

# THE SIEGE OF DELHI; OR, THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

Tune, "CHEER BOYS, CHEER."

Hark! what sound is that? It is the siege of Delhi,  
It strikes terror to all British hearts; such crimes they  
do abhor

In India's fair isle there's bloodshed and commotion,  
Children cry for mercy, there's mutiny and war.  
Treachery it does abound, through every town and city;  
Foul Murder it now stalks abroad, in distant climes afar,  
No help is there, the cry is great, poor souls we do pity  
them,

Husbands and wives are butchered, in this great Indian  
war.

So on, lads, on, it is for England's glory,

Your sisters cries for mercy is echoed near  
and far;

Such slaughter never equalled in history or  
story,

Your brothers' cry for vengeance on India's  
fair shore.

The Sepoys have revolted in Delhi's fair city.

They to each other spread the news that Mahomet  
Now must Reign

Alas! the poor Europeans, we one and all must pity,  
Wives flying from their happy homes, to see their  
husbands slain,

Some drove naked through the streets, ravished and  
insulted,

Mothers take their infants and fly, but all in vain:

It was an awful day when India revolted,

Men, women, and young children, by these butchers  
they were slain.

So on, lads, on, &c.

Have vengeance for this massacre, you brave British  
soldiers,

Think of your wives and children you clasp unto your  
arms,

For humanity and bravery, none was ever bolder;

You are now once more called again, to mix in war's  
stains.

While fighting on for glory, think of those butchered  
children,

That were slaughtered inch by inch, while sucking at  
the breast,

It is dreadful to be thought, such dreadful slaughter  
mingling.

With Colin Campbell at your head, go forth and do  
your best.

So on, lads, on, &c.

Children dashed unto the earth—the mother cries for  
mercy,

They kneel and supplicate, and ask the aid of heaven,  
It is not pleaded by those fiends, their screams doth  
rend the sky,

Their breasts are now cut from them,—this is the  
mercy given.

Their bleeding forms lay on the earth, in vain their  
supplications,

Their husband tied unto a stake, and burnt before  
their eyes;

For reinforcements now, they are full of expectation,  
Let's hope that all good Englishmen, will answer to  
their cries.

So on, lads, on, &c.

When Sir Colin Campbell was asked to go, he, like a  
Gallant Soldier,

Said he had long been waiting to fight his Country's  
cause;

Of all the Generals' we have had, there never was one  
bolder,

We'd go and fight those Sepoys, that broke their  
Country's Laws.

At one moments notice, he was up and ready,

He says my own dear Countrymen, they do for ven-  
geance cry.

He buckled on his sword, so valiant and so steady,  
And scarcely stepped one moment, to bid his friends  
good bye.

So on, lads, on, &c.

Without the walls of Delhi, our Englishmen encamp-  
ing,

They swore vengeance on the Rebels, that caused them  
so much pain;

Tired and footsore, o'er hill and dale are tramping,

Until they do get vengeance, till death they will remain,  
They picture to themselves, the sights of blood and  
murder,

Their officers and comrades, for revenge their blood  
does cry;

Their wrongs will be redressed, from the infant to the  
father,

For ravishing our daughters; no quarters! they must  
die.

So on, lads, on, &c.

Success attend our soldiers, that's again called to action,  
Although they have scarce returned from Russia's  
gory plain,

They come home, crowned with Laurels, they gave  
such satisfaction,

They must go and leave there families; and the war-  
rior fight again,

The Sepoys now must tremble, no mercy will be shown  
them,

For in the midst of war's alarms, they hear the fe-  
males cry,

Think of those little innocents, may God in glory  
crown them,

Go forth all you brave English hearts, to conquer or  
to die.

Then fight, lads, fight, it is the widow calls you,

Your ears are never deaf unto the orphan's cry.

Go unto a man, and make those Sepoy's tremble,

With Colin Campbell by your side, you'll conquer  
or will die.

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