

The Great Battle at ALMA.



Oh, have you heard this glorious row,
There never was the like I vow,—
I am just a going to tell you now
How they did pepper the Russians.
Upon that great and glorious day,
Eighteen thousand killed and wounded lay,
Twenty two thousands prisoners, they
Took from the enemy boys huzza!
When the british bull-dogs was let loose,
To the Allied powers they was no use;
They nicely coo ed the Emperor's goose,
How they did pepper the Russians.

CHORUS.

The French and English lads huzza,
Did shew the enemy gallant play.
At Alma on that glorious day,
How they did pepper the Russians

The british powder and shot did fly,
The enemy did for quarters cry,
They sent two millions up to the sky,
Of the greasy cowardly Russians.
The French and English fought like bricks,
While they in thousands cut their stick,
They sung confusion to Old Nick,
He must confess he's nicely licked,
Powder and shot they went to work,
The enemy to slay and burk,
Britannias sons, the French, and Turks,
Did nicely pepper the Russians.

Our great Artillery guns did roar,
Which did resound from shore to shore,
They made old Bruin the Bear to snore,
How they did wallop the Russians.
Cambridge, Dundas and Brown was there,
And so was Ragland and Napier,
The Russians trembled with fear,
And Menchikoff look'd devilish queer.

The Artillery guns did so prevail,
They sunk their shipping down by the tail,
To the spot where Jonah swallowed the whale
And settled the cowardly Russians.

Though the enemy twenty was to one,
Upon their ground they could not stand,
And to Sebastopol they ran,
The greasy cowardly Russians.
They did not like the Woolwich guns,
Neither at Odessa or Bomersund,
At Alma they did shew them fun,
From Constantine they cut and run.
They have fifty thousand lost at least,
The ugly Bear must sue for peace
And we will give him cabbage and grease,
The robbing cowardly Russian.

Off went Prince Albert and the Queen,
So gay and bonny blythe and keen,
To tell old Dosey Aberdeen,
How they did pepper the Russian.
The Russians saw the Ghost in pain,
Of Boney on the Moscow plains,
Where on the snows, he left a stain,
And they didn't sing come do it again,
And now again they've felt the smart,
Which has struck terror to their hearts,
John Bull and Louis Bonaparte,
Has nicely peppered the Russians.

Here's to the lads who made them squeak,
Who fought for to protect the weak,
And made to tremble on their feet,
The sculking cowardly Russians.
Our british lads all in a lot,
With the French and Turks together got,
And sung the Russians we did wop,
Success to my mother's old tin pot—
We have victory gained—the flag unfurl,
Our thundering shots we proudly hurled,
Cried we can conquer all the world,
Sebastopol and the Russians.

CHORUS.

They fought so boldly in the wars,
Our Soldier's and our sons of Mars,
Leaving neither wounds or scars,
When they did pepper the Russians.

J. Marks, Printer, 206 Brick Lane, White-
chapel. Hawkers and the Trade supplied.



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