## DIALOGUE BETWEEN

MINNA'S TOMB.

2001202202422002 HODGES Printer, Wholesale Toy and Maible Warehouse, 26, Grafton Street, Solio Where upwards of a 100,000 Songs are con. stantly on sale.

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

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

You're just the man I wanted: Says Nick, since the war's began, 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,

On the fifth of last November. You are a nasty Russian hog, You stuff your men with rum and grog, And sent them on to us in a fog,

But they were soon defeated: Although our men have suffer'd great, But never mind. it's not too late, With British pluck and 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 cruized around, His oppotunity he found,

A little place call'd Bormssund, 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, Me'd shake the walls of Cronstadt.

Now Sebastonol it is our aim. My dearest Nick. you know the same, Although you play'd the double game, Of fresh negociations. But your shuffling tricks they will not do, We've given time enough to you, We have our fleet and army too,

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

Preparing for the storming.

You'll have a job to breech 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 handred and ninety thousand strong, we'll fight your Russians three to one,

As at Inkermann and Alma It's to your Russians woe betide, For new 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 will now give you ninety-eight's Regular hookey walker!

## MINNA'S TOMB

OH Minna Minna, then for ever Thou art immured within thy tomb Oh cruel, cruel death to rob me Of one so young and in her bloom Oh Minna, Minna, may each angel

Regard and watch thee in thy sleep I never, never can forget thee

Tis fond remembrance makes me weep Oh Minna, Minna I will gather

The sweetest flowers and place them here And never, never shall they wither

For I will moist' them with a tear Oh Minna, Minna, may high Heaven Protect us both from endless pain Then dearest Minna I shall meet thee

Oh never more to part again

