

WE HAVE NICELY

Licked the Russians



CHEER up old Britannia and listen awhile,
John Bull and Napoleon has cause for to smile,
Our tars and our sailors without dread or fear,
Have conquer'd the Russians & muzzled the bear
Our soldiers and sailors are all coming home,
To cheer up their fathers and mothers alone,
All friends and relations, we hope so at least,
Hurrah for Old England, and God send a peace.

The war is all over, down sorrow and care,
We have conquered the Russians and muzzled
the bear,

Let's have peace and plenty, huzza, loud huzza
The war is all over, old England did say.

The Emperor Napoleon did whistle and dance,
And how joyful appear'd all the ladies in France,
When the news of a peace to Paris did come,
The Empress lay in with a daughter and son,
The Generals with joy nearly went raving mad,
The King of Sardinia sung Moll in the Wad,
The great guns did rattle, the bells they did ring
And the birds on the bushes so sweetly did sing

The Queen of Old England sung glory and fate,
And she knocked poor Prince Albert right under
the grate,

Singing hang up the Russians get out of the way,
The wars are all over, shout Britons huzza.

Here's a health to our soldiers and jolly brave tars
Who defended our country and fought in the wars
Who mowed down the enemy in a full sweep,
And gave all the Russians a ticket for soup.

The sweet Empress of France has a beautiful son
And it is wrote on his back now the war is all done
From the Black Sea and Baltic they have cut their
stick,

The war is all over the Russians are licked.
The old Russian Bear has a pain in his nose,
Prince Menschikoff he has the gout in his toes,
The great Allied Powers together did stick,
Till he muzzled the Bear and the Russians did lick

You may tell Alexander, the Russian, said Vick,
I am willing for peace but no more of his tricks,
I will fight, if he don't come to terms in a crack,
While a shilling I've got, or a rag to my back.
I will part with my diamonds, my jewels & crown,
My bed, my petticoats, bustle and gown,
I will pawn Albert's trousers and his long German
flute,

His shirt and his night cap, and Wellington boots
Peace if you like, but no more of your tricks,
Said Louis Napoleon and sweet little Vick,
We can lick you by land, so we can on the main
We have done it before and can do it again.

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