

# L A M E N T

## FOR

# GEN. HAVELock.

Britannia shall mourn gallant Havelock is gone  
 No General on earth e're was bolder,  
 His equal I fear we shall not see again  
 Such a valliant and true British soldier,  
 He marched on with joy for to fight the Sepoy  
 Whose cruelty long had distressed him  
 To conquer he cried, like a Briton he died,  
 Sir Henry Havelock, God rest him.

To conquer he tried and he fought till he died  
 No General ever was bolder  
 Britannia shall weep while brave Havelock  
 shall weep  
 That gallant and true british soldier.

The wretches who caused Britannia such pain,  
 Havelock was resolved to subdue them  
 Who the daughters and children of Britain  
 had slain,

Oh fate has ordained we should loose him  
 He was loved by his army wherever he went  
 Every true British soldier caressed him.  
 His valorous days in the battle he spent  
 Did Sir Henry Havelock—God rest him.

On the twenty fifth day of November that's  
 past

Eighteen hundred and fifty and seven.  
 On the sad plains of India he breathed his last  
 And his spirit ascended to heaven,  
 The last words he uttered before he did die  
 When the soldiers around him all blessed him  
 "Was innocent blood for vengeance to cry"  
 And then he expired—God rest him.

He had made the black tyrants in sorrow bewail  
 His motives he soon did them let know  
 With cannon and ball how he made them to fall  
 At Delhi Cawnpore and at Lucknow.

Havelock was a Wellington noble and bold  
 And the heart of a soldier possessed him  
 And when that Britannia the tidings was told  
 She silently uttered—God rest him

Sir Henry Havelock could fight like a man  
 And make the black tyrants to tremble  
 In heat and in battle he boldly did stand  
 And fight with brave Sir Colin Campbell,  
 The sights he had seen when he fought for his  
 In every moment distressed him (queen  
 The innocent gore he beheld at Cawnpore  
 Did oft make him shudder—God rest him

The best of Old England's soldiers are slain  
 In India and Russia they're sleeping  
 Their equals I fear we shall not see again  
 Some thousands in sorrow are weeping  
 They are gone, they are dead their bold spirits  
 are fled

Brave men who all courage possessed 'em  
 For alas! now alas that great General is gone  
 Sir Henry Havelock God rest him

Oh mourn britain mourn, mourn and deplore  
 No hero could ever be bolder  
 Sir Henry Havelock we'll see never more  
 He died like a true british soldier  
 While fighting for vengeance on India's plains  
 Where every good soldier caressed him  
 Where the butchering tyrants in thousands  
 were slain  
 by Sir Henry Havelock... God rest him.



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