

At Alma they swept o'er the heights like the blast,
And the Russian warriors vanished like smoke.

In hot, sunny India, long and severe
Was the strife that brought freedom to poor oppressed
ones ;
Detestably vile, Nina Sahib's career,
Ere Britain prevailed through the Gael's brave sons.

But the city of Delhi they quickly subdued,
And the wicked old king, while escaping was caught,
And the heathen so shameless, whose hands were
imbrued
In the blood of the guiltless, were terribly taught.

When the great Colin Campbell, of Lucknow's sad
plight
Had heard—he assembled his Highlanders there ;
No brave heart grew faint, but they went with delight—
And "The Campbells are coming," was rung through
the air.

And long ere the Highlanders reached that dark wall,
Their echo-like music was wafted before ;—