

THE
LATE INDIA WAR.

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

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 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.

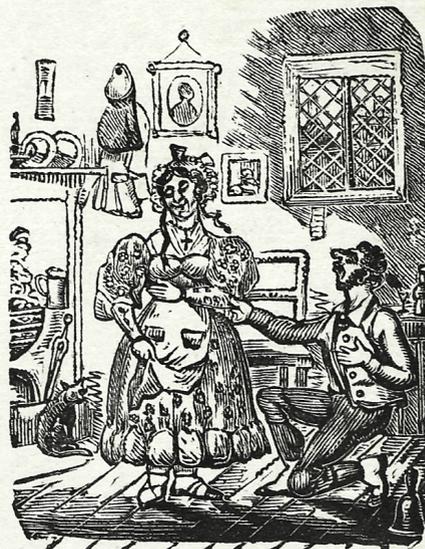
Since that another victory the British have obtained,
When thousands of the enemy in crimson gore was stained
And many gallant Englishmen they fell to rise no more,
When in the field of battle in the late India war.

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

