

Subterranean Oratory,

OR A LYRICAL DOZEN, FOR THE

“HERO OF WATERLOO.”

IRISH MEASURE.

'Tis difficult to fay aught new
Of WELLINGTON or WATERLOO;
The theme, so hackney'd, has become
A *Military bore* to some—

E'en Colliers, working down below,
Despise mere pageantry and shew,
When nothing else appears beside
Fictitious consequence and pride!

Air—“*Cappy, or the Pitman's Dog.*”

YE sons of the Tyne! to my story attend,
An' aw'll tell ye something 'at ye niver ken'd;
But when ye ha'e heard it, aw'm very weel shure,
Ye'll think like wor *Bob* o' the Minions o' Power,
Wi' their pageantry, loyalty, mummery flummery,
Pride, ostentation and pomp and parade.

'Twas last Friday morning, while yet it was dark,
As *Bob* an' his marrows were coming frae wark,
They were talking o' Wellington's *Visit*, and how
His Grace was receiv'd in each toon he pass'd thro';
Where each Corporation shew'd their admiration
By turtle an' venison cook'd up *in stile*!

Od smash my pit hoggars! says Geordy M'Cree,
Aw'll gang to the Toon the *Great Captain* to see!
Dick White an' *Jack Morgan* wish'd Friday was here,
Then off to Newcastle they gaily wad steer:—
But what said wor Bobby? Politic Bobby!
He made a lang speech! 'at maist puzzled us a'!

Says Bobby, says he, Marrows! mind what I fay—
If ye be wise, lads! ye'll a' keep away—
For why sud ye gang, *His* triumph to swell?
What has he done for us? can nane o' ye tell?
Weel done Bobby! Politic Bobby!
Thou's the best Politic ever I saw!

Some talk of his fighting at Waterloo field
But in dancing at balls he is far better skill'd—
Then what has he done, lads, to gain our applaude?
He wanted to starve us a' wiv his Corn Laws!
Think on his *Amendment*—his *Irish amendment*!
He mended the measure by making it warfe!!

Folks talk of his *Services* done for the State—
But then they forget a' his Riches an' Plate!
Frae where did his honours an' titles a' spring?
Frae a kind-hearted Nation and liberal King.
God blefs his Majesty! God blefs our Country!
Long may Britannia be happy an' free!

But “England expects every man to perform
“His duty,” says Nelson, in calm or in storm,
And tho' Wellington *saw* our brave countrymen slain
By thousands—his *labours* have not been in vain;

For *he* is rewarded—amply rewarded
Wiv riches an' honours for what he has done!

An' where was his gratitude? let me ax that—
When he join'd the *Seceders*? he best kens for what—
He deserted his Maister, O fie on *His Grace*!
An' threw the king's kindness full smack iv his face!
Then where was his gratitude? Out of his latitude,
Where was his gratitude when he did that?

An' as for the Nation 'at gave him his wealth,
They ha'e ne great 'casion to drink the Duke's health—
Sic an ungrateful action I never yet see'd
As attempting to starve us a' wiv his dear bread!
Then why sud we honour him? for his ingratitude?
Surely his *services* are owerpaid.

Aw need n't remind you o' what the folks fay
About a *French Soulger* they ca'd Marshal Ney,
'At was shot by command o' King Louis the Base;
But he might ha'e been sav'd biv a *Word* frev *His*
Grace!

Where was his clemency? Where was his sym-
pathy?
Did envy or jealousy make him stand mute?

Let them 'at want places fit down o' their knees,
An' worship the Idols o' Power if they please—
About places an' pensions aw'll ne'er fash my head,
But still independent aw'll work for my bread,
While my name's Bobby—Politic Bobby—
Aw'll de a' the good for my country aw can!

He said a vast mair—but aw doubt his harangue
Wad be ower much to put intiv a fang;
An' as aw dinna wish to trespass on your time,
For the present aw'll just put an end to my rhyme:
So thanks to wor Bobby! Politic Bobby—
He's tell'd us o' something we ne'er ken'd afore!

To Bobby's opinion they a' did submit,
An' swore that he was the best man i' the pit!
They agreed, ane an' a', to pursue their awn wark,
An' leave the “*Great Captain*” to march in the dark!
Wiv his Corn-bill *amendment*—his Irish amendment
Potatoes an' Butter-milk sud be his fare!

