

THE GRAND PROCESSION OF The Wellington Monument,

On Tuesday, September 29, 1846.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street.
Seven Dials.

London for ages will remember,
The twenty-ninth day of September,
When thousands flocked so gay & cosey,
To see the procession of old King Nosey.
Oh, what a lark from light to dark,
To see the procession of old King Nosey.

By daylight on the Tuesday morning,
You'd have thought the Turks was London
storming,
Fens of thousands were repairing,
Bawling, shouting, fighting, swearing.

There was cobblers, butchers, tailors, bakers
Milliners and Mantua makers,
And applewomen, what a fuss then,
Colheavers, soldiers, prigs, and dustmen

Said Farmer Bull what will this cost us,
Forty-two great brewer's horses,
The monument the houses did shake,
And a grocer swore 'twas an Irish carth-
quake.

The girls did ogle all the way then,
At the flashy dashing brewer's draymen,
No men on earth was ever prouder,
They fired grains and swore 'twas powder

When the figure reached its destination,
An old lady of a noble station,
Threw off her shawl, and cried here goes
sirs,
And dancep a jig on Wellington's nose,
sir.

Lord John rode by so gay on horseback,
Followed by Bubby with his rat trap,
Lord Morpeth followed, and when he see
him,
He sent for Wakley to come & bleed him

The ladies vowed when it was dark, sirs,
They saw the ghost of Bonaparte, sirs,
Load his gun behind a tree, sirs,
And shoot King Nosey on the knee, sir.

Such a game there was there's no believing
Pushing, driving, crowding, squeezing,
Picking pockets, tearing clothes, sir,
And treading on old women's toes, sir.

A poor old woman eighty-six, sirs,
In Park Lane was like a statue fixed, sirs
She was put to bed at night I vow, sirs,
With a pig, and a pair of soldier's trousers

The draymen all sat down to supper,
And cut away like old Den Tucker,
And one of them who acted flunkey,
Eat a bushel of grains, a bull, & a donkey

After supper they sung with free good
will, sir,
Waterloo and Bunker's Hill, sir,
Danced the polka, & smok'd their pipes, sir
And 300 barrels of swipes, sirs.

You'd have thought to see the thousands
mingling,
'Twas Ireland, Scotland, Wales, & England
Like swarms of bees stuck all together,
To view old Nosey's hat and feather.

If you ever wed you damsels cosey,
Marry a man as big as Nosey,
And if you should get in a row, sirs,
You can hide yourself in the leg of his
trousers.

There Nosey stands a rum old fellow,
He only wants an umbrella,
With a footman and a bull dog nappy,
And a little wife to make him happy.



1846

