

# The Premier's Lament

TUNE, - DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME!



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OH dear! oh dear! I am so queer,  
I think I'm nearly done,  
Did you ever see such doings  
As there's been through Little John.  
I know so help my never,  
Lord John Russell is too keen,  
and his lordship is too clever too  
For poor old Aberdeen.

Oh! Lord Johnny you have licked me  
nice and clean,  
You've beat the House of Commons, &  
you have frightened Aberdeen.

Jack Russell got a Yorkshire cove  
To keep him up behind,  
and then he said, I'll tell you what!  
I am going to resign,  
For I won't keep your company,  
No, that I won't, no! never,  
and I tell you what, now all the lot  
are a set of fools together.

Then a Sheffield Buck with lots of pluck  
Began to talk so queer,  
They said he was a roebuck,  
and as sprightly as a deer;  
He told a dreadful story,  
all about Britannia dear,

He talked of fame and glory,  
And he cursed the Russian Bear.

Then off I went to Windsor,  
and I told my gracious Queen,  
How they had all been putting on  
Her poor old Aberdeen;  
I told her they insulted me,  
and in my ears did shout,  
and Lord John Russell swore that he  
Would surely turn me out.

I wish that I could keep my place,  
To turn me out is cruel,  
I love the loaves and fishes,  
But I don't love water gruel;  
Forty years I was the faithful friend  
Of Emperor Nick I vow,  
and that's the very reason why  
they kick up such a row.

If with my friends I get the sack  
Wherever shall I roam,  
I must clap a bag upon my back,  
and holloa out hearthstones;  
Friend Sidney is going to take a trip  
and view Sebastopol,  
and Lincoln's going to take a shop  
and sell Newcastle coals.

I said Lord John how could you be  
So silly to resign,  
When with his foot he gave me such  
A nasty poke behind;  
and then up jumped the Sheffield chap  
From him I got a kick,  
and Roebuck whistled Aberdeen  
- I think you are nicely licked.

Well, now I'm done, where shall I run  
I can't live very long,  
I'm nick'd and kick'd, and nicely licked  
By Mister Little John;  
Farewell my friends, my time must end  
Adieu my gracious Queen,  
Will no one have compassion on  
the poor Old Aberdeen.



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