



VIC.'S GLUT OF BRATS
HAIL'D BUT BY 'FLATS!'

OH, NO! WE'LL NEVER
WELCOME THEM!

A Parody.

AIR,—“Oh, no! we never mention her.”

“STOP, VICTORIA!”—Manuel, a Tragedy, 1817.

OH, no! we'll never welcome them—
Their births but cause a shock;
Our purses now can ne'er supply
The cost of such a stock!
From year to year VIC. flurries us,
And brings of brats a set;
Soon, what we win by toil—*again*—
They'll tax to pay each debt!

They bid us see in Royal Heirs
The good that few can find;
And were you in VIC.'s palace now,
To sigh you'd be inclined!
'Tis plain, we're doom'd to feel still more
The burden felt e'en yet:
See now we can we've nought to plan,
But how to pay each debt!

For, oh! there's VIC.'s sad glut of imps
Recalls to us the past:—
The squandering of George the pure,
Whose bills pour'd in so fast!
The *gallant* York,—that Duke who still
Owes more than duns could get;
Ay, every one of Charlotte's “cubs”
But plunged us more in debt!

PEEL tells us we more flourish now—
That Jackal of the day;—
We'd hint that he forgets the sums
Through *him* we've still to pay!
Like slaves we on must struggle,
To support VIC.'s pamper'd set;
But if they spend as Charlotte's spent,
We ne'er *can* pay each debt!!

DOGGREL DRYDOG.

Tiptree Heath, Essex, 1844.