

# THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR HAS BOLTED.



The Russian Emperor thought one day,  
He would like with us for to be mingling  
So he left his Russian Bears at home,  
And started off to visit England ;  
He came by steam to see the Queen,  
Nor a gun did fire or bell did ring, sirs,  
Until he reached that pleasant place,  
The pretty little town at Windsor.

## CHORUS.

He was afraid, the people said,  
To stay for fear he would get jolted,  
So on Sunday last the Russian Bear  
Packed up his kit and off he bolted,  
When at Windsor he the ladies saw,  
He did admire their pretty faces ;  
The soldiers there he did review,  
Then toddled off to Ascot races.  
He rode along with England's Queen,  
He seemed so proud his heart did  
lighten ;  
The Queen sat by the Russian Bear  
So boldly, and she was not frightened.  
When he unto the Opera went,  
Dukes, lords, and ladies, all did follow ;  
Some did cheer and some did hiss,  
And in the Emperor's ear did hollow ;  
The tyrant Nick will will cut his stick,  
And so he did without any warning ;  
For while the people was in church,  
He bolted off on Sunday morning.

His eyes were black, his mouth was big,  
His head was thick, and his cheeks  
were sallow,

His arms were like an old bear's paws.  
And his nose was like a lump of tallow.  
If the English ladies he could hug.  
So d—d rough he would them handle,  
He would carried them off to Petersburg  
And made them all three-farthing  
candles

He thought all classes would him cheer,  
But Nick was very much mistaken,  
For all the Jews did solemn swear,  
They would boil him with a lump of  
bacon.

The Poles did hollow, rum strum bum,  
The Emperor is possessed of evil,  
He ruin'd us all with his rum dum tum,  
His name is Nick and so is the d—'s.

In London he was afraid to stop,  
As all the world may plainly see, sirs,  
For fear some night they might him pop  
Slap into Wombwell's managerie, sirs.  
Because by nature he's a bear,  
In iniquity seems quite hardened.  
If he had'nt bolted when he did, he'd  
Been in the Zoological gardens.

When the Russian Emperor started off,  
It seems his very lips did quiver,  
They hissed him as he sailed along  
In the Black Eagle down the river.  
He's off to Russia in a crack,  
With his bears and eagles to be ming-  
ling,  
And the Poles all wish he'll break his back  
If ever again he comes to England.

So sudden Nick did bolt away,  
He thought he was so very cozy,  
He never wished the Queen good bye,  
Prince Albert, Bobby Peel, or Nosey.  
He thought if he did longer stay,  
The Englishmen would play some  
capers,  
So he filled his pockets with bread and  
cheese,  
And six and thirty boiled potatoes.

J. MORGAN.

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