THE
INDIAN WAR, AND FALL OF DELHI.

BY JOHN WILSON.

Sad news have reached the British shore,
From Delhi, Lucknow, & Cawnpore,
All Britain's in a great uproar
By this revolt in India.
These mutineers, I do declare,
Have spread destruction everywhere,
Man, woman, and child, they did not spare,
But murdered them in India.

But Hibernia's sons with hearts so true;
And our Highland lads wi' bonnets blue,
Wi' Sir Colin Campbell their chieftain true,
Will be revenged in India.

While in their blind and savage rage,
Their fury nothing could assuage,
But their officers they did engage,
And slaughtered them in India.

Cruel Nana Sahib their king to please
All the British they could seize
Were tied in hundreds to the trees,
And murdered in India.

Our women on their knees did crave
Their little children's lives to save;
But cruelly they did behave
To the innocent babes in India.

Such cruelties as this they've done,
They caused the children for to run
Beneath the Eastern burning sun,
Till they went mad in India.

Our females all, both rich and poor,
Most dreadful tortures did endure,
And streams of innocent blood did pour
From British hearts in India.

The cries for help did rend the air,
From matrons old and maidens fair,
Who brutally ill-treated were
By those savages in India.

Now many a gallant regiment brave,
Has gone across the briny wave,
Our British ladies for to save,
From those savages in India.
And the soldiers all that have gone there,
A very solemn oath did swear,
Those murderers they will not spare,
For their cruelties in India.

But Sir Colin Campbell brave & true,
Has gone those rebels to subdue;
And very soon he'll make them rue
Their bloody work in India.
He'll make the British cannons roar,
On Delhi, Lucknow and Cawnpore,
And very soon he will restore
Blessed peace again in India.

With joy each British heart does hail
The glorious news I have to tell,
Now the city of Delhi it has fell
To the British power in India.
Seven days, beneath the burning sun,
In the dreadful fire & smoke we run,
Before that Delhi it was won,
We suffered sore in India.

And soon may Lucknow and Cawnpore,
Fall before our British power, [shore,
And the glorious news come to our
That we have conquered India.
And soon may those cruel wars cease,
And men like brothers live in peace,
Then trade and plenty will increase
When we have conquered India.