"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march
Where Allah's finger guides them
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you,
To name our bravest man
Ye all at once would answer,
They call'd him, Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living
And strong for battle still
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climbed like these, the Hill?"

And they replied, "Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done."

"Enough," he shouted fiercely;
"Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well!
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?"

FRANCIS DOYLE.

23. MUSING ON A VICTORY

DOWN by the Sutlej shore,
Where sound the trumpet and the wild tum-tum,
At winter's eve did come
A gaunt old northern lion, at whose roar
The myriad howlers of thy winds are dumb,
Blood-stained Ferozepore!

In the rich Indian night,
And dreaming of his mate beyond the sea,
Toil-worn but grand to sight,
He made his lair, in might,
Beneath thy dark palm-tree,
And thou didst rouse him to the unequal fight—
And woe for thee
For some of that wild land
Had heard him in the desert where he lay;
And soon he snuffs upon their hurtling way,
The hunters—band by band;

And up he gat him from the eastern sand
And leaped upon his prey.

. . . . . .

Alas for man ! Alas for all thy dreams,
Thou great somnambulist, wherein, outlawed
From right and thought, thou workest out unawed
Thy grand fantastic fancies ! Thro' the flood,
The pestilence, the whirlwind, the dread plain
Of thunders—thro' the earthquake and the storm,
The deluge and the snows, the whirling ice
Of the wild glacier, every ghastly form
Of earth's most vexed vicissitudes of pain,—
Thro' worlds of fire and seas of mingled blood
Thou rushest, dreadful as a maniac god ;
And only finding that thou wert not sane
When some great sorrow thunders at thy brain
And wakes thee trembling by a precipice.

Alas for thee, thou grey-haired man that still
Art sleeping, and canst hold thy grandchild high
That he may see the gorgeous wrong go by
Which slew his father. And for thee, thou bright
Inheritress of summer-time and light,
Alas for thee, that thy young cheek is flush'd
With dreaming of the lion and the foe,
Tho' it had been yet paler than the snow
Upon the battle-hill, if once had gush'd,
But once before thee, even the feeblest flow
Of that life's blood that swept in floods below.
Alas ! that even thy beauty cannot break
The vampire spell of such a war-dream's woe,—

Alas ! tho' waking might have been to know
Things which had made it sweeter not to wake.

Alas for man—poor hunchback—all so proud
And yet so conscious ; man that stalks divine
Because he feels so mortal, speaking loud
To drown the trembling whisper in his heart,
And wildly hurrying on from crowd to crowd,
In hope to shun the faithful shapes that start
Wherever lake doth sleep or streamlet shine
In silent solitudes. When once in youth
Fresh from the spheres, and too severely wise,
Truth drew the face he longed yet feared to view,
Stung with the instinct that confessed it true
He dashed the tablets from her sacred hand ;
She drops her singing robes and leaves his land ;
And Fiction, decent in the garb of Truth,
While lurking mischief lights her lambent eyes,
Seizes the fallen pencil, and with grave
Historic features paints the lies we crave.

So war became the welcome woe. The grass
Grows tear-bedewed upon a lonely grave,
And we plant sad flow'rs and sweet epitaphs,
And every grief of monumental stone,
Above a single woe ; but let men sleep
In thousands, and we choose their hideous heap
For joy to hold his godless orgies on.
Is it that some strange law's unknown behest
Makes gladness of the greatest woes we have
And leaves us but to sorrow for the less ?
Even as in outward nature light's excess

Is blindness, and intensest motion rest;
Or is it not—oh conscious heart declare—
That the vast pride of our o'erwrought despair
Seeing the infinite grief, and knowing yet
We have no tears to pay such deep distress,
Grown wild, repudiates the direful debt,
And in its very bankrupt madness laughs?—

Yet when this Victory's fame shall pass, as grand
And griefless as a rich man's funeral,
Thro' nations that look on with spell-bound eye,
While echoing plaudits ring from land to land,
Alas! will there be none among the good
And great and brave and free, to speak of all
The pale piled pestilence of flesh and blood,
The common cold corruption that doth lie
Festering beneath the pall?

Alas! when time has deified the thought
Of this day's desperate devilry, and men
(Who scorn to inherit virtue, but will ape
Their sires, and bless them, when they sin) shall shape
A graven image of the thought, and then
Fall down to worship it—will no one dare,
While nations kneel before the idol there,
To stand and tell them it is Juggernaut?
Alas for man! if this new crime shall yield
To truth no harvest for the sighs it cost;
If this crowned corpse, this pale ensceptred ghost
That stalks, Ferozepore, from thy red field
Robed as a king, shall all unchallenged pass
Down the proud scene of Time. Alas, alas

If there are some to weep and some to pray,
And none to bow their humbled heads and say,
Low sighing,—There hath been a mortal strife;
And thirteen thousand murdered men lie there,
And day and night upon the tainted air
Blaspheme the Lord of Life.

SYDNEY DOBELL.

24. CHILLIANWALLAH

CHILLIANWALLAH, Chillianwallah!
Where our brothers fought and bled,
O thy name is natural music
And a dirge above the dead!
Though we have not been defeated,
Though we can't be overcome,
Still, whene'er thou art repeated,
I would fain that grief were dumb.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a name so sad and strange,
Like a breeze through midnight harpstrings
Ringing many a mournful change;
But the wildness and the sorrow
Have a meaning of their own—
Oh, whereof no glad to-morrow
Can relieve the dismal tone!

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a village dark and low,
By the bloody Jhelum river
Bridged by the foreboding foe;

And across the wintry water
He is ready to retreat,
When the carnage and the slaughter
Shall have paid for his defeat.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
'Tis a wild and dreary plain,
Strewn with plots of thickest jungle,
Matted with the gory stain.
There the murder-mouthed artillery,
In the deadly ambuscade,
Wrought the thunder of its treachery
On the skeleton brigade.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
When the night set in with rain,
Came the savage plundering devils
To their work among the slain;
And the wounded and the dying
In cold blood did share the doom
Of their comrades round them lying,
Stiff in the dead skyless gloom.

Chillianwallah, Chillianwallah!
Thou wilt be a doleful chord,
And a mystic note of mourning
That will need no chiming word;
And that heart will leap with anguish
Who may understand thee best;
But the hopes of all will languish
Till thy memory is at rest.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

25. AFTER CAWNPORE

JUNE, 1857

FOURTEEN, all told, no more,
Pack'd close within the door
Of that old idol-shrine:
And at them, as they stand,
And from that English band,
The leaden shower went out, and Death proclaim'd them Mine!
Fourteen against an army; they, no more,
Had 'scaped Cawnpore.

With each quick volley-flash
The bullets ping and plash:
Yet, though the tropic noon
With furnace-fury broke
The sulphur-curling smoke,
Scarr'd, sear'd, thirst-silenced, hunger-faint, they stood: And soon
A dusky wall,—death sheltering life,—uprose
Against their foes.

Behind them now is cast
The horror of the past;
The fort that was no fort,
The deep dark-heaving flood
Of foes that broke in blood
On our devoted camp, victims of fiendish sport;
From that last huddling refuge lured to fly,
—And help so nigh!

Down toward the reedy shore
That fated remnant pour,
Mad Fear and Death beside;
And other spectres yet
Of darker vision flit,—
Old unforgotten wrongs, the harshness and the pride
Of that imperial race which sway'd the land
By sheer command!

O little hands that strain
A mother's hand in vain
With terror vague and vast:—
Parch'd eyes that cannot shed
One tear upon the head,
A young child's head, too bright for such fell death to blast!
Ah! sadder captive train ne'er filed to doom
Through vengeful Rome!

From Ganges' reedy shore
The death-boats they unmoor,
Stack'd high with hopeless hearts;
A slowly-drifting freight
Through the red jaws of Fate,
Death-blazing banks between, and flame-wing'd arrow-darts:—
Till down the holy stream those cargoes pour
Their flame and gore.

In feral order slow
The slaughter-barges go,
Martyrs of heathen scorn:
While, saved from flood and fire
To glut the tyrant's ire,

The quick and dead in one, from their red shambles borne,
Maiden and child, in that dark grave they throw,
Our well of woe!

Ah spot on which we gaze
Through Time's all-softening haze,
In peace, on them at peace
And taken home to God!
—O whether 'neath the sod,
Or sea, or desert sand, what care,—if that release
From this dim shadow-land, through pathways dim
Bear us to Him!

But those fourteen, the while,
Wrapt in the present smile
On their grim baffled foe;
Till o'er the wall he heaps
The fuel-pile, and steeps
With all that burns and blasts;—and now, perforce, they go
Hack'd down and thinn'd, beyond that temple-door
But Seven,—no more.

O Elements at strife
With this poor human life,
Stern laws of Nature fair!
By flame constrain'd to fly
The treacherous stream they try,—
And those dark Ganges waves suck down the souls they bear!—
Ah, crowning anguish! Dawn of hope in sight;
Then, final night!

And now, Four heads, no more,
Life's flotsam flung ashore,
They lie :—But not as they
Who o'er a dreadful past
The heart's-ease sigh may cast !
Too worn ! too tried !—their lives but given them as a prey !
Whilst all seems now a dream, a nought of nought,
For which they fought !

—O stout Fourteen, who bled
O'erwhelm'd, not vanquished !
In those dark days of blood
How many dared, and died,
And others at their side
Fresh heroes, sprang,—a race that cannot be subdued !
—Like them who pass'd Death's vale, and lived ;
—the Four
Saved from Cawnpore !

F. T. PALGRAVE.

26. THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

I

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry !
Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high
Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—

Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives !
Hold it we might !—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post !"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave :
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave.
"Every man die at his post !" and there hail'd on our houses and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,

So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear him—the murderous mole!
Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew!

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.

What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily devoured by the tide—
So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—
Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:

"Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—
Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—
Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.
Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true!
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusillades—
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: "Follow me, follow me!"—
Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?
Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!
Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight!
But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loop-holes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,

Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a life.
Valour of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief.
Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls
Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout,
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers?
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,

Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

27. THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

'PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear.

Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,
Pray to-day!" the soldier said;
"To-morrow death's between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread!"

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Till up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground,
"Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes of Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true,
As her mother's cradle crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear.
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call;
"Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all?"

Oh, they listened dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast.
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."

O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and home-like strain;
And the tartan clove the turban
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the cornland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

J. G. WHITTIER.

28. THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

OH! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men, and we all worked on:
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee.
"When my father comes hame frae the plough," she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke, and roar, and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village lane,
And wall, and garden,—a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"The Highlanders; oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa—
The MacGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless the bonnie Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started, for they were there to die;
Was life so near them then?

They listened for life: but the rattling fire
Far off and the far-off roar
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said: "That slogan's dune;
But can ye no hear them, noo?—
The Campbells are coming! It's no' a dream;
Our succours hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they play'd "Auld Lang Syne";
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd!
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them
Our men put Jessie first:
And the general took her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the piper's ribbons and tartan stream'd
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

R. T. S. LOWELL.

29. THE LUCKNOW GARRISON

STILL stand thy ruins 'neath the Indian sky,
Memorials eloquent of blood and tears.
Oh, for the spirit of those days gone by
To wake a strain amid these later years
Worthy of thee and thine! I seem to see,
When thinking on thy consecrated dead,
From thy scarred chambers start
The heroes whom thy fiery travail bred
And made thee—for us English—what thou art.

Green grows the grass around thy crumbling walls,
Where glorious Lawrence groaned his life away;
And Childhood's footsteps echo through those halls
Wherein thy wounded and thy dying lay.
While blent with infant laughter seems to rise
The far-off murmur of thy battle roll,
The prayer—the shout—the groan—
Outram's unselfish chivalry of soul,
And white-haired Havelock's strong, commanding tone.

Yet, what are names? The genius of the spot,
Born of our womanhood and manhood brave
Shall fire our children's children. Ne'er forgot
Shall be the dust of thy historic grave
While Reverence fills the sense with musing calm,
While Glory stirs the pulse of prince or clown,
While blooms on British sod
The glorious flower of our fair renown,
Our English valour and our trust in God!

The memory of the living! Lo, they stand
Engirt with honour while the day draws in,
An ever-lessening and fraternal band
Linked chivalrous in glory and akin
To earth's immortals! Time may bow the frame
And plough deep wrinkles 'mid their honoured scars,
But death—like Night which brings
To Earth the blaze majestic of the stars,
Shall but enhance their glory with his wings!

The memory of the Dead! A pilgrim, I
Have bowed my face before thy honoured shrine,
With pride deep-welling while the moments by
Sped to a human ecstasy divine
Tingling my very blood, to think that they,
Martyrs and victors in our English need,
Were children of the Earth—
Yet better—heroes of our island breed
And men and women of our British birth!

J. R. Denning.

30. RAJPOOT REBELS

On the Sardah, 1858

Where the mighty cliffs are frowning
Far o'er the torrent's fall,
And the pine and the oak stand crowning
The ridges of high Nepaul,

Sat twenty Rajpoot rebels,
Haggard and pale and thin,
Lazily chucking the pebbles
Into the foaming lynn.

Their eyes were sunken and weary,
With a sort of listless woe
They looked from their desolate eyrie
Over the plains below.

They turned from the mountain breezes
And shivered with cold and damp,
They were faint with the fierce diseases
Of the deadly jungle swamp.

Two had wounds from a sabre
And one from an Enfield ball,
But no one cared for his neighbour,
There was sickness or wounds on all.

The Rajpoot leader rose then
Stiffly and slow from the ground,
He looked at the camp of his foes then,
And he looked at his brethren round;

And he said: "From my country driven
With the last of my hunted band,
My home to another given,
On a foreign soil I stand.

"They have burnt every roof in the village,
They have slain the best of my kin,
They have ruined and burnt and pillaged,
And yet we had done no sin;

"Our clans were heady and rude,
Our robbers many and tall,
But our fighting never shed English blood,
Nor harried an English hall.

"The king took tithe if he might;
He was paid by a knave or a fool;
For we held our lands on a firmer right
Than is given by parchment rule;

"Our fathers of old had cleared it
From the jungle with axe and sword,
Our ancient rights had endeared it
To him who was chief and lord.

"Our father's curse with our father's land,
Like the wrath of a great god's blow
May it fall on the head and the iron hand
And the ear of our English foe.

"As our fathers fought, we fight;
But a sword and a matchlock gun
'Gainst the serried line of bayonets bright
A thousand moving like one!

"From the banks of Ganges holy,
From the towers of fair Lucknow,
They have driven us surely and slowly,
They have crushed us blow on blow.

. . . . . .

"When the army has slain its fill,
When they bid the hangman cease;
They will beckon us down from the desert hill
To go to our homes in peace.

"To plough with a heavy heart,
And, of half our fields bereft,
'Gainst the usurer's oath, and the lawyer's art
To battle that some be left.

"At the sight of an English face
Loyally bow the head,
And cringe like slaves to the surly race
For pay and a morsel of bread;

"Toil like an ox or a mule
To earn the stranger his fee—
Our sons may brook the Feringhee's rule,
There is no more life for me!"

ALFRED LYALL.