



# The Boroughmongers IN A PUCKER!

Tune, the Vicar and Moses.—Composed by Mr. Braham.

"WE shall all die with hunger," said an old Boroughmonger,  
Who long had been sucking the pelf  
From the people's hard earnings, and such shocking heart burnings,  
His motto was always—MYSELF!  
"Yes," he cry'd, to one younger, "we shall all die with hunger,  
For ruin will follow REFORM!  
O! like mountainous surges, my Lord RUSSELL's grand *Purge* is,  
O'erwhelming us all in the storm."

This old veteran in sin, made such terrible din,  
It brought the whole *REV* to a stew?  
Such a sudden eruption, from a mass of corruption,  
Like lightning so swiftly it flew.

When collected together, he sung out "Stormy weather!  
Hark! now, how't sounds—*RESTITUTION*!  
In great danger the thing is—there's the People and King is  
Our foes, and to OUR INSTITUTION."

Then a long silence ensu'd, amidst this vile corrupt brood,  
A word to be heard was so scarce!  
Till the late great Commander, like a huge Salamander,  
Gave out—"Why the whole is a FARCE!"

Said that rich fusty Old Eli, now on the Chancery shelf,  
"Your lingo may do for your GREENS;"  
But these are sailors true-blue, so Master Prince Waterloo,  
They will not be gul'd like Mariner.

"Though, your head's crown'd with laurel, and is famous in quarrel,  
'Twas BRITONS that won *you* the fame;  
And if now against FREEDOM, and REFORM you can lead them,  
Why, then, it's a farcical game."

"But the case is quite alter'd, here he quiver'd and falter'd,—  
"Tis WILLIAM! not GEORGE, lack-a-day!  
With his BROUGHAM and RUSSELL, for Reform in a bustle,  
And gave us all *turn-ups*! for GREY."

"So, you see, to our places, states the *EX* in our faces,"  
Cry'd the Captain, "that is a *blunder*.  
Ring a *Peel*, my old stager, call aloud for *Bob Major*!"  
"Hear!" sung out BOB, dear *EX-Master*.

"O, that dire exclamation! send a strong proclamation,  
Bring our reserve to head quarters;  
Young and old, of both sexes, all receivers of taxes,  
And Boroughmonger extorters."

"They must lug out their treasure, for I find that vile measure  
Is not, what I once thought, a joke;  
What Old Gripe has inform'd me, his now greatly alarm'd me,  
Come, BOB, have you call'd all our folk?"

"Yes, I've giv'n an oration, near my *EX-Police Station*,  
A long and a strong loud *ad-Peel*,  
And they'll soon bring their cash out, these Reformers to thrash out,  
And upset THE *BITL*, neck and heel."

"What a buzz and a humming, see, my LORD, who is coming,  
Against ALL Reform how he raves;  
And Reformers and *BITL*, too, he would soon give a pill to,  
Then send one and all to their *Graces*!"

When the word *Graces* was sounded, like a monster he bounded,  
"Begone, bloody *Banquo*, begone!"  
See the *Graces* are all storming against Anti-Reforming,  
Behold, my LORD DUKE, how they gaze!"

"What! my LORD, is your meaning? sure, your HIGHNESS is dreaming,  
"Shadows below soldiers heading?"  
Come, arouse from your slumber, O great *Duke of Lund Cumber*!  
Wake! for the foe is proceeding."

Don't you see that GARY devil, with Reform Bill to level,  
Just like the cholera morbus;  
Every rank and distinction, and to Tories ex-tinction,  
'Twill all in ruin absorb us."

"Then to vanquish and still this Reform, now no trifle,  
Come, we'll concentrate our forces:  
With his fam'd spinning-jennies, here comes BOB, and rich ninnies—  
Stock'd well with gold are their purses."

"From our 'weld-working system' we can aid and assist them,  
All our good friends in profusion;  
Though they say it's ill-gotten, from a Borough-thing rotten,  
Yet it has work'd well and steady."

"And to guard it we'll struggle, from Reform and all juggle,  
See, we have friends in profusion;  
Now, to man every station, fight against innovation,  
Here comes Reformer's confusion."

Enter great Lawyer *Endless*! "Now we ne'er shall be friendless!"  
Bleating aloud like a WETHER;  
Eli he took for his measure—in *outrage*, at his leisure,  
All the Reformers together."

Then his Saint, the great DUKE spoke, "Now, behold, friends & good folk,  
'I'll do what I like with my own!"  
'Tis my Newcastle salmon, though they call it all gammon,  
And say, it's corrupt to the bone."

"Then, they say, they'll disfranchise all our *barrow-like* pigstys,  
Hence all our sway and our splendor,  
But I ne'er will knock under, nor submit to such plander,  
Sooner I'd die than surrender."

Here a muggle like chatter, interrupting the matter,  
Said, "All Reformers he'd cut-throat;  
And, from fam'd LONDONBERRY, through their blood he would ferry,"  
Spoke like a crack'd Brother's high note."

Now, what shocking bad stories, from some rich old *she* Tories,  
And rank to the very back-bone;  
They would sooner see blood run through the land, and all London,  
Than Russell's Reforming *Loadstone*!"

"It so draws all the people!" came a voice from the STEEPLE!  
Now, Old Mother Church was below—  
All her sons to awaken, who with panic were shaken,  
To see all their flocks on the go."

"To Reform! O, how shocking! only see, how they're flocking!"  
Now, Mother Church had misgivings,  
For she heard their vile sayings—"We'll reform, too, tithe payings,"  
Then casting look at fat livings."

Now a cry did the *vile* fill, with—Here comes King Reform Bill;  
O, all is lost! dissolution!"  
"Then," with great consternation, cry'd the whole Tory nation,  
"See, here's the Gulf Revolution!"

Like the Children of Babel, up to build were not able,  
Longer for to build a wall;  
So these *Imps of Corruption* here was all interruption,  
Thinking their power quite unbounded."

Soon a power, that is stronger, will overthrow Boroughmonger,  
Here are your hopes ever blighted!  
Tis your knell, Tory Faction—down you go, see ELECTION,  
KING, and the PEOPLE united!"

Though OUR *BITL*'s now rejected, by those LORDS that's connected  
Along with Corruption and Sin,  
Can these LORDS ever sever Our *Grand Union*? no never!  
Freedom will never give in!"

\* RIFLE CORPS.

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