

STARVE AWAY AND NO BEER!

BIRT, printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials, London.

I wish you all a happy New year,
With plenty of ale, rum, gin, and beer;
Some pretty games they are going to play,
And starve us all both night and day.

CHORUS.

Then Britons shout huzza, and starve
away,
Sing all day, and whistle all night,
And get no beer in the morning.
Times are getting very queer,
They have rose the rum, gin, and beer,
Porter a pretty price has got,
They have clapped a penny on every pot.

A poor old woman, called Bet by name,
Who lives in a court in Drury Lane,
Declared the Parliament was in fault,
And swallowed a barrel of jalap & salts.

A tailor's wife to me did say,
My beer I must have every day,
So to raise a pot, she went oh! fegs,
And spouted her husband's wooden legs.

Such times before was never seen.
And soon our blooming little Queen,
Will have a thumping boy we hear,
Marked on the nose with a butt of beer.

In town and country up and down,
There's bad potatoes three-halfpence a
pound,
Tenpence a loaf, for coarse had bread,
And sixpence a pound for bullock's head.

Teatotalers joyfully did go,
Eleven thousand in a row;
Hurrah! they cried, and gave a jump,
And bit twelve inches off the pump.

A laundress near the Regent's Park,
Got up one morning, what a lark!
And drank for spite, while she did mope,
A large tub full of water and soap,

A coalheaver in grief did shout,
Oh! smother me in Barclay's stout;
When a great he drayman full of pain,
Crept into a vat of boiling grains.

To raise the beer, oh! what a shame,
Eat St. Paul's, and swallow the Thames,
Swim across the ocean salt,
And turn it into hops and malt.

A cobbler bawled what shall we do,
He sold his lapstone, awl, and shoes,
Coat, shirt, and breeches went up the
spout,
To buy him half a pint of stout.

The drunkards all look very queer,
No ale, rum, gin, no stout, or beer,
They tremble and shake bereft of friends,
And say the world is at an end.

They have rose the beer, oh! lawk! says
Mat,
Drink the bellows and eat the cat;
Into the Serpentine we'll jump,
God save the Queen, and swallow the
pump.

CHORUS.

Drink, drink away, pump water night and
day,
Drink all night till the broad daylight,
And swallow the pump in the morning.
Hurrah! the times are queer,
Rise the ale, rum, gin, and beer,
Then on pump water have a spree,
And let us all teatotalers be



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