

# ROTHSCHILD & VICTORY

And the glorious majority of 3515.

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You Citizens so gay,  
Cheer up with heart and voice,  
You have nobly won the day,  
And you have got your choice.  
Poor Manners out you kicked,  
And made him droop his head,  
He clipped his wings and cut his stick  
And toddled home to bed.

They Lord John Manners done  
By a great majority,  
He from London City home did run,  
Saying, they have licked me.

Now when the news was known,  
At ten o'clock last night,  
The Dukes did weep, the Parsons groat'd  
And Bishops in affright  
Began to tear their wigs,  
And holloa we are done,  
And Rutland run eleven miles,  
To seek his conquered son.

You might hear the Churchmen weep,  
And hear the Bishops bawl,  
From the top end of Oxford Street,  
To the entrance of St. Paul's;  
Lord John they thought was lost,  
And they roamed about in shame,  
Till they found him in a dust hole,  
In a court near Petticoat Lane.

For Manners he had none,  
He tumbled and he kicked;  
Afraid to venture home,  
For he was nicely licked.  
Rothschild came riding by,  
With victory on his brow  
And the tory Bishops grinned and stared,  
I really can't tell how.

Since Bishops, Dukes and Lords  
We have so nicely beat;  
Take gallant Baron Rothschild,  
And place him in his seat  
Next to the great Premier  
Lord John who keeps the Crown,  
And the first man who offends him,  
Let the Baron knock him down

The tory gold in lots,  
Did nicely fly about,  
And yet you see we'd victory,  
And kicked the tory out.  
When Bishop P—— Harry,  
Did hear the dreadful news,  
He cursed and swore his shirt he tore,  
And sung God save the Jews.

We knew we'd not be beat,  
And now the knaves may see,  
That London City none will have,  
But friends of liberty;  
The Peers may chat and jaw,  
The Bishops they may prate,  
But no man's creed should him prevent  
For us to legislate.

The victory now is won,  
The tory out is kicked,  
Monopoly is done,  
And the upper house is licked;  
So they may bag their heads,  
And hang upon a tree,  
To see the Baron beat the Lord,  
So cleverly licks me.

Take Rothschild to his seat,  
And let them all to see,  
That London City won't be beat,  
Free trade and victory.

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