

ACT I.

SCENE.—A chamber or Committee Room in the House of Commons. Members discovered grinding axes ; others turning grindstones. On some of the axes are painted in large letters, "Section A," "Section B," "Nut-locks," "Printing Contracts," etc., etc.

CHORUS.

We sail the ship of State,
Tho' our craft is rather leaky ;
Our grindstones swift revolve,
Tho' at times they're rather creaky.
We grind away the livelong day,
And talk in the house all night,
But if we're in luck and don't get stuck,
Our axes will soon be bright.

(*Enter Mrs. Butterbun with large basket on her arm.*)

RECIT.

Hail ! gallant Members ; safeguards of your nation,
I'm glad to see you at your proper station ;
Relax your labors—I'll refreshments *set*,
Your axes will grind better for a *whet*.

(*Produces bottles of ginger beer, apples, etc.*)

ARIA.

I'm called Mrs. Butterbun, *dear* Mrs. Butterbun,
Tho I could never tell why,
For I sell my refreshments at very low prices,
So I'm *cheap* Mrs. Butterbun, I.
I supply all the Members and lobby attenders
With ginger pop, flavored with rye ;
I've apples so fruity, and oranges juicy,
For members to *suck* when they're dry.
Then buy of your Butterbun, *cheap* Mrs. Butterbun,
Members should never be *shy*,
Tho *indeed that's a failing not often preccailing*,
Then buy of your Butterbun, buy.