

# RUSSIAN WAR

## Or John Bull's Dream.

TUNE—Bow, woo, woo.

Old John Bull the other day  
Felt a little drowsy,  
So he went to bed to have nap  
Along with his old spousy.  
He dreamt he saw the Russian Bear,  
When he was fast asleep, sirs,  
With two great horns, a serpent's tail,  
And two great cloven feet, sirs.

CHORUS.

God save the Queen,  
Now listen while I tell to you Old John  
[Bull's dream.

He dreamt he saw our gallant fleet  
All storms and dangers brave sirs;  
He dreamt he heard our sailors sing  
Britannia rules the waves, sirs.  
He dreamt he saw Lord Nelson drink  
To British female beauty,  
Saying England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty.

He dreamt the soldier's wives and children  
Never would be undone;  
He dreamt Smith O'Brien was returned,  
And made Lord Mayor of London.  
He dreamt he saw the Russian serfs  
Lay down and cry for quarters.  
And he dreamt the Russian Bear was hung  
In a pair of greasy garters.

He dreamt he saw the Queen so fair  
And all her subjects around her;  
He dreamt he heard Charley Napier  
Sing cannon balls and powder.  
He dreamt he saw Victoria vext  
One morn take off her bustle,  
Flog poor Prince Albert round the room,  
And little Jackey Russell.

He dreamt that every damsel past  
Eleven years of age, sirs,  
Would have to join the army and  
The Russian foe engage, sirs.  
He dreamt he saw Lord Palmerston  
Playing some funny capers;  
He dreamt he saw Lord Aberdeen  
Bawling pickled sprats and 'tatoes.

He dreamt he saw Lord Clarendon  
Armed with a musket, belt and sword  
He dreamt he saw Lord Aberdeen  
Flourish a tailor's goose & sleeve board.  
He dreamt he saw the militiamen  
All tied up in close quarters,  
And the farmers all stone breaking sent  
With their dandy wives and daughters.

Old Bull did dream he told the Queen  
She must press all coalheavers,  
The dandy nobs, the snips, and snobs,  
The Peelers and the weavers.  
He dreamt to carry on the war  
They laid a tax on mussels,  
A tax upon the women's shawls,  
Their victorines and bustles.

He dreamt they taxed all batchelors,  
Who would not work on Mondays,  
And all the pretty girls who did not  
Go to church on Sundays.  
He dreamt they taxed old women's hats,  
And set their minds bewildering,  
And he dreamt they laid a property tax  
On all poor people's children.

He dreamt they taxed the hurdigurdies,  
With Saveloy's and monkeys;  
He dreamt they clapped a double tax  
On costermonger's donkeys.  
He dreamt Prince Albert and the Queen,  
At home would not be stopping,  
But took their children on their backs,  
And off they went a hopping.

He dreamt that old Charley Napier  
Did shew the Russians power;  
He dreamt he caught old Nick the bear,  
And brought him to the tower,  
Where they fed him well on train oil,  
Stale turnip tops and cabbages.  
And then he dreamt they chopped him up,  
And made him into sausages.

CHORUS.

What a jolly row there is just now  
From the Land's End to Dover  
And wonderful changes we shall see  
Before the summer is over.

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