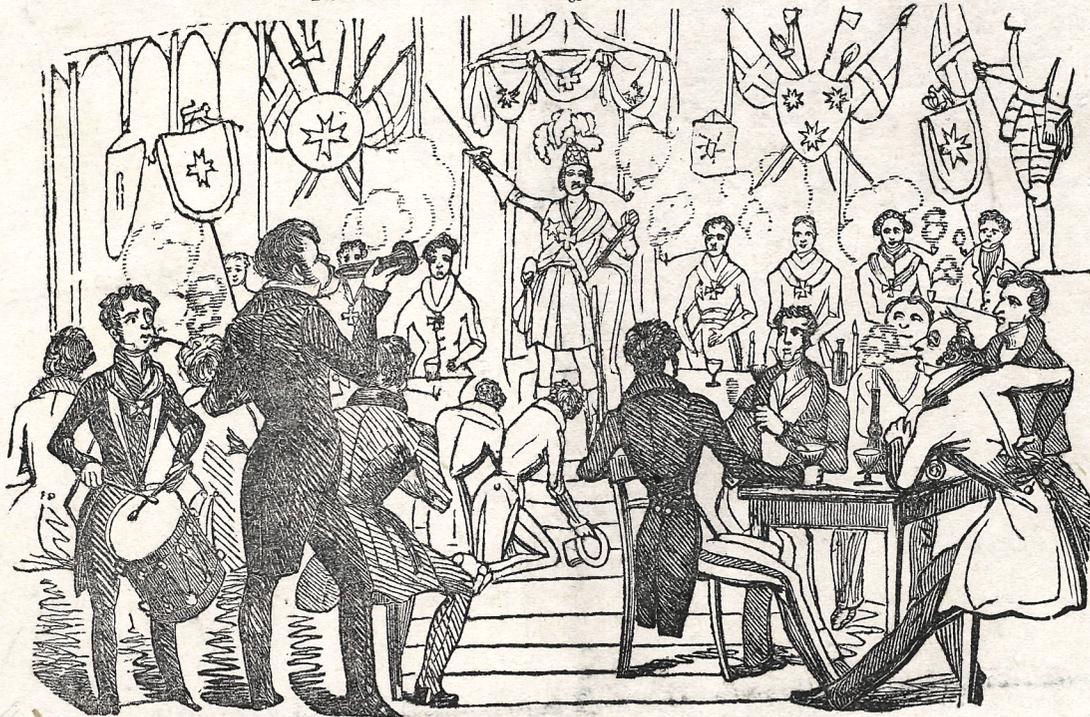


Visit of the Emperor of the French.

AIR—“The Bailiffs are Coming.”



RIAL and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.

THE Emperor and Empress are coming so keen
To England, to visit our sweet little Queen,
What a jolly set out in London there'll be,
Such doings before sure no one did see;
'thro' the west end of London so nicely they'll
prance,

With all the fine ladies of England and France,
Such wonderful things they are going to do,
Clear the road, and get out of the way *parle vous*

The emperor and empress is coming so keen,
To visit Prince Al. and old England's Queen,
The emperor of France and his lady so gay,
Are a coming to England, get out of the way.

Of Greenwich & Woolwich they will have a view
Of Plymouth & Portsmouth, and Liverpool too,
In Windsor I'm told they'll have a fine game,
And then they'll be off to see Drury Lane.
With the Lord Mayor of London they're going
to dine,

On sprats & red herrings, cucumbers and wine,
The aldermen's breeches of purple and blue,
Will glisten so fine with a French *parle vous*.

There'll be baked frogs, and fried frogs, & frogs
in a stew,

And all the young lasses shall sing *parle vous*!
They tell me Prince Albert long angry has been,
Fearing Louis may chance fall in love with the
Queen,

And take her away o'er the ocean to prance,
To look at the frogs and France.

Hurrah for John Bull and the Frenchman so true
And jolly good luck to the red, white, and blue.

There'll be Russians & Prussians, Swedes, Ger-
mans, and Jews,

There'll be Spaniards, Italians, & long *parle vous*
There'll be black men and white men, and men
without heads,

There'll be cock'd hats and feathers, and gold
wooden legs;

There'll be Africans, tailors, & blue Portuguese,
And old Mother Doodlem Polly Franceez.

Cheer up Britannia so gallant and gay,
Here's the Emperor & Empress get out of the way

There'll be ladies with lockets, & ladies with curls
To see the fine Emperor the pride of the world,

To dance a quadrille with Old England's Queen
And have a set-too with my Lord Aberdeen;

Then into the City they're going to dine,
With the sweet Lady Mayoress so gallant & fine,

The Emperor & Empress shall sit on a chair,
And sing Rule Br tannia to London's Lord Mayor

The Emperor shall be as thro' London he roams
A French special constable ere he goes home,
He will make the old women of London to laugh
As he goes thro' the streets with his large wooden
staff.

All the world and his mother will go I declare,
The Emperor to see, and his lady so fair.

Flare up pretty maidens, and shout *parle vous*,
And sing like true Britons, the red, white & blue

