

But even then they were not safe  
 Like what they were of yore ;  
 For when Sebast'pol met its fate  
 That Fleet it was no more.

For when they saw French Eagles  
 Had got within the fort,  
 And heard the British Lions growl  
 It frighten'd them right out.

Then they began to sink that fleet  
 Which murder'd at Sinope ;  
 For then they saw to hold the fort  
 There was but little hope.

Where's now the pride and arrogance  
 Of Nicholas the late Czar ;  
 Where's now the threats of Menschikoff  
 And all his men of war.

In spite of all their Legions  
 Sebastopol liath fell,  
 And Gortchakoff is in a fix,  
 And that he knows full well.

He sees the Lions crouching  
 To spring upon their prey ;  
 Likewise the Eagles hovering  
 As vultures on his way.

So now the Bear of Russia  
 Is in the Lion's paw ;  
 For mercy he is bawling out  
 Lest he begins to chaw.

For, he finds the British Lions,  
 They are for him too strong ;  
 And now he sees the Turkey  
 He'd better let alone .