

Sir Saml.—When in Council I preside,
 My bosom swells with pride.
 For I see prices rising for almost everything.

Ministers.—And so do the Ministers who form his little ring.

Sir Saml.—But if wages don't rise too,
 I fear I shall look quite blue,
 And seek the seclusion which private life will bring.

Ministers.—And so will the Ministers who form his little ring.

Song.—*Sir Samuel.*

When I was a lad, in the year '34,
 I was errand boy in a druggist's store ;
 I washed out the bottles and I rolled the pills,
 And I dunned the patients for their little bills.
 I washed out the bottles so carefullee,
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

Chorus.—He washed out the bottles, etc.

As errand boy I made such a mark
 That they gave me the post of dispensing clerk ;
 I mixed up medicines and pills so blue,
 And pasted the labels on the bottles too.
 I pasted on the labels so carefullee,
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

Chorus.—He pasted on the labels, etc.

As dispensing clerk I made such a name
 That a partner in the firm I soon became :
 I prescribed for my customers' little ills,
 And totted up the totals of their yearly bills.
 I totted up the totals in a way so free,
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

Chorus.—He totted up the totals, etc.

At totting up totals I made such a pile,
 That I thought into politics I'd go for a while ;
 I talked about figures so very gliblee,
 That they thought a great financier I must surely be.
 I talked about figures in a way so free,
 That now I am a Minister and K.M.G.

Chorus.—He talked about figures, etc.