

DOWNFALL OF THE EXHIBITION.

JUST listen awhile to my fate,
And pity my awful condition,
They have conquered, as I to you state,
The wonderful great Exhibition ;
The judges and lords of the land,
Did oppress me, and daily me harass,
While Paxton so boldly did stand
For the rights of the great Chrystal Palace
Who now must be razed to the ground.

I have pleased both Christain and Jew,
I have pleased both the soldier and sailor
I have pleased kings and cobblers too,
I have pleased breeches makers & tailors
I have pleased costermongers and clerks,
I have pleased dairy maidens & cow boys
I have pleased pretty girls in the dark,
Poor old farmer Will and his ploughboy,
Oh dear, I am doomed to come down.

My bones and my sides they have broke,
They have give me some terrible crackers
My limbs they have smother'd with smoke,
And my body they've sold to the knackers
Oh, Britannia have pity on me,
My case it is truly distressing,
I slaughtered, am doomed for to be,
Here's my last dying speech & confession.
The poor Exhibition, oh dear !

Bad luck to my enemies all,
Why did they not manfully tell me
They intended to see my downfall,
To pull me to pieces and sell me ;
Oh Albert, what could you be at,
To see me in this sad condition,
When you know you got devilish fat,
By the wonderful great Exhibition,
I am sentenced and doomed to come down

Last Monday I sent to the Queen,
A knock-me-down stunning petition,
When she sent word it was all serene,
To the wonderful great Exhibition ;

She said I was frowned on by some,
Tho' greatly respected by such a man,
And if that I was not content,
Why she'd make me a noble militiaman.
They are using me devilish bad,

I have seen old and young from afar,
And princes came over in ships, sir,
With hair hanging down seven yards,
Right over their noses and lips, sir ;
I have seen what was not in the world,
Before I took up my position,
I have seen them grind old women young,
And pop them in my Exhibition,
But now I am doomed to come down.

I saw them make new fashioned cream,
I saw them turn goats into monkys,
I saw them get children by steam,
I saw them make bulls into donkeys ;
I saw them make images speak,
I saw them turn pigs into poodles,]
I saw lots of sweet pretty girls
Togged out in their new Yankee Doodles
And dancing the polka so fine.

While I in prosperity was,
All classes behaved to me civil,
But now I am like an old horse,]
Done up, I may go to the d—— ;
They've triumph'd and conquer'd my friends
Then look at my awful condition,
Bad luck to all hard-hearted men,
Who murdered the great Exhibition,
I wish they had never been born.

I am doomed for to die like a pig,
My enemies hearts are so hardened,
Oh ! bury me under a tree
At the corner of Kensington Gardens,
Burn up my body and bones,
They would not look at my petition,
Good night ! I in agony moan,
Here's the downfall of the Exhibition.
My wonders are all at an end.



1851