

# OPENING THE ROYAL EXCHANGE,

TUNE—Vear and Moses.

*BIRT, Printer, 89, Great St. Andrew Street,  
Seven Dials.*

See the high and the low, how along they  
do go,

Through great London city they range,  
So buxom and keen for to see England's  
Queen,

Go to open the Royal Exchange,  
Then behold the great Royal Exchange,

All classes repair, see the Ladies so fair,  
How along through the city they go,  
The procession so bright far outrivals each  
sight,

And excels the great Lord Mayor's Show

There's the Aldermen fine how they  
glisten and shine,

And the great corporation do jog,  
There's Magnay so cosey Lord Gibbs and  
Old Nosey,

Besides little ratcatching Bob.

There's old Gog and Magog in armour  
so bright,

There's old Whittington too with his  
cat,

There's all things in reason, and old  
Tommy Gresham,

With a grasshopper stuck in his hat.

I say, clear the way, push forward, huzza!

The banners of freedom unfurl,  
As along you do range, for to match the  
Exchange

There's no building all over the world.

When the building so fine, both before and  
behind

They have opened, the great & the small  
So charming and gay will all toddle away,  
To dine at the London Guildhall.

And if I'm not mistaken, on liver & bacon  
They will dine, like a famed jovial crew  
And they'll have, what a bustle, large  
oysters and muscles,  
Besides a great big irish stew.

Perriwinkles and eels, and fine trout from  
the fields

They will have, with some codfish so fat  
And besides in a group have a blow out  
of soup,

Made of turtle, red herrings, & sprats,

Then in wine and in ales, to the young  
Prince of Wales

And the Queen they will drink a good  
health,

They'll have fruit such a lot, plums and  
fine ginger pop,

For the guests have got plenty of wealth

Mirth will there abound, & the toast will  
go round,

By the nob's who are nobly ranged,  
They will bawl out together Victoria for  
ever!

Success to the Royal Exchange.

With your rings and your lockets look  
after your pockets.

As you through the City do roam,  
Or it is ten to one you'll find something  
is gone,

Before that you get to your homes.

As along we do range to the Royal Ex-  
change,

Loud huzzas three times three we will  
give,

Here's the ladies so keen, and success to  
the Queen,

Clear the way for Lord Alderman Gibbs

