

DEATH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR.



Come arouse up Britannia, no more droop your
head,

Don't you know the old Emperor of Russia is
dead

Let Britons rejoice, while Russian serfs mourn,
He is gone to a place whence he cannot return
He lays where he'll have neither wrangling or
jars,

He slaughtered our soldiers and murder'd our
tars,

He has filled our nation with sorrow and woe
And I wish he had died about ten years ago.

CHORUS.

He is gone, he is gone is the Emperor Nick,
Death sent him a summons and he cut his stick,
His deeds are at rest and he quiet does lie
And I think it's a very good job he did die.

They tell me his ghost on last Friday was seen,
By little Lord John and my Lord Aberdeen,
Who has lost by his death his old 40 years friend
A man who was hated by all honest men
But a short time ago Nicky had an Idea
A journey to take for to view the Crimea
He looked at his lady and tore up his wig
And groan'd like a donkey and died like a pig.

Our Soldiers did sing and our sailors did dance
And all the old women of England and France
Had a jolly flare up when they heard of the news
That the emperor of Russia had died in his shoes

Prince Albert did whistle and so did he
When the emperor's ghost went to old Aberdeen
About twelve o'clock on last Friday night
His forty years friend did him greatly affright

He is gone who has caused all the wrangling and
jars

Through him our soldiers was slain in the wars
He gave up the ghost and he died in a crack
So I'll bet a sovereign he'll never come back
'Twould been well had he gone ere he mischief
had done

Now a jolly flare up there'll be with his sons
If they are as bad as their o'd father Nick
I hope from the world they will cut their stick

When Menschikoff heard of the awful affright,
His face fell as long as a big stick of tripe
He bawled to his men our emperor is dead
Down in the mud went his great Russian head
While the sons of Britannia with glee did rejoice
And united together declared in one voice
If they had him they'd bury him down in a hole
In a dirty corner of Sebastopol

The emperor and empress of France side by side
Sang jolly good luck to the day Nick died
For he was a tyrant deny it who can
A cruel, ambitious, tyrannical man,
Who tortur'd and slaughtered his subjects so sad
Every action the tyrant possessed was bad
But they say when he died he a letter did send
To England by post to his forty years friend

Some say that the emperor did die with affright
Some say he fell sulky and died out of spite
Some say he took poison mixed up in hot gruel
Some say he swallowed two large cannon balls
However he's quiet and sleeping alone
Now his fighting is over he'll lie in his to
He won't hear the drums in the battle to roll
Nor he won't hear the cannons in Sebastopol.

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