

CHEAP TIMES !

Or, the Blessings of 1850.

O what an age this is for puff,
About reform and all such stuff,
But things they say are cheap enough,
In this year of eighteen fifty ;
Our Lords and Commons have begun,
And when they've had their six months run
I fear there'll be but little done,
To help the Working Classes.

Free Trade now is all the go,
And Cobden is making such a show.
While the poor man's wages are so low,
He can't live by his labour.

The Protectionists are all red hot,
Because they fear they will go to pot,
And Cobden swears he will sink the lot,
In the year of eighteen fifty ;
Monopoly has had its day,
And Landlords find they must give away,
Little Russel says he'll have fair play,
In spite of whig or tory.

Some time ago when things were dear,
The working people had more cheer,
They paid more for their bread and beer,
But well they could afford it.
Mechanics then had better rules,
And tho' their betters thought them fools.
It is true they had no Ragged Schools,
But they did as well without them,

But now the World has grown so wise,
New schemes each Manufacturer tries,
And to what perfection steam will rise,
It would puzzle me to tell you ;
Machinery with its noisy din,
Has made the British Artist thin,
And caused much idleness and sin,
In Britain's happy Isle.

We see our shops dressed out so gay,
Each selling cheaper every day,
So for nothing soon you'll fetch away,
Each article you fancy ;

There's the best souchong at three & four,
And red herrings threepence buys a score,
Dorset butter fourpence and no more,
What glorious times we live in.

For a penny a piece you have soles' alive,
And the four pound loaf is weighed at five,
O these indeed are the times to thrive !

That is if you have the money ;
The cook shops now in every street,
Make up their minds the times to meet,
And give the public such a treat,,
A Free Trade threepenny dinner.

To keep us clean they take great pains,
They've new plans now to clean the drains
And they've found out that Old Father
Thames

Has got a dirty bottom.
The New River too is so impore,
Through the gas works and the common
sewers,

But Cochrane says he'll have them cured,
For he'll send his men to sweep them.

Now the landlords they are in a stew,
Rent must fall and speedy too,
For they've had more than was their due,
Or else in walked the broker :

Our trade is sadly out of tune,
Tho' they say the good time's coming soon,
Why, that's like preaching to the moon,
While thousands want employment.

But Cobden saps he'll not be beat,
The country soon shall have a treat ;
Only wait till Rothschild takes his seat,
He'll pave Duke's Place with gold dust
All tax on labour he'll destroy,
And bring the summer in with joy,
And our Queen will have a little boy,
Or perhaps 'twill be a daughter.

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

