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# John Bull and His Ally

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# John Bull & his Ally

TUNE—*Vikings and his Dinah.*



**J**OHN Bull is kept under some say, and forlorn,  
But Old England for ever shall weather the storm  
Some traitors in France on the Emperor pounced,  
Let them say what they will, we will never be bounced  
John Bull won't be frightened, for freedom advance  
What a row this has made between England and  
France.

Now a set of assassins, some vile refugees,  
Went to kill all the Frenchmen in Paris we see;  
Pop went the pistol! the powder went slap,  
And knocked off the rim of the Emperor's hat.

Then Louis Napoleon did vow and believe,  
That there was in England a large den of thieves;  
And if they was not banished, he'd make England rue  
Like we did his uncle at great Waterloo

A refugee he was in England himself,  
Hard up for a dinner, possessed of no wealth;  
He lived in a kitchen near St. James's Street,  
Where they tell me he paid one and ninepence a week

To insult our Ally is really a shame,  
John Bull won't be bullied, he wasn't to blame!  
He don't hold with traitors—flare up parle vousz,  
How he wolloped old Boney at famed Waterloo.

The Brummagem lads all the mischief has done,  
They made the assassins the pistols and guns;  
Of such cruel traitors John Bull never heard,  
In France for to shoot at Napoleon the Third.

The Italians, the Germans and Russians we see,  
And all other Foreigners banished must be;  
If they don't, King Napoleon will come I declare,  
And kill all the ladies round Belgrave Square.

Said John Bull to Napo'leon, it is a vile trick,  
But still we will neither be bullied or licked;  
If we catch the assassins we'll punish them slap,  
Who knocked out the crown of the Emperor's hat.

Said Napoleon to Johnny, drive out all the thieves,  
Hang them, and bury them all in the sea;  
Let us both be united and do what is right,  
I assure you, dear Johnny, I don't want to fight.

But if I'm compelled to come over the man,  
I will knock down the houses in Marblebone Lane  
If I catch Jacky Russill and Roebuck so clever,  
I will jolly well knock both their hard heads togetha

Lord Palmerston danced, and he whistled for joy,  
And said my dear Louis, be easy, my boy;  
We will drive out the foreigners all by degrees  
And send them a jumping like codfish and fleas.

That England and France, no one had an idea,  
When they side by side fighting in the Crimea,  
Occasion would have for to quarrel and brawl,  
Here's Old Harry to pay about nothing at all.

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