

Tune—Battle of Algiers.



**T**HE Russian war just ended, and our lads  
come o'er the main,  
Britannia's bugle sounded boys, prepare for  
war again ;

You must face the treacherous Indians, and  
across the ocean go,  
When England's gallant soldiers soon, will lay  
the tyrants low.

Courageous, bold, and steady, they so willing  
are to go,  
Britannia's sons are ready, for to meet the  
Indian foe.

The Indian soldiers mutin ed, like cannibal<sup>s</sup>  
they stood,  
While their wicked hearts was panting for in-  
nocent English blood ;  
The British officers they slew with powder, shot  
and ball,

It awful was to see them on the plains of India fall  
And then they wreaked their vengeance upon  
the ladies fair,

Who on their knees for mercy begged in sor-  
row and despair ;  
But no the cruel wretches, no pity would they show  
But mangled their sweet bodies on the fatal  
ground so low.

With hearts more harder far than steel, which  
does their tribe degrade,  
They wreaked their cowardly vengeance on  
the innocent smiling babes ;  
With cruel sword and bayonets they did the  
infants wound,  
And smile to see them in their gore upon the  
Indian ground

Their treachery and their villainy is too awful  
to unfold,  
Such slaughtering and cruelty before was never  
told,

They murdered all before them, and like can-  
nibals did smile,  
And not one spark of mercy showed to man,  
woman, or child.

Britannia now with vengeance will soon satis-  
faction gain,  
She has beat them often times before, and will  
do so again ;  
Her soldiers are courageous, they will give them  
powder and ball,  
They will every one exterminate, the Indian dogs  
shall fall.

They are no use in battle, from Britannia's sons  
they'll run,  
Our artillery guns shall rattle, though they fifty  
are to one ;  
Upon the plains of India shall the treacherous  
villains lie,  
Englaad will show no mercy, though they may  
for mercy cry.

Our gallant lads are gone to fight, no danger do  
they fear,  
Although so kind, they leave behind, their wives  
and children dear ;  
Oh Providence protect them & grant them victory  
And guide each soldier home again, to his wife  
and family.

You that on down are sleeping, in comfort happily  
Can you imagine what is felt by land and ou the  
sea,  
While you are free from danger, and pleasures  
you surround,  
Sympathize with those who fight for you, while  
on your beds of down.

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