

The Subjects of the Times; or, The Scenes of 1848.

YOU shall hear a funny ditty,
If you will attend to me,
You know the longer people live,
The more they are like to see;
There is something new starts every day,
You know right well, 'tis so,
And old John Bull has got the cholic,
In his little toe.
It really is surprising all those changes for to see.

Old dozey headed Philppe, who
Long governed over France,
With his M. Guizot was sent to pot,
And taught the way to dance;
With his scran-bag on his shoulder,
He sneaked out at the back-door,
And came begging for a shelter—
Upon Great Britain's shore.
Did the dozey headed Philippe, the old silly
King of France.

Cause the old fool was obstinate,
The Frenchmen made him rue,
And drove him to a pig-stye,
A bawling par ivou!
Like a frog, he hopp'd distracted,
And raving in his mind,
No home, or habitation, and
His shirt hung out behind.
Old dozey headed Philippe, who was fright-
ened out of France.

Oh! what a pull, poor old John Bull,
Must struggle well, and work,
To provide a home for foreigners,
Bugs, hottentots, and Furks;
They will rob him of his shoe string
And the shirt from off his back,
And after overload him, with
A cursed Income Tax.
And they'll lay a heavy burden on the back
of poor John Bull.

Now master Jacky Russell, he
Has had a deal of slack,
And mad a deal of bustle, too,
Out of the Income Tax!
He'll heavily tax the honest man,
And starve his family,
To feed the aristocracy,
And let all rogues go free.
The citizens did little think Lord Johnny was
so bad.

If Jack in the city goes again,
He will visit Aldgate Pump,
With nineteen yards of Income tax,
Sticking in his rump;
Fair play, Jack, is a jewel,
And you know it, we are sure,
It's a shame to let the rich man free,
And income tax the poor.

Lord John and his deceitful crew,
Will make old Bull lament,
But all the Jews in Petticoat Lane,
Will set in Parliament;
Then jumping John and his colleagues,
Will be busy night and day,
With a two-penny half-penny broom a piece,
To sweep the dirt away.

There is tumbling and grumbling,
And kicking up of rows,
There has not been such games before,
In England long I vow;
Breaking peoples windows,
And crushing Britain's rules,
And running mad through London Streets,
Just like a lot of fools.
Old farmer Bull declares he never saw the
like before

Our blooming Queen as may be seen,
Will shortly have a son,
And when he is a fortnight old
To Paris he will run;
And when he is five minutes old,
John Bull must find him riches,
He'll be marked upon the forehead,
With old Louis Philippe's breeches.
Old farmer Bull declares he never saw such
times before.

Prince Albert with his Lady,
One evening had a tiff,
Then he went out and bought the Queen—
A Gutta Percha shift;
And when they went to bed, said Vic,
This shift will last for ever
But in the morning, oh, good lord,
They both were glued together
John Bull declares such funny things was
never seen before.

Now let us hope the times will mend,
And England happy be,
And that Lord Johnny Russell
Will soon his folly see!
And that the ghost of old Guy Fawkes,
Will come some Monday night,
And take the cursed Income Tax,
And take it out of sight,
Equal rights and liberties, we want said old
John Bull.

The people must be silly, like
The jackasses and mules,
To madly run about the streets,
Just like a lot of fools;
We recollect in former times,
When mobs about did pitch,
Two soldiers made nine thousand jump
Into the Tower ditch.
Such funny times, said old John Bull, was
never seen before.

