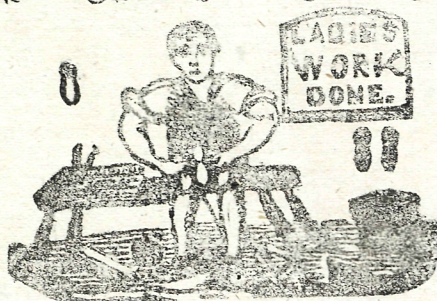


A Flare up amongst the Lambeth Guardians



OH Lambeth is a funny place,
There's something up by gingo,
Some men got into sad disgrace,
And has a chance of limbo.
'Tis all about I don't know what,
But they have play'd some cappers,
And put their names—oh what a shame
Quite wrong to voting papers.

CHORUS.

Oh a gallows row, there is just now,
Flare up says Mrs Harding,
So help my bob they'll go to quod,
The bucksom Lambeth Guardians
There is Dick and Bob and the Lambeth
snob
Whose names I will be noting.
Got in a mess, I must confess,
About some funny voting ;
They all got nailed, and sent to Jail,
Although they was so clever
Two gentlemen for mercy cried,
And the cöbler whistled leather
The paupers all went raving mad,
The dustmen got a prancing
While all the old women in Lambeth wal
Like devils went a dancing,
They did declare and loudly swear,
The doings was most cruel
Te quod the Lambeth gentlemen,
And give them water gruel

To Lambeth court they did resort,
Led en-by Jimmey Sambeth
Two hundred and fifty poor old men,
From every part of Lambeth,
To hear them Jaw about the Law,
So nicely to palaver.
It beat the battle of Inkerman,
Alma and Balaklava.

I heard a snob ealed Lambeth Bob,
Say aint folks devilish hardned,
To make bewail and send to Jail
The bucksom Lambeth Guardians,
Our tender teeth won't bite bull beef
And that you know is cruel ;
Instead of tea, hot skilligolee,
And Jumping water gruel

Pea-soup and fat what are you at
We have been to the court house,
and by and by it is no lie,
We'll all go in the workhouse,
It is very sad, they must be mad
Besides they must be hardned
For to impose and bite the nose
Of the Lambeth bucksom guardians

Of all this fun we must be dene
and writing be discarding.
New look at me and advised be
Never be Lambeth Guardians.
For if you do you'll surly rue,
and find things very cruel
You will have your fill of prison bill,
and bla ing water gruel



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