

Russia

Dailogue between John Bull & the Czar



O did you not hear the news afar,
That's just come from the seat of war
About this mighty Russian war,
The Emperor of Russia.

As he walked out the other day,
He met John Bull upon the way,
And thus to him the Bear did say,

You are just the man I wanted!
Says Nick, since the war begun
I cannot see what you have done,
Although some battles you have won,
I am not yet beaten.

Here we are a mighty pair,
John Bull and the Russian Bear,
Wrangling, jangling everywhere
About the war in Russia.

Says John Bull, Nick, do all you can,
The British boys will lead the van,
As they have done at Inkermann,
The fifth of last November.

You are a nasty Russian hog,
You stuff your men with rum & grog,
and sent them on us in a fog,

But they were soon defeated;
Although our men have suffered great,
But never mind, it's not too late,
With British pluck & Frenchmen's hate
We'll fight our way to glory.

Says Nick, the mighty Russian bear,
Some time ago Napier did swear,
That Cronstadt he would rip and tear,

But that was all a blarney
So out of Portsmouth he set sail,
Puffing and blowing like a whale,
Tens of thousands did him hail,
The day he left Old England;
The Baltic sea he cruised around,
His opportunity he found,
A little place called Bomarsund,
Was all that he could conquer.

Says John Bull, Nick, I tell you what,
Napier had no instructions got,
Or if he had, with shells and shot

He'd shake the walls of Cronstadt;
Sebastopol it is our aim,
My dearest Nick, you know the same,
Although you play'd the double game
Of fresh negotiations;

But your shuffling tricks will not do,
We've given time enough to you,
We have our fleet and army too
Preparing for the storming.

Then quickly spoke the Emperor Nick
Says he, my walls are fine and thick,
Composed of solid stone and brick,

You'll have a job to breach them.
You think on me to put the stuns,
By firing your Lancaster guns,
You might as well throw Chelsea buns
As two and thirty pounders.

So Mr. Bull remember then,
Where you have one man I have ten,
So what care I for the lives of men,
They are only slaves in Russia.

Says John Bull we are moving on
One hundred and ninety thousand strong
We'll fight your Russians three to one,
As we have done at Alma.

It's to your Russians woe betide,
For now we are well fortified,
With batteries on the mountain side,
Hurrah for France and England.

So Nicholas if you hold your prate,
If thirty-two's are not the weight,
We'll shortly give you ninety-eight,
Regular hookey Walker.

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