

THE SCOTCHMAN'S LAMENT

FOR THE Loss of his Russian Friend.

He is gone, he's gone, the emperor's gone,
My friend of forty years,
And they tell me that his ghost was seen,
One night in the Crimea.
His eyes were like two cannon balls,
The like was never seen,
He left a bag and a barrell of fat,
For me old Aberdeen.

Oh dear Nicholas I shall feel your loss I ween,
Forty years you was my faithful friend, I am
poor old aberdeen.

I went to bed last Friday night,
But oh at twelve o'clock,
I woke up in a dreadful fright,
Oh what a dreadful shock.
My hair stood up, my head went bang
Right up against the post,
And slap into the arms I went
Of the Russian emperor's ghost.

Oh good gracious whatever have I seen—
The emperor's ghost comes day and night to
haunt poor aberdeen.

And when he comes to aberdeen,
It makes me shiver and quake,
My bowels all turn upside down,
My very bones do shake.
He bawled my dearest aberdeen,
Then in the bed he jumped,
He scratched my face and pulled my hair,
And finched me on the rump—
Oh friend Nicholas you are severe I ween,
To haunt at night and sore affright your old
friend aberdeen.

Oh cursed be the cruel wars,
Which caused me so much pain,
And cursed be the ground whereon
The british lads were slain.

Cursed be the russian bears,
Who want to rule the roast,
And may the devil run away
With the russian emperor's ghost,
I am taunted and him haunted, both by day and
night serene,
And the ghost of my friend Nicholas torments
poor aberdeen.

Some say my friend of forty years,
Before he did depart,
Had made a russian pincushion
Of his old greasy heart.
Some say that he was poisoned,
They arsenic did him give,
And others say good lack a day,
He was not fit to live.

Oatmeal and barley broth, such doings ne're was
seen,
The emperor's gone to kingdom come the friend
of aberdeen.

Oh I shall never see again,
On earth my old friend Nick.
Why did he not fight and conquer,
Before he cut his stick?
But he has gone where I must go,
When my career is run,
And there will be a glorious row,
With his two darling sons.
Oh England you have done it as plainly
may be seen,
You frightened nick till he cut his stick
the friend of aberdeen.

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