

CHEER up, cheer up, Britannia's sons. And view what stands before ye, The men who into danger run, And fought for fame and glorv; The lads who did the Russians beat, With the sons of France when mingling The men who made the foe retreat, Are now returned to England. They have sailed across the briny sea, No lads was ever bolder, Welcome home with three times three, Our brave and gallant soldiers,

You pretty girls with veils and curls, So handsome, gay, and dandy, The glorious British flag unfurl, And toast in wine and brandy,

The lads who did the victory gain, No men could fight more bolder,

Long may they banish grief and pain, Britannia's gallant soldiers!

The soldier's wife is bathed in tears, His children run to greet him, Father and husband they did fear, They never more should meet him; They thought ke in the battle fell, Among the Russian strangers, But Providence has guarded, and Protected them from danger. So happy in Old England, since The Russian war is over;
And if again a war ensues, Without the least complaining,
They'll hoist the sweet red, white & blue And boldly go campaigning.
Fifty thousand of their comrades they Courageous, true, and kind then,

Who in the war fell day by day, They have left far behind them;

They fell and bled, and died for want, · Oh what a painful story,

They fought like lions in the field, And died for fame and glory.

The sons of France proud did advance, With foreigners were mingling,

And bolder went to face the foe, With the gallant lads of England;

They made the land of Russia groan, So gently tney did calm her,

Gained Inkermann, Sebastopol, Balaklava, and the Alma

Here's General Williams nine times rine, No hero can be bolder,

God bless the sweet Miss Nightingale, Who nursed Britannia's soldiers :

Welcome kindly three times three The lads who stand before ve,

The men who gained the victory, And fought for fame and glory,

