

FARMER BULL & LOUIS NAPOLEON.

OH have you heard this glorious row?
If you have not, I'll tell you now,
There has been such a game I vow,
With farmer bull and Napoleon:
Because the naughty refugees,
Had form'd of late as you may see,
A most infernal wicked plot,
Put powder in an old tin pot,
Across the ocean they did go;
They meant all France to overthrow,
And what do you think they there did do?
Why fired at poor Napoleon.

[Chorus.]

The Frenchmen caught the refugees,
They whistled; parley vous francis,
Such a jolly row there's like to be,
With farmer Bull and Napoleon.

The French a message sent you see,
Rifum tifum diddlem-dee,
Old England is a den of thieves,
Said farmer bull to Napoleon:
England is possess'd of wealth,
You was once a refugee yourself,
Living in a garret in Duke street,
In a room at eighteen pence a week,
Glad to live on tators and salt,
Twas then sir you could find no fault,
I am sorry men should you assault,
Said farmer Bull to Napoleon.

Now I'll tell you what we mean to do
We wont be frighten'd parley-vou,
And pray sir who the D—— are you?
Cried farmer bull to Napoleon:
You think to bully us I suppose,
Go, hang yourself, & drown your clothes,
We have lots of ships, & soldiers true,
And your Uncle lick'd at Waterloo,
There never do the like again,
Your sad misfortunes give me pain,
Old England sir was not to blame,
Said farmer Bull to Napoleon.

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If the assassins we can find,
They shall fly like chaff before the wind,
With the tails of their shirts hanging out
Said farmer bull to Napoleon: [behind,
We will give them shot a penny an ounce,
But old John Bull will not be bound,
The Brummagem lads oh! what a shame,
Made all the pops, and they're to blame,
Always sir, speak what is true,
Cock a doodle doodle doo,
We was not lick'd at Waterloo;
Said farmer Bull to Napoleon.

Said Palmerston the job is done,
Roebuck nearly mad did run,
Jolly good luck to little John,
Said Farmer Bull to Napoleon:
Old England ever shall be free,
By no one will she frighten'd be,
We will banish all the refugees,
And send them far across the seas,
We wish you all a very good night,
And always do the thing that's right,
Shake hands, we do not wish to fight,
Said Farmer Bull to Napoleon.

Poor Palmerston now lick'd has been,
He went a crying to England's Queen,
They kick'd me out with just nineteen,
Through Mister Louis Napoleon:
The Government's lost, old bull did shout
They've got poor Henry Palmerston out,
How he did caper jump and prance,
And swear to toddle away to France,
The Government groan'd and look'd so sad,
Some fell down, and others went mad,
Roebuck & Russell sung moll in the wad,
Old Farmer bull and Napoleon.

[Chorus.]

The Government's lost I'ts parley vou,
What ever will the Frenchmen do?
You may whistle cock a doodle doo,
Said old John Bull to Napoleon.

