

THE  
**LATE INDIA WAR.**

\*\*\*\*\*  
and Co., 2 and 3 Monmouth Court,  
Seven Dials.

\*\*\*\*\*

**G**OOD 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 and 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 his heart 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 smoks this day we'll make the thundring  
cannons roar  
Stand to your guns my british boys in this great India  
war.

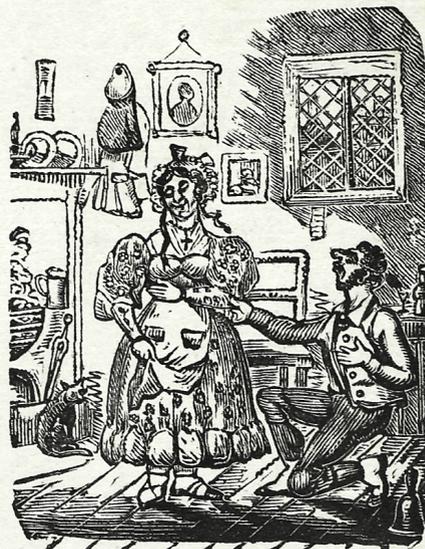
Since that another victory the British have obtained,  
When thousands of the enemy in crimson gore was stained  
And many gallant Englishmen they fell to rise no more,  
When in the field of battle in the late India war.

Many pieces of cannon from their foe the British bore  
away,  
What slaughter there was in the field and horses bleed-  
ing lay,  
Many a mother for her darling son and widows do  
deplore,  
For those that fell by sword & ball in the late India war.

9,000 and 300 brave Englishmen were lost,  
& 30 thousand of the Sikhs, we hear their lives it  
cost, (full sore,  
And dearly they will have to pay which grieveth them  
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 6d a day  
That has been the satisfaction of many a one before  
When they their lives did venture like the late India  
Wa



THE MAIDS  
**Of Merry England.**



& Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth  
Court, 7 Dials, and 35, Hanover street, Portsea;  
where upwards of 4000 different sorts of ballads  
are continually on sale, together with 50 new  
penny song books.



**O** THE maids of merry England, so beautiful and fair,  
With eyes like diamonds sparkling and richly flow-  
ing hair—  
Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits ever  
gay,  
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!  
They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that  
bloom,  
On the sportive breezes shedding their choice and sweet  
per.ume,  
Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varied array,  
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

They smile when we are appy, when we are sad they  
sigh—  
When anguish wrings our bosoms, the tear they gently  
dry—  
O happy is the nation that owns their tender sway,  
The maids of merry England how beautiful are they  
Then ever like true patriots may we join both heart and  
hand,  
To protect the lovely maidens of this our father land—  
And that heaven may ever bless them we all devoutly pray  
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

1840

