

While a lasting name, will  
 Be to those who fell,  
 Of honour and of fame  
 That we know full well.

While Britain will lament  
 O'er those heroes brave,  
 Who fell in her defence  
 Britain's rights to save.

While an honoured wreath, of  
 Laurel will adorn  
 The mem'ry of those men,  
 That stormed the Redan.

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### A Retrospective View of the War.

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#### PART TWENTY-EIGHTH.

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Alas! Alas! the Russian Arms  
 Hath told a doleful tale;  
 The sad misfortunes of the war  
 The Czar may now bewail.

Not only was the Alma lost—  
 Where Menschikoff, he fled—  
 Scared by the Highland petticoats,  
 Of which he stood in dread.

But Ah! Bal'klava's worse and worse  
 Unto the Russian pride,  
 It makes them hide their face with shame,  
 That name they can't abide.

Ah! when our Greys did cut them down  
 Like dockens on that day;  
 Before our Enniskillens too  
 Like mushrooms they gave way.