

# OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!

*And Do it No More.*

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As the Q— and P—A, so bucksome and all pert,  
Were jovially conversing together one d'ny,  
Old Bull heard them talking as they were a walk-  
ing,  
And V— unto A— so boldly did say,  
The state seems bewildering about little children,  
And we are increasing, you know we have four,  
We kindly do treat them & seldom do beat them,  
So A—, dear A—, we will do it no more,  
Do it no more, so A—, dear A—, we'll do it no more

Said A—, my dearest there's nothing thou fearest,  
Thou art loved and respected in every degree,  
If old Bull don't like it, why then let him pipe it,  
And kiss our two royal twee diddle dee ;  
So do not degrade me, and try to persuade me,  
All-pleasure and pastime to freely give o'er,  
If you do I'll be jolting and off I'll be bolting,  
Right over the seas, singing do it no more.

An old anti-reformer, lives near Hyde Park Corner,  
A regular old swaddy, who wears scarlet clothes,  
There is no man more bolder, than this rum old  
soldier,

Let him go where he will he is known by his  
nose ;  
He cried shoulder arms boys, & banish alarms boys,  
The eighteenth of June now will shortly be o'er,  
We once strong & hearty whopped old Bonapartey,  
Bat pipe clay and powder, we'll do it no more.

Then Bobby so clever, sung Maynooth for ever,  
I have beat all my opponents plainly you see,  
Bishops and cellar flaps, Maynooth and Rat traps  
Next sunday fortnight all Catholics we'll be ;  
With great joy and bothering, twenty thousand  
bright sovereigns,  
I have got for Maynooth, which they ne'er had  
before,  
Now I'll turn for a farce then, a methodist parson  
And jump round the house singing do it no more.

Then out hollowed Daniel, my name is O'Connell  
Brought up in sweet Kerry & trained to the law,  
My station is heavy, I can hold a levee,  
I am king of Old Ireland, erin go bragh !

I'm bold and I'm hardened, and don't care a farden  
For them who once strove for to make me deplore  
By none I'll be taken, boiled cabbage-bacon,  
They quodded me once but they'll do it no more.

Now let me approach then you cooks and you  
coachmen,  
You footmen and servants of every degree,  
If out in the stable or under the table,  
You have danced to a hornpipe called twee did-  
dle dee ;  
By noon night & morning, from me take a warning,  
Such vile naughty tricks strive to quickly give  
o'er,  
For fear, as I'm telling, the tide may be swelling,  
And you may get nicked so pray do it no more,

You brewers and bakers, you butchers & quakers,  
You coblers and carpenters all of a row,  
You hatters and weavers, dustmen & coalheavers,  
Masons & chimney sweeps, mind how you go ;  
You soldiers and sailors you prigs and you tailors  
If ever you cause your dear wifes to deplore,  
If ever you beat them, go home now and treat them,  
Kiss them and say, love I'll do it no more.

You damsels so pretty in country and city,  
If you in your lifetimes have e'er been astray,  
Such work try to end it, your life strive to mend it,  
And like Cinderella keep in all the day ;  
Don't out girls be flocking, but mend up your  
stockings,  
Comb your hair, wash your faces, & virtue adore  
Seek for retribution with a firm resolution,  
And if you've done wrong maidens, do it no more.

All you that are single in harmony mingle,  
And say that you will never be left in the lurch,  
Moping single don't tarry, but strive for to marry  
Look out for a partner and toddle to church ;  
And when you have hurried to church to get  
married,  
Live and be happy, each other adore,  
Then you'll not be forsaken, sing fried eggs and  
bacon,  
The Queen and Prince Albert and do it no more.



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