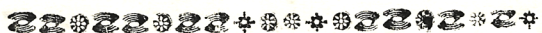
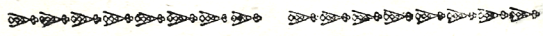


THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS'S Visit To England!





 E. HODGES Printer, Wholesale Toy & Marble
 Warehouse, 26, Grafton Street, Soho.
 Where upwards of a 100,000 Songs are constantly
 on sale.



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, & get out of the way, *parle veaux.*

CHORUS.

The Emperor and Empress are coming so keen,
 To visit Prince Al. and old England's Queen.
 The Emperor of France and his lady so gay,
 Are coming to England—get out of the way.

Of Greenwich & Woolwich they will have a view,
 Of Plymouth, and Portsmouth, & 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 veaux.*

There'll be baked frogs, & fried frogs, & frogs in
 a stew,
 And all the young ladies shall sing *parle veaux!*
 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 the fishes in France—
 Hurrah! for John Bull & the Frenchman so true.
 And jolly good luck to the red, white, and blue.

There'll be Russians, and Prussians, Sweedes,
 Germans and Jews,
 There'll be Spaniards, Italians and long *parleveaux*;
 There'll be black men, and white men, and men
 without heads,
 There'll be cock'd hats and feathers, and gold
 wooten legs:
 There'll be Africans, tailors and blue Portuguese,
 And old Mother Doodlem Polly Franceez,
 Cheer up, Britannia, so gallant and gay.
 Here's the Emperor and Empress—get out of the
 way.

There'll be ladies with lockets, and 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 old Aberdeen.
 Then in the City they're going to dine,
 with the sweet Lady Mayores so gallant and fine
 The Emperor and Empress shall sit in a chair,
 And sing, Rule Britannia 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 veaux*,
 and sing, like true Britons, the red, white & blue.



1857