

JOHN BULL AND HIS RHUBARB.

Last Sunday morning in full glee,
With Fair r Bull I did propse,
To talk about the times so free,
When the shamrock, thistle, and the rose
Began to sneer, to laugh, and jeer,
And holloa in our ears abrupt,
I say, old Bull looks rather queer,
Old John, you've got your rhubarb up!

You British lads and lasses gay,
Wherever you should chance to strut,
Mind what you're at by day and night,
Or you may get your rhubarb up!

Then up spoke Vick so sharp and quick,
You one and all must understand,
I left my home abroad to roam,
And have a peep at Paddy's land;
We went from Cork to Phoenix Park,
Then to Belfast did gaily strut,
Albert with the lasses had a lark,
Until he got their rhubarb up.

Next summer I'll go there again,
And Albert shall a farmer be,
My Alfred shall be Earl of Cork,
And my daughters shall sing, 'Gra machree.'
The Prince of Wales shall Duke of Dublin be,
And through Hibernia he shall strut,
And in a little time we'll see
He'll get old Erin's rhubarb up.

Poor old King Nesev is getting old,
But still he won't be left alone.
His cannon balls away have rolled,
And his old musket is rusty grown;
But when he hears the drum and fife,
Like a young soldier he does strut,
Holloas, march away! and toes out right!
We'll get the Frenchmen's rhubarb up.

D'Israeli is a funny chap,
And he can tell a yarn so queer
When he the farmers gets among,
So ignorant, in Buckinghamshire;
Of agriculture and Free Trade
He chatters, and along does strut,
He such a row with Richmond made,
Until they got their rhubarb up.

Lola Montes was a merry dame,
Young and gay, and up to snuff,
She carried on a pretty game,
One man for her was not enough.
Young soldier H—— did funny feel,
With Lola Montes he did strut,
In spite of laws his fate he sealed,
And got the lady's rhubarb up.

Lord Little John got in a row
The other night with Tamworth Bob,
John hit Robert on the nose,
And Bob hit Johnny on the nob;
Then Palmerston and Labouchere
By fortune in the place did strut,
And seven bishops looked so queer,
And bawled they've got their rhubarb up

The bakers grumble and complain,
And say the laws are too exact,
Of penny loaves and lumps of dough
They did last session pass an act,
On every loaf there must be stamped
A coat of arms, full weight to cut,
And all the millers swear 'twas done
To get the bakers rhubarb up.

The population is so great,
Some hundreds can't get work to do,
If an alteration is not made,
Great Britain will have cause to rue;
All females under thirty five,
To join in wedlock must not strut,
An act says they'll be eat alive,
That dares to get their rhubarb up.

If any man should strike his wife,
Victoria says without a cause,
He shall be made a slave for life,
And governed by some Turkish laws,
For his wife he must the fire light;
Before she out of bed does strut,
And she may wop him left and right
If he should get her rhubarb up.

When the Queen and Al. in Scotland was,
They at Balmoral had a spree,
Fill Albert with a blooming lass
Victoria did one evening see;
When in a passion up and down
Swearing vengeance she did strut,
When Sawney whispered in her ear,
I think you've got your rhubarb up.

Well, now alas! says old John Bull,
To make an end I do propose,
No nation in the world can gull
The shamrock, thistle, and the rose;
Here's may Britannia happy be,
And nothing dare her interrupt,
God save the Queen with three times three,
And may she get her rhubarb up.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials, London



1250