

# OPEN THE PORTS.



To list awhile you can't refuse,  
While I unfold some glorious news,  
To rightful measures they did resort,  
Said old John Bull and open the Ports.

## CHORUS.

Clear the way says old Dan Tucker,  
Rolls for breakfast, pudding for supper,  
Glorious news I have to tell ye.  
Bake away and fill your bellies.

Open the Ports!

In Parliament the other night,  
Indeed it was a curious sight,  
The members stormed Her Majesty's fort  
And bawled like winking open the Ports!

Richmond he did swear and bustle,  
Bentinck knocked down Johnny Russell,  
Buckingham fared away like flinders,  
And Bobby Peel jumped out of the window

Smith O'Brien played funny capers,  
And holloed twopence a pound potatoes,  
Then Dan O'Connell jumped up so gaily,  
And killed thirteen with a big shilalah.

The landlord their complains are stating  
The farmers talk of emigrating,  
The bakers minds no longer itches,  
To dip their fingers in peoples dishes.

Poor people every Sunday night,  
To tea their friends can all invite,  
Sisters, brothers, uncles, cousins,  
Hot penny loaves threehalfpence a dozen,

In Ireland too there is a fine fuss,  
Instead of oatmeal live on pie crust,  
Around Buckingham Palace for a treat,  
They will build a wall with sacks of wheat

With wood & stones they've done complet,  
They'd with apple dumplings pave th  
street.

What glorious news for the British nation,  
Cheap bread & butter, & hang starvation.

Open the Ports without delay,  
Cheer up your hearts and shout huzza!  
God save the Queen, sing every voice,  
And the flag of peace and plenty hoist.

Foreign vessels anxious wait,  
To enter into Britain's Gates,  
With lots of grain of every sort,  
Cheap bread for ever, and open the Ports.

By one hundred and eighty it was passed,  
A long time looked for come at last,  
Plenty of bread for our relief,  
Veal and bacon, mutton and beef.

Drown dull care and banish sorrow,  
A great big quarters loaf to morrow,  
With mutton dumplings, oh! what succour  
Red hot crumpets, muffins and butter.

## CHORUS.

Hurrah! cried Albert, rolls and cabbage,  
Sour crout, and German sausage,  
Old John Bull be one big glutton,  
I like beef and him like mutton.

Open the ports!

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