

# THE TIMES,

## Or a Chapter of Grumblers.

You gentlemen all both far and near,  
List to these doggerel rhymes,  
For I think that I can prove to you,  
That these are grumbling times ;  
So if you will attention give,  
I'll not detain you long,  
But I will now endeavour  
For to grumble out a song.  
For they're all grumbling,  
Throughout our native land.

The Queen she is a grumbling,  
Says her house it is too small,  
That in St. James's Park does stand,  
For it will not hold them all ;  
And unless that it is alter'd,  
She would grumble in a barn,  
Or with her spouse keep grumbling,  
At pretty Osborne Farm.

And Albert is a grumbler,  
I mean too what I say,  
For he grumbles at the times and  
Says he can't live on his pay ;  
And so he did turn Farmer,  
But that's not a thriving trade,  
And he grumbles at the last brevet,  
Because he wasn't a Marshal made.

The B—ps they're all grumbling,  
Says they're ruined one and all,  
Murphies are so devilish bad,  
They have lost the tenth of all ;  
And corn too is so very scarce,  
They can't get powdered wigs,  
So they grumble on all night and day,  
For the loss of tythes and pigs,

The Protectionists are grumbling,  
But they grumble on the sly,  
For to grumble loud it would not do,  
I'll tell you the reason why,  
Because the ports are opened,  
They will lose a little blunt,  
So they'll grumble to the Continent,  
Some Foreign game to hunt.

Free traders too are grumbling,  
And cursing night and day,  
And are grumbling at the government  
For causing such delay ;  
They may grumble on perpetually,  
For two months at least I own,  
For a loaf that's cheap they will not get,  
So they may count the trees and stones.

The Farmer he's a grumbler,  
Says his rent he cannot pay,  
And the Miller too is grumbling,  
Tho' he's grinding night and day,  
The grumbler mixes peas with wheat,  
Says it is to cleanse his stones,  
But his study is to grind the poor,  
And he often grinds up bones.

The Brewer is a grumbling,  
Says malt it is so dear,  
And the times they are very bad,  
He was forced to rise the beer ;  
And the Publican's a grumbler,  
Tho' he give us all the gripes,  
For he clapt a penny on a pot  
Of his belly vengeance swipes.

The Baker he's a grumbling,  
Says flour is so high,  
And grumbling sells the four pound loaf,  
So the poor they cannot buy ;  
And the poor they grumble justly,  
For they find it is no go,  
Unless by taking Norfolk's plan,  
And live on curried snow.

The d—l he's a grumbling  
At those saints who want a fast,  
Of them he's sure, and grumbling says,  
He's safe to have at last ;  
And monopolists he'll also have  
Them body, flesh and bone,  
For like a certain duke,  
He's a right to have his own

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

