

Did You Fast?

I DID NOT

Oh! there was such a jolly game,
You know on Wednesday last,
Some did swear and some did dance.
But very few did fast,
For Lord John Russell eat a pig,
The Queen a large cow heel,
And old Duke Nosey eat a gun,
And a bushel of barley meal.

CHORUS.

Fasting is a curious game,
To some it is a treat,
And I will never fast till I
Can nothing to eat.

A butchers wife last Tuesday night,
Had such a jolly game,
She took her husbands cleaver,
And set off to Petticoat Lane,
She bolted three great bullocks heads.
And a tun of good beef skirt.
And then on Wednesday morning eat,
The tail of her husbands shirt.

Little Bobby eat his trap,
And poor old Joey Humb,
Had three cart loads of cabbage plants,
Put into his bed room.
And invited Tommy Duncombe,
To dine on Wednesday last,
And when they'd bolted all the greens
Tom Wakley hollowed fast,

The Bishop of St. Asaph.
Unto the lords did preach,
And told them what a sin it was,
A bit of meat to eat.
When up jumped lord George Bentick
Saying what do you think of that
Then hit lord Lincoln on the nose,
And eat his thick cocked hat.

The little Prince of Wales did cry,
I hungry mammy be,
Prince Albert eat a sausage twice
As long as a Chestnut tree,
He was so hungry in the night,
He hollowed out my dear,
Then bit off Queen Victoria's noise,
And part of her left ear.

You would have laughed on Wednesday last,
To hear in ——— street,
A lady gay sing fast away,
Oh crikey what a treat,
So help my bob she eat a cod,
And a bunch of bullock's lights,
And her sister eat a rolling pin,
And seven pounds of tripe.

The rich folks they can help themselves
And providence the poor,
And send a wopping beefsteak pie,
To every poor mans door,
With twenty little kids apiece,
And that will be a treat.
With right good luck, a goose, a duck,
And lots of bread and meat.

Lord Morpeth he had such a gorge,
Of salmon, sprats, and eggs,
Lord Anglesey tucked in a fowl,
And nineteen wooden legs,
With thirteen yards of pipeclay
And a bun as big as a mask,
Then drank eleven pots of beer
Now thats the way to fast.

Paul, Printer, 18 Great saint Andrew-street,
7 Dials.



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