

Opening the Great Exhibition,

JUNE 10th, 1854.

Air—" Billy O'Ronke," " Pop the Weazel," " Crocodile," " John the Miller," &c., &c.

I am going to sing a funny song,
If I don't make a blunder.
It will the high and low surprise,
And fill the world with wonder.
Now all degrees 'twill surely please,
All ranks and all conditions—
All those that goes and them who don't,
To the great Exhibition.

CHORUS.

See how they go, the high and low,
Of all ranks and conditions ;
In youth and bloom, in pleasant June,
To the glorious Exhibition.

There is Eve and Adam drinking tea,
Upon an old oak table,
And there is Cain upon the ground,
A pitching into Abel.
There is Jonah too who eat the Whale,
And Nebuchadnezzar simple ;
And there is Solomon sitting down,
To dine on perriwinkles.

There is ladies there with rings and veils,
And dandies wearing lockets ;
There is some a wearing bullocks tails,
And some a picking pockets ;
There is some a drinking ginger pop,
And some a eating muscles ;
There's bonnets made like oyster shells,
And Gutta Percha bustles.

There is thousands there from every place,
Some glad and some bewildering,
Machines to grind the women young,
And christen little children.
There's some in carriages and gigs,
With velvet bands and brooches,
And such a lot of girls and pigs
In donkey carts and coaches.

Inside there's giants nine feet high,
Holding a curious parley ;
The Emperor of Russia bawling,
Give it to 'em Charlie.

The King of Prussia in a rug,
So pleased with English harmony,
And such a lot of fleas and bugs,
From Italy and Germany.

There's gardens forty miles in length,
Growing tatoes, hops, and cabbages,
And on the trees you may perceive,
Tremendous German sausages.
There's meal and oats, split peas and groats,
Large sugar sticks and candy ;
And growing underneath the trees,
Bottles of Madeira brandy.

Apples and pears may there be got,
And strawberries laid in cream, sirs,
Polonies hot with apricots,
And cherries grown by steam, sirs.
There's Jenny Magrath, from Ballinamuck,
With his sister Timothy Ryland ;
A Russian pig, an Irish duck,
And the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

There's a donkey with eleven tails,
A rolling in the ditches ;
There's a monkey dancing on the rails,
In a pair of leather breeches ;
A cat with two-and-forty heads,
And as you may supposes,
A butcher's tray with seven legs,
And twenty-four noses.

It really will the world surprise,
The rich, old, young, and small, sir,
A man with a hump upon his back,
Much bigger than St. Paul's sirs.
I now have done my tale of fun,
Each rank and each condition ;
Raise up your nob and sport a bob,
To see the Exhibition !

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