

March 16th 1842
THE WONDERFUL

Superstitious Prophecy.

SOME idle rumours are afloat,
And silly folks are jolting,
Because they won't get swallowed up,
From London they are bolting.
Some foolish fellow prophecied,
Which makes old women's hearts ache,
That on the seventeenth of March
They are going to meet an earthquake.

CHORUS.

Some are weeping night and day,
It makes their very frame shake,
To think they'll all be swallowed up,
On Thursday by an earthquake.

The day by steau he will approach,
From the Isle of Ningly Dingland,
Across the seas in a hackney coach,
To see the folks of England.
All round about old ladies shout,
Oh, crikey arn't we frightened,
They say this covey prophecied
That he would land at Brighton.

Then in a moment like a load,
They say we shall be undone,
For unto Holborn Bridge he'll go
To see the folks of London.
He will swallow up all Saffron Hill,
Old clothes, rags, bones, and phials,
St. Giles's too, and Drury Lane,
And all the Seven Dials.

I'll tell you what I think he'll do,
Indeed said Billy Plummer,
He will swallow all the bugs and fleas,
Then we shall rest in Summer;
I tell you what I think he'll do
Says Cobbler Joe to Horn Will,
Swallow up St. Stephen's Plains,
Bobby P—l and his corn bill.

The rich and poor, the old and young,
Because they won't be undone,
Are bolting off without delay
From every part of London.
Some are gone to Tiddley Wink
Where Mungo's grind the cocoa
Some are gone to Ballinofud,
And some to Qronoko.

An old lady on two wooden legs,
At Charing Cross was jangling,
She said eleven thousand miles
From London she was travelling,
She said no longer here I'll stay,
Not I indeed, sir, no no,
That chap is coming, said she one day,
What swallowed poor old Jonah.

An old lady to her husband said,
I know when he approaches,
He will swallow all the ladies' maids,
The grooms and hackney coaches.
The taylor, snob, and dusty Bob,
Before he will be stopping,
New London Bridge, the River Thames,
Great Tower Hill and Wapping.

Two ladies in St. James's Park,
Together were conversing,
Saying we shall all be swallowed up,
And as they were dispersing,
Said one I'll go across the main,
To see the Isle of Bonkey,
I never did get swallowed up
Before, so help my donkey.

Some men you know are very wise,
No matter what his trade is,
Some curious tales they do invent,
To frighten poor old ladies;
Some folks would make the world believe
A brewer's dray was a barrow,
The moon was made of an old Dutch cheese
Or a cuckoo was a sparrow.

It would make you laugh I do declare,
Until your very sides ached,
To hear them talk about the times,
The corn bill and the earthquake.
It makes some thousands quake for fear,
When for their rights they axes,
We have rakes and quakes enough, you
know,
To swallow up the taxes.

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Seven Dials.



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