

Crimea

THE ENTRY

Of the

GUARDS INTO LONDON



Huzza boys huzza this is a joyful meeting
The guards they are returning from peril and from pain
The enemy they've faced, with them there's no retreating,
So let's give them a welcome to old England again
How nobly the guards ascended the heights of Alma,
Nothing was more glorious such a sight to see
Altho' there was such bloodshed nothing is more grander
Now they have returned and from danger they are free
Then cheer boys cheer the guards they are returning
Covered with glory and free from wars alarms
Their happy wives & families are waiting to receive them
And hold their loving husbands in their longing arms,

They never thought of home or those they love so dearly
So nobly they pushed forward fresh laurels for to gain
But when the fight was over they had time for reflection
The thought of his poor children return'd to him again
They offered up a prayer for comrades dead and dying
The widows and the orphans have had cause to mourn
What must their feelings be now the guards are returning,
They've no husbands or no fathers for to welcome home

A cheer for Miss Nightingale a mother to the soldier,
As wounded & forsaken on her bosom placed their head
When sick & helpless dying she has kept up their spirits:
Many a soldier blessed her that's mingled with the dead
May the orphan's blessing for ever light upon her
What fortitude in woman when their word is given
She's help'd to cheer the soldier in his trying moments
And lead'd his dying spirit when it took its flight to heaven

In August 54 they started to the Crimea
As fine a set of men never trod the battles plain
In trenches wet with frost and snow their sufferings they
was severe

what a difference in the men who have come home again
Some crippled and disabled careworn and almost helpless
It must be recollected they fought with might and main
And yet it is a blessing to their wives and families
They can press them living to their loving hearts again

God bless general Williams a brave and gallant warrior
He was well protected through the Russian war
Likewise his officers, who shared his sufferings with him
As a honour to these warriors give them your applause
In bravery they held out till hunger nearly killed them
Forced through necessity their horses to eat
But when the Russians came so boldly they did fight them
In all their provocations they never did retreat

Then welcome the return of all those gallant warriors
They are the chosen soldiers that scarce was ever beat
The guards in all the battle none with courage bolder
In all the Russian war they never did retreat
Then thanks to one and all, English, Irish & Scotchmen,
In the war those brave warriors have done an equal share
Now that they're returning give them a hearty welcome,
They're returning home to those that they left in despair

John Powell, Printer, 10, Old Montague-street,
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