

A
R E L I S H
FOR
O L D N I C K.

S O N G,
On the threatened Invasion.

Tune—Vicar and Moses.

I.

ARM Neighbours at length,
And put forth your strength,
Perfidious bold France to resist;
Ten Frenchmen will fly,
To shun a black eye,
If one Englishman doubles his fist.

II.

But if they feel stout,
Why, let them turn out,
With their maws stuff'd with frogs, soup, and jellies,
Brave Nelson's sea thunder
Shall strike them with wonder,
And make the frogs leap in their bellies.

III.

Their impudent boast
Of invading our coast,
Neptune swears they had better decline;
For the Rogues may be sure,
That their frenzy he'll cure,
And he'll pickle them all in his brine.

IV.

And when they've been foak'd
Long enough to be smok'd,
To the regions below they'll be taken;
And there hung up to dry,
Fit to boil or to fry,
When OLD NICK wants a rather of bacon.

A LOYAL SUBJECT.
