

NEW SONG.

“OBSTRUCTION.”

AIR—“Courting in the Kitchen.”

Now hearken to my song,
And lend me your attention,
You Whigs and Tories strong,
Who sometimes hate dissension,
To what I've got to say,
'Bout this House of Commons ruxion,
That takes place both night and day,
And is called, you know, “Obstruction !”
With my ring a dooralla, &c.

It's pleasing sure to find,
How each Governmental motion,
By those SEVEN is kept behind,
They create such a commotion ;
Oh dear, how dare they so,
Cripple thus our rulers' action,—
But to it right they go,
'Neath the green flag, for “Obstruction !”
With, &c.

When Irish Bills are down,
For discussion or a hearing,
They are met with scoff or frown,
And aristocratic sneering ;
But should e'er a member bold,
Oppose the British faction,
In aught, we're glibly told
He goes in still for “Obstruction !”
With, &c.

Then Bull he bellows deep,
And, of barring progress, speeches,
Or else he goes to sleep,
With his hands right in his breeches,
While he dreams of boiled and roast,
Which for him have more attraction,
Than the fierce charge of the host
On the SEVEN who cause “Obstruction !”
With, &c.

Should the Saxon want to grab,
A slice of territory,
He tries to put the “job”
Through the House in quite a hurry ;
But when PARNELL bold spoke out,
'Gainst, of rights, their vile infraction,
Oh the mutton-eaters shout—
We must crush his cursed “Obstruction !”
With, &c.

The Czar his hosts sends off,
To carve in bits the Turkey—
Ah, well can Gortschakoff
Make Johnny's brains quite murky ;
It's “British interests” then,
Are in danger—this deduction,
Causes full three thousand men
To be marshalled for “Obstruction !”
With, &c.

The ball will soon be up,
The “difficulty's” brewing,
Our Saxon foeman's cup
The brim is overflowing ;
Then let us ready be,
For our Nation's resurrection—
Who will strike for liberty
Must use *all kinds* of “Obstruction !”
With, &c.

SCORPION.