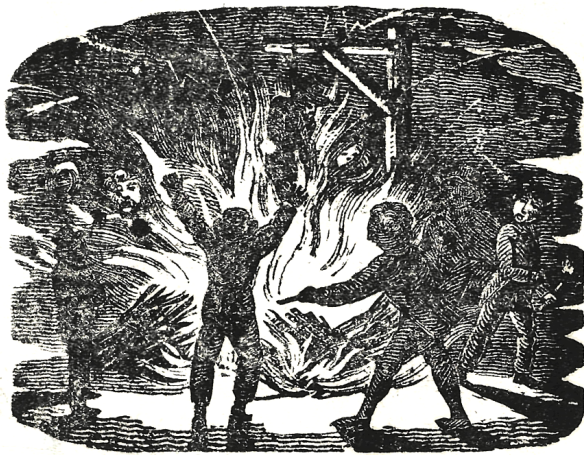


BEWARE Of the POPE!



Have you heard what a row & a rumpus oh dear ;
There is with the people now every-where,
Oh woe shall we wander or where shall we stray,
The Pope is a coming, get out of the way,
He is coming to England on next Friday night sir
With his Rubies, Crucifix; Scepter, & Mitre,
His faggots & fires mould candles and r p,
Oh run and get out of the way of the Pope.

Wherever you wander wherever you steer
All old men and women are quaking with fear
They are terribly frightened and cry out so queer
The Pope is a coming oh dear oh dear.

Jack Russel and Nosey upon Guy Faux day
Sent the Pope a long letter Prince Albert did say
To say if he dared land on England's ground
The policemen shou'd flog him all over the town,
And the Bishop of London will licence the boys,
To carry his Effigy, making a noise
Singing up by the ladder and down by the rope,
Will you give us a penny to burn the old Pope.

If the Pope comes to London ther'll be such a game
Archbishops of Shoreditch and Petticoat Lane,
Lord Bishops of Newgate made every day
With Bishops of Wapping and Ratchiff Highway

We will never conquerd come banish all pain
We will never have fire or faggots again
May this brother all end in a bottle of smoke,
Old England for ever and down with Pope.

Two Parsons was talking and said in a joke.
That the old duke of wellington wrote to the Pope
A tremendous long letter upon Guy Faux's day,
Saying be in Hyde Park on the seventh of May,
When the people of England would play him a rig
and present to his holiness such a big wig.
With a three farthing rush light to stick in his coat
Wont that be a jolly flare up for the Pope

Oh mother cried Betty the world's at an end,
Oh save me from Popery mother Amen.
I heard my old grandmother's grandmother say.
She saw old Queen Mary burn ninety a day,
In the middle of smithfield oh crickey oh dear,
I must not go out for I feel aery queer
They will kill us and drown us and eat us I fear
For the Pope is a coming oh crickey oh dear,

Should the Pope come to England we'll pepper
(his nob
and tell the policeman to send him to quod
We'll hiss him & hoot him & pelt him with eggs
and send him to Rome upon his wooden legs,
Why dont the old vagabond leave us alone
We neither want him or his subjects of Rome,
If we catch him we'll flog him to his hearts content
Thirteen times a day in the middle of Lent.

Come cheer up old woman in sorrow dont mope
We dont care a pin for the tinker or Pope.
Times are different now so are peoples ways,
To what they was in my old grandmothers days,
God save prince Albert and long live the Queen,
and all the young lasses of Bethnal Green,
Cheer up like a brick sing and banish all strite
Since we dont care a fig for the Pope or his wife

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