

# THE WAR IN INDIA

What means this cry of tumult that echoes o'er the ocean?  
 Why sounds the hoarse trumpet of strife to England from afar;  
 Why is the flag unfurled in our Indian possessions,  
 And has involved old England again in a dread war?  
 The blood stained sword so lately sheathed from the struggle on the Crimean shore,  
 That were wielded by brave hearts, who alas! are now no more,  
 Must from their scabbards again be drawn, and buried in the heart's blood warm  
 Of those that have disturbed the peace upon fair India's shore.

## CHORUS

Then cheer boys cheer, for England bonny England,  
 Buckle on your armour and hasten to afar,  
 or your services required are with the foe to be mingling,  
 Haste lads haste, unto the Indian war.

England has for years maintained o'er India British sway,  
 And curbed the disaffected with an iron hand, in their forces too much faith have placed,  
 Not dreaming there would come the day when mutiny it might disturb  
 The peace of India's land, but now the British nation is rife with consternation,  
 And filled with anxious fears each heart and caused us to deplore,  
 Now in a state of mutiny our Indian forces are we see,  
 So farewell to all humanity upon fair India's shore.  
 Cheer boys cheer, &c.

The native troops so long aublied in blood their hands they have embrued,  
 Of unoffending Women—with Children in their arms,  
 Now Delhi is a scene of woe where the crimson blood in torrents flow,  
 Each day brings news of fresh blows and fills us with alarms,  
 Thus shall we live and quite be, and not avenge the massacre,  
 No! let loose our British Bull dogs as we have done before,  
 And let us the assassins show that to revenge we are not slow,  
 Nor stop till we once more restore peace on fair India's shore.  
 Cheer boys, cheer, &c.

Thus spoke Sir Colin Campbell, is there a man on England's ground,  
 That breathes a thought disloyal to his country or his Queen,  
 No! our Soldiers have so oft been tried, that their bravery cannot be denied,  
 To fight for England is their pride as oft times has been seen,  
 Then give me but a sturdy band, and of mutineers I'll clear the land.  
 I'll lead my comrades sword in hand as I have done before,  
 Brave Campbell cried onward with me my lads for fame and liberty,  
 We will not give in until we see, peace upon fair India's shore.

Then cheer boys, cheer.

Our Indian soil by blood was gained, and still by blood must be maintained  
 Our power still we will retain of that land where riches lie,  
 They shall not tear it from our grasp, we will stand our ground until the last,  
 And in remembrance of the past we will conquer or we'll die.  
 Then raise the British banner high, and let death or glory be your cry,  
 And show the foe we them defy, and of victory you'll be sure,  
 Fight hand to hand and to them prove that Britons are both staunch and true,  
 And cause the traitors for to rue their deeds on India's shore.

Cheer boys, cheer.

Then cheer my lads and beat to arms, and to the standard quickly run,  
 It is the honour of Old England that you to glory call,  
 For nations now are standing by, a watching with a jealous eye,  
 Who for years have waited anxiously to witness England's fall,  
 But let us show that Britons can, and will stand true unto a man,  
 And clear of traitors India's land as we have done before  
 Then cheer old England three times three, the land of love and liberty.  
 We will be masters they shall see, still of fair India's shore.  
 Cheer boys, cheer.



1857