

JOHN BULL AND THE RUSSIANS.

TOM BLUNT

Tune—"King of the Cannibal Islands,"

OH! have you heard the news of late, about a
mighty king so great,
The Russian bear he sat in state, and tried to
upset Turkey :
He summonsed his council eight or ten, says he
look out ten thousand men,
And start them off just there and then, to take
Constantinople.
So, he and his pals sat down to dine, & blowed
their bags out with the wine,
No doubt he thought it very fine, but the crazy
fool's mistaken.

CHORUS

Brave Turkey has no cause to fear, for Briton's
help will soon be near,
Then down must go the Russian bear, with
three loud cheers for Turkey.

Ten thousand British Troops have sailed, and
whose arms have never failed,
And soon with joy they will be hailed, by all
brown hearts in Tuskey :
The Russian's pride must be brought down, in
spite of his imperial crown,
For England fears no tyrant's frown, her sons
are born to freedom.
He robbed poor Poland of her rights, though
she sustained a hundred fights,
Now let him try his boasted might, against our
British cannon.

Now the Russian's they have offended France,
and Napoleon swears he'll make 'em dance,
With thirty thousand he'll advance, to the tune
of 'here comes Boney.'
He'll take with him Caivaniac, and Dalps, and
shave the saucey Russian's scalps,
As sure as his Uncle crossed the Alps, or set a
light to Moscow
The Empress call'd out, 'bravo Nap, oh, won't
we give the bear a slap,
And a muzzle on him soon we'll clap, he sha'n't
eat frogs for suppre.

Our Tower Hamlets Militia boys, are fit to
burst with warlike joys,
They'll soon be called out to make a noise, and
guard the Tower of London.
They'll have a bob a day, and good supplies, &
being light, no doubt to rise,
But I hope they won't be smuggled for guys, on
the fifth of dark November :
They are waiting for the fife and drum, and
lenging for the time to come,
They'll have a tin-plate on their bums, to guard
them from the Russians !

ow the war is going on ding-dong, and the
Turks are a hundred thousand strong,
They'll beat the Emperor's motley throng, for
the Cossacks can't bear powder.
Our men-of-war will drive them back—no won-
der the bear looked black,
When first he twigged the Union Jack, in the
Dardanelles a waving.
The Hungarians felt the tyrant's screw, when he
pinched the aged nobles through,
And flogged the backs of the women, too, but
now now he'll pay the piper.

Our gnards, they thought it quite a lark,
other day when they embarked,
There was two hundred girls in the Park, crying
for their soldiers,
Now the war will play the devil, I fear, it will
make the tallow very dear,
And put a stop to our Christmas cheer, so bad
luck to the Russian bear, sir,
We are all combined to cook his goose, all he
can do will be no use,
He'll get hard knocks and sore abuse, 'John
Ball will make him humble.

TOM BLUNT

By Edward Simmons Thompson

Oh, don't you remember old Ned, Tom Blunt,
Old Ned with hair so red.
He laugh'd with delight when you made a pun,
And when you swore, shook with fear & dread
In the public house in the village, Tom Blunt,
In a lane obscure and drear.
They've hung a very, very long score,
And poor Tom your name is there

Oh, don't you remember the crib, Tom Blunt,
Close down by little pilfer hill,
Where we had such a jolly row,
Along with poor old spifficating Bill
The crib is all fallen to pot, Tom Blunt,
And ev'rything going to the ground;
See the poor old dog with his dock'd tail
Is snuffling and barking around

Oh, don't you remember the school, Tom Blunt
And the master so drunk and so queer
And the field close down by the brook
Where we had a spree at the fair
The master has long cut his stick, Tom blunt,
And his grumblers for swill are now dry,
And of all the coveys who were tos-pots then
There's left only you, Tom, and I

E. HODGES, Printer, Wholesale Toy and
Marble Warehouse, 26, Grafton Street, Soh o