

# The Fall of Delhi

*Air—Red, White, and Blue.*



Rial, Printer, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials.

**P**RELUDE Delhi at last has been taken,  
Hurrah for Britannia's brave sons!  
The hard-hearted Indians are beaten,  
Our soldiers the victory won;  
Though we had but one man to sixty,  
Old England's powder and ball,  
Flew around the base cowards so swiftly,  
Until they made Delhi to fall.

The Indians will ever remember,  
When the British hot powder and ball,  
On the twentieth day of September,  
Britons conquered! and Delhi did fall.

Six days they had terrible fighting,  
It was a most glorious sight,  
Britons thought of Cawnpore—vengeance  
wreaking,

And God was defending the right.  
They remembered the women and children,  
Whose innocent souls are in heaven,  
On the twentieth of glorious September,  
Eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

On the very same day we gained Alma,  
When Britons made Russians deplore,  
Our soldiers made Delhi to tremble,  
And conquered the enemy sore;  
Though the King and his sons were escaping,  
Said Britannia that never can be,  
The three cursed rogues must be taken,  
They shall swing on the bough of a tree.

Go forward, my lads, said Old Campbell,  
We'll make the black rascals to fly,  
Go at them, my boys, said brave Havelock,  
On the plains they like vermin shall lie;

The country we'll keep in subjection,  
The villains shall rule never more,  
No, not while Britannia remembers  
The massacre done at Cawnpore.

There is no lad like Britons for valour,  
They were always just as they are now,  
Undaunted, courageous, and clever,  
In the battle, or home at the plough.  
Always victory gained—ne'er was beaten,  
By land, no, nor yet on the main,  
And this is a true soldier's motto,  
We will fight, and we'll conquer again.

Then hurrah for a true British soldier,  
Fill a bumper and let it go round,  
No lions could ever fight bolder,  
Great Delhi they razed to the ground;  
Six long days and nights they were fighting,  
Britons never of Death was afraid,  
And such heroes who fight for Old England,  
Ought to be better treated and paid.

When our soldiers were fighting in India,  
And at Delhi did venture their lives,  
They thought of their brothers and sisters,  
Their parents, their children, and wives;  
They thought of the mothers and infants,  
The cannibals slew at Cawnpore:  
Death or glory! they cried, down with Delhi,  
The villains shall never rule more.

Then three cheers for our brave British  
soldiers,  
Who th walls of great Delhi did harl,  
And made th <sup>o</sup>surpers to tremble,  
Did the glory<sup>n</sup> and pride of the world.

