

What a wonderful change in old England.

You people of England who like to be mingling, with politics and trade what a rumpus has been made, come one and come all the great and the small, and I will tell you a story so fine.

CHORUS.

Then see what a change there is in old England, and all since the merry days of old Queen Bess.

There's our dear little Queen, so buxom and keen, in a carriage so gay, riding out every day, quite handsome and fair for to take the fresh air, and her refined silver and gold.

Then there's Albert in the passage with a great German sausage, munching away three parts of the day, with his gold-headed whip and mustachios on his lip, he is a farmer and huntsman so gay.

See the little Prince of Wales, telling his mother tales, about his little sisters, who give him some twisters, and how he got a loss with his little hobby horse, and calling on old bull for another.

There's the Waterloo soldier none ever was bolder, I mean old Nosey, so frolicsome and cosey, who has plenty of wealth, muskets, pipe clay, and belts; he can handle his gun at the sound of the drum, and recollect Battersea fields.

Behold little Bob when he is out of a job, he can put on his hat and collar his trap, play up some rigs, have a row with the whigs, run like a parrot bawling bunch of carro's, with the great Income Tax in his hand.

Old Georgy Cockburn quickly round can turn, and then take a trip to the helm of a ship, like an admiral of state in a great ninety eight, and hoist his red flag at the mizen.

There was poor old Burdett, who did oft run and sweat, so meek and demure for a cold water cure, which made him to sigh, and then caused him to die, and sent him to rest in his tomb.

There's old Londonderry so frolicsome and merry, a grumbling again about Portugal and Spain, the royal state barge & the nation at large, the hand and the knee, the land and the sea, he is a sprig of old Lord Castlereagh.

There's Lord Aberdeen may dealy be seen, playing some airs about Foreign affairs, the army and navy, the beef steaks and gravy, and appears to be always in wunt.

See old Joey Hume confined to his room, he can't venture out he is confined with the gout, he always seemed vexed since he lost Middldsex, and he groans like a fourpenny piece.

There's O'Connell Dan stood his trial like a man, he will never lament he has plenty of rint, he has told funny stories of saxons and tories, and stands by the Union repeal.

Just behold Tommy Duncombe who is his mother's own son, lord how he can spout and knock things about, as light as a cork from Hertford to York, and adore Madame Vestris's legs.

Old John Bull he axes the tradesmen for taxes, for church rates alas, cleansing, poor's-rates, and gas, he a gatherer has sent he can scarce pay his rent, and he knows not which way for to turn.

The Commissioners of Poor Law behold how they do jaw, and use people cruel, give them hodge podge and gruel, and to supple their bones, send them out breaking stones, make them work like horses and horses and turks, and persuade them their very well paid.

There's the policemen so neat walking the street, saying move on. and if you don't go along, you'll be dragged like a mouse to the station-house, where all night you may sleep, next day visit the beak, where he'll fine you five bob or send you to quod in a government omnibus.

There's butchers and bakers, red herrings and quakers, soldiers and sailors, snobs, masons, and tailors, the milkman, his maid, and all other trades, grumbling and growling, groaning and scowling, concerning those wonderful times.

So to make an end of these lines I have penned, concerning the times you will find in my rhymes, will the nation surprise and open your eyes, and I wish you all a very good night.

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