

THE NOBLE ALLIANCE OR THE LILY, ROSE, SHAMROCK AND THISTLE.

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The Greatest Collection of Old and New Songs
in the world.

Tune—Red, White & Blue.

HURRAH for the noble alliance!
Hurrah for our brothers in fight,
What foemen shall bid us defiance,
While the Rose and the Lily unite?
The sons of fair Gaul are beside us,
The Standard and Tri-colour blend,
Never more may a Faction divide us,
But each look on each as a friend.
Long long may the two be united,
The cause of 'the Right' to advance,
Long, long may the Lion of England,
Agree with the Eagle of France.
Our past days of laurel-marked glory,
Have had worthy comrades in fame:
And when History tells our proud story,
She echoes forth Erin's loud name.
Old Scotia's brave heart is undying—
The first and the last in the field;
And the sons of the south are now vying,
With ranks that will die ere they yield.
Long, long may the 'Four' be united
The cause of the 'Right' to advance,
May the Shamrock, the Rose and the Thistle,
Be twined with the Lily of France.
Success to the noble Alliance.
Come fill up a bumper to those,
Who can fling down the gauntlet of defiance,
And laugh at a legion of foes.
Despite our delusions of Error,
May the record of Inkermann tell,
That a Despot remembers with terror,
Where the blood of our three hundred fell.
Though sluggards great duty have slighted,
Never doubt that the cause will advance.
While the Shamrock, the Rose and the Thistle,
Are twined with the Lily of France.

OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OR THE REDS AND BLUES!



OUR Soldiers and our Sailors,
Our gallant Reds and Blues,
Our sailors and our soldiers,
There's not a pin to choose;
To say which is the bravest,
I could not, on my oath,
You had better ask their enemies,
For they have felt them both.
On the land or on the water,
No matter which you take,
On the land the name of Wellington
Still makes all Europe shake;
And should the name of Nelson,
Be whisper'd o'er the foam,
I don't care who's ships they are,
'Twill send them sculking home.
But we've another service.
A sort of stand between,
Half soldier and half sailor,
I mean the brave Marine;
On land, or on the water,
Where'er the foe invites,
They are not at all particular,
They don't mind where they fight
We leave to other nations,
To quarrel if they like;
'Tis not in England's nature,
To be the first to strike;
But if in right down earnest,
Our flags be once unfurled
Why then, good brother Jonathan
We two could beat the world.



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