

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA kicked the Bucket !



Cheer up Britannia and don't you be down-hearted
Our soldiers and our jolly tars in harmony rejoice
They from the russian tyrant by deaths cold hands
are parted,

He's gone, he's gone the emperor's gone re-echoes
every voice,

While Russia is in morning, Britannia is rejoicing
England and France shall bless the day they lost
old emperor Nick,

Because he couldnt conquer, he pined in grief and
sorrow,

He closed his eyes—farewell he cried, and then
he cut his stick.

CHORUS.

Arouse lads arouse, behold britannia smiling,
with her army and her navy so boldly by her side
While her enemy was running grim death sent him
a summons,

Nick like a post gave up the ghost then took the
sulks and died.

And now the Russian emperor's gone, in glee old
men and woman,

Sing off she goes, come up, gee wo, our cannons
loud shall roll,

we won't go home till morning, so merrily they are
singing,

The emperor's gone we'll beat his men and have
Sebastopol.

His great ambition knew no bounds, but was forced
to cut it,

He could not stay to fight his way, in misery he
cried,

He bid adieu to all his friends and then he kicked
the bucket,

And in a tub of candle grease the russian emperor
died.

When Menchicoff heard the news he shrugged his
russian shoulders,

The black flag up he hoisted and he fired the
minute gun,

Then shivering and shaking he addressed his cow-
ard soldiers,

He's gone our darling emperor, gone he is gone
to Kingdom come,

Prince Albert whistles buy a broom, old Charley
danced a hornpipe,

General Evans fell upon his knees and sung God
save the Queen,

And the russian ghost of emperor Nic. at twelve
o'clock last Friday night,

Got into bed and had a row with old Lord A--d-n

We'll sing the emperor L. E. G. the tyrant is de
parted.

we will gain a glorious victory, march to the file
and drum,

From Petersburg on Friday last the russian devil
started,

He couldnt stop, and like a shot he went to king-
dom come,

The war will soon be ended, while russia sits in
mourning,

The emperor shall be embalmed in tubs or candle
grease,

And all our gallant soldiers soon home shall be
returning,

Britons rejoice with heart and voice and sing God
sent a peace

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