

A WORD TO THE WISE,

OR

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.

A NEW SONG FOR CHRISTMAS 1792.

To the Tune of—"Hearts of Oak."

COME, cheer up, my Lads, merry Christmas is here,
And I hope we shall all have a happy New Year:
Prepare your Plumb-Puddings, minc'd Pies, and stout Ale,
And may Plenty and Peace in OLD ENGLAND ne'er fail.

CHORUS.

French Fashions, my Lads, and French Follies disdain;
Steady, Boys, steady;
We always are ready
To laugh at the Tricks of Monsieur and Tom Pain.

Black-bread, and Soup-meagre, and Frogs fricaffee'd,
Are Fare, that may serve for a Frenchman indeed;
But they never shall shake our well-founded Belief,
That no Fare in the World's like OLD ENGLAND's Roast Beef.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

Let French powder'd Monkeys their *ça ira* sing,
We, BRITONS, will stick to our "God save the King!"
Then laugh at the Stories the sly Monsieurs tell,
For the Sons of OLD ENGLAND all know when they're well.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

May their new-fangled Creed by the Hang-man be burnt,
The true Rights of Man honest BRITONS have learnt;
Even our Wives and our Daughters, though deucedly vain,
In OLD ENGLAND shall scorn to be laced by Tom Pain.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

The King, and the Church, and the Laws of the Land,
The good Constitution our Forefathers plann'd;
To maintain them we all with one Heart should agree,
For while they protect us, OLD ENGLAND is free.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

Victorious by Land, and the Lords of the Sea,
What Nation can boast of such Glory as We?
Let Monsieur make his Bows, and Grimaces, and dance,
But OLD ENGLAND will never take Lessons from France.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

The Hand of Oppression we never can fear,
Our Laws are the fame for the Peasant and Peer:
Our House is our Castle, our Fire-side our Throne,
And each Man in OLD ENGLAND is sure of his own.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

Fine Words may sound well, and may make some Men stare,
But our State with our Neighbours we'll wisely compare:
In France there is Murder, and Plunder, and Want,
In OLD ENGLAND—each Blessing that Heaven can grant.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

Some Men must be stronger, some wiser than others,
But good Laws can unite them to live like good Brothers;
For while the Strong labour, the Wife ones must think,
And then in OLD ENGLAND we'll ne'er want the Chink.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

Their great Revolution, for which they've run mad,
Serves to sink down the Good, and to raise up the Bad;
Here the good Men to rise have a far better Chance,
And OLD ENGLAND will send all her bad ones to France.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

Then let us not hazard the Good we possess;
In striving for more, we may chance to have less:
Let us banish false Friends, who would fill us with Fears,
And OLD ENGLAND shall see many happy New Years.

CHORUS—French Fashions, &c.

Now drink to the King, and the Church, and the Laws,
With one Voice, Heart, and Hand we'll support the good Cause:
Here's Wealth, and here's Trade; here's the Plough, and the Sail;
And may Plenty and Peace in OLD ENGLAND ne'er fail.

CHORUS.

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