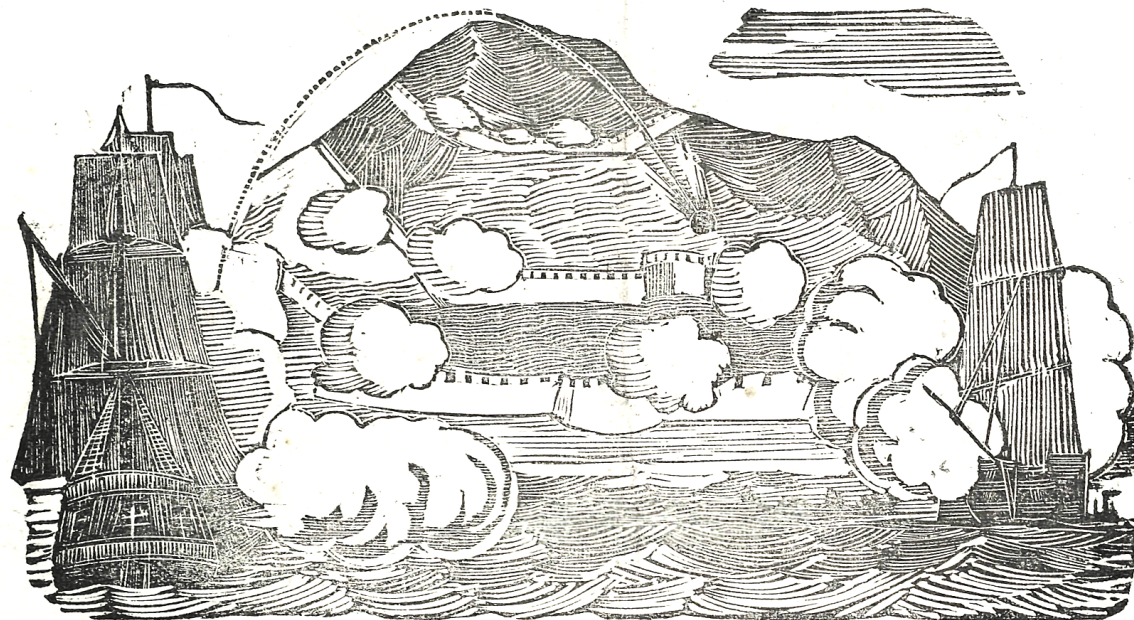


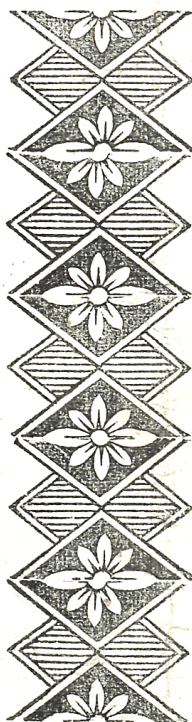
A NEW SONG ON THE
GREAT RUSSIAN WAR



Good people all of each degree,
 Both high and low draw near,
 And listen with attention
 To those few lines you'll hear,
 Concerning british soldiers
 Likewise our jolly Tars,
 While fighting for old England
 In the great Russian war.
 How can that cruel tyrant rest
 The cause of all this woe,
 The aching hearts and crying
 Tear which he has cause'd to flow,
 Many mother for her darling son
 And widows may deplore.
 For those who fall by sword and ball
 In the great Russian war.

There's brave Napier who knows no fear
 And many battles won,
 In the baltic with his jolly Tars
 Will shew them british fun.
 He said brave boys be of good cheer
 My hearts of oak so true,
 We'll shew the tyrant Nicholass
 The courage of true blue.

Lord Raglan with his army
 The bravest of the brave,
 They left their native british shore
 To cross the briney wave,
 Some parting from their sweethearts
 And some their parents dear,



Far from their native country
 To face the Russian bear.
 This melancholly sad event
 So painful to relate,
 The loss of the gallant Tiger
 With her crews unhapy fate
 Brave Captian Giffard with
 His men like Britous did behave,
 Till they were overpowered
 And nothing could they save.
 That gallant ship while in a fog
 Alas she ran ashore,
 The enemy with red hot shot
 Their dreadful fire did pour,
 Brave Giffard he fell wounded
 Which pains me to relate.
 Likewise a brave young midshipman
 Who share,d his glorious fate.
 May God protect those left behind
 Those wives and children dear,
 The father of the fatherless
 Will dry the meurners tear.
 Those cruel wars we pray may end
 And happiness restore,
 And send those brave hearts back again.
 Never to part no more.

C. TOURLE. Printer, 146 Edward St
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