



A Dialogue between  
*The three Great Powers about to  
 Go to War.*

Hark! loud rumour of fierce bloody war,  
 The loud din of battle is heard from afar,  
 The Lion, and Eagle and Austria prepare,  
 To wage mortal strife with the big Russian  
 Bear,  
 Come says proud Alexander I do you defy—  
 My forces are great and on them I rely,  
 More power to Poland and her brave hardy  
 sons.

Says Napoleon to Alexander now what do  
 you want,  
 Whatever powers alone I surely will grant,  
 By the beard of Mahomet I think it is fair  
 I want to thrash Poland says the big Russian  
 Bear,  
 Now Come says Napoleon in language plain  
 The balance of power I mean to maintain,  
 So brother Alexanner I'd have you beware,  
 More power to Poland and her brave hardy  
 sons.

Now I tell you Napoleon the Bear did reply,  
 My forces are great and on them I rely,  
 Of coming near Moscow I'd have you beware  
 You'd retreat like your Uncle says the big  
 Russian Bear,  
 Says Napoleon your climate fought for you  
 before;  
 It vanquished then and we'll do so once  
 more,  
 So tyrant's may tremble when war I declare  
 More power to Poland and her brave hardy  
 sons.

Observe says Napoleon when we go to war.  
 I'll fight for the Poles against the Russian  
 Czar,  
 I'll fight for my allies and everything fair,  
 Go fight Garibaldi says the big Russian bear,  
 Says John Bull this bear does his subjects  
 controle,  
 See how he oppresses the brave gallant Poles  
 To punish such tyrants some troops I can  
 spare,  
 More power to Poland and her brave hardy  
 sons.

Says Alexander I wonder how you me blame  
 If I be a tyrant I've neighbours the same  
 There is poor weeping Ireland we all can  
 declare,  
 More power to Poland and sweet liberty,  
 You fierce locking despot John Bull did reply  
 My foreign possessions to near you do lie,  
 For to protect Poland some troops I will  
 prepare,  
 That's what's your afraid of says the big  
 Russian Bear,  
 My fleet says John Bull will blockade you  
 at sea,  
 My noble commanders will show you some  
 play,  
 Old England and Scotland and Irishmen too  
 More power to Poland and her brave sons

How can you trust Ireland when you go to  
 fight,  
 Call home all your absentees and give tenant  
 right,  
 Oh when I go home I'll do everything fair,  
 Are you sure you'll get safe says the big  
 Russian Bear,  
 O talk not of Ireland but hark to the noise,  
 For yonder is the shout of our brave Irish  
 boys,—  
 They're the bravest in battle tho' you slight  
 them everywhere,  
 More power to Poland and her brave hardy  
 sons.

