

# LORD JOHNNY'S LAST KICK.

O dear what a fuss and a bother now,  
Our Ministers neither one thing or tother  
now,  
First one resigns then in comes another  
now,  
And now we have lost little John,  
For a time you may say Johnny was lost  
to you,  
But he went to make it all right with  
Austria,  
O the Vienna conference O how he did  
boast to you,  
Did peace-making little Lord John,  
CHORUS.

O dear what shall I do now,  
My dear little Russia its all up with you  
now,  
For the fate of the Czar I am in a Stew  
now.  
My heart's broke cried little Lord John,  
Lord Johnny R—I just like a cock  
sparrow,  
Was planning his peace till his footing  
got narrow,  
With the Austrian white coat he got into  
a bother,  
I must cut it cried little Lord John,  
O I have got some dear friends in Prussia  
I do all I can to save my dear Russia,  
At last from them all I am forced for to  
brush sir,  
I am white coated little Lord John.  
O now dearest Russia I must forsake you  
Like C—-n and B—-t I will turn qua-  
ker,  
Or else go about selling shrimps and  
Baked Taters,  
What a hard case cries foolish Lord John,  
When at Vienna I attended the mass  
there,  
I like the Greek Church the truth I de-  
clare,  
To hear me sing Hymns, Lord how it  
did make them stare,  
Now I must sing ballads cried John.  
I used to strike wonder to every behol-  
der,  
But now I must live on cod's head and  
shoulders,  
In the City of London none was more  
bolder,

I could punch my old head, cried Lord  
John,  
When I was at Vienna I could eat mac-  
coroni,  
I now must put up with a roll and polonie  
I shall be glad to sit down and eat a  
dead pony,  
To the Crimea I will go, cried Lord John  
Now Magog must take my place in the  
City,  
To lose such a member I think it's a pity,  
I made but one speech and that was so  
witty,  
They want to kick out poor Lord John.  
When I think about war, I make my  
blood boil,  
But now I am done brown there's an  
end of my toil,  
To Russia I go and live on train oil,  
O shant I get fat cries Lord John.  
There's a lot just like me got out of a  
bustle,  
A n, G ne, S ey, H t and  
R l,  
And G m with peace as had a great  
tussle,  
I wonder who next cries Lord John,  
We think and all who can preach a good  
sermon  
We get up a band and go out like the  
Germans.  
Or show dogs and monkeys and all sorts  
of vermin,  
I go round with my hat cried Lord John,  
So now to conclude and finish my ditty,  
Little John will get kicked out from the  
city,  
So send him to Siberia who think it no  
pity,  
It would break the poor heart of Lord John  
I think I will travel all the world round.  
Or help Lord D s with his great long  
six pounders,  
Or in Petticoat Lane go a selling fried  
flounders,  
What I cant sell I can eat cried Lord John

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