



Little Boney A-cockhorse

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OH dear! Little Boney's a coming.
Dear, dear, behold him a running
With his flat-bottom'd boats see how they're
burning,
Little Boney is coming over from France;
He'll be met by the way by our brave British
frigates, (gizzard,
And a dose of their pills they will clap in his
And down to the bottom send him & his legions
And teach him our new fashion dance.

CHORUS.

*O dear, Little Boney's coming over,
With his legions of Troops to land them at Dover:
But our brave Volunteers they'll soon do him over,
And blow him quite over to France!*

Little Boney the bantam to Walmer is coming.
To haul down the flag behold him a running;
But our brave Volunteers will give him a drub-
bing,

And teach him an Englishman's dance;
His route is for London that very same hour,
To haul down the flag that stands on the Tower
But our brave volunteers puts it out of his pow'r
And teach him in London to dance.

Little Boney a-cockhorse is coming for plunder
The old men will stare and the old women will
wonder, (knock under,

Our young men in arms will soon make him
And teach him our new fashion dance,

Our young men in arms collected together,
Our old men with pitch-forks, like birds of a
feather, (weather,

To drive little Boney come through wind and
And teach him in Britain to dance.

Our old women too all muster'd together,
With pokers and tongs, like birds of a feather,
To drive little Boney the devil knows whither,
And teach him an old woman's dance.

His bridle of diamonds an old woman wanted,
The shoes of his horse are all silver mounted,
Not a nail in his hoofs but our old woman
counted,

When Boney comes over from France.
Come, come, brother Britons, united together,
Let's join heart & hand like bird's of a feather
For our Church & our King we'll fight together
When Boney comes over from France.

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