

The New General Sunday TRADING BILL,

With Sir A. A....'s, Resolutions.



You Englishman draw near, and listen to my ditty.

If we shant be oppressed, I think it is a pity
A saint has just arrived to put things in a
rum way,

You must not shew your face outside the
door on Sunday.

Chorus.—Some curious chaps we see are
going on a rum way,

Next week they'll pass an act to hang us
all on Sunday.

Well neighbour, have you heard
of the wonderful and oppressive
measure they are going to pass this
sessions for the benefit of all classes
of the community?—What is it my
friend, anything beneficial to the
poor?—I will tell you what, neigh-
bour, there is again arrived from
Scotland a great St. Andrew, who
has brought a string of Resolutions
to cram down our throats: a few
of which are as follows:

1st. No butcher shall sell his meat
on the Sabbath.

2nd No baker shall sell his bread;
No grocer shall sell his tea; No
greengrocer shall sell his cabbage;

3rd. No woman shall light a fire,
no lady shall lace her stays, and no
man shall kiss his wife under a pe-
nalty of 5 pounds for the first offence
and 10 pounds for the second, or 6
months in the House of Correction
to hard labour.

Thou shalt not eat or drink, thou shalt not
be a joking,

Thou shalt not take any snuff, and if you
are caught a smoking,

They will shave you in the stocks wont that
be charming, neighbour,

Or else you'll get six months at the tread-
mill to hard labor.

Milk below. — Oh dear dont be
seen there with your milk, or we

shall all be transported on a Sunday
morning. —Mackarel, 3 a shilling,

all alive, O. — I say, Mr. Fishmon-
ger, do you know you are my pri-
soner for crying fish on a Sunday?

—Why they are perishable, and if
I dont sell them my wife and family

will perish. —There is 3 months for
you, my boy, to hard labour. —

Who says so? — Who; why Sir
Andrew Hague. —Who the d—l is

he, a parson --No.--Is he a bishop?

—No.—Is he a tailor.—No.—Then
is he a prig?—No, you vagabond,

he is a saint, — Well, if you dont
let me go my fish will be sainted

(scented) before to-morrow, and if I
catch old Andrew to-morrow I will

learn him the tune of

All round my hat I wears a green willow,
All round my hat, for we'll soon get in
the lurch,

For they say that Andrew Haguecheek,
Declares he'll drive us once a week,

Chained up like slaves in Africa, with a
horse-whip off to church.

Oh, blow me, here's a go Bill, no
going outside the door on a Sunday,

no lighting a fire, no boiling a ket-
tle, and no smoking tobacco.

They will not let us out from Saturday
night till Monday.

You must not clean your shoes, or wash
your face on Sunday,

What can the poor want more or what can
they desire,

Saint Andrew favours none but informers
spies and liars.

Well neighbour, this is an oppres-
sive measure, and is there any more

Resolutions to be observed. —Why
they tell me the park gates are to be

locked up at 9 o'clock on Saturday
night, and not to be opened any

more till Monday morning; no
coach, cab, or omnibus will be

allowed to run; no boat will be seen
on the water; every servant, male,

and female will be driven to church
by their master, and be compelled to

fast 48 hours every Sunday and no
mistake,—and it is

Oh dear what can the matter be,
St. Andrew pray hang us all up to an

apple tree,

For in Scotland folks say that you
once had a jovial spree,

When you hung old Mc. Farlanes
tom cat.

Oh we know very well you'll go on
in a rum way,

Starve us from Saturday night until
Monday,

If you wont let us eat, drink, or sleep
on a Sunday,

It will shortly be all round my hat.
For he says

The dog shant bark, the cat shant
mew,

The horse shant bray, and the cock
shant crow,

No man shall kiss his loving wife,
or deal in any trade,

No master on the sabbath day shall
kiss his servant maid.

So to conclude my song, I have told
you all complete sir,

The resolutions of old Andrew Ague-
cheek sir,

If they follow his advice, they will
go on in a rum way,

They'd better send us all by steam
to Botany Bay next Sunday.

— John Morgan.



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