John Bull - song lyrics

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JOHN BULL.

Says Mr. Bull to Pat, now bow shall we get on
In case there is another Russian war?
Says Pat, to tell the truth, I think that we would do
Even better than we did in fif'ty-four;
For then you killed more soldiers than the Russians, as you know,
For your government was quite as soft as wool;
Even now you wouldn't stand a chance without our Irish boys.
That's a whisper in your ear, John Bull.

Says John Bull unto Pat, that's queer sport you Irish have.
Shooting landlords if you fancy they don't suit.
Says Pat, now that's a lie, for there's neither sport nor fun
in shooting men who are worse than any brute.
The same God made us all, so why trample on our poor
Until their cup of bitterness is full?
Depend upon it, many of them bring it upon themselves,
That's a whisper in your ear, John Bull.

John Bull then said, now, Pat, I'd like to be your friend,
So tell me what it is you require?
Says Pat, you said the same many And many a time before.
And you ought to know by this what we desire.
We want impartial laws, and we want our proper share
Of Ireland's wealth, when you've your pockets full;
Treat us equal with yourselves, then we will be sterling friends,
That's a whisper in your ear, John Bull.