

THE
LATE INDIA WAR



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Good people all of each degree both high and low draw
near,
Pray listen with attention to these few lines you'll hear,
Concerning British soldiers some killed & wounded sore,
Far from their native country in the late India war.

Some gallant officers did yield to death as I will pen,
And sad to say that England did lose some thousand men,
The Sikhs they lost thousands more, as you may plainly
see,
Which caused them for to leave the field and lose the
victory.

In the month of last December this India war took place,
Where 20 thousand Englishmen did sixty thousand face,
Three thousand British soldiers lay bleeding in their gore,
But still they gained the victory in the late India war.

Brave General Sale led on the van 'till he to death did yield
He boldly did command his men when in the battle field,
He saw his men lay bleeding which grieved him full sore,
While fighting for old England in the late India war.

Sir Henry Harding understand, unto his men did say—
Come on my lads to action and show them British play,
With fire and smoke this day we'll make the thundering
cannons roar,
When in the field of battle in the late India War.

Many pieces of cannon from their foe the British bore away
What slaughter there was in the field & horses bleeding
lay ;

Many a mother for her darling son & widows do deplore,
For those that fell by sword and ball in the late India war.

Nine thousand & 3 hundred brave Englishmen were lost,
Two and thirty thousand of the Sikhs, we hear their lives
it cost,

And dearly they will have to pay which grieveth them
full sore,
Unto our English government for the late India war.

A freedom box of massive gold we understand will be,
Presented to the officers all for their bravery,
But soldiers that have lost their limbs which they cannot
restore,
They will not so rewarded be for the late India War.

The poor man for his services, now mark what I do say,
His reward will be a wooden leg & perhaps sixpence a day,
That has been the satisfaction of many a one before,
When they their lives did venture in the late India war.

JOHNNY DOYLE

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
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I am a fair maiden what's crossed in love,
My case I'll refer to the powers above ;
Since grieving's no pleasure, I'll count it no toil
To roam the world over for young Johnny Doyle

It was all upon one Saturday night,
As me and my true love were about to take a flight ;
My waiting-maid a-standing by, so plain as you
may see,
She went unto my mother and told upon me.

My mother confined me in a room that was high,
Where no one could see me, not even a passer-by;—
She packed up my clothing and bade me begone,
So slowly and sadly as I passed along.

Six hundred thousand pounds my father did provide
Likewise a horse and pillion all for me to ride ;
And six noble horsemen to ride by my side,
In order to make me young Samuel Moore's bride.

We rode and we rode till we reached the town :
We rode to the churchyard and there we got down,
Singing, "you have had the pleasure, but I have
had the toil,"
For my poor heart is breaking for young Johnny
Doyle.

By the side of Samuel Moore they compelled me
to stand,
They likewise did force me to give my hand,
But when I should have spoken I scarcely could
sigh,
The thought of young Johnny ran so in my eye,

Just as the Minister entered the door,
My ear-rings they bursted, and fell upon the floor,
In fifty-five pieces my stay-laces flew,
Me thought that my poor heart it would have
bursted too.

But now then you see I am Samuel Moore's wife,
And true and constant unto him I will be all this
life,
Grieving would be sinful, so I'll bear up 'gainst my
toil,
But my poor heart is broken for the love of Johnny
Doyle.



1850