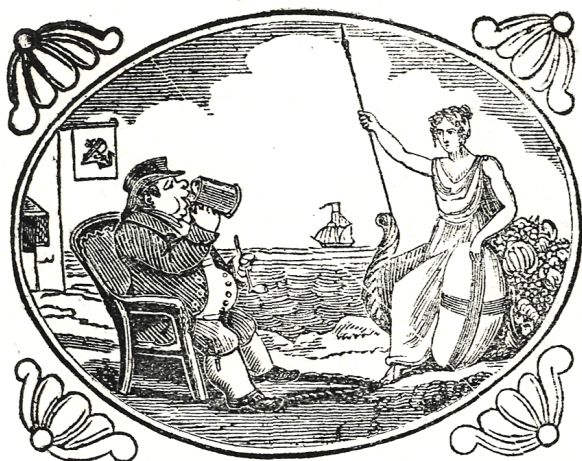


Briton's rejoice, the War is over

Air—Red, White, and Blue



Printed by the South-Court, 7 Dials.

CHEER up you bold sons of Britannia
 Cheer up now with heart & with voice
 Cheer up since the war is all over,
 We have peace, then together rejoice
 Our husbands, our sons, and our brothers
 Will quickly return to their friends,
 Then we shall be all happy together,
 Since the Russian war's at an end.

We have peace, and the war is all over
 We have made the proud Russians
 to prance,
 We'll unite, and be happy together
 success to Old England and France.

Old England was never yet conquer'd
 Her sons did so proudly advance,
 There's no power on earth that can
 conquer

The lads of Old England & France,
 Thro' suffering, fatigue, cold and hunger
 To conquer the foe well they tried
 To stand till they could stand no longer
 For glory they fought and they died

Here's a health to our army and navy,
 Our soldiers and sailors so true,
 In harmony chorus together,
 Success to the red, white and blue;

And you pretty maidens of England,
 Whose hearts will to honour be led
 Sympathise with our brave noble soldier
 And stand by the jackets of red.

How many kind fathers and mothers
 have wept for their sons when afar,
 And how many sisters and brothers,
 Their kindred have lost in the war;
 And how many lovely maidens for their
 True love did sigh and deplore,
 Who went forth to fight and to conquer
 And alas to return never more.

Thank God now the war is all over,
 And the cowardly Russians are lick'd
 We care not for great Alexander,
 Nor the ghost of his father, Old Nick.
 So certain all Europe he'd conquer,
 he boasted when he did begin,
 But England & France made him wonder
 'The tyrant was glad to give in.

The Russians, the Austrians, & Prussians
 Can see what the Allies did mean,
 the Frenchmen fought well for Napoleon
 and Britons did fight for their Queen
 There was nothing on earth that could
 daunt them,

They fought, & with courage so true,
 Fear no nor death e'er could daunt them
 While they stood by the red, white,
 and blue.

The flowing bowl fill up so clever,
 and to each friend let it go round,
 here's our true British soldiers for ever
 Who fought for their country & crown
 here's a health to our true British sailors
 Who droudly to battle advanced,
 and now that the war is all over,
 We'll drink to Old England & France

1856

