

A NEW SONG

ON THE

CRISIS in EGYPT.

Tune—"We don't want to fight."

We're going to have a fight
On the Egyptian shore,
Where many of our countrymen
Are lying in their gore ;
They treat us with disdain,
So we must let them know
We've got some shot and powder left
In England.

So if they want to fight
On the Egyptian shore,
France and England's in the right,
To loose the dogs of war ;
They'll have to stand aside,
When the British lion roars,
And puts his foot upon the foes
Of England.

They are a ragged crew,
And precious saucy too,
A regular sneaking cowardly lot
Not like the brave Zulus
Our countrymen they kill'd,
And defied us as you know ;
And they'll get 'taters warm'd
By England.

The Turks are in the mess,
The Egyptian's they will bless,
And old John Bright and Gladstone
And such great distress.
I'm sure they wish to-day
That old Nick would fly away
With the blooming lot that interfered
With England.

Then there's the Irish stew
Gives us enough to do,
With Parnell and Mickey Davitt,
Who chat till all is blue ;
So I'm sure you'll say that now
There's a prospect of a row,
And plenty of work for soldiers
Out of England.

The army reserve is called,
Marines, sailors and all,
To fight again for England,
The enemy they will maul ;
Our ironclads are there,
It makes Old John Bull swear.
They haven't fired a shot or shell
For England.

Then they'll hurry up the boys
From home and all its joys,
Upon the banks of the River Nile,
Our enemies to destroy.
Good luck to them we say,
Now they are going away,
And a safe and pleasant journey
Back to England.

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