

JOHN BULL'S  
*Invitation to Bonaparte.*

A NEW SONG,---Tune, "A Cobler there was."

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1.

THE Chief Consul declares that to England he'll come,  
Tho' there's some won't believe it, and think it a hum;  
But should it prove true, and he brings his Monsieurs,  
Some of them may go back without head or ears.

Derry down, down, &c.

2.

In flat bottom boats, they swear to come over,  
And, if nothing prevents, to land safe at Dover;  
But we have a few TARS, in our CASTLES of OAK,  
That will shew these fine Frenchmen that *fighting's*  
*no joke.*

Derry down, down, &c.

3.

But if BRITONS unite, 'tis in vain to contend,  
And it matters but little how many they send;  
For the more they send over, the more will be slain,  
And the more we kill off, the less will remain.

Derry down, down, &c.

4.

Let them come when they will we're ready to meet  
'em,  
With powder and shot in great plenty to greet 'em;  
We have Millions of Warriors who never will fly,  
For our Warriors are BRITONS, who'll conquer or die.

Derry down, down, &c.

5.

For our KING and our COUNTRY, RELIGION and LAWS  
Like lions we'll fight, for just is our cause;  
In our GOD is our trust, he has long been our friend,  
Our Foes he will scatter, and VICTORY send.

Derry down, down, &c.

*A Volunteer.*

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One Halfpenny each, or 50 for 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. per Hundred for distribution.

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