

THE NEW GAGGING BILL

Attend to me and you shall see,
All ranks and each condition,
They have passed a bill, a gagging bill,
Called Treason and Sedition,
You must not look, you must not speak,
Or yet be caught a chaffing,
And you three months will dance the mill,
If you are seen a laughing.

CHORUS.

Mind what you say by night and day,
And don't speak out of reason,
For every thing God bless the Queen,
Is reckoned up high treason.

You must not say the Queen is ill,
Or wrong she has reported,
If Albert aggravates his wife,
He is sure to be transported,
'Tis sedition to look at the Queen,
And treason for to scold her,
And its treason for a man to say,
Old Nosey is not a soldier.

Now you must lock before you speak,
And mind what you are after,
'Tis death if you should say Repeal.
Or please we want the charter,
Sow up your mouths without delay,
The Government proposes,
And what the people was to say,
They shall whistle through their noses.

If a man should hollow at his wife,
And abuse her without reason,
To Botoney Bay he'll go for life,
Because it is high treason,
And if you say 'tis going to rain,
How sad is your condition,
If it should not, and the sun should shine,
Then that will be sedition.

And when the summer months are come,
And flowers sweet are springing,
I should have the cuckoo mind her eye,
When she begins a singing,
If she don't whistle cuckoo plain,
They will for treason match her,
And send her o'er the main, if the
Policeman can but catch her.

If the horse should neigh the donkey bray,
Or the cow bleat out of treason,
They'll be sent to quad, so help my bob,
And there tried for high treason,
And if at night the cats mow, vow,
On the tiles or the portion,
They will hang them to the chimney pots,
Because that is sionedit.

This gagging bill affect now will
All classes and conditions,
If a woman calls her husband rogue,
She is guilty of sedition;
And Cobden says that he was told,
By Morpeth, Grey, and Russell,
It was high treason for to call
A bonnet-box a bustle.

Old erin says I am opprest,
All up and down the country,
It is treason for a man to say
My wife and children's hungry;
'Tis sedition for to say—a hot
Potatoe is a cinder,
And treason after six o'clock
To be peeping out of window.

Said old John Bull, it is a pull,
For the Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle,
You must not hawl, you must not squall,
And hardly dare to whistle;
I think, says John, throughout the land,
We are in a sad condition,
If a sailor whistles "Jack's the-Lad,"
He is guilty of sedition.

The chartists and repealers say,
In spite of wind and weather,
Both day and night, we'll gain our right,
By meeting altogether;
We can whisper where we cannot talk,
And speak of might and reason,
But they do say, good lack-a-day,
That everything is treason.

It is treason if you dare to say,
A pig is like a donkey,
It is treason for to say a loaf
Is like a german sausage;
It is treason for to say, the brains
Of midisters are bewildering,
It is treason for to say, the queen
Has got too many children.

To make an end my loving friends,
Take all things pray in reason,
And guide your mouth, east, west and south,
Or you'll be nailed for treason;
The gagging bill, we are certain will,
Be thought devoid of reason,
Gossiping wives keep home, or you'll
Be taken up for treason.



C. Paul, Printer, 18, Great Saint Andrew-street,
Broad Street, Bloomsbury.



1855