

# BOLD NAPIER

Tune—Low-back'd Car.

OLD England calls her sons to arms,  
The Russian bear to meet,  
Our brave old admiral he commands,  
And guides the British fleet:  
The battle calls me from thy arms.  
Let not my Susan fear,  
In the cause of liberty we go,  
To sail with bold Napier.  
To fight for the Turks so free,  
Upon the Baltic sea,  
Then hurrah for Old England.  
Let this be our cry,  
We'll codguer or we'll die.

Brave Napier he leads the van,  
Of sailors stout, and true,  
Though far away upon the sea,  
My thoughts will be of you:  
The bullets they around may fly,  
And cannons they do roar.  
I shall return, my dearest wife,  
To you and my home once more.  
Then farewell, my love, good bye,  
This shall be our cry,  
Old England for ever!  
With three times three,  
We'll conquer or we'll die.

Now France and England are combined  
What a fleet of ships are there,  
To blockade his ports and starve him out,  
That despot Russian bear:  
Who would enslave and rule the world,  
But him we do not fear,  
Britannia still will rule the waves,  
When led by the bold Napier.  
His flag he has unfurl'd,  
A challenge to all the world.  
With the sailors of France,  
We'll make him dance,  
That ugly old Russian bear.

The Northern tyrant will be met,  
And that upon the land,  
With French and English hearts of oak,  
With Turks all hand in hand:  
The Shamrock boys, and Scotland's sons,  
Will as they've done before,  
They'll drive him back unto his den,  
And make him for to roar.  
When he finds he has lost the day,  
And the piper has got to pay,  
Then hurrah, never fear,  
We'll muzzle the bear!  
Here's success to the bold Napier!

# THE SPORTING FARMER.

Tune—Coronation.

YOU Farmers all, both great and small  
Attend unto my ditty,  
'Tis concerning of the working hands,  
In country and city,  
They can't buy flower, tis not in their pow'r  
Their payment is so scanty,  
You all can find men work to do,  
But keep their bellies empty.

CHORUS.

Let's hope the rich may pay the poor,  
While work there is a plenty,  
It will keep them from the workhouse door,  
And keep the jails all empty.

If a poor man has no work to do,  
To the parish goes for labour,  
'Tis then they send him on the road,  
And say they show him favour.  
Ten-ponce a day is a young man's pay  
It is a dismal story,  
The poor man may be starved to death,  
While the rich are in their glory.

It's now the money's in large lumps,  
To be so they intend it,  
They try to keep it from the poor,  
They have no heart to spend it.  
The rich can't tell their calling day,  
The Lord is sure to find them,  
Forgiveness, money cannot buy,  
So they leave it all behind them.

Their number'd days soon pass away,  
The one behind the other,  
The rich will have to meet the poor.  
And be as man and brother.  
So do not keep your brother low,  
In this life show them favour,  
In the next world wages are all alike.  
So pay them for their labour.

Now to conclude and make an end.  
Let's hope we all shall find, sir,  
That ev'ry one may have their due,  
Upon the British dime, sir,  
I hope no one will think amiss,  
Now it is nearly ended,  
But if they will, why, so they must,  
No harm have I intended.

Pray God the poor may have their fill,  
Be in whatever station,  
And now reform has braved the storm,  
We want some alteration.  
If times do alter for the best,  
It will be unexpected,  
Then each poor man may toss the coin,  
And say they are protected.