

Where's the roast beef of old England? : a new song : tune- O the roast beef of old England.

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*Where's the Roast Beef of Old
England?*

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*O the Roast Beef of Old England.*

How alter'd are times since the days of Queen Bess,
For, instead of roast beef and plumb-pudding to dress,
Scarce a few boil'd potatoes for Englishmen's mess.

Chorus.—Where's the roast beef of Old England?
Where's the old English roast beef.

If the times were so good, when she sat on the throne,
I wish the times now were as good to be known;
To afford us some meat, and not the bare bone.
O the roast beef, &c.

A tradesman may labor till black in the face,
Yet over his head he can scarce keep a place,
With but little to eat, in debt, rags, and disgrace.
Where's the roast beef, &c.

The times are so hard, a man can't keep a wife,
Those sweet pretty creatures, those comforts of life,
For poverty always makes mischief and strife.
For the want of roast beef in Old England, &c.

Yet, there's plenty of beef, if you've money to buy,
But they ask such a price, you cannot come nigh;
You may gaze on surloins and buttocks, and sigh,
For the roast beef, &c.

Could good Queen Elizabeth rise from the dead,
To see how her people are by the nose led;
For the want of protection, are starving for bread,
And the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons might smile, might dance, or might sing,
If every oppressor were hang'd in a string,
They'd honor, and serve, and love a good king,
To enjoy the roast beef, &c.

Sold by Kirby, 20, Silver Street, Golden Square.

A. Macpherson, Printer, Russell-court, Covent-garden.