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On the Times

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TIMES.

J. Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.]

As strikes have become the order of the day,
I'll strike you up a song if you'll listen to my lay;
The Hammermen are striking, and the Pugilists also.
The fiddler's can't strike up a tune without rosin to their bow.

CHORUS.

For there never was such striking,
In this country before.

The Barbers are going to strike against polishing your chin,
Upon the Sunday morning if you don't tip down the tin;
The Butchers have struck up their beef, to a price we cannot
buy,

If beef or mutton we cannot get, the herrings we must try.
For there ne'er was, &c,

The Policemen are striking, sometimes upon the head;
And the Bakers they have all struck up the price upon the bread
Potatoes they have struck up to eighteenpence a stone,
If they continue striking, they'll strike us into skin and bones.

For there never was &c.

The publicans are striking, a penny on the pot,
But if they strike we do not care as many pounds they've got,
Old wives they swear if beer does rise 'twill drive them fairly
wild,

[them all with c—d,

And if the Russians should come to this town they will get
For there never was &c.

The girls they are striking, as they pass along the street,
But it's striking acquaintance with every man they meet,
The masons they have struck against eating of coarse meal,
And the prigs are going to strike for something more to steal,

For there never was &c.

They navvies they have struck against using spade or pick,
For they are going to Australia, their fourtunes for to seek
The Victualler has raised the flour, with his mealy gab,
Till the weaver cannot get a pound to make dressing for his web

For there never was &c.

For Australia they are striking up new houses every day;
If a man should strike his wife, he'll have the devil for to pay.
The Colliers they have struck against working any coals,
And the snobs they are striking against mending any soles,

All trades they are striking both in country and town,
And the rich they are determined for to strike the poor man
down,

I hope I have struck nothing up that's done you any wrong,
But I will strike against singing if you do not buy my song.