

# Death of the Corn Bill

There's lots of fun, the Corn Bill's done,  
Protectionists are weeping,  
Landlords hang their heads, the bill is dead,  
And in the tomb is sleeping;  
Sir Robert Peel with his rat trap,  
Has now the monster slain,  
And laid him low, sing hey, heigh, oh!  
He will never rise again.

Sir Robert stood courageous,  
Till the monster he did slay,  
Fill up your glass, the bill is past,  
Huzza! my boys, huzza!

Spoken.—Well I say old father Rattlesnap, how about the Corn Laws eh? why I'm blowed if that 'ere chap they call Bobby, couldn't beat the devil at anything by gosh, I think he ought to be instead of little Bob, king Bob, but my stupid old woman calls him Queen Robert the first

He is a very clever fellow farmer Rattlesnap, not his equal in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Man, or Berwick on Tweed. No nor any where else Mister Hungry Maw, neither in the Isle of Germany, Jersey, Africa, America, Bombay, or any other Bay, from Lavdadecarrigo, to the middle of Petticoat Lane.

Sir Robert Peel has done the trick,  
And made poor R—d rue,  
Poor B—m swore he'd cut his stick,  
B—h swallowed his shoe;  
Villiers and Bright with great delight,  
Sung Bobby's England's hope,  
And Cobden danced the highland fling,  
Upon a quartern loaf.

Spoken.—Flare up old Jenny, squeeze me tight, plum puddings and apple damplings for ever, a quartern loaf for twopence, a pot of strong beer for threepence, a goose for fourpence, a duck for a penny, a cock a doodle doo for threepence, a large cabbage and a German sausage for twopence farthing. Sir Robert Peel for ever, no monopoly, free trade, and a out and out good thumping strong cup of tea, with a little drop of gin in the bottom, what dy'e think of that Polly Wrigglem Gingle?

Long life to England's noble Bob,  
And may he never die,  
He never lost a measure yet,  
That he to gain did try.  
If a bill in parliament he should bring,  
To pass it he'd engage,  
To sew up all the womens mouths,  
Past thirty years of age.

Spoken.—Lord love ye Mrs. Floundemouth, why Sir Robert Peel is a most wonderful man, why, they tell me that he is more clever than Punch who swallowed the codfish alive. He can set a fly trap, call a rat, catch a flat, and frighten a donkey, Why, he alarmed so many Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Lords, Knights and Esquires, in the Parliament house, that had it not been for the vigilance of the policemen the River Thames would be so crowded with protectionists, that the steam boats would have had to sail down the Strand, instead of the River Thames. Heigho! a fourpenny loaf for twopence.

Cheer up, says Bright, we have made it right,  
Sir Bob has done the deed,  
Then Cobden unto Villiers said,  
Who speaks against the League.  
Sir Robert for to do his best,  
With us did nobly try,  
And Wakley may find out of what  
Complaint the bill did die.

Spoken.—Oh! so help me tea toast and butter Mrs. Swore by night if I don't pawn my husbands, breeches to drink Bobby's health, and every time I go in the gin shop, won't I flare up and dance, and sing,

As I tripped o'er St. Stephen's plain,  
I met Sir Robert Peel gay and clever,  
I shoved him up against the door,  
And may Sir Bobby Peel live for ever,  
Tow, row, row, you have done it now,  
Bobby you was in the humour you have done the trick.

The landlords do in silence weep,  
The farmers do lament,  
The protectionists are up the spout,  
They groan in discontent,  
While Cobden, Villiers, Peel, and Bright,  
With all their jovial crew,  
Declare they will bon fires have,  
All this great nation through.

Death was the Corn Bill's portion,  
And nothing could him save,  
That glorious day they did him slay,  
And laid him in his grave,  
Where with his faults for evermore,  
In silence he may rot,  
The deeds of Cobden, Peel, and Bright,  
Shall never be forgot.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,  
Seven Dials, London.

