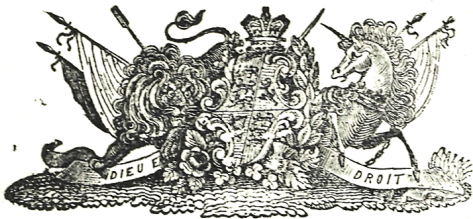


RESIGNATION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.



Air.—Hodge & his Leather Breeches.

There is such a jolly row,
Throughout the British nation,
Sir Robert Peel you know
Tendered his resignation,
The corn laws I declare
Has caused all this bustle,
Out popped little Bob,
And in popped Johnny Russel.

CHORUS.

The Tories are all out,
The Whigs are in together,
No, corn laws people shout.
And little bob for ever.

Sir Robert braved the storm,
So manfully and clever,
But then his old ship's crew,
He could not keep together,
He call'd them on the deck
And manfully did tell 'em,
If they didn't their duty do,
He could not guide the helm.

When Victoria heard the news,
She was struck very funny—
And a messenger she sent
Post haste for little Johnny,
Lord John slipped out of bed,
So gaily and light hearted,
In the middle of the night
And off to Windsor started.

A Mutiny arose,
Sir Robert strove so manly=
He pulled old Arthur's nose,
And flogged lieutenant Stanley,
He clobbered old Jemmy Graham
Through the ship a long way,

Old Georgey Cockburn then
He tied up to the gang-way.

Sir bobby's whole ship's crew,
Most dismally did mutter,
And swore some dreadful oaths
They'd fight for bread and butter,
Sir Robert found that he
Was in a sad condition,
Then toddled to the Quenn,
And gave up his commision.

Say what you will of bob,
He has proved himself a good'un,
And strove his old ship's crew
To get a great big pudding,
Lord Johnny being premier,
So started Arthur conkey,
That he went out oh dear,
Last night and shot a donkey.

The landlords through the land
In agony are weeping,
And say the cursed Whigs,
Have struggled long to keep in,
Sir Robert has resigned,
And Little John is puffing,
And people soon will get
A large Peck Loaf for nothing.

Victoria said oh dear,
It is an awful job now,
As soon I'd lose my crown,
As part with little bob now,
He is upright true and Just,
Although a little cosey,
And say the same I must,
Of my old sweetheart nosey.

Says Vic. the time is come,
And that you very well do know,
That something must be done,
So you must take the Corn Laws,
And hang them to a tree,
Never mind the bustle,
I have turned out little bob,
And hired Lord John Russell.

CHORUS.

ut jumped bobby Peel,
And shewed his resignation,
In jumped little John,
To make an alteration.

Paul, Prister, 18, Great Saint Andrew Street,
Bloomsbury



1845