



3

Now Johnny Bull has gone to grass,
 To fatten up his calves, sir;
 He talks of sending a shilling a day
 Soldiers to the South, sir,
 But we licked him well in 1812,
 And we can lick him weller, oh, oh, oh!

CHORUS.

4

Now Johnny Bull may put on airs,
 But what care we for that, sir;
 He's been itching now, for some time
 To have a little spat, sir,
 But if he will but just keep cool
 Till we've settled our family quarrel, oh, oh, oh!

CHORUS.