

Thy judges, senators elite,  
 With each proud lord and courtly knight,  
 Toil in the Mississippi's flood,  
 Knee deep they shovel up the mud.  
 Thy merchants too, bowed down with cares,  
 Are became pedlars of small wares.  
 Lord Brougham, Wellington and Peel,  
 Stern Stanley, opposed to repeal, 290  
 With lord Lyndhurst, in robes and wig,  
 260 Potatoes now in Kerry dig.  
 Whilst the poor Queen, knits as she begs,  
 Grey stockings for O'Connel's legs.  
 Oh Londor, is it come to this,  
 That snakes should in thy bosom hiss !  
 That toads and lizards should be found,  
 Where art and beauty did abound !  
 Poor Billingsgate is kicked out hence,  
 A fatal kick to eloquence ! 300  
 Shrouded is the face of St. Giles,  
 270 Now smoke and sut shade all her smiles.  
 In the House of Commons do not stare,  
 A big rat now fills the speaker's chair !  
 Whilst in the other august house,  
 The woolsack glories in a mouse !  
 With cocked up tail, erect the head,  
 He wonders where the lords have fled.  
 A view I now take of St. Pauls ;  
 And there the loathsome reptile crawls. 310  
 Shades cenotaphed or not arise,  
 280 Near a gen'ral the reptile lies ;  
 If you don't put it forth without,  
 'Twill crawl into the gen'ral's mouth.