

THE MEETING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT, And Who's that Knocking at the Gate.

The Parliament men are all complete,
And they for emergency now must meet,
To kick up a row they do begin,
And the Queen was ready to let them in.
When Victoria went in state, there was hundreds at
the gate.
Dukes, Earls, and Lords, with shining swords,
And common Members of great big wards.
And they all stood knocking at the gate,
And they all stood knocking at the gate.

The first she saw was old John Bull,
And he a terrible face did pull,
I have been robbed, he loud did sing,
I have got no money, and the brokers are in.
And Victoria saw the fate of old John Bull at the gate
And she said so fine, John Bull never mind,
Your breeches are quite worn out behind,
And it is no use knocking at the gate, John Bull,
And it is no use knocking at the gate.

The next Vick saw was her own old man,
Prince lovely Al, you understand,
And he said, my dear, oh! dash my wig,
Will you beg me threepence to buy a pig?
And there she sat in state, and Albert at the gate.
You can't come in dear Al, she said,
So go home and put the children to bed.
And don't stand knocking at the gate, dear Al,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Next Wellington came, and Vick did laugh,
For his nose had grown two foot and a half,
With his fine cocked hat and his scarlet coat,
And his knapsack filled with one pound notes.
And she unto him did say, old Nosey come this way.
For you can sing like a seldier king.
You are a fine old fellow and you shall come in.
And don't stand knocking at the gate, old Duke,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Then next Jack Russell and Grey in did drag,
With a large peck loaf and a paper bag,
You are two pretty fellows, she said, 'tis true,
And there's plenty of work for you to do.
So don't stand playing at the gate, you are coming here
rather late
Now Russell and Grey, mind what I say,
Get up in the corner and jaw away.
And don't be knocking at the gate, good men,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Then after them came Carrotty Bob,
Saying, can you give a poor fellow a job,
She twisted her head, and turned her heel,
And threw in his eye some orange peel.
Saying, as she sat in state, who is that knocking at the
gate?
It is Peel, dear Vick! sad, sore, and sick.
Then bolt Bob Peel, and cut your stick,
For it is no use knocking at the gate, sweet Bob,
And it is no use knocking at the gate.

The next appeared was Buckingham's Duke,
With ragged stockings, one shoe and a boot,
He looked so sorrowful, sad, and meek,
And said he had had no grub for a week.
In rags he did deplore, saying, I am very poor.
If you don't go, said Vick, in peace,
I will send my men for the police.
So toddle away from the gate, poor man,
So toddle away from the gate.

Then Rothschild came with a loaf of bread,
A bunch of greens and a large pig's head,
Saying, I'm a Jew your Majesty,
Is there any room inside for me.
And as she sat in state, cried who's that knocking at the
gate?
I am not ashamed, Rothschild's my name.
Then she cried, be off to Petticoat Lane.
And don't stand knocking at the gate, I say,
And don't stand knocking at the gate.

Then Feargus O'Connor up did strut,
With a Chartist paper, such a buck,
With a tongue as long as a rolling pin.
Saying, pray Mrs. Queen, may I come in?
Said she, you're a Chartist pup, so put your petition up,
You the Chartists rule, they are a set of fools,
Three months in quod will your courage cool.
So toddle away from the gate I say,
So toddle away from the gate.

Then Hobhouse and Ben Hawes did mope,
Like a bishop's wig and a yard of soap,
Saying, lovely Vick they made us rue,
We have not got a bit of work to do.
And as Vick sat in state, said who's that knocking at
the gate?
Hawes and Hobhouse meek, turned out complete.
Get a broom a piece and sweep the street.
And don't stand knocking at the gate any more,
For its no use knocking at the gate.

Then Duncombe and Wakley up did flock,
And at the door gave a thundering knock.
Wakley out of his pocket a lance did pull,
To bleed and blister old John Bull.
And as she sat in state, she saw them at the gate.
Saying, push lads through the throng and quickly come
along,
You are welcome Wakley and Finsbury Tom.
And don't stand knocking at the gate, my boys,
Don't stand knocking at the gate.

The very last man to push and cling,
Was Hudson, the Yorkshire railway king;
He cursed the Peers and frightened the Queen,
And filled the Parliament House with steam.
She hollaed, hard's my fate, pray quickly shut the gate,
You the roast may rule, like rogues and fools,
I'll go home and send the children to school.
And I won't come here any more for a while,
And I won't come here any more.

