

The Glorious Celebration of Peace

TUNE—"CORONATION."



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Seven Dials

REJOICE, rejoice from shore to shore,
Each countenance is brightening,
Peace is proclaimed, the war is o'er,
No more we will be fighting.
We have beat the foe so gloriously,
By land, and on the water,
We them did trick, we did them lick,
And made them cry for quarter.

To see, let Britons haste away
Throughout the British nation,
The glorious Twenty-ninth of May,
The grand illuminations.

Oh such a sight was never seen,
It really is amazing,
God bless our pretty little Queen,
The bonfires are blazing;
Try all they may, mark what I say,
They never could get at her,
We will blow the foe into the air,
With a stunning English cracker.

I wish Britannia's sons was here,
So gallant and so gay, sirs,
Our soldiers all from the Crimea
This twenty-ninth of May, sirs;
We would treat them with a flowing bowl,
All dangers would be scorning,
We would drink and sing, the bells should ring,
We won't go home till morning.

The cook she leaves her dripping pan,
To see the celebration,
Off goes Polly and her fancy man
To the illuminations.
Jemima with a soldier struts,
As upright as a Prussian,
And the cobbler with two balls of wax,
Is going to shoot the Russians.

In famed ———, oh! hat a lark,
In thousands they are running,
So gay and handsome, fine and smart,
The fireworks are stunning;
I say, young man, get off my toes,
My shawl is rent in stitches,
Oh so help my never, there he goes,
The Russian Emperor's breeches.

You ladies fair tie up your hair,
And hide your rings and lockets,
I say old chap, mind what you're at,
Don't meddle with my pockets;
For if you do I'll make you rue,
And beat you like a platter,
I will put you underneath a squib,
And shoot you with a cracker.

Oh! dear, oh! dear, I am so queer,
The rogues are on me rushing,
They have nearly broke my bustle bone,
Now spooney, don't be pushing;
Police! police! I want some help,
You see that ugly fellow,
He did me thump, and made me jump,
And cracked my umbrella.

Oh crack my jib, see there's a squib,
So bright so help me never,
England and France shall now advance
In unity together;
Stand by the sweet Red, White, and Blue,
And beat the world before ye,
Here's our soldiers brave, and sailors true,
Old England and glory.

This day we never can forget,
This glorious celebration,
Children yet unborn shall read
Of this grand illumination;
Which shone so bright this glorious night,
When every class was mingling,
Here's Scotland, Ireland, Wales and France,
And the pretty girls of England.



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