

Magnificent London, sad art thou,
 In thy dreadful visitation now.
 Utter destruction is thy doom !
 Thou art but one capacious tomb !
 In evil hour is come on thee,
 Jerusalem calamity !
 Thy honourable of the earth,
 Do hear no more the laugh of mirth ;
 For evermore in thee is mute,
 The bag-pipes, fiddle and the flute. 260
 Thy brothels and thy taverns now,
 No dancer hear or drunken row.
 Newgate's strong chains forbear to clank,
 In the dark dreary dungeons dank.
 The guardian Angel of Bow-street,
 Has taken to his wings or feet.
 Police, unmindful of their trust,
 Now let their shining buttons rust.
 No jolly sailor here is seen,
 Chanting, " Were you in Aberdeen." 270
 Coal-porters now, with heavy load,
 Don't whip their horses, and don't goad.
 No more poor lads, you'll swallow down,
 White bread and cheese, and porter brown.
 Thy dandy slim and sleek fair belle,
 For slaves, the Southern States now sell.
 Thy lordly sons with white small hands,
 Now sink canals in foreign lands.
 Thy ladies drest in coarsest stuff,
 Sell tripes, tobacco, fish and snuff ; 280
 See them in Boston and New York,
 Cry oysters, and spruce beer uncork.

Thy judg
 With eac
 Toil in t
 Knee de
 Thy men
 Are beca
 Lord Br
 Stern St
 With lo
 Potatoes
 Whilst t
 Grey sto
 Oh Lon
 That sn
 That to
 Where
 Poor B
 A fatal
 Shroud
 Now sn
 In the
 A big
 Whilst
 The w
 With
 He wo
 A vie
 And th
 Shade
 Near
 If you
 'Twil