

The **CHANCELLOR** of the **EXCHEQUER'S NEW SONG**,
 AS SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE BY
Mr. GLADSTONE to JOHN BULL,
 ON OPENING HIS WAR-BUDGET FOR 1855.

Tune,---"PADDY WHACK."

I sing of the Russians,
 The Turks, French, and Prussians,
 Now fighting and scrambling for what they can get ;
 Oh ! these brave hungry fellows,
 While I blow the bellows,
 Will help me to forge a new National Debt.
 The war is right royal,
 And you, John, right loyal,
 And Baring and Rothschild are itching to lend,
 And whatever folks say,
 You are willing to pay,
 And the Lord only knows I'm as willing to spend.

CHORUS.

Singing, John Bull, my honey,
 Come down with your money,
 'Tis all spoilation, you see, my fine chap,
 Your very last shilling,
 I know you'll be willing
 To throw, like a Muff, into Gladstone's tax-trap.

Britain's Lion is up,
 Fierce and eager to sup,
 On the Lion's own share of the spoil in the East ;
 Do but see his tail wag,
 As he scents the rich swag,
 And 'tis proud you must be, John, to own such a beast,
 Only let him snuff blood,
 With strong drink and strong food,
 And, my eyes ! won't he play you some thund'ring gam-
 His keepers and foes, [bols,
 Alike stunn'd by his blows,
 All England a tax-trap, all Europe a shambles.

Chorus,---Singing, John Bull, my honey, &c.

By the ghost of old Noll,
 Mighty Sebastopol
 One red ruin shall fall, or the town shall be ours,
 Every stronghold and fort,
 All the shipping and port
 Shall succumb to our flag within twenty-four hours,
 As for Prince Menschikoff,
 He had better be off
 If his hide he would save from a bullet or splinter,
 Else we'll soon make him hop,
 Far beyond Pericop,
 South of which he shall never again pass a winter.

Chorus,---Singing, John Bull, my honey, &c.

The Crimea we'll take
 As a Turkey keepsake,
 And Egypt's fat tribute shall go with the spoil,
 And should Egypt not pay
 Why, we'll soon find a way,
 To make Egypt itself the reward of our toil.
 Foreign slaves of all lands
 Shall obey our commands,---
 Every sea shall re-echo the roar of our thunder,
 With our shot and our shell
 We'll blow half-way to h---ll
 All that stand in the way of our glory and plunder.

Chorus,---Singing, John Bull, my honey, &c.

You have Chancellor made me,
 And nobly repaid me
 For cares long bestowed on your purses and tills,
 So I make no pretention
 To Peerage or pension,
 Content with your cash for my Exchequer Bills ;
 And while you bleed freely
 And keep me genteelly,
 Full value I'll give you in style truly Tory,
 Not in beef or in bread,
 But in bayonets and lead,
 With bumpers besides of what heroes call "glory."

Chorus,---Singing, John Bull, my honey, &c.

Oh ! really 'tis pleasant
 To see the poor peasant,
 Spontaneously forced to contribute his store,
 A groat or a guinea,
 A bob or a penny,
 I take what he has, if he has nothing more.
 As to how he may raise it,
 Provided he pays it,
 The thought I confess, does'nt bother me much,
 Though the wretch that is dying,
 Sell the bed where he's lying,
 The beggar his blanket, the cripple his crutch.

Chorus,---Singing, John Bull, my honey, &c.

From incomes and malt,
 Down to soap-suds and salt,
 My duties ne'er halt in pursuit of your cash,
 And my blessings upon you
 The more I lay on you,
 The better you stomach the load and the lash.
 Bright and Cobden may growl,
 And the Chartists may howl,
 And threaten a rising by Feargus O'Connor,
 But the sinews of war,
 Will beat Chartists and Czar,
 And then you'll all feast upon National honour.

Chorus,---Singing, John Bull, my honey, &c.

So now my old muff,
 One last haul at your stuff,
 You can ne'er bleed enough, while a shot's in the locker
 Out with all in your pockets !
 For guns, bombs, and rockets !
 That's the way to get peace, sure, according to Cocker.
 Hurrah, now for glory,
 For Queen, whig, and Tory,
 Hurrah for the Downfall of Cronstadt and Revel,
 Hurrah for the Czar,
 For blood, tax, and war,
 Hurrah for starvation, grim death, and the D---!!!

CHORUS.

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 Your very last shilling,
 I know you'll be willing
 To throw, like a muff, into Gladstone's tax-trap.



1855