

P O E T R Y.

BRITISH LOYALTY : Or, A SQUEEZE
for St. PAUL'S.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq; Jun.
And first delivered by Mr. BANNISTER,
Jun. at his Benefit.

CAN any tell—(since Adam's time I
mean)
How many different *Squeezes* there have
been?

Faith no small number!—nay *this very
night*,

Thanks to my friends, I've squeez'd you
pretty tight;

Above, below, in front, and round the
border,

All close—all quiet too—and yet no *order*.
Time was our sickly taste too far refining;
Old English crowls and squeezes were de-
clining;

'Curse mobs!' exclaims my lord, 'no
prithes no,

'Don't go to vulgar fights—Cries ma-
dam, go!

'I wou'd as soon be seen at Lord
Mayor's show.'

But now, thank Heav'n! one glorious
great occasion,

One happy cause of *loyal emulation*,
Has levell'd tastes, and crowded all the
nation,

'Twas nature drew the scene, chaste, strong
and glowing;

London, her Theatre, was overflowing;
The streets one pit of joyous shining faces,

The Belle and Beau took low front win-
dow places;

The fair in dishabille, and booted Squire,
Grinn'd, as you see 'em now, a story higher.

[*First Gal.*

While the hoarse deep-mouth'd cannon
thund'ring loud,

Just like my honest friends there, stunn'd
the crowd.

[*Upper Gal.*

Such squeezing, jostling—here some stand
—some sit—

All anxious—for 'twas—England's Be-
nefit.

O may that day on record stand, and age
In future times, delighted, turn the page:
The April morn, chasing the dreary
hours

Of gloomy winter smil'd, yet smil'd in
show'rs.

Thus did the heart in every eye appear,
While rapture beam'd affection dropt a
tear;

Yet some whose manners, no less love
confess'd,

In rough unpolish'd tones their joy ex-
press'd.

'Och Blood an Oons' cries Pat, and
scratch'd his head,

'My heart's as light as any feather bed;

'This day that rains as hard as it can
pour

Is n't an exceeding fine one to be sure—
'Long life—O botheration, Joy—Huzza!

'Don't you be after stopping up the way:

'I'll shut your day-lights up, if you're so
nimble,

'And then, my Jewel, you'll look at this
and tremble. [*His fist!*

'Good luck to him!—there he goes!—
by my Salvation,

'I love him—mind my toes—and so does
all our nation.

'The Irishman that don't—get on the
bench man—

'His father, said and mother, was a
Frenchman.'

'Got ples the Royal Family—Oh splutter

'Hur will see noble fights here from the
gutter:

'But look you now, such mops and crouts
as these

'Will toast her body like a *piece of seeze*.

'Hur's travelled up on purpose from Llan-
telly—

'Got's splutter and nails your elpow's in
my pelly,—

'Hur's heard of Harry Monmouth, never
since,

'Hur country knew so creat a King and
Prince.

'Who ish't has got his knockles in my
throat—

'Let go my collar! People'sh pray take
note,

'I'll prosecute—the villansh tore my
coat.

'I'm a loyal Israelite—to see

'This fight, I risks my life, *but not my
property*—

'Hoot! hoot man, dinna mak a din and
riot,

'Tack your auld cloak about ye, and
stand quiet,

'Deel dam your lousy plaid, friend learn
fra me,

'A Scot'sman—what is Ge-ne-ro-si-ty.

'For since sae happy tidings ha gone forth,

'Gude faith 'thas warm'd aw bosoms
thro' th' North.'

'Warm'd you, (exclaims a fine old soul)
warm'd you,

'Why it has warmed me, friend—I am
ninety-two;

'Pray