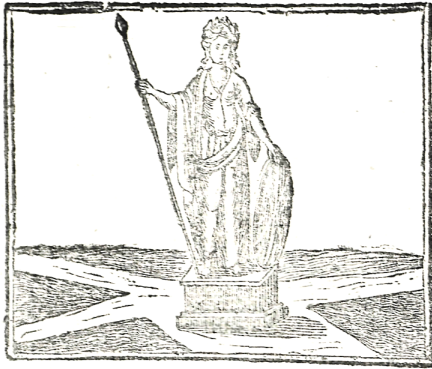


EUROPE AND VICTORY

Air---Billy O'rouke, Pop goes the Weasel, etc



ATTEND ye Britons bold and brave
While I lay down before ye,
Old England's rights--how we will fight,
For honour, fame and glory :
Our Jolly Tars are going to war;
No lads was ever bolder,
And all the pretty servant maids,
Are weeping for their soldiers.

CHORUS.

Hark the trumpet sounds to arms,
The rout it is before ye,
We are going to the wars alarms,
To fight for fame and glory.

We're going to work to help the Turks
Free from all dread and fear, sir,
And on the icy mountains chain,
Old Nick the Russian Bear, sir ;
England and France will make him dance,
Through St. Petersburg so clever,
Then home we'll come with fife and drum
Singing, Victory for ever ?

Old maids behind the kitchen doors,
In agony they're weeping,
And Polly in the two-pair back,
Is through the window peeping :
The Ladiesmaid declared that she
Would cut herself in quarters,
And the scullerymaid went to a tree,
And hung herself in her garters.

CHORUS.

A Butcher's wife swore on her life,
Her next door neighbour told her,
Three hundred gals went raving man,
Cause they had lost their soldiers.

The Cook so fat shoved on her hat,
and to the park was tripping.

B. Hodges, Printer (from Fitts) Wholesale Toy & Marble Warehouse, 26, Grafton St,

While down her face the sweat did run
Like lumps of mutton dripping ;
She cried, where is my fusileer ?
Where is my pretty hobb, ?
where is my gallant grenadier ?
where is my charming bobby ?

She cried, oh cruel is the war,
Bad luck to all the Prussians,
Cursed be Old Nick the ugly bear
The devil take the Russians :
For they have caused this dreadful sight
and her old daddy told her
They had robb'd her of her heart's delight
Her dear and darling soldier.

You Policemen ready must begin
with lantern, cape and rattle
Boldly collar your rolling pin
and then prepare for battle
All the collegemen with three cock'd hats
Must look as fierce as Prussians
and fire away with their wooden legs
Till they have beat the Russians

The butcher he must leave his block
The baker turn a sausage
The dirty snob must clean his nob
And the tailor leave his cabbage :
The doctor, barber and the clerk
Must fight and have no grumbling
In the wars until their heads are knock'd
Clean into apple dumplings.

Oh that we had a wellington
To give Old Nick the measles
It would him please to stand at ease
And pop the Russian weasel .
I wish we had a Nelson too
To keep the tyrant under
His wooden walls and cannon balls
He would make to roar like thunder

Farewell you pretty english gals
we're on the point of starting
we are bound to go to face the foe
Don't weep at our Embarking .
Maidens keep your spirits up
And never mind the measles
we will return with victory
and then pop goes the weasel

we are bound to go and face the foe
Sad was the day we parted
Sweet pretty maids we're sore afraid
we leave you broken hearted

