

[page 1]

1807

New Game at St. Stephen's

While honest John Bull
With sorrow him full
Lamented his trusty friend Pitt,
Some Sharpers we're told
For cheating grown old,
Thus tied all the Talents and Wit

Let's invite him to play
John never says nay
So they asked him what game he approv'd,
John talk'd of All Fours
Or beat Knave out of Doors
The games of his Youth which he lov'd

Lord Norwich spoke first
"In those games I'm not vers'd
"But they surely are old fashion'd things,
"The best game in the (?)
"Is the good game of Loo
"Where the Knaves get the better of kings

Sam Whitbread rose next
By all count Lords perplex'd
Since at his game they reckon no score
For at cribbage its known
That with court Lords alone
You can't make fifteen two fifteen four –

[page 2]

The Sheridan rose
Saying he would propose
Tho' at all times he played upon (?)
The good old game of whist
For if honors he miss'd
He was sure to succeed by the Trick

Now with blustering force
Turney roars out "My Boys"
I approve none of all your selection
What I'll recommend
To myself and my Friend
Is to play with the game of Connection

By his Master respected
By both Sides neglected
“(?) est la fortune de la guêrre”
Once the ministers ombre
Now deserted and sombre
The good Sidmouth prefer’d solitaire

Next with perquisites stor’d
Spoke T..... good Lord
All whose wants are supply’d by the Nation
From the memory blot
Pique (?) and Capot
And lets practise my friends speculation

[page 3]

Lord G..... stood by
With considerate lye
Which forbore in his hopes to express
But W..... (?) mute
Own’d each game in each suit
He had play’d without any success

Try again Sir your skill
Said Burdette at quadrille
Their seem none but your friends to ask leave
As for calling a King
I shall do no such thing
But shall soon play alone I believe

Braced with keen Yorkshire heir
Young Lord M..... drew near
Who improv’d in all talents of late,
Said he fear’d not success
In a bold game of Chess
And should soon give the King a checkmate

Hush! says Grenville young man
I’ll whisper my plan
While professing great skills for the Throne
We may leave in the lurch
Both the King and the Church
By encouraging slyly Pope John –

[page4]

In one hand a new Dance

In one other Finance
To throw on each subject new light
Young P.... appear'd
And begg'd he might be heard
In settling the game of the night

Casino he cries
Sure of all games supplies
Amusement unblinded with strife
For if Black Grey and Fair
With their fellows shou'd pair
Must to all form the pleasures of Life –

Without further debate
Down to (?) then they sate
But how strange is the Game I record
The Knaves all pair'd off
Of all court cards the scoff
And in triumph the King clear'd the Board

John rubbing his Eyes
At length with surprise
Discover'd the tricks of the Crew
And gaining in sense
What he lost in the prince
From those wolves in Sheeps clothing withdrew