



# A Word to the Wise,

## A NEW BALLAD on the Times.

**T**HE Monsieurs they say have the world in a String,  
They don't like our Nobles, they don't like our King,  
But they Smuggle our Wool and they'd fain have our Wheat,  
And leave us poor Englishmen nothing to eat.  
Derry down, down down derry down.

They call us already a Province of France,  
And come here by Hundreds to teach us to dance  
They say we are heavy, they say we are dull,  
And that Beet and Plumb Pudding's not good for John Bull.

They Jaw in their Clubs, murder Women and Priests,  
And then for their Fishwives they make Civic feasts,  
Civic feasts! what are they? why a new fashion'd thing,  
For which they renounce both their God and their King!

And yet there's no eating, 'tis all foolish play,  
For when Pies are cut open, the Birds fly away,  
But Frenchmen admire it and fancy they see,  
That Liberty's fix'd at the top of a Tree.

They say Man and Wife shou'd no longer be one,  
Do you take a Daughter and I'll take a Son,  
And as all things are equal, and all should be free,  
If your Wife don't suit you Sir, perhaps she'll suit me.

But our Ladies are Virtuous, our Ladies are fair,  
Which is more than they tell us your Frenchwomen are,  
They know they are happy they know they are free,  
Nor are Slaves to a Mob, or a Paris decree.

They take from the Rich but don't give to the Poor,  
And to all sorts of mischief they'd open the door,  
Then let's be united and know when we're well,  
Nor believe all the Lies these Republicans tell.

Our Soldiers and Sailors will answer these Sparks,  
Though they threaten Dumourier shall spit us like larks,  
True Britons don't fear them, for Britons are free,  
And know Liberty's not to be found on a tree.

Ye Britons be wise as you're brave and humane,  
You then will be happy without any Paine;  
We know of no Despots, we've nothing to fear,  
For this new-fangled nonsense will never do here.

Then stand by the Church, and the King, and the Laws,  
The Old Lion still has his teeth and his claws;  
Let Britain still rule in the midst of her waves,  
And chastise all those foes who dare call her sons slaves.

