

# LAMENTATION OF CARDINAL WISEMAN



OH dear what can the matter be,  
The shoe I've received is enough for to shatter  
me!

Neither Queen, Lords, Commons, or people will  
flatter me,

Although I was sent by the Pope.  
I thought all the nation that I should surprise them  
Of me and my master they've been telling lies then  
Consecrated I was in Rome—Archbishop Wiseman  
By his holiness, Pius, the Pope.

About me, Mr. Wiseman, they've made a bother,  
From one end of England right bang to the other  
Now I must return to my father and mother,  
Since England has conquered the Pope.

There is little Jack Russell that ought to know  
better,

Sent down to a bishop a thundering long letter,  
Saying, the Queen in a line, don't they wish they  
may get her,

To welcome Old Pius, the Pope.  
He called me a buff lo, bull, and a monkey,  
And then with a soldier, called Old Arthur Conkey  
Declared they would buy me a ninepenny donkey,  
And send me to Rome to the Pope.

One night in a chapel I joyful did sing, sir,  
And I thought for a bishop the bells ought to ring,  
sir,

So I bolted away to the castle at Windsor,  
Oh! England has frightened the Pope.

Victoria in a rage, in her drawing room did stand,  
And shouted, how dare you come here Mr. Wiseman  
Then Albert laid hold of a great kitchen fryingpan  
Swearing he would wollop the Pope.

Since I've been in England I've lost all my riches,  
I've spouted my petticoat, waistcoat, and breeches  
And if I don't go back I'll be rolled in the ditches  
Oh! pray for me, Pius, the Pope.

I confess England's Queen is a nice little creature,  
But go where I will, I'm afraid for to meet her

She don't care a farthing for me, nor St. Peter,  
And curses old Pius, the Pope.

I thought when I came all the folks would be  
lightened,  
That welcom'd I'd be, and all faces would brighten  
But they one and all say, they will never be  
frightened

By cardinals, devils, or popes.  
The usage I've had sirs, is really amazing,  
I'm like an old bull on the common grazing,  
If I had my will, I would set 'em all blazing,  
So would my master, the Pope.

I thought with the nobles I should have been  
mingling,

Dancing and whistling, fighting and singing.  
Oh! sad was the day I come over to England,  
As servant to Pius, the Pope.

The protestants say they'll put up with no flummery  
Worshipping broomsticks, or any such mummery,  
The monks and the friars they'll lock in a nunnery  
And horsewhip Old Pius, the Pope.

I thought Old Britannia sleeping I'd caught her,  
I'm a poor stranger, without wife or daughter,  
In a dung barge they'll send me right over the water  
Right home to Old Pius, the Pope.

To England I'll never more come in my life, sir,  
To make such a hubbub, wrangling, & strife, sir,  
But when I get home I will marry a wife, sir,  
So will my master, the Pope.

Oh! dear! pig's head and flummery,  
England has sworn against Popery,  
I'm Cardinal Wiseman, shut up in a nunnery,  
Confined as well as the Pope.

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