

1829



THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER OR THE DOWNFALL OF  
**GUY FAWKES.**

PRAY remember the Fifth of November,  
 Gunpowder Treason and Plot;  
 I know no reason why Gunpowder Treason  
 Should ever be forgo'd;  
 Guy Fawkes Guy  
 Contriv'd to blow the King and Parliament on high  
 Threescore barrels laid below,  
 To prove Old England's overthrow.  
 Happy was the man, happy was the day,  
 That, with his dark lanthorn & his lighted match,  
 Caught Guy Fawkes going to his prey;  
 Just then as going to touch prime,  
 He caught him in the nick of time! —  
 Room, room for the cart,  
 Run a pitchfork thro' his heart. —  
 As I was going thro' the mews,  
 I saw the Devil blacking shoes,

He black'd them neat he black'd them fine,  
 I gave him a penny to black mine;  
 He kept blacking so long that no longer I'd stay,  
 So I gave him a kick and sent him away:  
 Next day as I was walking along moorfields,  
 I saw the Old gentleman knocking his heels:  
 His head was made of iron,  
 His body was made of steel,  
 His eyes were like two flaming stars,  
 Which lit him through the fields.  
 A halfpenny roll to feed the Pope,  
 A pen'orth of cheese to choke him,  
 A pint of beer to wash it down,  
 And a good large faggot to burn him.

God save the King,  
**HUZZA! HUZZA! HUZZA.**  
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