

Sufferings of the British Army in the Camp at Sebastopol



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Dials.

ALL you who live at home in ease, and sleep
on beds of down,
Pray think of our brave soldiers who lie frozen
on the ground,

In the camp before Sebastopol, in mud up to
their knees,

The flower of our army there, has perished by
disease.

For England's gallant soldiers you will
sympathise I'm sure,

No pen can write or tongue can tell the
hardships they endure.

From the camp to Balaklava like horses they do
work,

Up to their knees in mud and snow, with neither
shoes or shirt,

Then slaving in trenches and guarding of the
ground,

Crushed with fatigue and hunger, they in death's
cold arms are found.

Fathers cry my dearest son, then weep in grief
and woe,

Mothers cry my darling boy has perish'd in the
snow,

Wives in agony lament in sorrow and despair,
While the pretty little children cry where is my
father dear.

I heard a maid lamenting, in grief—she scarce
could stand—

Saying, my father died at Alma, and my love at
Inkerman;

My brother dear was wounded by the curs'd enemy
And now lies in the hospital in the town of Scutari

The glory of Britannia, England's gallant
soldiers bold,

Endured the greatest misery before Sebastopol;
Crushed with fatigue and hunger they braved
danger with a smile,

No nation in the world can match the sons of
Britain's Isle.

In filth and dirt, without a shirt to shield them
from the cold,

A wet blanket wrapped around them, how
dreadful to behold;

Without a bed to lie their head, but are com-
pelled alas!

To lie fatigued and hungry upon the frozen grass

The French are well provided for, their wants
are seen,

They have a friend, a Bonaparte, and not a
Aberdeen;

But Britons are neglected, and doomed in youth
and bloom

To die an early death & lay within the silent tomb

O God protect our soldiers with thy all mighty
hand,

Grant them a victory, and guide them to their
native land;

Befriend their wives and children since war
caused them to part,

Protect their aged parents, and ease their aching
heart.

Come sympathise with me my friends, refuse
you'll not I'm sure,

For our gallant British soldiers who such hard-
ships do endure,

Who bear it all with patience, and meet danger
with a smile,

May God protect our soldiers bold, the sons of
Britain's Isle.

