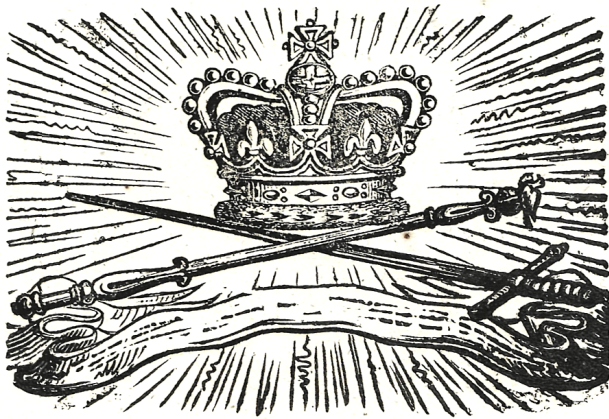


# Glorious Victory over the Russians !

WITH THE

## TAKING of ALMA & SEBASTOPOL



Rital & Co., Printers, Monmouth Court, Bloomsbury

*AIR, "Helmet on his brow."*

COME all you gallant Britons bold,  
Of high and low degree,  
Cheer up! rejoice, with heart and voice,  
At this great Victory.  
The Allied Powers to work did go,  
With courage manfully.  
Conquered and took Sebastopol,  
And made the enemy fly.  
The gallant French and British lads,  
Did shew the Russians play,  
Took Alma and Sebastopol,  
Huzza! my boys, huzza!  
Eighteen thousand killed and wounded,  
What a treat for tyrant Nick;  
Twenty-four thousand prisoners—  
Now aren't they nicely licked.  
Here was fifty thousand in the field  
All trembling with fear,  
Like scalded cats they cut and ran,  
The beaten Russian bears.  
Prince Menschikoff surrendered  
With eighteen thousand men,  
Who will not like to meddle with  
The Western lads again.  
That glorious day the shots did play,  
Indeed it was no joke,  
on battle field they lay  
Midst thunder, fire, and smoke.

Poor Menschikoff and tyrant Nick,  
Are trembling with fear,  
While Raglan, Cambridge, and Dundas  
With Old Charley Napier,  
Are rejoicing over the victory  
The Allied Powers have gained,  
And vow to conquer all the world,  
By land and on the main.

The glorious news was telegraphed  
To England's gracious Queen;  
She danced with joy, while Albert laughed  
and sent for Aberdeen:  
His Lordship rubbed his eyes and cried  
Success attend the brave,  
England and France shall win, and  
Britons never shall be slaves.

Our Army and our Navy we  
Will toast with three times three,  
With noble France, they made them dance  
and gain a victory.  
The standard of Britannia  
We so nobly will unfurl;  
The Allied Powers shall unite,  
And conquer all the world.

In the harbour of Sebastopol  
They shewed the Russians fun,  
They gave 'em a taste for breakfast,  
Of our great artillery guns,  
Which sunk their shipping in the deep,  
A match Old Nick will find;  
and on the twenty-fourth my boys,  
They took Fort Constantine.

If the Emperor Nicholas don't give in,  
Old England and France,  
On the snowy hills of Moscow  
They will make the Bear to dance;  
I think you have found your mistake  
You base unhappy Nick,  
Truly confess in your distress,  
And own you are nicely licked.

1854

