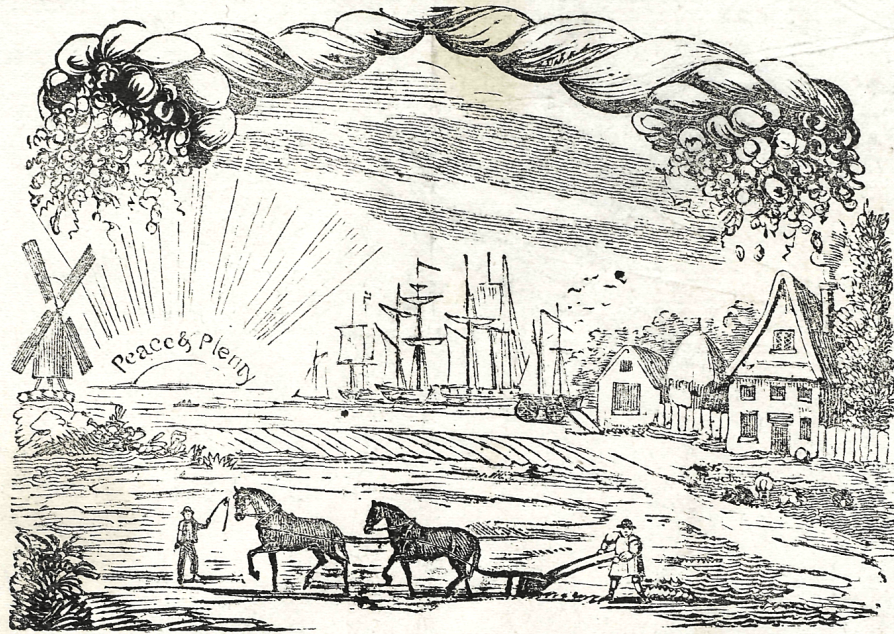


*Crimed.*  
**Peace for the Land that we love!**



**RYLE** and Co., Printers, 2 and 3, Monmouth  
Court, 7 Dials.

**T**HE glorious bells they are ringing,  
Such news has come over the wave,  
Our warfare for years pray is ended,  
Peace is proclaim'd for the brave.  
Our bloodshed and strife is now ended,  
Britannia's children will no longer mourn,  
The tyrant has bowed to submission,  
And our brave hearts are on the return.  
So the soldier he no more will ramble,  
But now sit at home at his ease,  
And tell the whole tale of his travel,  
And enjoy the great blessings of peace.

Recollections they fill us with glory,  
At Alma so nobly behaved ;  
Their deeds are recorded in glory ;  
Thousands they sank to the grave.  
Tho' thousands have sunk in oblivion,  
Altho' forced from their homes to depart,  
And tho' many have left us for ever,  
Their memory may live in our hearts,

At Balaklava they all done their duty,  
When surrounded by thousands of foes,  
The Russians was spoiled of their booty,  
So deadly they dealt forth their blows.  
Let's hope now that dread war is over,  
And the fathers will no longer mourn,  
That the day is now not far distant,  
To welcome peace and the soldier's return.

England, Ireland, and Scotland united,  
Their hearts are so good and so free,  
Their names are enshrouded with glory,  
They conquer by land and by sea ;  
In the trenches the poor souls did suffer,  
Exposed to the cold, wind, and rain,  
They forgot all their sad privations,  
When called on was at it again.

At the dead of the night, in a valley,  
Iukermann it is so called by name,  
They made the proud Russians to tremble,  
And that night they gained honor and fame.  
Forty thousand the number they tallied,  
An army of wonder and might,  
With an handful of men they soon rallied,  
For God he defended the right.

If we always had peace in Old England,  
Not half so much blood would be shed,  
But the soldier has no fear in battle,  
While the Nightingale sings o'er his head.  
Tho' he sighs for the home of his childhood,  
Still he fights on so manly and brave,  
He longs to get back to his children,  
And return them the kiss that they gave.

For week after week they was waiting,  
For the stronghold, my lads, was their cry,  
While the turrets and forts fired on them,  
They determined to conquer or die.  
The Eagle it floats o'er the city,  
The attack was so manly and brave ;  
It's fine docks and shipping, what a pity,  
Is destroyed by the fire and wave.

Now peace is proclaim'd still we're waiting  
To welcome the soldier's return ;  
Fathers for their children are looking,  
To receive them their poor hearts doth burn.  
What joy for the wife of the soldier,  
To think what's in store for the brave,  
What anguish for those that are missing,  
For they lay in a poor soldier's grave.

Now peace is proclaim'd to our country,  
We welcome with hand and with heart,  
Let's hope neither soldier nor sailor,  
In war will be forc'd to embark ;  
At home with his family around him,  
So happy in comfort and ease,  
Furl the flag that has floated for warfare,  
And enjoy the great blessings of peace.



1856