

# ENGLAND'S STAGNATION!

Or, I wonder where the Money is gone.

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

The oldest person in the world,  
On land or on the water,  
Did never see such times as these,  
Since Noah beat his daughter.  
Poor people's doors, I am sure  
Are on the hinges creaking,  
All clothes is popp'd, the railroads stopp'd,  
And all the banks are breaking.

#### CHORUS.

Tens of thousands out of work,  
What will old England come to,  
I cannot think, says old John Bull,  
Where all the money is gone to.

I wonder where the money goes,  
Said Bob, in Covent Garden,  
Kiddies used to sport their half-a-crowns,  
But now they can't get farthings;  
The butcher cannot sell his fat,  
The miller's hat is dusty,  
The baker says his penny loaves,  
Are getting stale and musty.

The chimney sweepers have no work,  
The grocers make a fuss then,  
The coalheavers have naught to do,  
And neither have the dustmen.  
They have discharged and sent at large,  
Ten thousand excavators,  
Twelve thousand snobs are out of work,  
And a million navigators.

The thieves say times are very hard,  
If pockets they find twenty,  
Nineteen of them are marked to let—  
They are completely empty.  
The doctors say they have enough to do,  
The lawyers they are not crying,  
The undertaker says he's glad,  
Because the folks are dying.

The pretty girls that roam the streets,  
In sorrow tales are giving,  
And say if they keep out all night,  
They cannot get a living;  
If they meet a swell, how sad to tell,  
He nicely does trepan her,  
Where she used to get a half-a-bull,  
She scarce can get a tanner.

The Queen was taken queer one night,  
And sent for Billy's widow,  
Who said we'll for the doctor send,  
But Vic. said, aunt consider;  
My lying in I will put off  
For a month to make it all right,  
For now I could not money find  
I know to pay the midwife.

If times don't alter very soon,  
We all shall pine in grief, sir,  
And have to sew up all our mouths,  
And pull out all our teeth, sirs.  
Old Nosey, in the House of Lords,  
Knocked down Winchelsea right slap,  
Bawling where is all the money gone,  
And then he eat his knapsack.

I wonder where the money goes,  
There's such a fuss about it,  
Money is a glorious thing,  
We cannot do without it.  
They have raked it up and sent it off,  
In waggon loads, what capers,  
Some say it's gone to kingdom come,  
For sausages and taters.

If they don't make some money soon,  
John Bull will play some capers,  
Either out of iron, brass, or steel,  
Dried cabbage-leaves or papers;  
No matter what it is so long,  
As times are very funny,  
If it is good, and made of wood,  
And we can call it money.

