



A new song called the

Late Indian War.

Composed by a soldier of H.M. 54th Regiment.

'Come gather round you Irish men, till I relate this tale;
'Twill your stout hearts fill with grief and make your cheeks grow pale.

Till I mourn the death of those brave boys, that brave and gal-
lant band,

Whose bones lie bleached upon the plains of India's distant land.
For many a sigh and bitter tear will now break forth in vain.
And many a bright and tender girl mourns for her love that's
slain—

And many a mother's grieved to think the sons that they have
borne.

That they are left for food for beasts on India's sultry shore.

Ten thousand of those Irish lads there hearts from terror free,
To serve their country and their Queen they ploughed the
raging sea;

Their hearts were strong, their cause was good, their hopes of
victory high.

But now their bones unburied rot beneath an Indian sky,
Proud England now might hide her head with grief and bitter
shame,

She lost the warriors whom she thought would swell her land with
fame;

But as you sweep flies from the wall so crushed was every man;
Disgraced, defeated and destroyed, all by this Indian clan.

There's the 22nd and 44th, those brave heroes of renown,
Who last recruited their brave ranks with boys from Belfast town
The North of Ireland now must grieve since many a lad was slain,
Their butchered bodies scattered lie beneath an Indian clime.

The young and tender women too, their fond hearts felt no fear,
They faced the thickest winds and rain, clung to their husbands
dear,

How can I paint that awful fate, of females fond and mild,
The high and low, the rich and poor, abused by Indians wild.

The ladies of our officers, as well as soldiers' wives,
They made them work like common slaves, or else they'd take
their lives;

Sir William McNaughton's tender wife and Ulster lady Born,
Like a beast they tied her to their mill to grind their Indian corn.

Sir William being an Antrim man that never yet felt fear,
Those Indians black chopped off his head, and placed it on a spear
But while the officers all ran we never yet did yield.

But stood our ground, like Britons bold, and died upon the field.
Should British valour thus be stained? does British valour sleep?

The ghosts of those ill-fated men call vengeance from the deep,
But the bodies of brave Irishmen unburied shant remain;

Ten thousand tombs we'll erect for them made of the Indian slain
Come all you loyal Irishmen, take warning by this fate,

Attend unto your parents voice before it is too late;
Be constant to your sweethearts and never from them roam,

But live with them in joy and peace in your sweet native home
May heaven preserve poor Irishmen from every foreign foe,

May heaven protect poor England too, from every cause of woe,
God bless her noble virtuous Queen may honour crown her cause,

May she amend the poor man's lot with a good & virtuous cause.

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