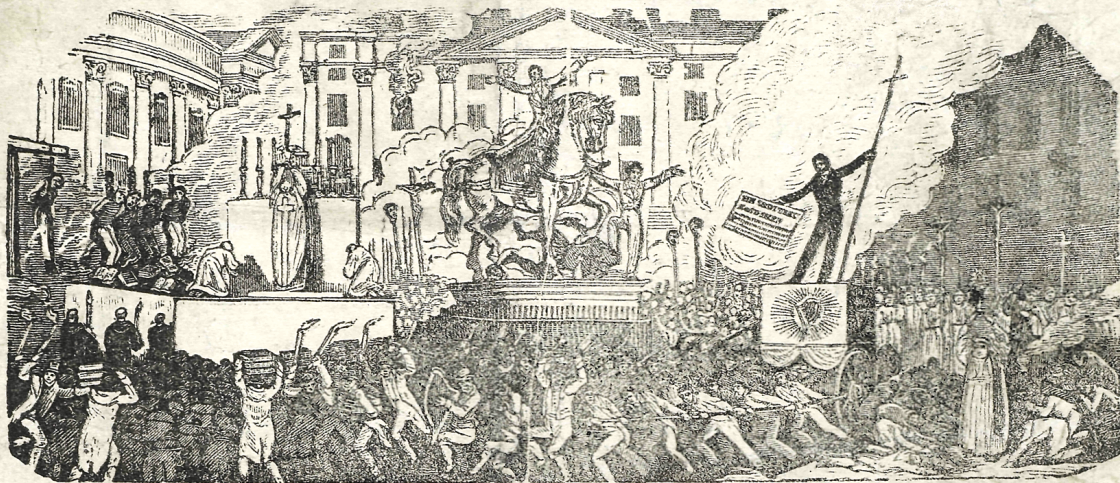


# BEWARE OF THE POPE!!



BLIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,  
Seven Dials.

Have you heard what a row & a rumpus, oh! dear;  
There is with the people now every-where,  
Oh where shall we wander or where shall we stray,  
The Pope is a coming, get out of the way,  
He his coming to England on Friday night sir,  
With his Rubies, Crucifix, Sceptre. and Mitre,  
His Faggots and Fires, Mould Candles and rope,  
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 Russell and Nosey upon Gay Faux day,  
Sent the Pope a long letter Prince Albert did say,  
To say if he dared land on England's ground,  
The policemen should 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 there'll be such a game  
Archbishops of Shoreditch and Petticoat Lane,  
Lord Bishops of Newgate mabe every day,  
With Bishops of Wapping and Ratcliff Highway,  
We will never be conquered come banish all pain,  
We will never have fire or faggots again,  
May this bother all end in a bottle of smoke,  
Old England for ever and down with the 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 Gay Faux's day,  
Saying, in Hyde Park on the seventh of May,  
Where the people of England would play him a rig  
And present to his Holiness such a big wig,  
With a three fart'ing rushlight to stick in his coat  
Won't 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! crikey, oh! dear,  
I must not go out for I feel very queer,  
They'll kill us and drown us, and eat us I fear,  
For the Pope is a coming, oh, crikey! oh, dear!

Should the Pope come to England we'll pepper  
his nob,  
And tell all the Policemen to send him to quod,  
We'll hiss him, and hoot him, and pelt him with  
eggs,  
And send him to Rome upon his two wooden legs,  
Why don't 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 heart's content  
Thirteen times a day in the middle of Lent.

Come, cheer up old woman, in sorrow dou't mope,  
We don't care a pin for the tinker or Pope,  
Times are different now and so are peoples' ways,  
To what they was in my old grandmother's days,  
God save Prince Albert and long live the Queen,  
And all the young lasses of Bethnal Green,  
Cheer up like a bric,k sing and banish all strife,  
Since we don't care a fig for the Pope or his wife

1849

