

THE CLOSING OF PARLIAMENT.



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The Queen to Parliament did go,
And shut the doors so neat and cosey,
Sent all her servants out to play,
Bob and John, and old Duke Nosey ;
Some of their lordships up the stairs,
Was grinning, laughing, blowing, and puffing,
They with fatigue was quite worn out,
Near tired to death a doing of nothing.

The Lords and Commons off did go,
Some hunting, shooting, coursing, sporting,
And Albert and our gracious Queen,
Are gone to bonny Scotland courting.

And when Prince and the Queen
To Scotland get, where none surpasses,
Albert will roam through Aberdeen
Among the bonny Scottish lasses ;
The bagpipes they shall merrily play,
Over the mountains, hey down diddle,
Oh ! what a shocking thing 'twould be,
If Vick and Albert caught the fiddle.

Lord John is gone to Paddy's land,
Where he will play some funny capers,
Erect new houses for the poor,
And take the duty off the taters,

Cultivate the hills and bogs,
And set old Erin in a bustle,
Banish all the toads and frogs,
Oh ! what a treat for Paddy Russell.

Old Joey Hume has got a broom,
And Georgey Grey is gone a tossing,
If little Bob can't get a job,
He vows he'll go and sweep a crossing ;
Old Brougham must not go to France,
Or else I'm much mistaken,
Old Nosey has gone to Basingstoke,
To deal in sausages and bacon.

To leave her home away to roam,
So jovially Victoria pushes,
And Albert on old Scotia's isle,
Will roll the ladies in the bushes ;
Dance the polka, what a treat !
Left and right, ann down the middle,
God bless the good Duke of Argyle,
And keep us from the Scottish fiddle.

Lord Johnny and his Lady gay,
In Ireland are proud and frisky,
Going over the hills of Ballinacfad,
Selling butter milk and whiskey ;
He will set the poor men all to work,
And put all classes in communion,
And many say good luck a day,
He is gone to carry back the Union.

The members all were tired out,
They met until their heads were dizzy,
Night and day to gab away,
For ten long months they have been busy ;
But very little good they've done,
Though they've grown as thin as arrows,
So they have got an holiday,
To go about a shooting sparrows.

So to conclude and make an end,
Here's to old England blythe and clever,
Scotland's Isle, and Paddy's land,
Beefsteak pies, peasoup, and leather ;
Lord John, Prince Albert, and the Queen,
Are gone from home so brisk and cosey,
And old John Bull expects a row,
With little Bobby Peel and Nosey.

1845

