

London

LORD MAYOR'S DAY

IN 1844.

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

This Lord Mayor's day they haste away
Of every rank and station,
The poor and gay mark what I say,
Of all denominations ;

I do declare we've got a Mayor,
We will soon find who's rum'un,
So here's a health to Gobble G—bbs,
The new Lord Mayor of London.

CHORUS.

Some people thought to keep me out,
Oh ! was not it a pity,
But here I am old Gobble G—bbs,
Lord Mayor of London city.

I went to great Westminster Hall,
And as I was returning,
Some roam'd about, and loud did shout,
Gog and Magog is in mourning,
But never mind, they soon will find,
So help my Peter Pompey,
As I'm a Mayor I'll make them stare,
As wild as any donkey.

I boldly stood and conquered Wood,
And flared away like flinders,
With a peck of coals inside my hat,
And my pockets full of cinders.
Some think for to blow their hide,
But they will be mistaken,
There'll be nothing else but sausage fry,
And a little eggs and bacon.

And when I sit as great Lord Mayor,
My words you may believe in,
Every one that is before me brought,
For going out a thieving,
Shall off to Newgate go,
Where such have long resorted,
And stand a chance to have a dance,
Or else to be transported.

Do you think there's any green in me,
You do make such a fuss then,
Oh ! won't I pull up all the randy
Dandy omnibus men,
Fine them to your hearts content,
And almost drive them mad then,
And so help my bob a month in quod,
I will give to every cabman.

The pretty girls who walk the streets,
With their sweet arms a kimbo,
Three times a week shall have a treat,
By popping into limbo.
All drunken swells I'll fleece full well,
And make them play fine capers,
And commit the lot who holloas
Hot smoking baked potatoes.

The City shall be all locked up,
Now take this as a warning,
From past eleven every night,
Till seven every morning,
The policemen all shall orders have,
To take all noisy creatures,
Dog's meat men and barbers clerks,
Snobs and chimney sweepers.

Although you see I am Lord Mayor
Of great big London city,
That I'm not made a Baronet,
I think is a great pity.
Magnay says it's all my eye,
And Gibby's hopes are blighted,
Oh ! won't I ask Sir Bobby Peel,
To try to get me Knighted.

Now while I sit as great Lord Mayor,
I'll make great alteration,
I will make the pig and parson swear,
Of every rank and station.
I will make 'em sing God save the Queen
And to conclude my ditty,
See here comes old Gobble G—bbs,
Lord Mayor of London city.

