

THE RUSSIA AND TURKISH WAR



Adieu our boney friends adieu
For soon we must be parted,
Do not repine be free and kind,
Couragious and light hearted
The Russians we will soon destroy,
For valour never mind us;
Farewell awhile, — Britania's Isle,
And the friends we leave behind us.

Chorus.

A bitter pill they quickly will
In the Russian battles find us,
With laurels soon we will return
To the land we leave behind us.

Britania's sons to glory run
With Austrians French and Prussians,
To chain and muzzle up the ear
The Emperor of the Russians,
So cannon balls shall make them fall
In future they shall mind us,
When we are at peace on our native land
With the friends we leave behind us.

To Constantinople we are bound
Our rout we lay before us;
To protect the Turks and England's Crown
And fight for fame and glory
May providence our march make light
And on to victory guide us;
For fame and justice we will fight
And the friends we left behind us.

We have old Napier our ships to steer,
And lead them to the battle;
The Russians tremble will fear
To hear our great guns rattle,

They will rue the day they caused this fray
And wish they had declined us;
May beauty grace each pretty face
Of the girls we left behind us.

We had Admiral and generals once
Who in our wars were welcome;
But the fame of brave old Wellington
Lies by the side of Nelson
If we had them to guide us on
True Britons they would find us,
And rue the day that we was born
In the land we left behind us.

We will boldly go to fight the foe
And tell a warlike story
Our little Isle did always smile,
And fight for fame and glory,
Their Russian tallow greese and fat
In war shall never find us
God bless the pretty faces of—
The girls we leave behind us.

The shamrock thistle and the rose
And harp for war is starting
Sound the life and drum to glory run
The time is come for marching
When fighting far away from home
And waves and seas divide us
We will beat up and then retreat
To the land we leave behind us.

So when we've ventured life and limb
For the country we regarded
Let us hope that England's gracious Queen
Will see we are rewarded
And not be turned a drift to starve
Without a friend to mind us
So if they from the wars return
They'll not know were to find us

So here's old England three times three
Who well can keep her station
Those sons can fight by laud and sea
And conquer every nation
Our wooden walls and cannon balls
Shall make the tyrant mind us
And will return with laurel crowned
To the friends we left behind us

C Paul Printer Great St. Andrew Street
7 Dials