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The BANKS of
The Nile,
A LOVE SONG.

To which is Annexed,
Prince Charles Answer
TO THE
King of France,
AND
House Britons, Rouse.



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THE
BANKS OF THE NILE.

HARK, hark! my dear, the drums do beat,
and I must away;
The trumpet loudly calls me, no longer I can stay
We are called up to Portsmouth, it's many a long mile
All for to be embarked for the Banks of the Nile.

We must leave off our Sweethearts,
Likewise our native soil,
And join the British Army
On the Banks of the Nile.

O no, my dearest Billy, would you leave me here
forlorn;
You will make me sigh, and rue the day that ever
I was born;
For the parting with you, my dear, is the parting
with my life!
So stay at home, dear Billy, love, and make me
your wife.

We must leave off, &c.

O no, my dearest Nancy, sure that can never do!
For Government has ordered no woman there to go
For Government has ordered the King he does
command.
And we are bound by oath, my dear, to serve in
foreign land.

We must leave off, &c.

no, my dearest Billy, sure that can never do,
 I'll volunteer my service, and go to Egypt too,
 If fight under your banner, I'll leave my native soil,
 and I'll be your loyal comrade on the Banks of
 the Nile.

We must leave off, &c.

Your waist it is too slender, your complexion is
 too fine ;
 Your constitution is too weak, to endure a hot
 campaign ;
 The sultry sands in Egypt your precious health
 would spoil,
 In the hot sands of the desarts, on the Banks of
 the Nile.

We must leave off, &c.

Curfed, curfed be the wars, that ever they began !
 For it's from this nation they've taken many
 a brave man ;
 They have taken away our guardians, and supporters
 of our Isles ;
 And their bodies feeds the land on the Banks of
 the Nile.

We must leave off our Sweethearts,
 Likewise our native soil,
 And join the British Army
 On the Banks of the Nile.

PRINCE CHARLES,
AND THE
KING OF FRANCE.

SAYS the proud King of France,
We'll protect the young Pretender,
And send him o'er to England
With an army of men:

Says the proud King of France,
We'll protect the young Pretender,
And send him o'er to England
With an army of men.

O no, no! says Charlie,
I'll have none of your skits,
For Duke William, the last war,
Fright'd me out of my wits!

Says the proud King of France,
England's but a garden-place,
Where you and my army
May take it at your ease.

O no! O no! says Charlie,
For you very well do know,
That there's many bitter herbs
In that garden doth grow.

O no, no! &c.

Says the proud King of France,

If England you do win,

My daughter you shall marry,

And that is a fine thing!

O no! O no! says Charlie,

I'll not venture my sweet life;

For if I am killed,

I've no need of a wife.

O no, no! &c.

Should I venture my sweet life

Into the Lion's paw,

It's all for the being of

A King's Son-in-law;

While the jolly hearts of British boys

My life they would destroy,

While I am pursuing

Those rights to enjoy.

O no, no! &c.

But now I am a-going

To fair Italy,

Where the face of a Britainer

I never wish to see;

If your Daughter ne'er get married

Till Old England I invade,

She may die an old maid,

Without a tooth in her head!

O no, no! &c.

ROUSE BRITONS, ROUSE.

O rouse, Britons, rouse,
 Let us still be united,
 Since Great BONAPARTE
 Has landed in France,
 Let Britons be Britons,
 To see themselves righted,
 To show the C— B—
 And BONEY a dance.

CHORUS.

Let the Trumpet of Fame,
 Aloud to proclaim
 The brave British heroes
 Are faithful and true;
 Let the C— B— be jogging,
 And go a stock-jobbing
 With the Great BONAPARTE,
 To the land of Peru.

When Great BONAPARTE,
 With his cunning art;
 He went our Mechanics
 All for to knock down,

Till our British Muse
 Did their lillies arouse;
 And the diamonds came tumbling
 From BONAPARTE'S Crown.

Let the Trumpet, &c.

Our Militia, and others,
 Now think on your brothers,
 Your fathers and mothers,
 Your children and wives;
 Never neglect them,
 But always respect them,
 And honour will crown you
 The rest of your lives.

Let the Trumpet, &c.

Let the C— B— be jogging,
 And go a steck-jobbing,
 On a rough riding gelding,
 Pray set him a-stride,
 On a Porcupine saddle,
 His brains being able,
 To the land of Peru.
 Away let him ride.

Let the Trumpet, &c.

Now here's a good health
 To the faithful Sir FRANCIS;
 May honour and glory
 Be stamp'd on his name:
 To Whitebread and Roastbeef;
 Drab robbing C—B—thieves,
 For robbing poor Scraugen
 They were much to blame
 Let the Trumpet, &c.

And we must not forget
 Our noble Prince Regent,
 And his Royal Father,
 Tho' now on decline:
 We'll all drink the health
 Of our able Statemen,
 Who surround the throne,
 With a glass of good wine.
 Let the Trumpet, &c.

F I N I S.