

JOHN BULL, Can you Wonder at Crime.

I've been thinking of late—I've been thinking,
But my thoughts I can scarcely define;
I've been thinking why people should wonder
At London' great increase of crime.
Cries good old John Bull, 'tis a poser,
A something I can't understand,
I'd fork out a trifle to know, sir,
Why crime should increase in the land.
We have peace, and we've plenty of gold, sir,
Why the bank 'tis as full as 'twill hold, sir,
We could buy up the world, so I'm told, sir,
Yet still 'ere's an increase of crime.

What you say is quite true, Mr. Bull, sir,
We have riches in heaps stow'd away,
Mouldy with age and mildew, sir,
Guarded by night and by day.
Like the ill-natured dog in the manger,
Your gold to yourself you confine,
When a little would cause a great change, sir,
In our terrible increase of crime.
You don't care for expense, not a jot, sir,
When you feast lazy Germans the lot, sir,
But a Briton with hunger may rot, sir,—
Mr. Bull, can you wonder at crime?

Can you wonder at crime when we see, sir,
Villians with a star on their breast,
At marriage ties laughing with glee, sir,
Disgracing their title and crest.
When rascals like these are protected,
Can laugh at the strength of the law,
Mr. Bull, it must e'er be expected
That crime will increase more and more,
Don't it fill you with dire consternation;
'Tis a shame and a great degradation
To let such as these rule the nation,
Mr. Bull, can you wonder at crime?

Can you wonder at crime any longer,
When you see our police on their beat,
Preventing a poor costermonger
From earning a crust in the street,
While the rascal on a stool he stands grinning,
In the broad open glare of the day,
Your pocket he'll pick of a shilling,
But the law cannot touch him he'll say,
He defies all the east-end division,
And grins with contempt and derision,
While the slops drag poor costly to prison,—
Mr. Bull, can you wonder at crime?

I think you must own, Mr. Bull, sir,
Temptation 'tis hard to resist;
But look at poor needle girls, sir,
Trying their hard to exist.
Can you wonder at our dire prostitution,
When blood sucking firms barely give
Enough to ward off destitution—
A girl if she's poor she must live.
Our poor needle girl—God defend her!
Her feelings are keen and as tender
As a proud city lady's, remember—
Mr. Bull, can you wonder at crime?

Just think when you're drinking your wine, sir,
How the poor of Old England are fed,
While you on rich viands can dine, sir,
'Tis a God-send for them to get bread.
Go and visit the homes of the poor, sir,
A sight you should really behold:
The fever dens go and explore, sir,
And scatter your hoarded up gold,
A little would soon break asunder
The chain that the poor suffer under,
Go and list to the great voice of hunger,
But never more wonder at crime

I never can Forget.

In vain, though banish'd from my heart,
I strive to bend to fortune's will,
I cannot with fond memory part,
Thine image, dear one, haunts me still;
Thy smile, thy dazzling beam of light,
That gilded hope's bright morning ray—
That starved the darkest hour of night—
I worship still though turned away.
Tho' banished from thy heart, still mine
Remembers thee with fond regret;
I know thy love can ne'er be mine—
But ah; I never can forget.
My ever constant thoughts are thine—
Ah, no; I never can forget.
Nor time, nor change of scenes to me,
Afford their balm to soothe my pain,
My heart, though broken, clings to thee,
Reluctant to unloose thy chain.
Thy form, each feature, every grace,
Since first they dawned upon my view,
The tyrant mem'ry may retrace,
But never can one pang subdue.

