

Great and Glorious Victory

OF

THE BRITISH OVER THE SIKHS IN INDIA

Attend you gallant Britons bold,
While unto you I will unfold,
Of what took place in the Indian wars.
Where thousands fell with wounds and
scars;

Oh! there was such a glorious shindy,
Oh! how they beat the Sikhs in India,
They drove them over rivers of water,
And pounded them like bricks and mortar
Row, dow, dow, what a jolly row,
The British conquered the Sikhs in India
Seven to one.

At Ferozepore they cut them off,
Commanded by brave General Gough,
They made the Sikhs fly over the hills,
Like tail-pinned dogs against their wills.
Oh! how the British cannons rattled,
Seven to one they stood the battle;
Brave General Sale, mark well the story,
Fought and died for honour and glory.
Row, &c.

Old Tammaroo Tack, the Indian king,
In a tea kettle crept to whistle and sing,
While Britons holloaed, cut away mike,
Massacre all the barbarous Sikhs;
Blood from the Sikhs did flow like foun-
tains,
Like rats they scamper'd over the mountains
The Britons vowed they'd use them cruel,
And stew them up in pots of gruel.
Row, &c.

So valiant General Smith did steer,
And after him Sir Charles Napier,
On to glory left and right,
Like mince meat they chopped up the Sikhs
They drove them over plain and garden,
Cheer up, cried brave Sir Henry Hardinge
Give the rascals bullets and powder,
And send them nine miles up in the clouds,
sir.

Row, &c.

When Britons did their muskets cock,
The Sikhs look'd like monkeys in the stocks
They dropped their jibs and ran away,
Like frogs upon a winter's day;
General Scamwambergh fell in the ditches
Colonel Tomwangdang lost cap & breeches
While Prince Winnow shrugged up his
shoulders,
And cried bad luck to the British soldiers
Bow, &c.

It was glorious to behold the Sikhs,
Fall to the ground like rats and mice,
While British soldiers cried huzza!
Death or nobly win the day;
No man on earth was ever bolder,
In battle than a British soldier,
But when worn out he is disregarded,
And devilish bad he gets rewarded.
Row, &c.

The Britons caused the Sikhs much pain,
They will never want the like again,
Over the mountains they did run,
And left behind provisions and guns;
Our soldiers brave who fell in battle,
On India's plains where cannons rattled,
Rever'd shall be in future story,
They fought for honour and for glory:
Row, &c.

Now when each brave and British man,
Returns unto his native land,
Covered with wounds and victory,
For his valiant deeds shall rewarded be;
When he may tell of the glorious shindy,
He saw among the Sikhs in India,
When they shrug'd up their ugly shoulders
And look'd blue black at the British sol-
diers.
Row, dow, dow, Sikhy will you now,
Take England while she's in the humour,
For that is now.