

# John Bull & the Russians



**O** 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 summoned his council eight or ten;  
 Says he look out ten thousand men,  
 And start them off just there and then,  
 To take Constantinople.  
 So him and his pals sat down to dine,  
 And blowed their bags out with the wine,  
 No doubt he thought it very fine,  
 The crazy fool's mistaken.  
 Brave Turkey has no cause to fear,  
 For Britons help will soon be near,  
 Then down must go the Russian Bear,  
 With three loud shouts for turkey.

10,000 British troops have sailed,  
 Whose arms they never yet have failed,  
 And soon with joy they will be hailed,  
 By all brown hearts in turkey;  
 The Russians 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,  
 Who she sustained a hundred fights,  
 Now let him try his boast-might,  
 Against our British cannon.

Now the Russians have offended France,  
 Napoleon swears he'll make him dance,  
 With 30,000 he'll advance,  
 To the tune of here comes Boney;

He'll take with him Cavagniac and Dalps,  
 And shave the saucy Russian scalds,  
 As sure as his Uncle crossed the Alps,  
 Or they'll set light to Moscow;  
 The Frenchmen called out, bravo Nap!  
 Oh! won't we give the bear a slap,  
 And a muzzle on him soon we'll clap,  
 He shan't eat frogs for supper.

Our Tower Hamlet 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, & good supplies,  
 And being light, no doubt will rise,  
 But I hope they won't be smugg'd for guys,  
 On the 5th of dark November;  
 They are waiting for the fire and drum,  
 And longing for the time to come,  
 When they'll have a tin plate on their —,  
 To guard them from the Russians.

Now the war is going on ding dong,  
 And the turks are an 100,000 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 wonder that 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 pierced the aged Nobles through  
 And flogged the backs of the women too,  
 But now he'll pay the piper.

Our guards they think it quite a lark,  
 The other day when they embarked,  
 There was 200 girls in the Park,  
 Crying for their soldiers;  
 Now the war will play the deuce I fear,  
 It will make the tallow very dear,  
 And put a stop to our Christmas cheer,  
 So bad luck to the Russian bear.  
 We are combined to cook his goose,  
 All he can do will be no use,  
 He'll get hard knocks and sore abuse,  
 John Bull will make him humble.

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