## THA SPITEVULL TURK

Con

Tha Turk he is a spitevill brute,

An cruel as cruel can be,

An barberus too Tom Hood a zed,

And who knaw'd more than he?

Vor vower undered years we know,
In Eurip he've a bin,
An ever zunce a av rain'd yer,
There bin nuthin else bit din.

Tha Christen voke, under his yoke,

Av never ad no pace,

An long they've cried, an times av tried,

Ta be vree vrim his race.

Wen twenty years agoo Jan Bull,

Did vite tha Bear var he,

He swore a zolem zacred oath,

He'd meak thase Christians vree.

Bit na, he never kep his wird,

Tis jist tha zeam ta day,

An aelways will, ya med be zure,

While he da hold tha sway.

Then if the Bear went out to vite,

To zet these Christens vree,
I zays ael honner to his cause,

If tis zincerity.

Bit if tis bit a arful dodge,

Ta conker thic ar lan,
I'm zure I shood be down on he,
As much as any man.

Bit this as heet noon oance can prove,

Then gie un a hearin vair,

Var in congriss Eurip he mist meet,

An av ael vair an square.

Now as var Bess Arabier,

Ye can't tant on thic score,

Becaws ya nos as well as I,

It wur tha Bear's avore.

Jist recollect the tother war,

Tween Vrance and Garmany,

Ye knaw wen Vrance wur beated so,

Zim lan were took vrim she.

An if Roosher she av done tha wirk,
Wat Eurip ought ta done,
I zays that she ought to be paid,
In a purty good roun zum.

Now twix the Lion and tha Bear,
Wat ael this wirk's about,
I'm dang if it doant puzzle I,
Var I can't meak it out.

Wi they to logger heads shid cum,

I rally cannot zee,

Thout on tha Lion's peart it is,

A little jealousy.

If Roosher's on aggression bent,

Let Eurip spake her mine,
An putt the muzzle on her straite,
Let's have no Lion's whine.

Var Britons will strike quick and ard,
An rise unto a man,
If in a righteous cause it be,
Ar ta gard their neative lan.

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Then let tha Lion and tha Bear,
In Congriss bouth unite,
Var pen on it they can zettle it,
Wie out avin ta vite.

May 1878.