

Glorious Victory in India

Paul Printer, 18, Great St. Andrew St. 7 Dial.

Every class where'er you go,
With faces joyfully are mingling,
In Ireland, Scotland, high and low,
And every one in Wales & England,
You know of late as I will state,
They've kicked up a precious shindy
But Britons have a victory gained,
And conquered the blacks in India.

CHORUS.

Cut away Mike we have beat the Sikhs
And had a pretty shindy,
We have gained the day with a loud
huzza,
And conquered all the Sikhs in India

Now when the Britons did prepare,
On India's plains to go to battle,
Oh! did not they make the Sikhs stare,
When they did hear the cannons rattle
Fire away our Generals cried,
Make your guns to rattle louder,
Skewer them up and tan their hides,
And burn their ugly tails with powder

But mark my tale, brave General Sale
On India's plains did fight for glory,
He with our gallant men was slain,
For England's cause mark well the
story,
And as he died, behold he cried,
Cut the rascals up like donkeys,
I know they are done, see how they run
Across the ditches and dykes like
mon'keys.

We will cut them off said Genreal
Gough, [farthing,
Though numerous we don't care a
Banish fear cried bold Napier,
Come on said brave Sir Hy. Harding

My men are valiant, brave and true,
No men on earth was ever bolder,
We will make the Sikhs to rue the day
They ever face'd a British soldier.
Our gallant men mark what is pen'd,
Among the Sikhs caused great dis-
sension,
And for their valour the really ought
To rewarded be, with a handsome
pension.
But its likely now they've gained the
day,
They will be employed to a curious
purpose,
Have to pass their time away,
Grinding bones in the Union Work-
house.

12 thousand Sikhs lay on the ground,
Oh! was not that an awful story,
While British soldiers were crowned
With laurel, honor, fame and glory,
The tents and riches of the Sikhs
The British soldiers all were sacking
One million, 500 thousand pounds,
They have got to pay for a right
good wacking.

They killed the King of Jesseldum dee
And wounded General Tara Tanka,
This beat all battles by land or sea,
Waterloo and Salamanca,
It beat the Nile and Bunkers hill,
Oh! never again the Sikhs will dare
us,
For if they do we will make them rue
And hang them up at Bona-saree.

CHORUS.

Those Britons who so valiant fought,
Recorded long shall be in story,
With a loud huzza they gained the day
Crown them with honor fame and
glory.

1848

