



UNDER [THE] British Flag!

I AM a valiant soldier,
Of the dashing light brigade,
And of war's dreadful horrors,
I never feel afraid;
My comrades are Britannia's sons,
That never, never yield,
Who fight beneath the British flag,
Upon the battle field.

Chorus:
Under the British flag,
We'll fight our way to glory,
Under the British flag,
We'll conquer, or we'll die;
Under the British flag,
We'll win the battle surely,
For victory—old England,
Shall be our battle cry.

When war trumpets are sounded,
We are first to leave the land,
We bid good-bye to all that's dear,
With a kiss and a shake of the hand;
Then off to meet and fight the foe,
Upon some foreign shore,
To gain a victory for the land,
We never may see more.

When fortune on our forces frowns,
And the foe may hold the field,
Like Britons we do charge and charge,
Until we make them yield,

THE TRAMP.

I'M a broken-down man, without
money or credit,
My clothes are all tattered and torn,
Not a friend have I got in this cold dreary
world,

Oh! I wish I had never been born.
Oftimes have I asked for employment,
Sleeping out on the ground cold and
damp.

I'm stared in the face by starvation,
Oh! pity the fate of a tramp.

Chorus:

They tell me to work for my living,
And not thro' the country to scamp,
And yet when I ask for employment,
They say "Why your only a tramp."

Oh! the rich ones at home by their bright
cherry fire-side,

With plenty so tempting restore,;
Have oftimes refused me and sneered
with contempt,

When I've asked for the crumbs
from their door.

And yet through the cravings of hunger
With a loaf, I should dare to decamp,
They would at once set their dogs loose
upon me,

Because I was only a tramp.

But the day yet will come when the
rich man and I,

Will be laid beneath the same other
earth,

His joys and my sorrow will then be for-
got,

When I hope better days we'll agree
But my friend you should always reme-
mber,

That every poor man's not a scamp,
There's many a true heart still beating.
Beneath the old coat of a tramp.

But midst the dying and the dead,
The carnage and the slaughter,
We're first to help a dying foe.
And give the enemy quarter.

Though now in peace reclining
Yet war comes in a day,
At glorious Balaclava,
We showed the foe the way
We Light Brigade can fight and die,
And mercy never ask,
And if with Russia were war,
Again we'd take the task.

