

INVASION.

A NEW SONG.

BRITONS! cease your long forbearing,
Let insults fire your gen'rous blood;
Arouse, arouse! to martial daring,
And deeds of noble hardihood.

2.

Proud *Frenchmen* brave us---quick assemble,
Join BRITANNIA's patriot band;
Make these boasting *Frenchmen* tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

3.

FREEDOM ever held her station
On this happy favour'd Isle;
FREEDOM calls ye; rouse, brave Nation!
Cease the works of Peace awhile.

4.

Shall *Frenchmen* threaten our enslaving?
Shall slaves in BRITAIN e'er be found?
Shall Gallic-banners, proudly waving,
E'er be fix'd on British ground?

5.

Now I mark your hearts' quick motion;
Yes, let them come, I hear you cry;
Yes, let them pass our subject ocean;
Yes, let them come, they come to die.

6.

Come, *Bonaparte*, tyrant savage!
Thy armies marshal on our coast;
Awhile thy slaves our fields may ravage,
But ruin soon shall whelm thy host.

7.

Gallant comrades! think of CRESSY,
And ABOUKIR's well-fought field;
Departed heroes' shades will bless ye,
Whilst the avenging sword you wield.

8.

Quick, ye gen'rous youths assemble,
Join BRITANNIA's patriot band,
Make these boasting *Frenchmen* tremble,
If they dare invade our land.

Greenwich.

H. P

One Halfpenny each, or 50 for 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. per Hundred,
for distribution.—Printed for J. GINGER, 169, Piccadilly;
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WHEELER, Printer, Wardour Street, Soho.

