

SIR ROBERT PEEL

AND HIS GLORIOUS MAJORITY OF 97

YOU Englishmen of all degrees,
 A glorious tale I'm going to mention,
 It's worth your while, 'twill make you smile
 Then just one moment give attention ;
 We have a man you'll understand,
 Acting upright, just, and clever,
 Ninety seven majority
 And Mr. Bobby Peel for ever.

Gee up, gee wo, says little Bob,
 Let no'ing Britons minds e'er deaden
 I told you I could do the job,
 Behold the glorious ninety-seven.

When Queen Victoria heard the news,
 She ripped her petticoats in stitches,
 She eat the Prince of Wales' shoes.
 And slipp'd on Albert's coat & breeches
 Hurrah ! she cried, for Bobby Peel,
 Oh, was not she in such a splutter,
 Pickled cabbage, pork, and veal,
 Roared royal Vic, hot rolls and butter.

Prince Albert he jump'd out of bed,
 Saying Vick, he's done the trick so clever
 Give me a sausage ten feet long,
 Free Trade, and Bobby Peel for ever !
 He is the chap that can do the trick,
 His opponents I know will rue it,
 Whatever Bobby takes in hand,
 You know, dear Vick, that he can do it.

Sir Robert jumped up in the house,
 And swore by that, & swore by this then
 He would carry his measure like a man,
 In spite of Buckingham or Richmond ;
 They both ran nearly raving mad,
 The Protectionists began to shiver,
 Buckingham in the water butt jumped,
 And Richmond tumbled in the river.

Sir Robert cried, God save the Queen,
 While I am here no one shall harm her
 I don't care a penny loaf,
 For all the grumbling foolish farmers ;
 Let the landlords sigh and moan,
 Their knavish tricks I mean to deaden,
 Let them take a turn at breaking stones,
 And look at the glorious ninety-seven.

The hero then of Waterloo,
 Went to the House of Lords so cosey,
 My Lords and Dukes, oh, then said he,
 Just listen to the tale of Nosey ;
 Little Bob has done the job,
 Ninety-seven majority so clever,
 He bit nine inches off his nose,
 Then holloaed out Free Trade for ever

Then Irish Dan you'll understand,
 For Erin's rights began to roar,
 With a great shillelagh in his hand,
 Like the main-mast of a seventy four ;
 Give my subjects bread and beef,
 Throw on them no more reflection,
 Poor old Ireland wants relief,
 For she can't live by rogues protection.

Had you but in the Commons been,
 You might have seen some awful cases,
 The farmer's friends did curse and swear
 And pull some dreadful ugly faces ;
 Thirteen fell down upon the floor,
 Then after that nine, ten, eleven,
 Sir Robert Peel began to roar,
 About the great & glorious ninety-seven

Some did rejoice with heart and voice,
 And vowed Sir Robert done it stately,
 Old Hume did dance the Highland fling,
 Then up jump'd Duncombe and Tom
 Wakley ;

The bill says Duncombe has been slain,
 And it great pleasure will afford us,
 Then Wakley swore so help his bob,
 The Corn Bill died of the cholera morbus

So to conclude and make an end,
 You know the trick is done so clever,
 A great big loaf as big as St. Paul's,
 Free Trade, and little Bob for ever ;
 Cheer up I, say, with a loud huzza !
 Let nothing e'er your spirits deaden,
 Since little Bob has done the job,
 By the glorious number ninety-seven.

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