

S U C C E S S T O

THE SHAMROCK

Rose & Thistle.

Tune—UNION JACK.

Rumours of war are flying through the world,
And dark clouds fill the air,
The banner of England may soon be unfurled,
Let anybody touch it if they dare.
We have tried to keep peace, we didn't want a row,
Any more nonsense I'm sure you won't allow,
To the cunning old Russian we're not going to bow,
But uphold the honour of old England.

Then we don't want to fight as everybody knows,
But we shan't run away from the Russian foes,
Success to the Shamrock, the Thistle, and the Rose
And down with the enemies of England.

They've had their own way in everything they've
done,

Poor Turkey is humbled to the dust,
To let them go a-head we cannot see the fun,
But just put the curb on if we must.

We've soldiers and sailors a bold front to show,
They've got no white feathers in their tail you must
know,

They can fight just as well as they did years ago
'Neath the shot torn flag of old England.

When the ironclads sailed they began to smell a rat,
So they gave little Turkey a spell,
Who was like a dying mouse tormented by a cat,
For into such a hobble they had fell.

But the tabels would be turned if we had the job
in hand,

Their candle-eating soldiers wouldn't do the grand
They might not run away but I'm sure they would
not stand

To be wallop'd by the boys of old England.

They are going to meet to settle terms of peace,

A very crooked job it will be,
Russia's demands every day will increase,
But Constantinople must be free.

They'll chatter and they'll jabber like a lot of cunning
elves,

And back up their arguments by books upon the
shelves,

Perhaps finish up with a fight among themselves,
And wish the very devil had old England.

We've got some Irish lads, some Tipperary boys,
Who like to have a jolly good fight;

The bold Connaught rangers, the Russians would
be toys,

And the Highlanders would put them in a fright.
Then the brave men of Wales whose deeds never fail
To strike terror to the foe and make them quail,
Remember the heights of Alma they did recall,
And the bear showed his tail to old England.

There's scarcely a woman in this our native land,
But could beat any Russian like a sack,
They would pull off their Chignons, and Broom-
sticks in hand,

Their behinds would soon get paddy whack.
We don't want a bother but we'll keep our powder
dry,

Our swords ready sharpen'd from the scabberd to fly
We shall be ready to conquer or die,

'Neath the dear old Flag of Bonny England.

