

THE Frenchmen are coming!

Arouse up Britannia or soon we shall rue,
And gently look after your p.'s and your q.'s
In France there's of late been the d— to pay
Come rouse up old Nosey and show them
the way;

You cook'd well their goose at great Waterloo
Alexandria, Vittoria, and Corunna too,
Shew Louis Napoleon your valour & skill,
And give him a ticket for fam'd Bunker's-hill

The French are a coming our coast to invade
Napoleon in France such a shindy has made,
The Frenchmen are coming to England they
say,

Oh! Boney is coming' get out of the way.

The policemen of England must all be
trained in,

To fight with a musket and big rolling pin,
With a sword & a pistol to make Boney fall
Come fire away Nosey, your big cannon ball
The militia of England must all be called out
Wales, Scotland, & Ireland will join in the
rout,

To conquer Napoleon the fool, who's to blame
List you Jews of Jerusalem & Petticoat-lane.

The old ladies of England must wear a knap-
sack,

With green leather breeches and Bloomer
cocked hat,

New shoes with big buckles, and join in the
throng,

Arm'd with big broomsticks 11 feet long,
All the old pensioners onward must crawl,
On one leg, on two legs, and no legs at all;
And must send, when Napoleon they chance
to come nigh,

A large eighteen pounder slap in his eye.

To conquer the tyrants, old ladies be quick,
For fear old John Bull may get nicely licked
If Boney comes here we will give him some
smoke,

And double him up like a pig in a poke;
Young ladies get ready, don't sit at home mute
Prime away, load away, fire away shoot,

Tell them your colour is always true blue,
Knock them from Woolwich to great
Waterloo.

There's thousands of old women trembling
with fear,

And young & old men who feel very queer,
And young women pining in sorrow & care,
Saying Boney is coming, oh dear, oh dear.

That tyrant Napoleon, Louis the pig,
Has declar'd he'll sail in an old wooden brig,
From Paris to Chatham, and when he gets
there,

They'll shout Mr. Ferguson you cannot lodge
here.

If Louis Napoleon don't mind what he's at,
With a flea in his ear we'll soon send him back
If we catch him we'll give him some bullets
and steel,

And give him a twelvemonth in sweet Cold-
bath Fields;

To protect us old Nosey, on you we call,
Get ready your musket & large cannon balls
Prime away, load away, sing off she goes,
And shoot proud Napoleon right on the nose

Old England has conquer'd by land and sea,
And shall we by Boney again frighten'd be,
Pepper him, physic him, make him to rue,
Flog him Britannia until all is blue;

Shoot him with vinegar, murfey's and frogs
Let him but venture to the Isle of Dogs;
Send for Bill Calcraft to stop his repairs,
And hang him to dry at wapping old stairs

We'll not be conquer'd lads don't be afraid
John Bull will protect old women & maids
And if they get wounded while fighting away
Queen Victoria will give them three half-
pence a day;

With new Bloomer breeches, a coat & a hat
A piece of fat bacon and linen knapsacks;
Get ready some turnips, cow dung & eggs,
And wound proud Napoleon in all of his legs

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