

The Chartists are coming.



What a row and a rumpus, there is I declare,
Tens of thousands are flocking from everywhere
To petition the parliament, onward they steer,
The chartists are coming, oh, dear, oh, dear,
To demand equal justice, their freedom & rights
Pump'handlef, and broomstieks, lawk, how they
can fight,

The nation they say, is overwhelmed with grief,
A peck loaf for two-pence and 4 pounds of beef
CHORUS.

Old Bull is complaining and says that his back
Is so painful, he cannot stand under the tax,
o, pity I is ease, Queen victoria, I pray,
The chartists are coming, get out of the way,
Such a number together was never yet seen,
Hurrah for the charter, and God save the Queen
And when that the charter old England has got,
We'll have stunning good beer at 3 halfpence a
pot.

A loaf for a penny, a pig for a crown,
And gunpowder tea at five farthings a pound,
Instead of red-herrings we'll live on fat geese,
And get lots of young women at two-pence a piec
The bakers and grocers see how they do laugh,
With dustmen & coalheavers armed with a staff,
Five thousand old women, oh, how they did sing
With fryingpoons, fenders, and big coolling pins;
There's Russell, and Bobby, old Nosey & Hume
With pistols, and bayoness big muskets & brooms
Load away, fire away, chatter and jaw,
Shoot at a donkey, and knock down a crow.

See the lads of old Erin, for liberty crow
Smith O'Brian for ever, and Erin-go-
bragh!

Peace, and contentment, then none can
we blame,

Plenty of labour and paid for the same
Some are rolling in riches, and luxury
too, (ing to do!

While millions are starving, and noth-
Through the nation prosperity soon
will be seen, (the Queen!

Hurrah! for great britain, and God save

There was thirteen old ladies as you
may suppose, (the nose,
On last Monday morning, got shot in
One swallowed the charter as she went
in the throng, (long;
And one eat a broom stick, eleven feet
Go along Jemmy, see the charter there
goes,

I say, Mr. Spooney, get off of my toes,
See Fergus O'Conner along for to roll,
With Nottingham castle stuck up on a
pole. (repair,

To Kennington Common in droves they
Cause Smith O'Brian and Fergus is ther
A telling a story, would reach sir indeed
From the land's end of England to Ber-
wick on tweed;

The Charter, the Charter, or England
shall quake.

I wish they may get it, and no grand
mistake,

Then Fergus shall be prime minister
keen,

And Smith O'Brian a page to the Queen

Such constables there is in London, now
mark,

Tailors, and shoe makers, labourers
and clerks,

Gaslightmen pickpockets, fireman too,
Greengrocers, Hatters, Pork Butchers
and Jews,

Lollypop merchants, and masons a lot,
And the covey what hollows baked ta-
tors all hot,

They are sworn to protect us, and keep
well the peace,
en the Chartists, and help the
police.

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