

THE
Berkshire Farmer's
THOUGHTS
ON
INVASION.

A S O N G.

*Tune---*Liberty Hall.

I.

SO! Bonaparte's coming, as folks seem to say,
(But I hope to have time to get in my hay.)
And while he's caballing, and making a parley,
Perhaps I shall houfe all my wheat and my barley.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

II.

Then I shall have time to attend to my duty,
And keep the starved dogs from making a booty
Of what I've been toiling for, both late and early,
To support my old woman, whom I love so dearly.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

III.

Then, there are my children, and some of them feeble,
I wish, from my soul, that they were more able
To assist their old father, in drubbing the knaves,
For we ne'er will submit to become their tame slaves.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

IV.

But then, here's son Dick, who is both strong and lusty,
And towards the French he is damnable crusty;
If you give him a pitchfork, or any such thing,
He will fight till he's dead, in defence of his King.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

V.

And I'll answer for Ned, too, he'll never give out;
He should eat no more bacon, if I had a doubt.
And I wish every one, who's not staunch in the cause,
May ne'er get a bit more to put in their jaws.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

VI.

So you see, Bonaparte, how you are mistaken,
In your *big little* notions of stealing our bacon.
And your *straight way to London*, I this will you tell,
Your *straight way to London* is your *short way to Hell*.

Fal lal de ral, &c.

Printed for J. WALLIS, Ludgate Street, Price 1d. or 8d. per Dozen.—Where may be had, a Collection of all the loyal Papers
that have been published.

Printed by J. Crowder and E. Hemsted, Warwick-Square.

