



The Nightingale In the East.

TUNE,—"THE COTTA AND WATER MIL."

Ryle & Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court,
Seven Dials, London.

ON a dark lonely night on the Crimea's dread
shore,
There had been bloodshed and strife on the morn-
ing before,
The dead and the dying lay bleeding around,
Some crying for help—there was none to be found
Now God in his mercy he pity'd their cries,
And the soldiers so cheerful in the morning doth rise
So forward my lads, may your heart never fail,
You are cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.

Now God sent this woman to succour the brave,
Somethousands she's sav'd from an untimely grave
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she's bounteous
and good,

The wants of the wounded are by her understood
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments
is torn,

But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail
Now they're cheer'd by the presence of a sweet
Nightingale.

Her heart it means good—for no bounty she'll take
She'd lay down her life for the poor soldier's sake
She prays for the dying, she gives peace to the
brave,

She feels that a soldier has a soul to be saved.
The wounded they love her, as it has been seen,
She's the soldier's preserver, they call her their
queen,

May God give her strength, & her heart never fail,
One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.

wives of the wounded how thankful are they,
Their husbands are car'd for, how happy are they
Whate'er her country, th' g'at Gov' has given.
The soldiers they say she's an angel from Heaven
ing praise to this woman, and deny it who can!
And all women was sent for the comfort of man,
Let's hop' no more against them you'll rail.
Treat them well, and they'll prove like Miss



JIMMIE.

A Parody on "Minnie."

Ryle & Co., Printers, Monmouth-court, 7 Dial
London.

WHEN my spirits are high, if I've
cash in my cly,

And I feel in the humour to rove,
Spite of sunshine or showers oft I
ramble for hours,

On the arm of my own fancy cove.
Then, its Jimmie, dear Jimmie! come
on the spree,

For I feel precious dry, but a
Public is nigh,
And flash Polly is waiting for thee
Flash Polly is waiting for thee.

And when it is night, if I'm jol
well tight,

And I feel just inclined for a sleep
Towards my lodgings I steer a
deep state of beer,

And into my bug walk I creep.

Jimmie, dear Jimmie! come
not with me,

He some new dodge will try, while
asleep I lie,

To be raising the wind, d' see,

To be raising the wind, d' see.

1855

