



THE PREMIER'S LAMENT.

Now the Parliament men are going to meet
 And thousands of people are thronging the street
 Get out of the way,
 I have long been a servant of England's Queen
 I was born in Scotland at Aberdeen.

CHORUS.

They have kicked up a row and petitioned the
 Queen,
 To bundle me out, poor old Aberdeen

As I walked out the other day
 I think I heard the people say—Turn him out
 He is a friend of Nick the Russian Bear
 And he is not fit for to be Premier,

What shall I do when I get the sack,
 Russian bayouets bullets and fat,
 What shall I do?
 Go picking up bones and rags or then
 Go singing old pots and kettles to mend

I will travel to Manchester to night
 And tell the old Russian Quaker Bright
 How I've been served,
 But Johnny is hated as much as me
 For they burnt the old Quakers F. E. G.

They say I have been, oh dear, oh dear,
 The Emperor's friend for forty years
 Whiskey and snuff,
 Newcastle and Palmerston help me along
 Come give me your hand finality John.

Come over the ocean swift and fast
 My brave old sailor and friend Dundas
 Oatmeal and sprats
 And with Charley Napier tell what you've done
 When at Odessa and Bomarsund,



From London they'll make me cut my stick,
 And go to my friend old Russian Nick
 To St. Petersburg
 They say for a minister I'm no use
 And they call me a sneaking silly old goose.

In the blind half hundred I will enrol
 And go and conquer Sebastopol,
 Fire and smoke
 I will stick myself in front of the line
 And kill the Russians ten at a time

Now little Lord Jack if you'll go with me
 You shall be a sergeant of high degree,
 Leather and fat.
 And when we have made all the Russians run
 We will live in a cottage in Bomarsund.

I have served the Crown and served the Queen
 And what have I done poor Aberdeen!
 To be treated so,
 A fool and a Russian they do me call
 And indeed I am no Russian at all

They have taken against me a great dislike,
 And so they have old Billy Bright,
 The old Quaker of fame,
 So I suppose together w'll have to gang
 Singing bellows to mend and scissors to grind.

They have bothered the Queen both night & day
 To send old Aberdeen away,
 Bawling turn him out,
 Give him the sack and powder his wig,
 And a parson called me a Russian pig
CHORUS.

What a good old servant I have been
 Have pity on me poor Aberdeen.

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