

# PEACE AND VICTORY.



DEVER Printer 18 Gt. St Andrew Street Seven Dials

Come all you gallant heroes  
Of high and low degree,  
Let mirth be seen, God save the Queen  
Here's peace and victory,  
England and France made Russia dance,  
Some Bull dogs she did find,  
Alexander had his nose shot off,  
And his shirt hung out behind.

### CHORUS.

We have peace the war is ended,  
And prosperity will advance,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah my lads,  
For England and France,

The Queen said to her ministers,  
What wonders we have done,  
Here's to Napoleon and his wife,  
Long live their little son,  
Who lately came to bless the land,  
('Tis rumoured so at least)  
He brought the laurel in his hand,  
And with it glorious peace.

The guns did fire the bells did ring,  
The ladies banished pain,  
And they so loud did gloriously sing,  
Soon will return again,—  
Our husbands, brothers and our sons,  
How grand is the idea,  
Who made the Russians cut and run,  
And fought in the Crimea.

The great fat gutted farmers.  
At the name of peace does frown,  
They wish for to monopolise,  
The corn must soon come down,  
The millers are dejected,  
How dreadful is their groans,  
We will grind them into barley dust,  
Between two great mill stones.

On Sunday night the moon shone bright,  
At the hour of ten o'clock,  
To hear the guns did thousands run,  
Then to the park did flock.  
The bells did ring a merry peal,  
Which drowned all care and grief,  
When a butcher had his nose shot off,  
Then lost eleven teeth.

When the bells was merrily ringing,  
and the great guns going off,  
There goes Alexander a lady cries,  
and there is Menschoff,  
and there is Mister Constantino,  
and there is the ghost of Nick  
Hurrah my French and English Lads,  
We have the Russians licked

A rum old duchess ninety-one  
Took up a glass of gin,  
Then said oh bang me tight, we made,  
The Russian bears give in.  
I thought they could not stand it  
When for quarters they did call,  
So they shall see, as I tell thee,  
That they must pay for all.

Success to England and France,  
They made their great guns roll,  
And to the brave Sardinians,  
Courageous stout and bold,  
They fought and licked the Russians,  
and rolled them in their grease,  
Come fill a bumper now my Lads,  
and drink success to PEACE.

