

FRANCE AND ENGLAND

MUST

CONQUER THE RUSSIANS

Air—"The Cambells are coming,"

ARISE up Britannia devoid of alarms,
Get ready like heroes your true British
arms;

The blind, lame and lazy must all go to work,
And fight like the devil in aid of the Turks.
All the gallant policemen must boldly fall in,
With their belts, swords and lanterns, and big
rolling pins:

The old and the young must get ready, oh fegs
And the Collegemen too, with their new wooden
legs.

Britannia is going to war without fear,
All the blind and the lame, and the lazy we hear
Our soldiers and sailors so gallant will steer,
And have a go in at the old Russian Bear.

What use are the foes to our great wooden walls
And our artillerymen fine with their big cannon
balls,

They will make the old Russian to weep without
hope,

And bury his bones in the bay of Sinope.
Every souldier and sailor to Turkey must go,
All the foot guards, the life guards, the marines
and the blues;

All the militiamen too must be gone,
And march to the sound of the fife and the drum

Now the lasses of Briton are weeping, oh lor!
Cause their soldiers and sailors are going to the
wars,

Jenny and Sally so shocking do fret,
Polly is sighing, and poor little Bet
Has collared a musket with Kitty and Nauce,
And gone to Napoleon, the Emperor of France,
To ask him to go all the Russians to slay,
Britannia is ready, get out of the way.

All the farmers, their wives, sons and daughters
must go,

And fight till they've conquered the Russian foe
Farmers Bull-head and Cow-head, and Pig's-head
must fall,

Farmers blowgut and Paunchgut, and no guts
at all.

The miller, the grocer, and butcher must drill,
The baker, the quaker, the ploughboy, and Will,
We must go to war, the poor Turks give relief,
And Prince Albert will be the commander-in-chief

There must be no sknlking, to war you must go
Neither headache nor toothache, nor pain in the
toe

Will ever prevent you to join in the rout,
If you had but one arm, one eye, and the gout,
To war you must go, and to fight you must steer
To tickle the nose of the great Russian bear,
Our artillery great guns at the Russians we'll
hurl

They in battle shall rattle and conquer the world

See the old women crying by day and by night,
Cause their dear darling sons are a going to fight
My Johnny and Tommy are going away far,
To be shot at and killed in the great Russian war
But there's one consolation if they're shot dead,
And brought back again without legs, arms, or
head,

Contented and quiet they remain ever may,
And receive from the Queen fivepence-halfpenny
a-day.

Pretty maidens that's willing in battle to run,
Come pull up your stockings and follow the drum
and all you old ladies who freely will list,
Can have two and ninepence shoved into your fist
With a belt and a bayonet, and coat scarlet red,
And a fine hat and feather to place on your head,
And when to the war you all safely have got,
'Twill be fire away Mike with your tin iron pot.

All fishermen, watermen, coal porters too,
All the parsons, and tars with their jackets so blue
Must quickly get ready the foe for to fight,
And turn all the Russians to left about right.
Our shots they shall fly like a shower of peas,
And sink all the Russians down in the black sea,
With France we will fight the Russians to bark
Old England for ever! success to the Turks.

Britannia in splendour is going afar,
Old England in glory is going to war,
Such a change in the land there's not lately
been seen,

Then here's down with the tyrant, and God save
the Queen!

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