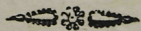


OPENING THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

TUNE—Vicar and Moses.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great Saint 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
They'll have fruit such a lot, plums and
fine ginger pop,

For the guests have got plenty of wealth

Mirth will there abound, and the toast will
go roundd,

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

Success to the Royal Exchange.

With your rings and your locketts, 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



1848 or 1845