

STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN,

OR A TOUCH AT THE TIMES.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

HODGES, Printer, (from the late I. PITTS,)
Wholesale Toy Warehouse, 31, Dudley-street,
Seven Dials. A great variety of New songs.

Your Molly has never been false she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping old
Stairs;

When I said that I still would continue the same
And gave you the bacco box mark'd with my name
When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks
with you,

Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind, with my Thomas I staid,
For his trowsers I wash'd & his grog, too I made.

Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford, & likewise with Sall,
In silence I sto'd, your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.

Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be
more priz'd?

For the heart that is true, it should ne'er be de-
spised.

Than be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake
Still your trowsers I'll wash and your-grog, too
I'll make,

THE STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN

Or, a Touch at the Times.

As old John Bull was walking
One morning free from pain,
He heard the rose, the shamrock,
And thistle to complain;
An alteration must take place,
Together they did sing,
In the Corn Laws, and the Poor Law Bill
And many other things,

CHORUS.

Conversing on the present time together they did
range,
All classes though Great Britain now appear
so very strange,
That England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales,
must speedily have a change.

The railroads all through England
Have great depression made,
Machinery of every kind
Has put a stop to trade;
The innkeepers are weeping
In grief and agony,
And the ostlers swear they'll buy a rope,
And go to felo-de-se.

The steam boats to old Beelzebub,
The watermen do wish,
For they say they've nearly ruin'd them,
And drowned all the fish,
Of all their new inventions
That we have lately seen,
There was none began or thought upon
When Betty she was Queen.

The Poor Law Bill, now many say,
Are arbitrary Laws,
But they are quickly going to alter,
Now the first and second clause,
The ninth, and tenth, and the thirty-first;
But the forty-third does say,
Give old men and women beer and tea
And a half a-crown a day.

Behold the well-fed farmer
How he can strut along;
Let the poor man do whate'er he will,
He is always in the wroving:
With hard labour and bad wages
He hangs his drooping head,
For they wont allow him half enough
To find his children bread.

The farmer's daughters out can ride,
Well clad and pockets full,
With a horse and saddle like a queen,
And a boa like a bull;
In their hand a flashy parasol,
And on their face a veil,
And a bustle nearly seven times
As a big as a milking pail.

The nobles from the pockets of
John Bull are all well paid.
Sometimes you hardly know the lady,
From the servant maid.
For now they get so very proud,
Silk stockings on their legs,
And ev'ry step they take you think
They walk on pigeon's eggs.

The tradesman he can hardly pay,
His rent and keep his home;
And the labourer he has eighteen-pence,
A day for breaking stones,
In former days the farmer rode
A donkey or a mule;
There never were such times before,
Since Adam went to school.

Some can live in luxury
While others weep in woe;
There's a pretty difference 'tween now
A centry ago.
The world will shortly move by steam,
And that appears quite strange,
So you must all acknowledge
That England wants a change,

