

THE VICTORIA CROSS



Our soldiers and our sailors,
In happiness and boom,
With lightsome heart haste to Hyde
Park

On the twenty sixth of June
To meet the Queen of England,
With her subjects gathered round,
And for their gallant conduct
She with laurels will them crown.

Hussa, Hussa, Hussa
Queen Victoria's on the ground
Where her gallant tars and soldiers
She will with laurels crown,

The lads who fought for honour
And did no danger fear
Who made their enemies to run,
And beat the Russian bear
Who boldly stood all hardships
By land and on the sea
And would never give in until
They grieved the victory.

Her army and her navy,
Queen Victoria meets in bloom
And on each breast she'll place a cross
The twenty sixth of June,
Long may live to wear it,
And never know disdain
If again they should be wanted
They'll for honour fight again.

What lots of blooming damsels
Are running from afar
Some thinks to get a soldier
And some a bold Jack Tar

There was a farmer Daughter
Twice as big as a brewers horse
So gay and keen to ask the queen
For a Victoria's Cross

Fill a mind your pockets
Are you surely will be done,
Some coveys goes a picking
Others takes them as they come,
Oh lack a day old Sally said
The villians shall not rob me
Have got my money in a bag
Tied underneath my knee.

God save the queen of England
We will cheer them three times three
With her soldiers and her sailors
Who can fight by land and sea.
Who can make all tyrants tremble
And crush them to the ground,
And who shd never dare insult,
Brittania's noble crown.

This day we shall remember
When some thousands hastened soon
With a joyful heart to famed Hyde
Park

On the twenty sixth of June
Heres our army and our navy
Who shall ever honoured be
And the flag that braved a thousand
years
The battle and the breeze

Dover, Printer, 13 Great St Andrew
Street 7 Dials

