

WHEN THEY OPENED
The ROYAL EXCHANGE

TUNE—Vicar and Moses.

BIR,^T, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.

Now the truth I'll confess,
Since the days of Queen Bess,
Such a jolly flareup has not been,
For they went in a rum way,
You all know on Monday,
To just have a peep at the Queen.
As she went to the Royal Exchange.

What larks and what fun,
How the people did run,
An old lady bawl'd out will it rain,
Then she holloa'd so keen,
To our dear little Queen,
Do you think you can do it again,
When you've been to the Royal Exchange

You know at Charing Cross,
There's a man on his horse.
And some to climb up did not fail,
An old Baker got up
On the o'd horse's head,
And his wife scrambled up on his tail,
To look at the Royal Exchange

In Trafalgar Square,
Now some thousands was there,
Up the scaffolding some went in a crack,
And old Nelson sung out,
Why, what are you about,
Avast heaving, or you'll break my back.
Do you think I'm the Royal Exchange.

As I went up the Strand,
There a queer little man,
Was brushing the dirt off his coat,
And a covey called Ned,
Took up his wooden leg,
And he popp'd it bang down his throat.
Saying, there goes the Royal Exchange.

The procession look'd fine,
And the windows was lined,
And thousands along they did scud,
There was some losing lockets,
And some picking pockets,
And some falling down in the mud.
As they went to the Royal Exchange.

There was tables and stools.
And scaffolds for fools,
To behold this most wonderful sight,
And hundreds I'm told,
Was near froze with the cold,
They'd been running about all the night,
To look for the Royal Exchange.

She would go some did say,
And return a new way,
But at her they would have a peep,
And many then said,
They would not stir a peg,
If she did not return for a week.

She was tired 'tis said,
And she went to her bed,
With young Albert a comical joker,
And she dream'd all the night
Of the glorious sight,
And thought she was dancing the Polka,
Good lawk, at the Royal Exchange.

Now my ditty to end,
Those few lines I have penn'd,
Is to tell you as on you do range,
There was such a fuss and bother,
With this, that, and 'tother,
Opening the New Royal Exchange.

