

GALLANT ESCAPE
OF
PAT M'CARTHY
FROM THE RUSSIANS.

SEC. 23.

Good people all, both great and small,
I pray you'll give attention ;
I'll sing to you a verse or two,
So mark what I will mention :
I make no doubt you heard about
The soldier, Pat M'Carthy,
And how he served the Russians out—
'Twill make you laugh quite hearty.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, my boys, with warlike joys,
Come, let us all be hearty :
Fill up the glass and let it pass,
And drink to bold M'Carthy.

'Twas on the glorious battle day
The Russians had him taken,
But, like an Irishman so gay,
Poor Pat was not mistaken ;
For there and then the three great men,
As onward they were crawling,
He snapt his gun, and shewed them fun,
And sent the Russians sprawling.

'Twas life and death to draw his breath
While he was in their clutches ;
He ran the chance and made them dance
Like Billy-goats on crutches.
He shot one down upon the ground
With just a two-ounce pounder,
He gave the other a mortal wound
That flattened him like a flounder.

When Pat had both the Russians stretched
He scampered off so cunning ;
The third ran off to Menschikoff
And swore the d—I was coming :
Lord Raglan saw the scarlet coat
Come off so brave and handy,
He gave to Pat a five pound note
To drink his health in brandy.

M'Carthy made the Russians rue,
He gave them such a licking :
The Frenchmen cried out '*parlez vous,*'
Well done my gallant chicken.
When Emperor Nick he heard the trick
He did not laugh so hearty ;
Like a Russian bear he ript and swore
The d—I was in M'Carthy.

You lads and lasses think of him
Who made the Russians snivel,
He beat the three right manfully,
And sent them to the d—I.
With courage bold, as I am told,
He wolloped them so hearty,
The Russians will remember still
The name of Pat M'Carthy.

A British soldier will not yield,
His ground he will maintain it,
When he goes to the battle field
To charge them with the bayonet.
The Queen of England may delight,
And make herself quite hearty,
While she has got such men to fight
As gallant Pat M'Carthy.