

# Have you Seen the National Guards of France

Have you seen the National Guards of  
France?

So gallant and so gay,  
From every part so spruce and smart,  
The ladies haste away;  
Because they are such handsome men,  
thee go them for to view,  
With their fine cocked hats and shining  
swords,  
And flare up parle vous.

The National Guards from France,  
To London daily trip,  
with their glittering swords & shining caps  
and handsome hairy lips.

The gallant National Guards of France  
Late gained a victory,  
They are the men as I will pen,  
Who fought for liberty:  
They made old Louis Phillippe run,  
and off to England dance,  
Have you beheld the gallant men,  
the National Guards of France.

To see them rolling through the streets,  
By daylight and by dark,  
In the City, Holborn, and the Strand,  
and in St. James's Park;  
The ladies after them do run,  
and gaze at them so hard,  
The Duchesses are all in love  
With the French National Guards.

To see those valliant handsome men,  
In thousands they do throng.  
With mustachoes on the upper lip  
Eleven inches long;  
With their coats so blue and parle vous,  
and handsome sashes slap,  
Oh! how the ladies love their handsome  
Swords and fine cock'd hats.

There is female National Guards so gay,  
With coats and trousers fine,  
With sashes and shining swords,  
and spurs stuck out behind;

A grocer started at one so hard,  
then trod upon his toes,  
and swore it was M. Lamartine,  
For he knew him by his nose.

From France they came to have a game,  
and banished care and strife,  
Some came to have their pockets picked  
and some to get a wife;  
In Leicester Square and every where,  
Wherever they did get,  
they found that their was lots of wives  
In every part to let.

they roam about and people shout  
and after them do run  
and talk about the valiant deeds  
that lately they have done;  
and how in France they made to dance  
Old Phillippe's family  
and how they did like heroes  
Strive to gain their liberty.

They do the ladies dearly love,  
the English ladies gay,  
And twenty thousand are resolved  
with them to run away.  
To leave their dads and mammys too,  
and use them kind and well.  
And instead of being misses,  
they will be madeuiselles.

All nations on the earth for them,  
will always have regard,  
For their courage and their valour,  
they are entitled to reward,  
Then Englishmen respect them  
wherever they may be,  
And ladies doat upon the men,  
who fought for liberty.  
with their glittering swords so bright,  
and their handsome sashes fine,  
with mustachoes on their upper lips,  
and spurs stuck out behind.

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