

The Meeting of Parliament

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31st.

What wonders again we shall see,
Says old Bull, what a great alteration,
What a row and rumpus there'll be
In every part of the nation :
Every field is in mourning I vow,
And so is each meadow and ditch then,
While the Farmers all kick up a row
With D'Israeli, Stanhope, and Richmond.
Free Traders stick up for your rights

And now when the Parliament meets,
The people in thousands are roving,
And there's Peelers in every street,
Bawling out, push along, & keep moving
There's a lark with old Graham and Grey,
And Members in droves do crowd there,
Old Wellington holloas hurra !
Queen Victoria, red herrings, & powder
Free Traders, &c

The Protectionists all in a heap
Want to cause a confusion and bustle,
But they all in sorrow may weep,
With a clip on the nose from John Russell
And Sir Robert declares with an oath,
That whoever lives long, sure shall see
'em,
For threepence, a stunning big loaf,
Twice as big as the British Museum.
Free Traders, &c.

When arriving near famed Palace-yard,
Dick Cobden gave Granby a spanker,
And then a great battle occurred.
When they thought they was at Sala-
manca ;
There was fighting and tearing away,
And such a flare up in the lobby,
When the Members loud shouted huzza !
Long life to the Queen and Sir Bobby.
Free Traders, &c.

Young ladies get off my toes,
See how them two tailors do tustle,

Mrs. Sheepshanks, you have dirtied your
shoes,
And dropped in the gutter your bustle ;
I am going to peruse the Queen's Speech
And the Lords & the Commoners capers
Who ought to be fed twice a week,
On oatmeal, salt herrings and tatoes.
Free Traders, &c.

Our Queen will be shortly confined,
With a son that can twirl a black thorn
stick,
And he on the chin will be marked,
With a bugle, a salmon, and corn rick ;
The soldiers will all be reduced,
And a change there will be in the Navy,
The tailors shall be fed on goose,
And the snobs on fried lapstones and
gravy.
Free Traders, &c.

The Landlords will have to relent,
Or else in the ditches be weeping,
We'll compel them to lower their rents,
For the people will never be beaten ;
Dissolution they loudly do cry,
But I think they will all be mistaken,
With a dishclout held up to each eye,
They may weep and sing cabbage & bacon
Free Traders, &c.

Whoever lives longest will see
Through Britain a great alteration,
Here's old ladies a strong cup of teea,
And all taxes destroyed through the nation
A bottle of gin and a pipe,
And a cabbage big as Covent Garden,
A sweet little good tempered wife,
And a large penny loaf for a farden.
Free Traders, &c.

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

