

# GENERAL HAYNAU.



GOOD people pay attention pray,  
Just now to what I have to say,  
Of what was done the other day,  
By Barclay & Perkins' Draymen;  
There was a Chief well known to fame,  
General Haynau was his name,  
Who a tyrant's favour sought to gain,  
By causing bitter grief and pain,  
By blood and slaughter, fire and sword,  
He did command his Cossack horde,  
Till freedom's blood like water poured,  
Sing Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.

Hit him, kick him, up and down,  
Box him! knock him round and round!  
Out of his hat break the crown,  
Cried Barclay & Perkins' Draymen

When fair Hungary prostrate lay,  
Beneath a tyrant's despot sway,  
And many mourned the fatal day,  
Oh! Barclay & Perkins' Draymen;  
Her bravest sons he put to death,  
Her fairest women by the lash!  
Had their flesh cut from living flesh!  
While freedom to the earth was dash'd!  
By this monster man in human shape,  
But you shall quickly know his fate,  
He got his deserts at any rate,  
From Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.  
Hit him, kick him, &c.

One day he went to have a stare,  
At where we English brew our beer,  
And met a warm reception there,  
From Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.  
Out on the tyrant all did cry,  
How you would laugh to see him fly,  
To cut his lucky he did try,  
But soon found out it was a'! my eye;  
One collar'd him by his moustache,  
And one with mud his face did splash,  
Another rolled him in the slush,  
Did Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.  
Hit him, kick him, &c.

One let down upon his head,  
Straw enough to make his bed,  
One pulled his nose till it was red,  
Did Barclay & Perkins' Draymen;  
Then out of the gate he did run,  
And now there was some precious fun,  
A rotten egg he got from one,  
For all did try—yes every one,  
To show how we loved such a brute,  
Who women flogg'd and men did shoot,  
For trying tyranny to uproot,  
Oh! Barclay & Perkins' Draymen,  
Hit him, kick him, &c.

At length he found a place to hide,  
All at the George by Bankside,  
But not till they'd well tann'd his hyde,  
Barclay & Perkins' Draymen.  
Let this to tyrants a lesson be,  
Not to crush fair liberty,  
Or like Haynau they'll have to flee,  
And not get off so well as he,  
Then for Barclay's men we'll give a cheer,  
May they live long to brew our beer,  
And from their masters nothing fear,  
Barclay, & Perkins' Draymen.  
Hit him, kick him, &c.

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