

August 2019

Success to the Shamrock, Rose, And Thistle

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Success to the Shamrock, Rose, And Thistle" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 963.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/963

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SUCCESS TO THE SHAMROCK, ROSE AND THISTLE.



Rumours of war are flying through the world,
And dark clouds fill the air,
The flag of Old 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 will allow,
To the cunning old Russian we're not going to bow,
But uphold the honour of Old England.

Chorus:

Then we don't want to fight as every body 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 now to 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 feather 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 iron-clads 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 tables 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,

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,
To 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 height 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 broomsticks in
hand,

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

Our swords ready sharpen'd from the scabbard to fly,
We shall be ready to conquer or to die,
'Neath the dear old flag of bonny England.