

ENGLAND AND FRANCE MUST CONQUER THE RUSSIANS



E. Hodges, Printer (from Pitts') Wholesale Toy
& Marble Warehouse, 26, Grafton St, Soho

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 fags?
And Collegemen too with their new wooden legs.

CHORUS

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 with their big cannon balls
They'll make the old Russian to weep without
hope.

And bury his bones in the bay of Sinope.
Ev'ry soldier and sailor to Turkey must go,
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 Britian 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 collar'd a musket with Kitty and Nance,
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 conquer'd the Russian foe;
Farmers Bull-head and Cow-head, and Pigs-head
must fall,

Farmer Paunchgut and Blowgut & no guts at all,
The miller, the grocer and butcher must drill,
The baker, the quaker, the ploughboy and Will,
Must go to the war to the Turks give relief
And Prince Albert will be their commander-in-chief

There must be no skulking, to war you must go
Neither head-ache nor tooth-ache or 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 this great Russian bear
Our artillery great guns at the Russians will hurl
They in battle shall rattle and conquer the world

See the old women crying by day & by night
Cause their dear darling sons are going to fight
My Johnny and Tommy are going very far
To be shot at & kill'd in the great Russian war
There is 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 5d. halfpenny a-day.

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

All watermen, fishermen coal-porters too
All the parsons and tars in 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 birk
Old Englnd 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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