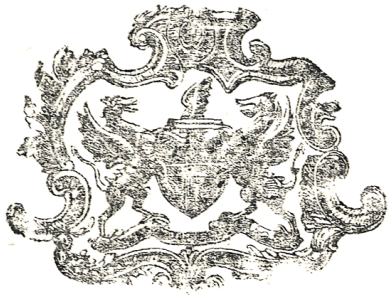


THE DEATH OF

General Sir Henry Havelock, Bart.



.....AIR, Sweet Little Creature

Britannia now weeps for her soldier lamenting
The Brave General Havelock, devoid of all fear,
And every true Briton, in grief is relenting,
For the loss of that Hero, falling fast is the tears;
There was never a General, Valiant, or Bolder,
Satisfaction he'd have, Britannia he told her,
He fought like a man, and he died like a Soldier,
But now that Bold Hero, alas! is no more.

He fought on the Land, and was wrecked on
the waters,
No Nelson, or Wellington, tho' Havelock, was
Brave,
And when the Sepoys; shed the blood of our
Daughters,
Vengeance cried Havelock, sweet Vengeance
I'll have,
Come on lads to glory, cried Havelock bewildering,
To Cawnpore to Lucknow haste on do'nt be
lingering.
The innocent blood, of the Ladies and Children,
Are crying for Vengeance, Brave Havelock did say.

Ten horses from under, Brave Havelock was falling,
He still was courageous, and onward he flew,
With Gough & Napier & with Hardinge loud call-
Britannia expects we our duty will do, [ing
Havelock was brave, bold, cautious and clever,
Our Soldiers with Joy, Shouted Havelock for ever
Many battles he fought, and was conquered;
no never,

He is gone, he is dead; we shall see him no more.

On Wednesday the twenty fifth day of November
That was the day noble Havelock did die,
And the sons of Britannia will always remember,
When they saw fatal Death, their bold General
come nigh,

The month of November when by Victory led on
One Thousand, Eight hundred, fifty, and seven,
He fell, and his spirit ascended to Heaven,
Brave Sir Henry Havelock, that Hero of Fame

I fear like brave Havelock, we'll not behold
another,
Long remembered in History shall be his name,
His father a Soldier, his sons, and his brother,
All fighting for glory, for honour, and fame.
The brother of Havelock, how true is my story,
Foug't by the side of Wellington, at Waterloo
so Gory,
And on the plains of India, fell, fighting for glory
Where died noble Henry, that Hero of fame.

We will erect a monument to Havelock's noble
Memory,
Who on the plains of India his duty did do,
Where day and night for vengeance the butcher-
ing cruel enemy,
He and his gallant army did hotly pursue,
Across the burning sands Havelock made them
fly like cattle,
He made the powder roar and the cannon balls
to rattle,
The happiest of his days was when he was in
Battle,
But now that noble Soldier, brave Havelock's
no more.

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