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The Picture of England

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THE PICTURE OF ENGLAND.

'Tis myself that was born in Dublin,
All over the world I have been,
But faith I'll not now you be troubling,
Wid the whole of the wonders I've seen.
A subject I've got in my noddle,
Tis a picture of England's joys,
But by Jabus that there is all twaddle,
For it's only palaver and noise.

Talk of America, Greenland, or Finland,
Where liberty's banner unfurl'd,
I'm singing a picture of England,
The beauty and pride of the world.

There's the overseers work upon sure rates,
A set of base swindling elves,
They distress the housekeeper for poor-rates,
And sack all the money themselves ;
To the poor man whose wants are bewildering,
If he venture his troubles to speak,
To keep him, and his wife, and six children,
He'll get one and sixpence a week.

The bishops wid gospel they stuff you,
And for it don't charge very dear,
'Gout the devil and such like, they puff you,
For just twenty thousand a year.
Fine luxuries they must be carving,
Their hobby paunch it must be cramm'd,
But if a poor man says he's starving,
They tell him to starve and be damn'd.

The magistrates they're kind and tender,
And justice they deal out for prime,
The beggar they call an offender,
And poverty think a big crime.
T'o the wretch who's no roof to get under,
Or victuals his belly to fill,
They cry wid a voice loud as thunder,
O give him six months at the mill.

The ministers plunder the nation,
A set of rapscaillon calves,
They bother the poor wid taxation,
And glut while Johnny Bull starves.
There's one tax, on my soul I don't blunder,
The winder tax, tis that I manes,
And sure now you'll think it a wonder,
To make people pay for their panes.

They tell you in songs so bewitching,
That Britons will never be slaves,
What a mighty big lie they are pitching,
And I'll tell them all so by there lives.
The minister poverty mocks on,
Fine feelings pretending to show,
The poor are no better than oxen,
And the rich are the drovers you know,