John.

How sad and how wretched and dreadful my
 state is

Can any one tell a——n what his fate is,
 Through the streets to be bawling out hot baked
 potatoes,

And all through that little Lord John,
 He was backed by a fellow who talked like the
 devil,

They bounced and they hollowed they would
 not be civil,

That covey called R——k the member for Shef-
 field,

Flew at me with little Lord John.

It is all through this war, this row has been ma-
 king,

Saying my forty years friend I his part have
 been taken,

Oh crikey, oh dear how my poor head is aching
 Bad luck to the old russian bear,

Keep in says John Bull, a——n we will never,
 We must have in the men who are upright and
 clever,

Here's little Lord John and brave R——k for
 ever,

And bundle out old a——n.

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