

ENGLAND AND NAPOLEON.

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OH! have you heard the news of late,
The whigs are in a cranky state,
And they'll find out when it's to late,
They're done for by their snarling;
For small Lord John has been & gone
And turned adrift Lord Palmerston,
Amongst the lot the only don,
Who didn't take care of number one;
Cut spoke Home Secretary Gray,
I wish Old Palmy was away,
Aye, turn him out they all did say
For he's the peoples darling.

In every foreign court his name,
Uphold Old England's glorious fame.
And all our enemies were tame,
Because he kept them under.
But now in Austria's tyrant court,
They did chuckle all in glee and sport,
Because they've heard the glad report,
Says young Napoleon 'thats your sort',
But let them laugh who win the day,
He'll live to make them dearly pay,
That ought against him they did say,
And if he don't I'll wonder.

Whene'er doth meet the parliament,
The whigs to pot will straight be sent,
That humbug of a government,
Won't live a moment longer.
Then Palmy he'll be at our hand,
And keep the tyrants all in dread,
Austria and France will wish him dead
And for a milksop in his stead,
Haynau and the Russian Czar,
Will curse him in their realms afar,
And on their feelings it will jar,
To find Old Palmy stronger,

Young Nap would like his father be,
He hates the manly and the free,
And now an army large has he,
Upon our shores to thunder,
The Frenchmen with their fierce mou
stachious,

Are now to settle all our hashes,
And Haynau with a whip to lash us.
Will feel to glad if he can thrash us,
From Fleet street along the Strand,
French Cuirasiers will have command
The marseillaise will play each band,
The life guards will kneck under,

Young Nap upon a prancing horse,
will yell out french un'til he's hoarse,
Come shoot them down my gallant
force,

And make your sabres gory.
You well remember Waterloo,
where these vile English overthrew,
Our soldiers and my uncle to.
Amongst our ranks their bullets flew,
You now can pay them what they gave
Make every Englishman a slave,
No more they're rulers of the wave,
And sunk is England's glory.

Old wellington that queer old chap,
At Apsley house now takes a nap.
I'll catch him straightway in a trap,
And take him over the water.
But what is that which now he hears,
A glorious burst of british cheers,
were done for bayonets and spears,
The British army swiftly nears,
A thundering charge our Life guards
make,
The would be Emperor they take,
The Frenchmens ranks like chaff they
break,
And make them run with slaughter.

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1858

