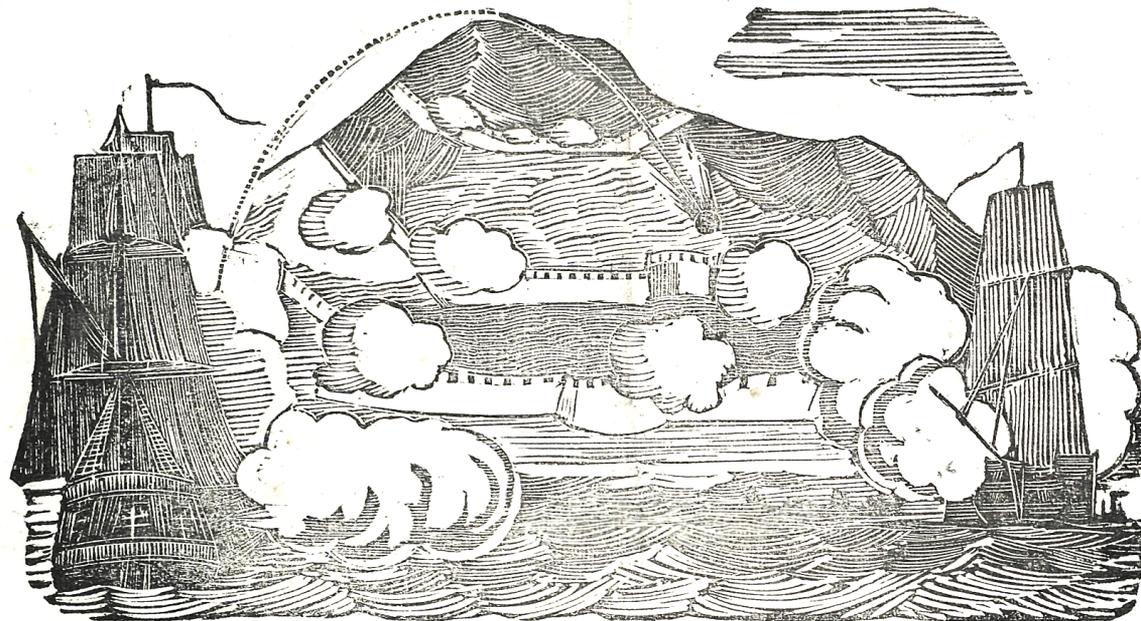


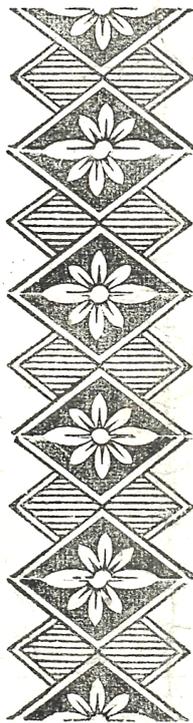
A NEW SONG ON THE  
**GREAT RUSSIAN WAR**



Good people all of each degree,  
 Both high and low draw near,  
 And listen with attention  
 To those few lines you'll hear,  
 Concerning british soldiers  
 Likewise our jolly Tars,  
 While fighting for old England  
 In the great Russian war.  
 How can that cruel tyrant rest  
 The cause of all this woe,  
 The aching hearts and crying  
 Tear which he has cause'd to flow,  
 Many mother for her darling son  
 And widows may deplore.  
 For those who fall by sword and ball  
 In the great Russian war.

There's brave Napier who knows no fear  
 And many battles won,  
 In the baltic with his jolly Tars  
 Will shew them british fun.  
 He said brave boys be of good cheer  
 My hearts of oak so true,  
 We'll shew the tyrant Nicholass  
 The courage of true blue.

Lord Raglan with his army  
 The bravest of the brave,  
 They left their native british shore  
 To cross the briney wave,  
 Some parting from their sweethearts  
 And some their parents dear,



Far from their native country  
 To face the Russian bear.  
 This melancholly sad event  
 So painful to relate,  
 The loss of the gallant Tiger  
 With her crews unhapy fate  
 Brave Captian Giffard with  
 His men like Britous did behave,  
 Till they were overpowered  
 And nothing could they save.

That gallant ship while in a fog  
 Alas she ran ashore,  
 The enemy with red hot shot  
 Their dreadful fire did pour,  
 Brave Giffard he fell wounded  
 Which pains me to relate.  
 Likewise a brave young midshipman  
 Who share,d his glorious fate.

May God protect those left behind  
 Those wives and children dear,  
 The father of the fatherless  
 Will dry the meurners tear.  
 Those cruel wars we pray may end  
 And happiness restore,  
 And send those brave hearts back again.  
 Never to part no more.

C. TOURLE. Printer, 146 Edward St  
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