

Third Edition, with Alterations, Revised and Corrected.

# Master Boney's HEARTY WELCOME TO ENGLAND,

Being the Song of Songs, and worth all the Songs in the World put together.

TO BE SUNG OR SAID BY EVERY JOVIAL FELLOW, WHO IS A  
TRUE LOVER OF OUR GOOD KING AND MOST HAPPY

I.

SHOULD Boney come hither, the *Grave-ones* they say,  
" 'Twou'd be for poor Boney a sorrowful day :"  
While others more sturdy, they valiantly swear,  
His head on a pike should quickly appear.

Boney down, down, down,

II. Boney down.

Some say they will treat him, no better than fleas,  
And 'twixt thumb and finger they'll give him a squeeze ;  
Whilst some by the ears, the vile Ruffian they'll lug,  
And others will give him, a good Cornish hug.

III. Boney down, &c.

Nay many would clap him, in cage for a show,  
At two pence a piece Sirs—the price is too low :  
Whilst others would drive him post haste to the Tower,  
A *tit-bit* for tygers and wolves to devour.

IV. Boney down, &c.

Stand by, says young Snip, don't you see my bold shears ?  
For the least I will have, is his nose or his ears ;  
Says the Cook, I will baste him, and humble his pride ;  
Cries the Tanner, pox take him, I'll tan his vile hide.

V. Boney down, &c.

Says the Butcher, I'll knock down the dog like an ox,  
Cries the Constable bold—put the knave in the stocks.  
Says the Chandler, when once to the pill'ry he hies,  
Rotten eggs will I furnish, to bung up his eyes.

VI. Boney down, &c.

Says the Doctor, I'm ready to give him a pill,  
For we doctors, like Boney, we know how to kill ;  
Says the Lawyer, I'll make the cur presently mute,  
When once I shall bring him the cost of his suit.

VII. Boney down, &c.

Cries the Huntsman, I long on his shoulders to ride,  
Here's a whip—and a good pair of spurs I'll provide :  
Says the Welchman, I'll toast him as I wou'd toast cheese :  
Says Paddy I'll whack him, as long as you *plase*.

VIII. Boney down, &c.

Cries a brave bonny Scot, mon gee me his *lug*,  
And I'll squeeze him as flat as a *bannock* or bug ;  
Says old Suds, I will shave him with razor so notch'd,  
As shall leave his black muzzle most famously scotch'd.

IX. Boney down, &c.

Says the Dust-man, I'll *dust* him—you know what I mean,  
I'll give him a hide, all black, blue and green ;  
Says the Mason, I'll case him in good brick and mortar,  
No, no, says Jack Ketch—don't you see this nice *halter* !  
Boney down, &c

X.

Says the Baker, the Rogue in my oven I'll poke,  
Cries young Sweep—in the chimney I'll give him a smoke ;  
The Cobler will give him a stitch in the heel,  
And here's Moll who would skin him as clean as an eel.

XI. Boney down, &c.

But here's Tom the Miller, who swears he'll have Boney,  
And grind him as close as—Old Hunks keeps his money,  
Nay stop cries the Joiner, I'll saw off his head,  
Cries the Surgeon we'll have him as soon as he's dead.

XII. Boney down, &c.

Then stretch the Dog out, and when flat on his back,  
We'll cut out his heart to see if it's black ;  
For sure such another, no mortal e'er saw,  
Unless vomited forth, from old Belzebug's maw.

XIII. Boney down, &c.

But now for his flesh—we must lay bare his bones,  
And then let him stand clear of Old *Davy Jones*\* ;  
But Davy will have him as sure as a gun,  
So now Master Boney, here ends all your fun.

XIV. Boney down, &c.

Hold, hold, says the Printer, I must have a word !  
The rascal wou'd gag us—how very absurd !  
But egad ! Master Boney, in spite of your threats,  
We'll print all day long, and we'll give you night sweats.

XV. Boney down, &c.

The Soldiers are mad now to see him approach,  
And swear, on our land if he dares to encroach,  
That this *Vice-roy of God*, in spite of the Pope,  
Shall *strait to the Devil*—and that by a rope.

XVI. Boney down, &c.

'Tis all smoke, and no fire, the Sailor he cries,  
He'll never come hither, the Dog is too wise ;  
He knows that the Tars of Old England ne'er shrink,  
And that him and his flat-bottom'd boats they wou'd sink.

XVII. Boney down, &c.

'Twou'd weary your patience, to hear folks repeat,  
How Boney the *Pigmy* they're anxious to treat ;  
So let him come hither, we'll soon make a ring,  
Then fight till we die, for our Country and King.  
Boney down, &c.

\* Another name for Old Nick.

\*†\* It is particularly recommended to those who can afford it to distribute this Song.

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