



A new Song on the AFGHAN WAR.

Good people all I pray draw near
And a comical tale I'll let you hear,
It's all about a terrible row
That we are going to have now.

CHORUS.

So get out of the way the Indian's coming,
Clear the way the Indian's coming.
Get out of the way the blacks are coming
Don't you see the white folks running.

Sure the Afghanistans does declare,
That England is not acting fair
And is determined on the spot,
To have their rights, or know for what.

When this war begins as we are told,
They'll enlist both young and old,
Blind lame and lazy with all their might
Will have to go the blacks to fight.

When the fogies heard the other night
That they'd be called out, and have to fight,
They got so very much in dread,
That their old red night-caps all dropt dead.

Now the Amoer swears both high and low,
That if John Bull dose near him go,
He'll catch him in the passage of Cabul,
And make pound pieces of his skull.

'Twould be better to face the old boy himself,
Than to go and fight this Indian elt,
They got enough of him before Hydrabad,
When they went to meddle with his old grand-dad.

Now all the Militia must stand the brunt
For they're going to clap them in the front,
But what the b——s will they do
When they see the darkies coming with a great ya hoo

Now the Afghans are in such a rage,
That in this war they will engage,
To make John Bull before it s o'er,
Say, I'm well licked and I'll fight no more.

Now to conclude my comical tale,
I hope that Ireland will not fail,
To take example by this test,
And become a nation amongst the rest.

