



*A New Song on the*  
**BOMBARDMENT**  
**OF ALEXANDRIA.**  
*And destruction of the forts*  
*by the British Fleet.*

Old England is at war again,  
 And her cannons loudly roar.  
 The Union Jack is at the main,  
 Close by the Egyptian shore,  
 Our countrymen were murdered,  
 By a cowardly, ragged crew,  
 But now they have discovered,  
 What old England's power can do.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for England's navy,  
 In battle or in breeze,  
 On Egypt's shore her cannons roar,  
 She is mistress of the seas.

We've let them do just as they like,  
 They laugh'd at us we know,  
 But the time it came the blow to strike  
 Our power we did show;  
 With shot and shell we batter'd well,  
 The Egyptian forts on shore,  
 Till one by one they quickly fell,  
 And will never rise no more.

From the Admiral's ship the shot was  
 fired,  
 That told them of their doom,  
 This battle we had not desired,  
 To fill the land with gloom.  
 Along the lines the cannons roar,  
 And destruction spread that day,  
 In ruins lay the forts on shore,  
 Ere an hour had passed away.

The British Iron-clads we're told,  
 Poured in their shot and shell,  
 How many lives that day was sold,  
 Their friends can only tell.  
 The terrible power of England then  
 Was shown unto the world,  
 When guns were work'd by gallant  
 men,  
 With the Union Jack unfurled.

The sea was in commotion,  
 With heavy cannons roar,  
 And echoing o'er the ocean,  
 It spread from shore to shore,  
 It told a tale to friends and foes.  
 That England rules the seas,  
 Our Union Jack has braved, we know  
 The battle and the breeze.

Some people thought our day was  
 passed,  
 And British courage gone,  
 But this battle may not be the last  
 That our courage will adorn.  
 We've sailors stout and in their prime  
 And we think you all will say,  
 If men were good in Nelson's time,  
 They are just as good to-day.

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