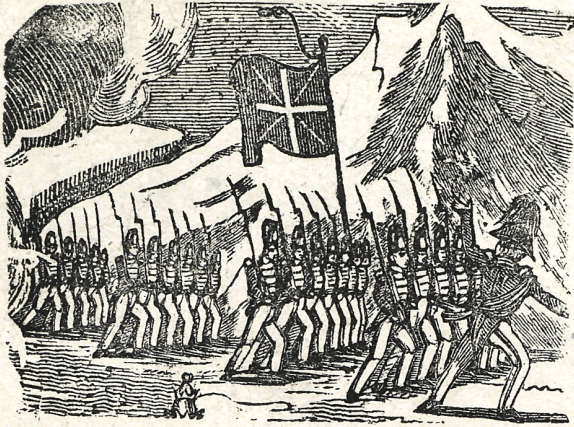


THE RUSSIAN WAR. BRITAIN, FRANCE & VICTORY



ARISE, arise, Britannia's sons,
One moment list to me,
While I tell you what our gallant sons
Has done by land and sea.
They have nobly conquered Alma,
Where the thundering cannons rolled,
And they've made the Russians tremble,
And will crush Sebastopol.
Here's England's gallant soldiers,
And her loyal British tars,
Who bled and fought for glory
All in the Russian war.

It was on the heights of Alma
Lord Raglan loud did cry,
Come on my lads to glory,
We will conquer or we'll die;
And old Sir Colin Campbell
Said Britons ne'er will yield,
But gain the victory, or die
Upon the battle field.

The gallant Marshal Arnaud fought
As long as he could stand,
He commanded with Lord Raglan—
A brave and noble man.
With the Allied Powers up Alma's hill,
They boldly did advance,
And on that day, my boys, huzza!
They made the Russians dance.

Then brave Old Marshal Arnaud,
Near the battle field did die,
And as he was expiring,
You gallant sons, did cry,
Make the enemy to feel
Your French and English balls,
And see them thick as sparrows
On the battle field to fall.

Our officers and gallant men
Did fight and shed their blood,

Lord Churton fell, and Colonel Cox,
And gallant Colonel Hood.
Oh many a noble officer,
And British soldier bold,
Fell in the war at Alma,
And at Sebastopol.

Our army and our British fleet
As I will now unfold,
Have conquered all before them,
And are at Sebastopol;
Where the enemy in heaps do lie,
And in death are falling fast,
Surrounded both by sea and land,
With Raglan and Dundas.

The old wooden walls of England
Made their great bull dogs roll,
And sent the walls a crumbling
Of strong Sebastopol;
While Britain's great artillery guns
Resounds from shore to shore,
Prince Menschikoff and the Russian Bear
In misery do deplore.

Prince Menschikoff to Raglan
In a tone of pity said,
Will you grant me four hours
To bury the Russian dead;
We have none to bury said Raglan,
Brave Britons will not hold,
Fight on my lads for glory,
We will have Sebastopol.

In every town in England
They've a patriotic fund,
For the widows and the orphans
Of those who boldly run
To lose their lives in battle,
And who in glory fell,
And they must be provided for
Who does in Britain dwell.

Here's Britain's gallant officers,
And France with three times three,
Our soldiers and our sailors,
Who fought by land and sea,
May they return with laurels crowned,
Unto their native shore,
In peace and sweet contentment,
And go to war no more.
Then here's our gallant soldiers,
And our British Tars, so bold,
Who fought and conquered Alma,
And are at Sebastopol.

Rile & Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, 7 Dials.

