

THE GREAT

Battle of Inkermann!



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PAY attention you sons of Old England,
Of Scotland, and Ireland likewise,
This achievement I'm going to mention,
Has taken the world by surprise;
This victory has taken the lead now,
It was nearly five thousand to one!
These armies united together,
In the world can be equalled by none.
So success to those armies united,
Those men they must never know fear,
Give succour to those that are wounded,
For the fallen then offer a prayer.

On the glorious Fifth of November,
The like is not on history's record;
They thought they'd surprise our brave armies
When down came this Russian strong horde.
Sixty thousand, a number scarce equalled,
But the brave allied hearts were alive,
Only fourteen thousand in number,
They determined to conquer or die.

Our armies fatigued with hard labour,
Digging trenches, and fighting likewise,
Such valour display'd by our armies
Has taken the world by surprise;
They fought 'mongst the dead and the dying,
So you that in England do roam,
Sing in praise of those brave gallant soldiers,
And give succour to the widows at home.

Success to the brave Connaught Rangers,
A jewel to Ireland's eye;
A regiment to war is no stranger,
So crown them with laurels of fame.

The Russians were completely confounded
When the Eighty-eighth formed into square,
They bawled out success to Old Ireland---
Such brave hearts can never know fear.

The Old English Guards were not backward
In fighting their country's cause,
Those soldiers were at Alma and Inkermann,
And they deserve a nation's applause.
They had no ammunition to fight with,
And this the whole nation must own,
Those brave hearts instead of retreating
Fought out the battle with stones.

General Evans, though laid up with sickness,
(such bravery was ne'er known before,)
Rushed into the 'midst of the battle,
When the sound of cannons did roar;
He gave his advice with such coolness,
A General, so humane and brave,
A friend to each sailor and soldier,
He fights hard Old England to save.

Success to the brave sons of Scotland,
No pen can describe how they fight,
When the proud name of Scotland's in danger
They show both their valour and might;
Colin Campbell he lead them to glory,
Determin'd to conquer or die,
In annals of history a story,
Sons of Scotland was ne'er known to fly.

When the allied armies assembled,
Determined to conquer or die;
We must think of the widows and orphans,
And not let a tear dim their eye;
Their husbands is fighting your battles,
From this tyrant your country to save,
Therefore think of their wives & their children,
And they will find peace in their graves.

To think that this great Russian tyrant,
Is the cause of such bloodshed and strife,
There is many poor men in England
That does not begrudge him a life.
My peace be quickly restored,
That the soldiers may no longer mourn,
But return, press their wives to their bosoms,
And have no cause from England to roam.

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