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ROUSE you British sons, arouse ! And all who stand to freedom's cause, While I sing of the impending wars, And England's bluff Old Charley. I'll tell how British seamen brave, Of Russian foes will clear the wave, Old England's credit for to save, Led on by gallant Charley.

Our gallant tars led by Napier, May bid defiance to the bear, While hearty shouts vill rend the air, With, mind and give it him Charley.

Our jolly tars will have to tell, How they the Russian bears did quell, And each honest heart with pride will swell,

For our jackets blue, and Challey. For they will never leave a blot or stain. While our British flag flies at the main, But their foes they'll thrash again and again.

While led on by gallant Charley.

Tyrant Nicky you may fume and boast, And with threats disturb each peaceful coast,

But you reckoned have without your host, For you're no good to our tars and Charley From our wooden walls warm pills will fly, Your boasted power for to try, While our seamen with loud shouts will cry,

Let us give it to him Charley.

For your cowardly tricks at Sinope bay, Most dearly we will make you pay, For our tars will show you bonny play.

While commanded by brave Charley. For although brave Nelson he is dead, Our tars will be to victory led. By one brave heart we have instead,

And that brave heart is Charley's.

England and France they will pull down The Eagle and Imperial crown, And his bear-like growls we soon will drown With let us give it him Charley.

For while England and France go hand in hand,

They conquer must by sea or land, For no Russian foe can e'er withstand

So brave a man as Charley.

Despotic Nick you've been too fast, To get Turkey within your grasp, But a tartar you have caught at last,

In the shape of our tars and Charley. Then here is success with three times three To all true hearts by land or sea, And this the watchword it shall be,

Mind and give it to him Charley.

