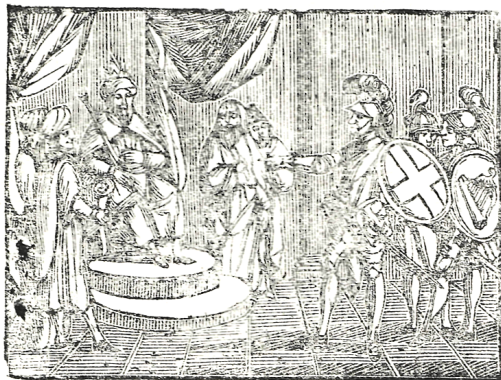


WELCOME HOME OUR Gallant Soldiers

WHAT WILL YOU DO LOVE



CHEER up, cheer up, britannia's sons,
And view what stands before ye,
The men who into danger run,
And fought for fame and glory;
The lads who did the Russians beat,
With the sons of France when mingling,
The men who made the foe ret eat,
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 florious 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 bust and run to greet him,
They never more should meet him,
They thought he in the battle fell,
Among the Russian strangers,
But Providence has guarded me, and
Protected them from danger.

With their dear wives and children,
They now shall meet in clover,
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 and 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 they did calm her,
Gained Inkermann, Sebastopol,
Balaklava, and the Alma.

Here's General Williams nine times nine,
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 ye,
The men who gained the victory,
And fought for fame and glory.

WHAT WILL YOU DO LOVE.

What will you do love when I am going,
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond,
What will you do love when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us for being fond.

Tho' waves divide us and friends be chiding,
In faith a bidding, I'll still be true,
And I'll pay for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion—That's what I'll do.

What would you do love if distant tidings,
Thy fond confidings should under mine,
And I a bidding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes were as thine.

Oh, name it not tho' guilt and shame,
Were on thy name, I'd still be true,
But that heart of thine should another share it,
I could not bear it—What do I do.

What would you do love when home returning
With hopes high burning, with wealth for you
If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home, ah, what would
you do.

So thou wert spared, I'd bless thee morrow,
In want and sorrow, that left me you,
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
This heart thy billow—That's what I'd do.

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