

ROTHSCHILD FOR EVER!

And the City won't be conquer'd

You Gentiles and Jews,
I will tell you the news,
Concerning a bit of a spree;
But we don't care a fig
About bishop or pig.
Baron Rothschild our member shall be.
Baron Rothschild for ever, huzza!

A bill was brought in,
And the peers did all grin,
Except two or three, who looked cosey;
Winchelsea knocked down
My lord bishop of York,
And Richmond pitched into old Nosey.
Baron Rothschild our member shall be.

Harry Philpotts looked sad,
And London went mad,
And they cursed Lord John Russell and Bobby;
Poor Exeter Harry
Went off in a fit,
And Durham fell down in the lobb.
But Rothschild for ever, huzza!

The citizens swear,
And most solemn declare,
By the lords they will never be beat;
For they will carry the Baron
In triumph so grand,
And place him secure in his seat
Baron Rothschild for ever, huzza!

We will not be conquered!
We'll elect whom we please!
And the peers shan't have all their own way;
If they Rothschild don't like,
We will cut away Mike,
And elect him in three times a day.
Baron Rothschild for ever, huzza!

For a' that, for a' that,
A Jew is a man,
And religion to some is a fig;
There is some mitred peers,
Has as much I declare
Religion in them as a pig.
Shall the city be conquer'd? no, never!

If they Rothschild reject,
We will still him elect,
And his enemies cause trouble and pain;

We'll elect him so clever,
Singing, Rothschild for ever!
From Windsor to Petticoat Lane.
Baron Rothschild for ever, huzza!

Poor Exeter Harry
Went home in a pet,
And his coachman knocked down with his wig;
Then like a bad farden
Went out in the garden,
And swallowed a large roasting pig.
Singing out we are ruined, good lord!

We are in good condition,
Although we've opposition.
We have Rothschild and liberty's cause;
With great alteration,
Reduce all taxation,
And crush all tyrannical laws.
Here's Rothschild for ever, huzza!

The churchmen and placemen,
And bishops you'll see,
Be sent off to Bedlam soon will,
Or otherwise they will be
Tied to a tree,
With the Jewish Disabilities Bill.
And Rothschild our member shall be.

Here's freedom for ever!
And Rothschild so clever,
To St. Stephen's so nimbly he'll scud;
Here's down with taxation,
With free toleration,
And his enemies stuck in the mud.
Baron Rothschild for ever, huzza!

All their pushing and squeezing,
Their nagging and teasing,
They will find to be of little use;
There's some peers in the house,
Knows as much as a mouse!
And with just as much brains as as a goose.
Baron Rothschild for ever, huzza!

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