

VISIT OF King of France to England

Tune—When I was out a Drinking.



Across the seas, oh! what a spree,
This 0th day of October,
There does advance the King of France,
In splendour he came over.
With all his group and hot frog soup,
Awhile he will be mingling,
He is come to see Britannia's Queen,
And the girls of merry England.

CHORUS.

Sing ladies, polly po francee,
What may you think of this then,
Thousands flock of all degrees,
To see the King of the Frenchmen.

King Louis Phillip is arrived,
And if I'm not mistaken,
He will have a slice of John Bull's hide,
And a piece of English bacon,
Besides a little mutton chop,
And a breast of lamb, oh! dear,
A pound and a half of bread and cheese,
And a pot of English beer, sir.

Such games he'll play, good lack-a-day.
Sing macaroni winney,
He will leave the pretty English girls,
Some scores of piccaninies.
He will dance a jig and hop the twig,
And holloa fiddle a dee, sirs,
And in the morning soon he'll play a tune
Upon a friccasee, sir.

French fashions will be all the go,
Since Louis Phillippe is come over,
From John o'Groat's to the Land's End,
From there right up to Dovor.
Young ladies right all spruce and tight,
Who never yet was bolder.
Will have flounces just three yards wide
From their heels up to their shoulders.

Large whiskers on their pretty face,
Oh, crikey! oh, good gracious,
And on their handsome upper lip,
A pair of French mustachios,
A knock me down new fashion'd shawl,
A bonnet like a muscle,
And sticking out nine feet behind,
A jigglem jigo bustle.

A rifum t'fum dandy cap,
And cotton worsted laces,
A great big flare-up cabbage net,
To hide their pretty faces,
Macaroni curls a dangling down,
And gown with long silk stitches,
And on their pretty legs, oh! fegs,
A pair of calico breeches.

Ladies don't venture out at dark,
Your pretty minds to harrass,
Or they will pop you into a balloon,
And send you off to Paris.
Where you'll be fed on friccasees,
Oh! is not that a good'un,
And smother'd quite to death with frogs,
And macaroni pudding.

Who ever lands on Britain's isle,
Old Bull must be content then,
An old lady said she'd swear a child,
Upon the king of the Frenchmen,
For he so gay good lack a day,
Is with the ladies mingling,
Oh! won't he have some sport and play,
While he remains in England.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew
Street, Seven Dials.

