

# PARLIAMENTS CLOSED and you Can't Come in,

## And it is no use Knocking at the Door.

Saint Stephen's doors are shut up close,  
And all the coveys who ruled the roast,  
Are now turned out and caused to rue  
And none of them as no work to do.  
A troublesom lot I'm sure,  
'Who is that knocking at the door?'  
Is that you Peel?—'Yes! and queer I feel!'  
'Well, you ain't very civil, you may go to the devil  
And it's no use knocking at the door, Bob Peel  
And it's no use knocking at the door.'

Then away in haste went Waterloo Duke,  
And kicked at the door with a Wellington boot,  
When old John bull, with his hat all grease,  
Roared out, 'I'll send for the police.'  
'Who is that knocking at the door?'  
Is that you Nosey?—'yes, it is so cosey,'  
Well, right about face, for you're all turned out  
And it's no use knocking at the door, I'm sure,  
And it's no use knocking at the door.'

Then little Lord John, looked round and cried,  
To open the door he cleverly tried,  
Then pulled a face I do declare,  
Three times as big as Bloomsbury square.  
'Who is that knocking at the door?'  
'Why Lord John Russell to be sure!  
I'm forced to roam without a home.'  
'Well, your case I pity, so be off to the city,  
For it's no use knocking at the door, Lord John  
It's no use knocking at the door.'

Then Wakley and Duncombe up did dance,  
The one with a broom, the other with a lance,  
They begged old bull to let them back,  
To sweep the rubbish, and bleed the cat.  
'Who is that knocking at the door?'  
'Some impudent chaps I'm sure;  
You are both I see from Finsbury,  
You two rams may both go along,  
For you won't come in any more, I'm sure,  
And it's no use knocking at the door.'

Then old Harry Brougham came sculling back,  
With his nose turned up like a westmoreland cat,  
He groan'd and grunted like a Russian bear  
And said he couldn't live on five thousand a-year.  
'Who is that knocking at the door?'  
Is that you broom?—'yes, all in tune,'  
'Well, I understand you're a naughty man.'

And you won't come in any more, I'm sure,  
And it's no use knocking at the door.'

Then up to the door went Evansme,  
Old Joe, had his bagpipes all i  
He rattled away on saint Stephen's plain,  
And thought he was going to Spain,  
'Who is that knocking at the door?'  
'Old Joe Hume and Evans to be sure!  
Then for Evans and Hume there is no room,  
You may settle your bill in the morning soon,  
So it's no use knocking at the door, Old Joe  
And it's no use knocking at the door.'

Then Al got out of his bed last night,  
And he went to the house in a terrible fright  
He under the window sore did pine,  
Saying, 'Old John bull, my wife is confined!'  
'Who is that knocking at the door?'  
'Why Albert, John, so poor.'  
'Is that you Al?—'yes, John my life.'  
'And what is the matter with your sweet wife?'  
'She will lay in to-night, I'm sure,  
And she sent me knocking at the door.'

Then up went Grey in a bustling way  
And asked John bull to lend him the key  
But old John bull, at George let fly,  
And banged the teapot in his eye,  
Saying, 'Who's that knocking at the door  
You mustn't come in any more,  
Is that you Grey?—'yes, John I say.'  
'Well, you are too late, secretary of state,  
And it's no use knocking at the door any more,  
And it's no use knocking at the door.'

Then twenty-nine birds of a feather,  
All flocked to the Parliament house together,  
When old John bull did a horswhip take,  
And he cut them all till their sides did ache.  
Saying, 'Who's that knocking at the door?'  
I'll teach you knocking at the door!  
He did at them scoff, saying—'Rogues be off,  
For you're all a lot of fools, & you shan't come in,  
And it's no use knocking at the door any more,  
And it's no use knocking at the door.'

Paul, Printer, 13, Great saint Andrew stree  
and sold by J. Morgan, Brick Lane Spitalfield

