

*Song.*—

“LIVELY PETER.”

*Air.*—“Billy Taylor.”

I'm Lively Peter, a brisk young fellow  
Full of mirth and full of glee,  
And I am head of the department  
Of the Marine and Fisheree.

Tiddy fol de rol lol, rol lol lido, &c.

Long Sir John I've followed after  
Since the Premier he has been,  
And for not ratting before this crisis  
People say I'm very green.

Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

But lively Peter ain't the fellow  
To leave his leader in distress,  
Though I'm bound to say he's got his party  
Into a most tarnation mess.

Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

I'm sorry to see him looking so gloomy  
And in the blues so tightly stuck.  
It's setting us all a bad example  
To be so down upon his luck.

Tiddy fol de rol lol, &c.

*Chorus of Ministers.*

Cheer up John, don't let your spirits go down  
You shall turn out the Grits  
And give them all fits  
As you did once before with George Brown.

*Sir John rises up cheerfully.*

You're right my friends, 'tis foolish to repine,  
I never was so weak before this time;  
But 'tis enough to make a fellow pout  
That those whom I brought in, should turn me out.  
'Twas these ungrateful Islanders who sold me  
I wouldn't have believed it, if you'd told me.

*Song and Chorus. Air.*—“Ten Little Indians.”

Six Prince Edward Islanders, looking all alive,  
One joined the Grits, and then there were five.  
Five little Islanders seated on the floor,  
One was bought over, then there were four.