

HARD TIMES AND NO BEER!

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

You Englishmen, and Irishmen,
Scotchmen, and Welchmen too,
Old Nosey swears, and Bob declares,
That they will make us rue;
They will feed us all on paving stones,
How shocking 'tis, oh! dear,
They've rose the ale, the gin, and rum
The brandy, and the beer.

CHORUS.

Oh! what a shame, and whose to b'ame,
For this most sad affair,
They first did rise the bread and meat,
And now they have rose the beer.

The tailor cries, the butcher weeps,
The cobbler droops his head,
The goose and sleeve board goes for meat
The lapstone goes for bread;
The washerwoman rubs away,
And heaves a sigh so queer,
And holloas what a cursed shame
It is to rise the beer.

I saw thirteen teatotalers,
Last night with joy run mad,
And sing so keen, long live the Queen,
Oh! arn't we very glad.
They gave a jump to Aldgate pump,
Then to the Thames did steer,
Where they nearly drank the river dry,
And holloa'd rise the beer.

A bonny blooming grocer's wife,
They call her lovely Jane,
Who keeps a shop in Dudley Street,
And one in Petticoat Lane.
Sung coffee, tea, and cocoa strong,
Then spiteful home did steer,
And beat her husband round the room
With a pot of fivepenny beer.

The coalheaver begins to droop,
The dustman drops his whip,
The costermonger sings gee up,
And whistles Duck-leg Dick;

The sailor holloas out avast!
The times are very queer,
And the soldier out of thirteen pence
A day can't get no beer.

Oh! what a price they've got the bread,
In country and in town,
Sixpence for a bunch of greens,
Potatoes twopence a pound;
Tenpence for a small sheep's head,
And the coals are very dear,
How could they tak- it in their heads
To rise the gin and beer.

They are going to raise the candles,
Snuff, tobacco, and soap,
And charge us threepence halfpenny
For a little twopenny loaf;
They are going to raise the ladies
Boots and stockings too, oh! dear,
Drown your sorrows in pump water,
For you'll get no gin or beer.

You tradesmen and you labourers,
Now mark what I do say,
Upon good strong pump water,
You must work hard night and day;
And all you poor old women,
Through the nation sing, oh! dear,
The devil take the brewers clerks,
And smother us in beer.

How would the lords and ladies,
And other nobles fine,
Feel if they had to suck the pump
Instead of drinking wine.
Pray don't you think old England
Is getting very queer,
Would Prince Albert like to drive the plough
Without a drop of beer.

Just see the bouncing landlord
Who could strut about so fine,
And their ladies with their bustles big
A sticking out behind,
And tears a falling from their eyes,
In agony, oh! dear,
Crying, cursed was the fatal day
The villains rose the beer.



1850