

THE DOWNFALL OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE



Oh! here I am as you may see,
In misery I am quaking,
They have bruised my back and broke
my bones,
Good lawk! how I am shaking;
I many years have proudly stood,
As in history you will see,
I have braved the torrent, storm, & flood,
And now they are going to kill me.
Poor Westminster bridge,
They've knocked me all to pieces,
Poor old Westminster bridge.

Those saucy chaps across the Thames,
At my downfall are laughing,
They at me looked bold 'cause I am old,
And plague me with their chaffing;
They look so shy and wink their eye,
And tell me I am undone,
The rogues Vauxhall and Waterloo,
Young Southwark too, and London.

A saucy chap gave me a rap,
And caused me much dissension,
A good for nothing son of a gun,
Young Hungerford Suspension;
If I was only in my prime
And I could once get at him,
I would give him such a poke in the nose
And knock him down to Chatham.

Although I'm now worn out with age,
And my poor frame does quiver,

I have beheld some glorious sights,
Upon the noble river;
Steam boats cutting up and down,
Boats and barges too, amazing,
Rowing matches, Lord Mayor's shows,
And the Parliament Houses blazing.

I am frowned upon by every one,
Like a poor worn out old woman,
Those dandy blades do me degrade,
The new houses of Lords & Commons;
The people that do at me stare,
Are like a set of savages—
An old butcher said they'd cut me up,
And stuff me into sausages.

Now when my bones are cleared away,
Although some fools do hiss me,
When I am gone there's many a one,
Most sorrowful will miss me;
For men and women, boys and girls,
Coalheavers, pigs, and monkeys,
Will have to swim across the Thames,
Upon the tails of donkeys.

I have served all classes in my time,
No matter what their trade is,
I have served both kings and princes too,
Dukes, bishops, lords, and ladies;
My cleverness when I was young,
I heard all classes puffing,
But now I may to the d— go,
For they say I'm good for nothing.

My days are drawing to a close,
Some time I this have dreaded,
I am quite worn out, I have got the gout,
I am feeble and grey-headed.
My strength is gone and I must be
From post to pillar tossed, sir,
And I poor bridge must lie and die,
Just like the poor old horse, sir.

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

1859

