

THA VOTE A ZENSURE

On the Government's Egyptian Policy

Feb. 19th 1884

Lar wurden ther a vuss las week,
My cracky, O good crouse,
We Tory, Liberal, and Rad,
In Parleyment's girt house.

Var tha Tories wur za spitevul got,
Thay hit apon a plan,
Ta car a vote a zensure, an
Turn out tha Gran Woold Man.

Zur Staffy mead a girt long spache
Ael bout thic Zowdan stir,
An zed tha caas a ael on it
Tha Gran Woold Man a wur.

Var everything a wur ta bleam,
Var Hick's an Beaker's vailen;
A caas a diden zen ower troops
Thic Maddi var ta nailen.

Leetle Randi, too, he ad his zay,
Caas he's a vunny joker;
An zed tha bleam wur on Glad's head
A Zincat an a Toker.

An thay bouth thought ther spaches gran
Hood rouse tha counetry,
An meak voke think it wur quite time
Ta change tha Ministry.

Tha Gran Woold Man, then he got up,
Jist pulled his collar down,
Then let em av it rite an lift,
Var a nowar, I'll be bown.

He tould em this, a tould em that,
Jist didner com it strong;
That purty zoon mmost om cud zee
Zur Staffy wur ael rong.

Tha Gran Woold Man went to tha root,
Ta show tha case up clarely;
Zo's ael tha counetry shid zee
If a adden acted vairley.

An wen nex marn tha people woke,
An rade ther daily peapers,
Thay wur zarprised to rade about
Tha Tories' leetle keepers.

An mmost as rade tha spaches droo
Declared begar twur bosh;
Zur Staffy an Lard Randy, too,
Yer leetle geam wunt wash.

Yer harns at wonce ya'd baste draa in,
Zich vaats thay beant woth pickin;
Vor if ya cars it to a vote,
Ya'll av a downrite lickin.

Bit a this advice thay took no heed,
Bit went chammerin about;
A dreatnen here an dreatnen ther,
Ta turn tha woold man out.

Girt meetins thay ad everywhere,
In Zalzbury, too, as well,
An loud thay boasted thay shud win
Be tha help a woold Parnell.

A course at thease yer meetins, packed,
Thay met we girt applaws;
Bit voke a any zense cud zee
Tha wakeness a ther caws.

Zoo wen tha votin day wur com,
Tha Parnellites an Tories
Together wur ael cheek-me-jowl,
An kickin up woold shories.

Var Measter Winn he whip'd em up,
Ache un em to his pleace;
Begar ya'd thought thay'd zure ta win,
Ta zee zom om em's veace.

Var as thay droo tha lobby went,
Ache om ta gie his vote,
Thay zet up zich a diffinen cheer,
Enuff ta split ther droat.

Bit wen tha votes wur counted up,
Jist didnem twist an whine,
Wen Spaker zed tha Gran woold Man
Had won be varty-nine.

Tha Tories, wen thay voun twur true,
Wie dreadful rage did scowl;
Tha Parnellites, too, thay zet up
A reglar Irish howl.

Zoo spite of ael thay leetle tricks

Of Parnellite an Tory,

Tha Gran Woold Man com'd out thic vite

We undiminished glory.