

SONG,

To the Tune of MOTHER CASEY.

THE French, tis said,
Are thieves by trade,
And well they fill the function;
For where they go,
Both friend and foe,
They rob without compunction.

They've squeeze'd so much
The Swifts and Dutch,
That there the harvest's over;
So now they swear,
They'll boldly dare,
To land their troops at Dover.

They've fram'd a plan
(That's if they can)
To chain us two and two, Sirs;
And Gallia's cock,
From Cherbourg rock,
Keeps crying, Doodle doo, Sirs.

But Johnny Bull
Will have a pull,
And put them in a flurry;
With dauntless heart
He'll play his part,
And well their hides he'll curry.

They think, no doubt,
To tire him out,
And make him quit the battle;
But, deuce take John,
If he'll be gone,
Whilst one is left to tattle.

Although they now
Exalt their brow,
Whilst others fear to grumble,
We'll let them see,
By Jove! that we
Can still these braggarts humble.

Bafe Robespierre,
In his career,
Was prais'd in each oration;
But when his head
Flew off, they said,
He well deserv'd damnation:

So Bonapart,
With treach'rous heart,
If on some gibbet fwinging,
With gen'ral voice,
Would France rejoice,
And fet the bells a-ringing.

As cats a mouse,
They others chouse
By some dam'd hollow practise;
But when they find
Things to their mind,
They then shew how the fact is.

Then ev'ry man
Unfolds his plan,
Which is to kill and plunder;
All laws to break,
All thrones to shake,
And burft all ties afunder.

Yet for such pains
How small their gains,
What seas of doubt they're toft in!
In this world vext,
And in the next
They'll, not I think, be boasting.

Then, John, be wife,
Use both your eyes,
And make a stout resistance;
For well you know,
One hearty blow,
Will drive them to a distance.

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