

# GET READY TO JOIN THE MILITIA.

LADIES you must ready get,  
Put on your Bloomer shirt and hat,  
Pipeclay well your breeches knees,  
And clap a knapsack on your back,  
For you must the militia join,  
And let Britannia view your beauty,  
Your muskets get, and fire away,  
And for Old England do your duty.  
Tow, row, row, Boney will you now?  
Take us while we are in the humour?  
That's just now!

All men must the militia join,  
Dustmen, coalheavers, and Jews,  
Costermongers, masons, smiths,  
Old women, and young women too;  
Farmers, squires, and their wives,  
All the blooming girls and sailors,  
Pullicans, and waxey snobs,  
And all the British snuffey tailors.

Ladies pray look out for squalls,  
Trim your muskets, what a joke!  
Fire away your cannon balls,  
And face your foes with fire and smoke;  
Women ninety years of age,  
Enlist your daughters and your sisters,  
Clap around your pretty face  
A stunning hairy pair of whiskers.

Ladies trim your frigglem jees,  
And get your knapsacks on your back,  
Powder well your hairy wigs,  
And whistle tit fal la ral whack;  
Militia men you all must be,  
And carry a gun upon their shoulder,  
Turn out their toes, turn in their knees,  
And fire awa like British soldiers.

Old women now for soldiers run,  
Prime and load, don't be afraid,  
Smoke a pipe and follow the drum,  
A regiment of blooming maids;  
Take your sisters on your backs,  
In regimentals dress your daughters,  
See Bonaparte is going to land,  
Fire away like bricks and mortar.

Stick your bayonets in behind,  
And your knapsacks on your back,  
You must wear a pair of Wellingtons,  
A scarlet coat and Bloomer hat;  
You must travel over hill and dale,  
And carry a wooden spoon and pitcher,  
If you refuse, you'll go to jail,  
To enter into the militia.

Ladies shew off all your charms,  
For boldly on you must advance,  
Heads up! eyes right! and fly to arms,  
And fight the President of France;  
And when you've gained the victory,  
You may return so gay and cosey,  
Then gaily run and follow the drum,  
And shout hurrah for General Nosey.

Hark! the thundering cannons roar,  
Ladies, ladies be in time,  
Hark how they sound from shore to shore,  
Hang your accoutrements out behind;  
Shoot! bang! fire away,  
Defend the Queen, & none shall harm her  
You must the militia join to day,  
You skulking sneaking snobs and farmers

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