

HAYNAU'S RETREAT.



Printed by E. HODGERS, (late Pitt's) Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials, where new songs are printed and published every week.



A FUNNY Song, not very long,
To you I'll sing and say then,
About one Tyrant Haynau and
Brave Barclay and Perkins's draymen
They caused him pains, they gave him grains
They made him grin and shiver,
They pulled his nose, and tore his beard,
And sent him cross the river.

CHORUS.

They made old Haynau cut and run,
He bolted soon away then,
He would sooner face Russian gun
Than Barclay and Perkins's draymen.

'Well, neighbour, have you read about the great battle of Bankside?'—'Why, yes, I have read a great deal, and seen a great deal, but of all the battles that have been fought since the days of Julius Cæsar, there was no battle like the battle of grains and hopsacks. It beat Salamanca, Bunke's Hill, Prague, Waterloo, and the Nile, and they made old Haynau shake and shiver like a cat on a mop-stick.

Old Haynau run like a scalded cock,
And flew before the wind, sirs,
They knocked his hat down over his eyes,
And his shirt hung out behind, sirs,
The tails of his coat they did fly off,
The folks hollered in he must roll,
The river Thames, but he mistook,
And bolted in the dusthole.

Aye, aye, neighbour, if old Haynau could conquer the poor Hungarians, he could not conquer the right Honourable and right reverend body of loyal, royal, independent draymen, coal heavers, and market men, and long will be remembered the great and glorious battle of Bankside and the Borough Market when old Haynau was mortally wounded by a butt of heavy wet and a bushel of grains in a hop sack

When Haynau murdered honest men,
From Austria he started,

Thinking to keep a butcher's shop,
Near to the Borough Market,
To deal in livers, heads, and lights,
With mutton, beef, and bacon,
But he soon found in London too
That he was mistaken.

Why they tell me the old butcher Haynau thought nothing of shooting a thousand men before breakfast of a morning, and then order the women to be flogged in hundreds. But he could not flog the women of Bankside, and the Borough Market, for they got hold of his grey moustache, and they pulled, and they hallowed, and they squaled, and they bawled, and they sent the old butcher to the devil in a grain-basket.

They made old Haynau run and sweat,
They gave him grains and cocoa,
They blacked his eyes and broke his nose,
They made him whistle Jocko.
They in a boat put him safe afloat,
And sent the rogue a swimming,
They pulled his beard and made him bawl,
'No more I'll flog the women!'

I'll bet a gallon of Barclay's heavy wet, that old Haynau never ventures again to this country, and he may now return to Austria and tell the Emperor that the battle of Hungary was nothing to the battle of Bankside. Talk about Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, why they were nothing to the independent regiment of draymen commanded by Barclay and Perkins and their brave companions at arms.

They learned old Haynau shoulder arms,
And showed the game of lynching,
And should the draymen be discharge,
They are going to have a pension,
And all who in the battle was
No matter what their trade is,
Because they beat that big old rogue
Who loved to flog the ladies.

CHORUS.

Chase him, pelt him, boot him well,
Smother him in grain wash,
Pull his beard and kick his rump,
And give him English kieboosh.

