

# The French National Guards VISIT TO LONDON.

HOW charming does the ladies look,  
Cried Farmer Bull, oh! dear,  
Because the National Guards of France  
So numerous doth appear;  
In every part of London  
They are roaming every day,  
So pretty girls don't venture out,  
Or you'll be stole away

Oh, lawk-a-daisy, there they go,  
The ladies bawl so hard,  
Oh, have you seen those handsome men,  
The French National Guards.

Some say they come to see the Queen,  
And tell some funny tales,  
And others say they come to steal  
The little Prince of Wales;  
And visit old Duke Nosey,  
And for friendship on him call,  
To dine upon a musket  
And a pair of cannon balls.

You Englishmen lock up your wives,  
Or you'll have cause to rue,  
Tie them to the bedstead leg  
And learn them parle vous;  
Give them parle vous Francee,  
And say they must not trip,  
With the man who has a lot of hair  
Upon his upper lip.

The National Guards are clever chaps,  
Both handsome and well made,  
And with old Louis Phillippe  
Carried on a roaring trade;  
It was they who made him cut and run,  
And brave great troubles through,  
A bawling out farewell to France,  
Frog soup, and parle vous

There goes the fine female soldiers,  
A rum old Duchess said;  
I will not live in service  
Bawled out a servant maid,  
I will marry a French soldier,  
And go on board a ship,  
For I love a bit of hair  
That grows upon his upper lip.

Some yesterday went down the Strand,  
In number just sixteen,  
When a butcher swore by his greasy block,  
That they were all marines;  
Then a shoemaker knocked down his wife,  
And swore so help his bob,  
If they wore leather aprons  
He would take them to be snobs.

A lady said in Drury Lane,  
And she her fingers smacked,  
Oh! lawk! they arn't like our guards,  
They don't wear hairy caps;  
Besides they haven't coats so red,  
As through the streets they goes,  
And they've no lumps of pipe clay  
Sticking to their nose.

There was fifty-three down Holborn  
A going, what a lark,  
A barber toddled up to one  
And swore 'twas Bonaparte;  
One said it was Prince Albert,  
When he drew his cane so free,  
And cut him till he made him holloa,  
Parle vous Francee.

They tell me while the National Guard  
In London roam about,  
Our gracious Queen Victoria  
Is afraid to venture out,  
For fear if they should meet her;  
Old Farmer Bull will prance,  
And take her off like one o'clock,  
From England o'er to France.

Now ladies if you for yourselves  
Have any kind regard,  
Keep in, and don't go out to see  
The French National Guards;  
For they will trim your whiskers,  
And paint you if you do,  
If you don't mind they'll surely spoil  
Your pretty parle vous.

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