Naval Songs and Ballads

C. H. Firth, M. A.

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It is hoped that the VIEWS OF THE BATTLES OF THE THIRD DUTCH WAR, also due on the 1907 subscription, will be ready in May next.

March 1908.

Naval Songs and Ballads

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
C. H. FIRTH, M.A.
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, OXFORD

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INTRODUCTION

THE object of this volume is to bring together a collection of ballads illustrating the history of the British navy from the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. At every period since the invention of printing the exploits of English sailors found someone to celebrate them in verse. They never wanted a *vates sacer* of some kind or another, from the poet who preferred to give them immortality in elaborate verses, to the ballad-writer whose rough-hewn lines were merely intended to convey to the people the news of the day, or to represent what the people felt at the moment. It is to the last class of composition that the pieces here reprinted belong. They have a certain limited historical value. Though the details which they have

preserved cannot be implicitly trusted, they often contain an element of truth, and it is part of the business of the historian to sift this out. Their evidence may not be evidence of the highest value, but should not be entirely neglected. They tell historians what was felt and what was believed by those who wrote the ballads and those who bought them, show how public opinion was formed, and help to explain the growth of popular traditions.

Besides this, the ballads describe with singular vividness and realism certain aspects of maritime life, and supply a life and colour which is lacking in formal records of administration and official letters. They enable the historian to complete his picture and vivify his narrative, and the ordinary reader to realise the life of the past.

Of the ballads here reprinted a great number were the production of professional composers of ballads who had no direct connection with the navy, and no part in the events they described. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the ballad filled the place which the cheap newspaper fills now, and professional writers put the stirring incidents of the day into verse for the information of the people as naturally as the modern journalist puts them into prose. Most of the older narrative ballads are of this class: for instance, Deloney's verses on the capture of the Great Galeazzo and the taking of Cadiz. Often the ballad was simply an adaptation of a prose pamphlet on the same subject. In the registers of the Stationers' Company for the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century there are many examples of this. For instance, on May 15, 1579, Andrew White, a bookseller, entered as his copyright a prose pamphlet relating *The Wonderful Victory obtained by the Centurion of London against Five Spanish Gallies*, and

on the same day registers ‘a ballad of the same victory.’ (Arber, *Stationers’ Registers*, ii. 274 b.) Often a bookseller entering a prose narrative of this kind provided, at the same time, for securing the copyright of a ballad version which had not yet been written, just as a modern author reserves the right of dramatising a new novel. If this was not done some rival publisher or bookseller seized the opportunity, produced a ballad on the incident of the moment, and spoilt the sale of the original narrative (*ib.* ii. 162–3, 261–2). Not only incidents in naval history, but stories and items of news of every kind were treated in the same fashion, and to this practice we owe a number of prosaic ballads on every possible subject. The best of the professional ballad-writers did not limit themselves to the versification of actual events, but went further and embodied in verse their conception of the dangers and pleasures of sailors and of typical incidents of seafaring life. Martin Parker’s *Saylors for my Money* is a typical example of this, and such compositions form the staple of most collections of naval ballads, probably because their more general character and their greater merit gave them wider popularity and a longer life.

Another class of ballads consists of those written by sailors themselves to describe actions in which they had taken part. A ballad was not a difficult thing to write; the metre was usually simple, the rules about rhyme not exacting, and the traditional formulas and phrases to be employed were familiar. Hence it is not surprising that sailors, and occasionally officers, sometimes undertook to celebrate the exploits of the ships in which they served. Such ballads were produced in considerable frequency in the eighteenth century, and even early in the nineteenth, and some specimens are reprinted

in this volume. One written by a seaman on board the Burford, Vernon's flagship, describes the capture of Portobello; a second, written on board the flagship of Admiral Mathews, relates his battle off Toulon; a third, by a lieutenant of the Bellerophon, celebrates Howe's victory on the first of June, and is said to have been actually sung in the gun-room of the Bellerophon (pp. 177, 186, 271). In some cases the author reveals himself in the last lines of the ballad.

'I am a saucy foremast Jack, and to the *Arrow* do
belong,'

says the writer of one upon a sloop of that name. Another on the Robin Hood privateer concludes defiantly:

'My name is George Cook, the author of this,
And he may be hang'd that will take it amiss.'

A third, which narrates the escape of the Princess Royal from being wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, ends by suggesting that the poet should be rewarded for his pains:

'It was a brisk young sailor that these lines did
make,
And over a can of flip his heart would never
ache.'

(Pp. 290, 267, 191.)

There are many other ballads in which it is obvious that the writer was personally concerned in the incidents which form the subject of his verses, although no explicit avowal is actually made.

Finally there is yet a third class of ballads, neither

written by professional ballad-writers, nor by sailors themselves, but by professional men of letters. The popularity of the ballad induced writers to adopt that form of composition in order to catch the ear of the multitude. Hence a considerable number of satirical compositions cast in that mould, such as the verses against Torrington and Byng, given on pp. 110, 206 of this volume, and other pieces written with a direct political purpose. The typical specimen of this class of ballad is *Hosier's Ghost*, by Richard Glover, a professional poet who had already published a blank verse epic, and treated this subject in the fashion most likely to appeal to the multitude in order to secure their support for the attack on Walpole's foreign policy. Other professional authors, too, without any political object to serve, adopted the same form because they perceived that the sailor was a popular topic, and that his perils, his loves and his diversions, afforded good material for verse, if they were treated on the traditional lines. Dibdin was anticipated by Gay and Stevens, and many others whom the world has forgotten. But whatever popularity they attained in their own day, their productions have no claim to inclusion in these pages, for they merely represent a literary fashion, and are too artificial to possess any value for historical purposes. Moreover the best of them are so well known that it is unnecessary to reprint them, but two or three early examples have been inserted in order to show when this species of naval verse began to appear and how it originated. It has also seemed needful to give incidentally some brief account of the poetical literature which illustrates various periods in the history of the growth of English sea-power.

The earliest celebrations of the exploits of the

navy came from the pen of a professional poet, Laurence Minot. His works, first discovered by Thomas Tyrwhitt, were published by Joseph Ritson in 1795 under the title of *Poems on Interesting Events in the reign of King Edward III., written in the year 1352 by Laurence Minot*. The most accessible edition is that of Mr. Joseph Hall, published by the Clarendon Press in 1887. Of the eleven poems which Minot devotes to the occurrences of King Edward's reign, two narrate naval victories. The fifth recounts the fight with the French at Sluys on June 24, 1340; the tenth describes the battle known as Les Espagnols sur Mer, which took place off Winchelsea on August 29, 1350. Directly, the historical value of the two poems is small. Indirectly, they are valuable as illustrating the spirit of the time and the methods of naval warfare in the fourteenth century. 'The battles on the sea,' writes Froissart, 'are more dangerous and fiercer than the battles by land: for on the sea there is no recoiling nor fleeing; there is no remedy but to fight and to abide fortune, and every man to show his prowess' (Chapter L). There was no pity for the defeated, and prisoners were thrown overboard. One ballad exultantly records that 'the caityffs come out of France were taught to swim,' the other, that the Spaniards 'sail in the sea-ground fishes to feed.' A similar spirit reappears in some of the seventeenth century ballads.

The fifteenth century is represented in this collection by a nautical ballad describing a pilgrimage to St. James at Compostella, which was probably written during the reign of Henry VI. Its interest lies in its description of life on board ship, and in the number of naval terms and phrases it preserves. 'The song,' says Sir Cyprian Bridge, 'is most likely the composition of a sailor on board what

was certainly a merchant vessel, and one of its subjects—for it portrays seamen's life as well—is that which always was, and perhaps is, a matter of unfailing interest and amusement to sailors, viz., the miseries of landsmen afloat in rough weather' (Stone, p. 196). The period furnished few warlike exploits to celebrate, but a fight off Harfleur in August 1416, in which the Duke of Bedford defeated the Genoese caracks in the service of France, was sufficiently famous to be commemorated at length in Hardyng's rhymed Chronicle, and to be recorded in the verse tract called the *Libel of English Policy*. Both passages are reprinted by Sir Harris Nicholas (*History of the Royal Navy*, ii. 421, 424). The *Libel of English Policy*, written during the reign of Henry VI., laments the decay of the navy, and the neglect to guard the seas. Hakluyt, who reprinted the poem in his *Voyages*, described it as 'exhorting all England to keep the sea, and namely the narrow sea; showing what profit cometh thereof, and also what worship and salvation to England, and to all English men.' (*The Principal Navigations, etc., of the English Nation*, vol. ii. p. 114, ed. 1903; the *Libel* is also reprinted in Thomas Wright's *Political Poems and Songs relating to English History*, 1861, ii. 157). It sets forth also the consequences of forgetting to guard the seas, and the damage which English commerce suffered from the pirates who were allowed to prey upon it unchecked. Of these the Bretons, especially the men of St. Malo, and the Flemings were the chief, and two particular pirates, Hankyn Lyons and Pety Pynson, are mentioned by name. Throughout the fifteenth century, and indeed until the close of the sixteenth, the Channel and the British seas in general were infested by pirates. There were Italian pirates as well as Bretons. In a ballad which gives a legendary

history of the overthrow of Richard III., a messenger is sent by Lord Stanley to Henry Tudor with money for the intended expedition to England. The great danger the messenger fears is the galleys of the Italian pirates.

‘They will me rob, they will me drown,
They will take the gold from me.’

(*The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy*, edited by J. O. Halliwell, Percy Society, 1847, pp. 27, 64). The popular ballad entitled *John Dory*, which first appeared in print in 1609, seems to embody some tradition of the fights with Italian pirates, or perhaps of some earlier battle with Italian sailors in French service such as that of 1416. The longer ballad, narrating Sir Edward Howard’s battle with Sir Andrew Barton, printed on pages 6–15, describes an historical event which took place in 1511, and is recorded by John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, in his Chronicle. The details embody popular tradition rather than facts. The version of the ballad printed here is a sixteenth century version preserved in Bishop Percy’s MS. It was partially rewritten and adorned with various rhetorical additions by some seventeenth century writer. This late version, which begins,

‘When Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,’

is reprinted in Stone’s *Sea Songs and Ballads* (p. 64), where there may also be found a still later echo of the original ballad, entitled *Henry Marten* (p. 72).

These few ballads and poems comprise all the verse literature in existence touching the naval

history of the period which preceded the accession of Elizabeth. With her reign the literature of the subject at once assumes considerable proportions. Mr. Julian Corbett goes too far when he says 'It is one of the remarkable features of the Elizabethan age that its higher literature displays hardly a trace of having been influenced by the exploits of the seamen.' (*Drake and the Tudor Navy*, ii. 44.) On the contrary Professor Raleigh shows conclusively, in his introduction to the recent reprint of Hakluyt, the extent to which the voyages and discoveries of that time influenced the imagination of contemporary poets. Writers by profession, whether they wrote for a learned audience or the people, began to discover that the character of the great seamen of the time furnished a popular topic for panegyric, and to celebrate their deeds in verse. William Warner inserted in his *Albion's England* a spirited description of the fight with the Armada, and a passage in praise of 'world-admired Drake,' 'his brave breeder Hawkins' and others of less note. It was to be wished, he suggested, that some better poet than himself should write 'their glorious journeys' and give them the immortality they deserved, for they would make 'immortal pen-work.'

Drake had already been the subject of two poems. In 1587 one Thomas Greepe published *The true and perfect news of the worthy and valiant Exploits of Sir Francis Drake*, which contained, in very halting verse, an account of the taking of Cartagena. In 1596 Charles Fitzgeffrey, poet and divine, published *Sir Francis Drake his honourable Life's Commendation and his tragical Death's Lamentation*. In this elaborate and rhetorical poem 'that high towering falcon,' as an Elizabethan critic calls Fitzgeffrey, celebrated not only Drake, but Drake's predecessors from Cabot to

Hawkins. In like manner Gervase Markham devoted a poem of 1,400 lines to *The Most Honourable Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinvile, Knight*, which appeared in 1595 (reprinted by Dr. E. Arber in 1877 under the title of *The Last Fight of the Revenge*). There is also extant a poem *In Praise of Seafaring Men, in Hope of Good Fortune*, which bears the alternative title of *Sir Richard Grenfilldes Farewell*, referring apparently to Greynvile's voyage of discovery in 1585. It is reprinted by Halliwell in his *Early Naval Ballads* (p. 14) and by Stone, *Sea Songs* (p. 5).

A number of minor poems also deserve mention. There is, for instance, John Kirkham's *Commendation of Martin Frobisher* (printed in Halliwell p. 45), another by Thomas Ellis (*Ballads from Manuscript*, ii. 282), and there are others by Thomas Churchyard (Collier, *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, ii. 47, 51). Better known is George Peele's *Farewell to the most famous Generals Sir John Norvis and Sir Francis Drake, Knights*, which refers to their expedition to Portugal in 1589 (Peel's *Works*, ed. Bullen, ii. 233). One might mention also Donne's two poems *The Storm* and *The Calm*, both expressly said to refer to 'The Island voyage with the Earl of Essex,' *i.e.* the expedition to the Azores in 1597 (Donne's *Works*, ed. Grosart, ii. 3–10). Last of all, and best, there is Drayton's *Ode to the Virginia Voyage* (Poems, 1627, p. 295).

The surprising thing is not the paucity of literary references to the exploits of the Elizabethan seamen, which were generally, if inadequately, commemorated, but the limited number of songs and ballads on the subject which have reached us. The popular literature of the period was very extensive in amount and very diverse in character. The registers of the Stationers' Company for the reign of Elizabeth

contain very numerous entries of ballads which deal with the incidents of the day or with aspects of the life of the time. Few of them, comparatively, deal with sailors or seafaring matters, and of those many have perished. There was a famous ballad entitled *Row well, ye mariners*, registered in 1566, which was sufficiently popular to be 'moralised' two or three times over—that is, converted into a spiritual song of an allegorical nature (Collier, *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, i. 130, 161, 175). The words are lost, though the tune has survived (*Old English Popular Music* by W. Chappell, ed. 1893, i. 127). Lost, too, are *The Sailor's New Tantara*, published in 1584, a ballad *In Praise of the Queen's Ships* (beginning 'O the Elizabeth Jonas') published in 1586, *The Sailor's Joy*, published in 1595, and *A true Sailor's Song against Spanish Pride* that appeared in 1590 (Arber, *Registers of the Stationers' Company*, iii. 200, 210, 254, 317). Of the ballads which described life at sea several can be traced. One on 'the perilous pains of poor mariners' was licensed on October 13, 1579, and another on March 10, 1582, concerning 'the danger of sailors and their troubles, turmoil, and pain' (Arber, ii. 164, 187). One of these is perhaps the *Ballad of Sea Fardingers Describing Evil Fortune* (Halliwell, p. 16; Stone, p. 6; Masefield, p. 145), or possibly that beginning, 'I rue to see the raging of the seas' (Halliwell, p. 79; Stone, p. 8; Collier, ii. 159). Fate has happily preserved a single damaged copy of the comedy called *Common Conditions*, printed probably about 1576, containing a song sung by pirates, which is printed on p. 17 of the present volume.

Amongst the lost ballads are a certain number relating to piracy, and recording the punishment of some Englishmen who practised that trade. On

December 19, 1579, there was licensed *The Fatal Farewell of Captain Gilbert Horseley*, who managed to escape from the Counter, the prison in which he was confined, 'in a cloakbag,' but was recaptured and executed. Another, licensed March 16, 1580, was entitled—

'A Passport for Pirates wherein they may mark
And shun their abuse by the death of Tom
Clarke.'

A third, published in August 1583, was styled *Clinton's Lamentation* and a fourth, in 1586, called *The Confession of Nine Rovers* (Arber, *Stationers' Registers*, ii. 165, 167, 197, 210).

As a substitute for these ballads, however, there has been preserved an elaborate poem purporting to be the confession of Clinton and two others, which is to be found in the Bodleian and Lambeth libraries. It is headed *Clinton, Purser and Arnold, to their countrymen, wheresoever. Wherein is described by their own hands their unfeigned penitence for their offences past, their patience in welcoming their death, and their dutiful minds towards her Majesty*. Their apology for their acts is that they only attacked foreign ships and 'never made one English prey.'

Comparatively few of the ballads of the Elizabethan period relate to voyages of discovery; plunder and fighting were more attractive subjects to the audience for which they were intended. There is, however, *A Commendation of the adventurous Viage of the worthy Captain M. Thomas Stutely Esquire and others towards the land called Terra Florida*, which appeared in 1563 (Collier, *Old Ballads from Early Printed Copies*, Percy Society, 1840, p. 72). Of another on the same subject, dated two years earlier,

made by one beynge greatly impoverished by the viage prepared for Terra Floryday, only a fragment has survived. Thomas Cavendish's circumnavigation of the world was too remarkable a feat to escape attention, and in November 1583 two ballads upon the subject appeared. One was entitled *A ballad of Master Cavendish his voyage, who by travel compassed the globe of the world arriving in England with abundance of treasure*; the other *Of the famous and honourable coming of Master Cavendish's ship called the Desire before the Queen's Majestie and her court at Greenwich the 12 of November 1588* (Arber, *Stationers' Registers*, ii. 236). Neither of these is now in existence. By a singular contrast Ralegh, whose explorations and exploits deserved celebration, is only commemorated by the ballad *Sir Walter Raleigh Sailing in the Lowlands*, a romantic story about a little ship-boy of which several traditional versions exist. To a version of this which was printed in the reign of Charles II., accident, or perhaps the craftiness of the printer, attached the name of Ralegh (Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, v. 135, reprinted by Stone, *Sea Songs and Ballads*, p. 74). In much the same way a ballad, first printed in the eighteenth century, *Queen Elizabeth's Champion or Great Britain's Glory*, commemorates the fact that the second Earl of Essex once commanded Elizabeth's navy by a fictitious account of the capture of the son of the Emperor of Germany by the third earl (Child, v. 145; Stone, p. 84). Probably the distinction gained by the third earl in the expedition to Cadiz in 1625 originated the ballad.

The best ballad on the defeat of the Spanish Armada is Thomas Deloney's *Joyful New Ballad declaring the happy obtaining of the great Galleazzo*, which is printed on p. 18. Deloney also wrote one

on, *The strange and most cruell Whippes which the Spaniards had prepared to whippe and torment English men and women: which were found and taken at the overthrow of certain of the Spanish Shippes*; and another on *The Queene's visiting of the Campe at Tilburie with her entertainment there*. Both may be found in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 387, 391, but since neither specially relates to the navy it was not thought necessary to reprint them. Mr. Ebsworth, in his introduction to these ballads, has brought together four or five ballads relating to the defeat of the Armada, written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 378–383). Three of them are also to be found in Stone's *Sea Songs and Ballads*, pp. 80–83.

The entries in the *Stationers' Registers* give the titles of several ballads which no longer survive, viz: *The English preparacion of the Spaniards Navigacion*; *The late wonderful Dystres which the Spanishe Navye sustayned yn the late fighte in the Sea and upon the West Coast of Ireland in this moneth of September 1588*; *A Ballad of Thanksgiving unto God for his mercy toward hir Majestie*; *England's Joy and Delight, In the back Rebound of the Spanyardes Spyght*.

There were also ballads on the military preparations and the thanksgivings after the victory which have perished, and a number of ballads relating the exploits of squadrons or single ships, whose titles are entered in the *Stationers' Registers*. Under November 14, 1588, appears *A Ditty of the Exploit of the Earl of Cumberland on the Sea in October 1588*; under August 5, 1590, a *Ballad made upon the late Fight at Sea between two Ships of Dunkirk and a small Ship of 80 ton appertaining to the Earl of Cumberland* (Arber, ii. 236, 262). In July 1590 there was published *A Ditty of the Fight upon the seas the 4*

of June last in the Straits of Jubraltare between the George and the Thomas Bonaventure against eight gallies with three Frigates; in May 1591 followed a tract and a ballad on *The wonderful Victory obtained by the Centurion of London against five Spanish Gallies, the 4th of April being Easter Day 1591*; a year later came *The Seamans Carol for the taking of the great Carack*, and in July 1600 a ballad relating *how certain Merchants ships of England fought five Spanish ships of war in the Straits of Gibraltar on May 25, 1600* (Arber, ii. 262, 274, 293; iii. 62). None of these survive.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century new enemies begin to take the place hitherto occupied by the Spaniards in the ballads. Piracy took a new shape after the close of the war with Spain. Captain John Smith devotes the last chapter of his *Travels* to 'The bad life and qualities, and conditions of pirates, and how they taught the Turks and Moors to become men of war.' Because the peace threw them out of employment, and because 'they grew hateful to all Christian princes,' they retired to Barbary, and made its harbours their headquarters. Even before that the Barbary coast was a perilous one for richly laden merchantmen, and armed ships that met a likely prize did not always inquire whether their nations were at war. The ballad entitled *The Sailor's Only Delight* tells how two English merchantmen sailed for the coast of Barbary (p. 23). The Sweepstake was taken by a French man-of-war, but her consort the George-Aloe captured the French ship later, and made her crew suffer the fate they had inflicted on the crew of the Sweepstake.

'We laid them aboard on the starboard side
And threw them into the sea so wide.'

Two centuries before, Chaucer's shipman, who had no very scrupulous conscience, as Chaucer owns, used to dispose of the crews of the ships he took in the same fashion.

'If that he fought and hadde the heigher hand
By water he sent hem hoom to every land.'

There are other references to this practice in early seventeenth century ballads, but it was now becoming confined to pirates.

Some of the English adventurers who took shelter in the Barbary ports gave up their trade after a time, made their peace, and returned to England: for instance, Sir Henry Mainwaring. Others became renegades and ended their days there. The two most famous were John Ward and a Dutchman called Simon Danzer or Danseker. Two pamphlets on their misdeeds were published in 1609, and also a tragedy by Robert Daborne called *A Christian turned Turk* in 1612. The ballads upon them which are included in this collection (pp. 25–31) were registered on July 3, 1609. *The Famous Sea-Fight between Captain Ward and the Rainbow* was written after Ward was dead and his exploits had become legendary, but its popularity requires its insertion.

From Ward, Danseker, and others, the native seamen of the Barbary States learnt much. When they established themselves there, says Captain Smith, 'the Moors scarce knew how to sail a ship ... those were the first that taught the Moors to be men of war.' Later still, after the deaths of their leaders, the European pirates in Barbary 'became so disjointed, disordered, debauched and miserable, that the Turks and Moors began to command them as slaves, and force them to instruct them in their best

skill, which many an accursed renegado or Christian turned Turk did, till they have made those Sallee men or Moors of Barbary so powerful as they be to the terror of all the Straits, and many times they take purchase in the main ocean, yea, sometimes even in the narrow seas.'

A modern writer, accepting the view that it was in this way the Barbary captains learned the new art of sailing warships, points out that the expulsion of the Moriscoes from Spain in 1609 led to a further result equally disastrous. 'It led at once to the rise of Sallee as a pirate port, and its launch upon its sinister career' (Corbett, *England in the Mediterranean* i. 10–20). Year after year the losses of the English merchants grew greater, and the number of English captives in Barbary increased. In 1620 James I. sent Sir Robert Mansell's fleet against them, and in May 1621 Mansell made his abortive attack on Algiers (*ib.* 110–133). In 1624 there was presented to the House of Lords 'the humble and lamentable complaint of above 1,500 poor captive souls, now under the miserable oppression of the Turks in Argier, Tunis, Sally and Tituane.' Parliament ordered a general collection throughout the whole of England for the redemption of the captives, and the King issued letters patent for that purpose. (*Lords' Journals*, iii. 411–13; Bewes, *Church Briefs*, p. 117). The verses entitled, *The lamentable cries of at least 1500 Christians*, printed on p. 31, were evidently printed and circulated in 1624, when this general collection was made. Beyond raising money in this way for ransoming captives, James did nothing, and nothing was done by Charles till Rainborow was sent to Sallee in 1637. 'The expedition of 1637, whereby 300 or 400 Englishmen were rescued from slavery, was, in design and execution, the solitary success of

Charles's naval administration' (Oppenheim, *The Administration of the Royal Navy*, p. 277). Though a *True journal of the Sally Fleet, with the Proceedings of the Voyage*, written by John Dunton, mariner, was published in 1637, no ballad writer celebrated the achievement. When the reign of Charles I. began he was at war with Spain, and a ballad entitled *The Honour of Bristol*, better known as *The Angel Gabriel*, relates a fight between a Bristol privateer of that name and three Spanish ships (p. 34). The ballad was written by Laurence Price: the precise date of its publication is uncertain (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 428). Neither Cecil's expedition to Cadiz, nor Buckingham's to the Isle of Ré, inspired anything but satires. A short ballad by 'a gentleman who was present in all that service' epitomises the history of the Cadiz voyage (*ib.* vi. 420). References to both may be found in the volume of *Poems and Songs relating to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, edited by Mr. Fairholt for the Percy Society, in 1850. One ironically sets forth the expectations excited when the Lord High Admiral put to sea in 1627:

'He'll cool France and Spain, and quiet the
main,
The Dunkirkers passage he'll stop;
To stay all commotion he'll plough up the
ocean:
God send him a good harvest crop ...
And then he will meet with the West India fleet,
And of them will take fast hold,
And bring them away for England a prey,
And choke us with silver and gold.'
(Fairholt, p. 13.)

Buckingham's part in the reorganisation of the navy

was forgotten by satirists, but the king's panegyrists exaggerated the effort of Charles I. to strengthen the fleet. His attempts to assert the sovereignty of the seas furnished them with a theme. Between 1632 and 1640 Charles built about a dozen new ships, eight of which were a considerable size. The greatest of them was the Sovereign of the Seas, which was over 1,500 tons in size, carried a hundred guns, cost 40,000*l.* to build and 25,000*l.* to arm. Mr. Oppenheim describes her as 'the largest, most ornate and most useless ship afloat,' but after being cut down by the navy board of the commonwealth she did good service. (Oppenheim, p. 252; Clowes, ii. 6.) Launched in October 1637, she was intended, as her name shows, to assert the sovereignty of the British seas, which since 1634 Charles had been endeavouring to maintain against the French and the Dutch. Selden's *Mare Clausum* was published in 1636, to prove his claim; the Earl of Lindsey's fleet in 1635, and the Earl of Northumberland's in 1636, were sent forth to enforce it. (Gardiner, *History of England*, vii. 358, 384; viii. 154.) Lindsey's fleet consisted of nineteen ships of the royal navy and twenty-six merchant vessels. Northumberland's contained twenty-seven king's ships. This display of naval force inspired the poems printed on p. 36, the first a panegyric *On His Majesties Fleet*, the second an address from Neptune to England, which was probably derived from some masque played at Court during these years. The ballad *Upon the Great Ship* clearly belongs to 1637 (p. 37). In that year Thomas Heywood published a prose pamphlet entitled *A true Description of his Majesties Royal Ship built this year at Woolwich in Kent*, upon which these verses seem to be partly based. Heywood also wrote a long poem called *An Epigram upon his Majesties Great Ship the Sovereign of*

the Seas, which is reprinted in Mr. Masefield's collection (*A Sailor's Garland*, p. 94).

A few of the sea songs written during the reign can be traced from the entries in the Stationers' registers. Ballads were entered *On the Kings Navye* on June 19, 1625; *A narrative of a sea-fight by the Lyon of London against 6 Turkish ships* on January 2, 1635; *A new relation of 4 Englishmen that brought into Saint Lucar's Turkish Pirates and their Ship* on December 10, 1638; a *Ballad of the Seafight with three Turkish piratts* on July 13, 1640; *A noble and notable Seafight* on July 17, 1640. All these have perished. Half a dozen ballads on the sea-fights between the Spaniards and Dutch in the Channel in September 1639, and on the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the Downs by Tromp on October 10, 1639, were published. Of these one survives, in Wood's collection in the Bodleian, entitled *A New Spanish Tragedy or More Strange News from the Seas*. In addition there are two amatory ballads, one registered June 13, 1631, called *A Sayler new come over*; the other, registered on July 18, 1636, *A dainty new ditty of the Sayler and his Love*, which is possibly the *Pleasant new song betwixt the Sayler and his Love* reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, ii. 470.

Yet the most famous of English naval ballads originated during this period. Martin Parker's *Saylors for my Money* is undoubtedly, as Mr. Ebsworth points out, the far back original of Campbell's *Ye Mariners of England* (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 797). It has a rival in *The Jovial Mariner or the Seaman's Renown*, by Lawrence Price (*ib.* vi. 639). *Neptune's Raging Fury or The Gallant Seaman's Sufferings*, which begins 'You gentlemen of England,' is an adaptation of Martin Parker's ballad, written probably towards the end of Charles I.'s reign, or perhaps during the Protectorate

(*ib.* vi. 431). All three are here reprinted (pp. 40–46). The third, *Neptune's Raging Fury*, came to be known as *The Old Mariners* to distinguish it from later adaptations, and an abridged version of it, consisting of the first, the eleventh, and the thirteenth verses, was current in Campbell's time under the title of *The New Mariners*. Campbell borrowed from it his refrain, and the phrases, 'roar on the shore' and 'sweep through the deep,' and honestly entitled the verses he sent to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* in 1800, an *Alteration of the old ballad 'Ye Gentlemen of England'* (Beattie, *Life of Campbell*, i. 341).

During the Commonwealth and the Protectorate the English navy became the most powerful in Europe, and yet the naval victories of those ten years left hardly any trace in ballad literature. One reason for this was the rigid censorship of the press which existed during that period. In 1647 and 1648 a flood of abusive ballads and newspapers had appeared in print, directed against the Long Parliament and the army, and designed to further the cause of the King. The Parliament passed on September 20, 1649, an Act for the suppression of unlicensed books and pamphlets, and for the punishment of their authors and vendors. Hawkers of pamphlets, newspapers and ballads, and ballad-singers, were to be apprehended, conveyed to the House of Correction, and whipped as rogues. By this Act, and by an Act against vagrants passed in 1657, declaring that henceforth, 'persons commonly called fidlers and minstrels' should be proceeded against as 'rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars,' the production and circulation of ballads was effectually checked. Consequently neither the naval commanders of that time nor their victories were commemorated in the usual way. There is indeed a ballad called *Admiral Deane's Funeral*

describing his interment in Westminster Abbey in 1653 (*Rump Songs*, 1660, p. 308); but it is merely a Royalist satire, concluding with the statement that though the admiral's body is solemnly interred 'In the famous chapel of Henry the Seven,' yet 'His soul is scarce gone the right way to heaven.' But the only ballad directly relating an incident in the wars of this period is one which describes the bombardment of Malaga by five of Blake's frigates in July 1656, which is reprinted on p. 47. A long narrative poem on *The Life and Actions of that valiant Hero Robert Blake, Esq., General of the Fleets of the Commonwealth of England, from the year 1649 to 1657*, written during the Protectorate, has survived, but it is too worthless to reprint (*Poems on Affairs of State*, vol. i. part 2, pp. 274–290, ed.). Of more interest is the *Elegy on the Death of the Right Honourable Robert Blake*, written immediately after his death by one George Harrison, who appears to have been serving in some capacity in the fleet, since he dates it 'on board the Dunbar, in the Downs.' This is given on p. 48.

Poets of greater repute did not neglect the theme which the naval annals of the time afforded. Andrew Marvell, in a satirical poem against the Dutch, entitled *The Character of Holland*—obviously written about the beginning of 1653, though it was not published till 1665—concludes with some verses on the English navy and its three admirals, Deane, Monck, and Blake. He also wrote a poem on Blake's victory at Santa Cruz. The address to his captains which he puts in Blake's mouth breathes at all events Blake's spirit, although it is fiction:

'Of speedy victory let no man doubt,
Our worst work's past, now we have found

them out.
Behold their navy does at anchor lie,
And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.'
(Marvell's *Works*, ed. Aitken, i. 119; ii. 14.)

A greater poet, and more renowned than Marvell, Edmund Waller, celebrated Stayner's capture of the Spanish galleons off Cadiz in his verses, *Of a war with Spain and a Fight at Sea*. That poem contains the famous lines,

'Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.'

These lines, inspired by Blake's long blockade of the Spanish coasts during 1656 and 1657, helped in their turn to inspire a line in Campbell's *Mariners of England*. Waller's *Panegyric to my Lord Protector*, written in 1655, strikes the same note. 'The present greatness of this nation' he attributes in part to the wise head and strong hand of the Protector himself, in part to the 'winged navy' which makes the English 'Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean.' This dominion, which Charles I. had claimed, the victories of the Protector's admirals had re-established, and its outward sign was the honour paid to the red-cross flag.

'The sea's our own! and *now* all nations greet
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
Your power extends as far as winds can blow
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.'

The pride in the English navy which found its highest

expression in these poems of Waller's was sadly humiliated by the incidents of the second Dutch war. The first of the naval ballads of the new reign is called *The Valiant Seaman's Congratulations to his Sacred Majesty King Charles the Second* (p. 53). It is an expression of loyalty and devotion, protesting a willingness to go anywhere and fight anybody in the King's cause. At the moment it was written, which was probably in 1662, France rather than Holland seemed the most likely adversary, for Louis XIV. was disputing the ceremonial honours due to the British flag. 'If you will give commission to war with France we'll go,' say the seamen to Charles, promising 'we will make their topsails unto our fleet shall bow.' A couple of years later it became clear that the Dutch were to be the enemy, not the French. The next ballad in the series is *England's Valour and Holland's Terror*. It refers to Allin's attack on the Smyrna fleet, which took place on December 19, 1664, and to De Ruyter's proceedings in Guinea during the same year. 'We'll teach you better manners yet than ever did old Noll,' it threatens. This ballad was probably published about January 1665, before war was actually declared. Much about the same date appeared Dorset's famous song, *To all you ladies now at land*. A tradition handed down by Prior represents it as written 'the night before the engagement with the Dutch in 1665,' which has been interpreted to mean the night before the battle of June 3. But Pepys tells us that at an entertainment on the night of January 2, 1665, 'I occasioned much mirth with a ballad I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea, to their ladies in town; saying Sir William Penn, Sir George Ayscue and Sir John Lawson made them' (Pepys, *Diary*, ed. Wheatley, iv. 322). There is no reason to doubt that Dorset's song was the ballad in

question.

The naval battles which began in June 1665 and ended in the summer of 1666 are the subject of a series of ballads which have fortunately survived. The battle of June 3, 1665, is celebrated in *The Royal Victory* (p. 58), while *The English Seaman's Resolution* clearly belongs to the spring of 1666, when Monck and Rupert had succeeded the Duke of York and the Earl of Sandwich as commanders (p. 61). *England's Triumph and Holland's Downfall* is a narrative of the four days' battle of June 1666. The writer has no doubt that it was a great victory, but is obliged to own 'we can't afford such brunts as these' (p. 63). Hence the joy with which men welcomed the undoubted and decisive victory of St. James's Day, July 25, 1666. On it there are three ballads: *The New Ballad of a famous German Prince and a renowned English Duke, England's Royal Conquest*, and *Holland turned to Tinder* (pp. 66–79). The series closes with *The Dutch Damnified, or the Butter-Boxes Bobbed*, which narrates the destruction of 160 Dutch merchantmen in their own harbours by Sir Robert Holmes on the eight and ninth of August, 1666 (p. 79).

The same tone of ferocious exultation marks them all; the populace liked to hear that, after one battle, the Dutch vessels 'looked more like shambles than ships,' that in another, six thousand Dutchmen were sent to feed their cousins the fish, and that in a third, thanks to the effect of the British fireships, you 'might have had Dutchmen boiled or roast.' A Dutch captain might be praised as a gallant fighter, but 'he that caught fishes now fishes catch him' was the sort of epitaph which pleased the man in the street. 'Why should my nature or conscience repine at taking his life that fain would take mine?' asks one writer. If

one motive for the war was hatred for the 'Butter-boxes' and the 'Hogan-Mogans,' as the sailors call the Dutch, another was the desire for plunder. 'We mean to have some of your dollars before that our fleets do part' declares one writer, while a second rejoices over the store of plate taken on board the Dutch merchantmen, which makes the cabins of the English captains look "like goldsmiths" shops.'

On the British reverses the ballads are silent, but the poets of the period fill the gap. They, too, began by celebrating the successes of the British arms. Waller led off with a long poem of a new kind, *Instructions to a Painter for the drawing of the posture and progress of his Majesties forces at sea under the command of his Highness-Royal; together with the battle and victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3, 1665* (*Works*, ed. Drury, p. 176). He described, one after another, ostensibly for the artist's guidance, the early scenes of the war—the capture of the Dutch Bordeaux fleet, Allin's attack on their Smyrna fleet, and finally the sea-fight off Harwich. It was to the courage and conduct of the Duke of York that Waller attributed the victory of the English, and accordingly he made James the centre of the battlepiece. Scorning defensive armour, such as most naval commanders wore in those days; James stands on his quarterdeck, exposed to every ball, but protected by some power unseen:

> 'Fierce, goodly young! Mars he resembles when
> Heaven sends him down to scourge perfidious
> men.'

Waller had confined himself to the first year of the war. Dryden undertook to celebrate the second. His *Annus Mirabilis* is an account of the events of the

wonderful year 1666, which appeared early in 1667. 'I am very much pleased,' writes Pepys, on February 2, 1667, 'with reading the poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's upon the present war, a very good poem' (*Diary*, ed. Wheatley, vi. 156). There were reasons why it should please a man employed in the government of the navy, quite apart from its subject. Waller had treated naval warfare purely as a theme for rhetoric; Dryden attempted to understand it, and to make it intelligible. His description of the Loyal London, the vessel which the City presented to the King, and which Pepys commends as 'the best ship in the world,' gives a good picture of a first-rate of the period:

'With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves;
Deep in her draught and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.'

In another passage he contrasts the naval architecture and the naval tactics of the English and the Dutch:

'On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go;
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

'And as the build, so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails designed:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.'

In his desire to be true to the facts, and exact in the details, he did not hesitate to employ technical sea terms which no previous poet had dared to introduce in his verse. See, for instance, his description of the refitting of the English fleet after the four days' battle:

'... some pick out bullets from the side,
Some drive old oakum through each seam
and rift;
Their left hand does the caulking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

'Some the galled ropes with dauby marling bind
Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpauling
coats;
To try the shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.'

Two other poets of the day treated the story of the Dutch war, but their verses were written under the influence of the disgrace of 1667, and they wrote satires instead of eulogies. In a series of poems, four in all, generally known as *Directions to a Painter*, Sir John Denham parodied Waller's *Advice* and carried the story down to the end of the war. All are printed in the collection of political satires published in 1703 called *Poems on Affairs of State* (i. 24–54). When the first part appeared 'abusing the Duke of York and Lord Sandwich and Penn and everybody, and the King himself, in all the matters of the navy and war,' Pepys was sorry because his patron Lord Sandwich's reputation was involved. Later still he thought the verses witty and amusing. When the last part came out with its description of De Ruyter's attack on the Thames in June 1667, the satire made his heart ache,

'it being too sharp and so true.' (*Diary*, vi. 101; vii. 1, 116). Another satirist, more vigorous and yet bitterer than Denham, told in indignant verse the story of the same disaster. Andrew Marvell, in *The last Instructions to a Painter about the Dutch Wars*, devoted about three hundred lines to describing the fight in the Medway, the breaking of the chain, the burning of the English ships, and the capture of the Royal Charles. His attack was directed against the Government itself, rather than against the commanders of the navy, and some of his bitterest sarcasms are aimed at the attempt to screen those really responsible for the Chatham disaster, by laying all the blame on the luckless Peter Pett, the commissioner of the navy in charge at Chatham. Marvell's satire, though probably circulated in manuscript in 1667 or 1668, was too bold to be printed, and was not published till 1689 (Marvell's *Poems*, ed. Aitken, ii. 20–52, 127–157). He did not confine himself to satire, and in a separate poem entitled *The Loyal Scot* he commemorated in glowing lines the heroism of Captain Douglas, an officer stationed on the Royal Oak, who, refusing to leave his post without orders, was burnt with the ship on June 12, 1667 (*Poems*, ed. Aitken, i. 126, 212).

While the second Dutch war fills so large a place both in poetry and in the ballads, the third, which covers the period from March 1672 to February 1674, was left comparatively unsung. It was not a national war in the same sense that the first and the second had been, but rather the outcome of a diplomatic intrigue, and excited less public interest. It is represented in this collection by two ballads only, one on the battle of Solebay on May 28, 1672, the other on the capture of a Dutch frigate by an English one in 1674 (pp. 82, 83–6). On the other

hand, the war produced a small crop of elegies on the officers who fell in different engagements. The fashion began in the first war. There is an elegy on Captain Henry Terne of the Triumph, killed in the four days' battle in June 1666. Similarly there is an *Elegy on that grand Example of Loyalty, Valour, and Conduct, Sir Edward Spragge, unfortunately drowned (after incomparable proof of heroic gallantry) in the late engagement with the Dutch, August 11, 1673*. We have also *English Iliads, or a Sea-Fight reviewed, in a Poem occasioned by the death of a Person of Honour slain in the late War* (Lord Maidstone, killed in the battle of Southwold Bay). Captain Francis Digby, who fell in the same battle, became more famous in ballads. Dryden wrote a song beginning 'Farewell, fair Armida, my joy and my grief,' which was meant to represent Digby's farewell to the Duchess of Richmond, with whom he was passionately in love. This was expanded into a popular ballad entitled *Love and Honour* (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 36). Another ballad-writer produced a supplement, *The sorrowful Ladies Complaint, relating how a Damosel lamenteth the loss of her Lover, who behaved himself very valiantly in a late engagement at sea, but was unfortunately slain* (*ib.* iv. 397). An abbreviated version of this, entitled *The Drowned Lover*, was still sung a few years ago (Baring Gould, *Songs of the West*, 4th edition, p. xxiii).

Usually these elegies are rhetorical exercises of very little interest, but that on *The Death of the noble Knight, Sir John Harman, who died October 11, 1673*, contains an account of his career which deserves quotation:

> Britannia, Queen of the Ocean, bade me write
> Something memorial of this Noble Knight,

It must be Great, or nothing. Nay, said I,
Let Homers then, or Virgils Poetry
Record his deeds. 'Tis not for meaner things
To speak or think of Admirals or Kings.

.....

When first in youth some voyages he made,
To prosecute Experience or Trade,
His worth disclos'd itself, and made men see,
None was more English Mariner than he.
Though hearty, sturdy Oak our ships do frame,
Our Seamen too (if rightly stamp'd) the same,
And such was this well-timber'd man, be sure,
That such hard storms and bickerings could
endure.

.....

When British Seas and Honour were assail'd
By Belgian Rivals; when the Plague prevail'd
At home; by which when most Men's Courage
fail'd
He snatched some men from Death's
Commands, and Man'd
The Royal Charles, by Royal Charles Command;

.....

Next year was Sixty-six, (that fatal Time
When Londons old Foundations burnt to Lime)
Rear Admiral of the White he then appear'd
And by his foes he made his Henry fear'd.
Three Etnas did at once beset Her round
Some of her men were Burnt, and some were
Drown'd:
Yet then (as if he did both Elements scoff)
He fought his way, and brought her bravely off.

His Leg (but not his Courage) broke; and then
He sympathized with his maimed men.
Knighted, and Admiral made in sixty-seven,
With Fire Ships Two, and Fighting Ships Eleven,
T'America he steers, and did such Feats
Dull Europeans will believe us Cheats
If we but tell the Truth. As how he storm'd
Strong Martinico, wonders there perform'd;
Into their Harbour how he forced his way
When Thirty warlike French and Dutch there lay;
Burnt Nine, sunk More; the rest (to escape his hands)
Did sink themselves, to hide amongst the Sands.
Three Forts he there Attaqu'd and Fir'd. And then
To Syrenham and Chien wafts his Men:
Courage and Conduct, there no less he shew'd.
Whereby he those Two Countreys soon subdu'd.
In Seventy-two Vice Admiral of the Blew,
He like a Tyger 'mongst the Dutchmen flew,
Nine Dutch begirt his Charles. There (sad to tell)
Three or four hundred of his Brave Men fell.
He paid them off; and when no boot to stay
He nobly brought his tattred Hull away.
Lastly in Sev'nty-three, this present Year,
His long-try'd Courage lasting did appear
Vice Admiral of the Red. Though sick and weak,
When scarcely could he go, or stand, or speak,
Yet could he fight, direct, encourage, see
All well perform'd. Meanwhile poor Gallant he
Sate like a Mark for ev'ry shot, in Fight.
We'l not reflect on any Man; nor tell
Who did amiss; only that He did well.

And having done his All, he then gave o're
He made to Port, dropt Anchor, came ashore,
Never to plough the briny Ocean more.
From midst of Storms, Blood, Noise, Confusion,
Fires,
He coolly, calmly, peaceably Expires,
Whose Death Religious: Living Actions were
Valiant, Just, Humble, Patient and Sincere.'

Next in importance to the Dutch war was the struggle with the piratical states in the Mediterranean, which still continued. Though it was marked by many brave exploits it left surprisingly little trace in the naval literature of Charles the Second's time. There were many engagements worthy of record. On December 19–29, 1669, for instance, Captain John Kempthorne in the Mary Rose, a forty-eight-gun ship, beat seven Algerines, and preserved the merchantmen under his charge. Kempthorne was knighted for this service on April 30, 1670. A picture of the fight was engraved by Hollar, which will be found in Ogilby's *Africa*, and the incident apparently inspired a ballad too. The picture of the action at Greenwich bears the following inscription:

'Two we burnt and two we sank and two did run
away,
And one we carried to Leghorn Roads to show
we'd won the day.'

These lines are almost identical with two lines in *Captain Mansfield's Fight with the Turks at Sea* (printed on p. 86). The ballad on Mansfield's fight is perhaps an eighteenth century version, or imitation, of one on Kempthorne.

Often merchantmen successfully defended themselves. About October 1671, Captain John Baddison, of the Swallow, a merchantman of 180 tons and twenty-six men, fought an Algiers ship of thirty-eight guns and 220 men, and not only repulsed two desperate attacks, but captured four of the Turks who boarded him. A poem entitled *An Encomium on that Worthy Exploit of Captain John Baddison* was published in 1671. The only copy known is in the possession of Lord Crawford, who has kindly permitted me to extract the following narrative of the engagement:

From Port a Port our Hero took his flight,
With Canvas Wings, to entertain the Night
On th' Oceans deep, where Billows lofty rise,
Mounting their Surges to th' unconstant Skyes;
And after two dayes spent, he lost the sight
Of great Bajona, and prepared to fight
With a proud Turk, who from Argier was sent,
And swiftly gave them chase, to the intent
That they might take, and ransack, and enthral
The Bodies, Minds, and Christian Souls of all.
But those base Pagans never can prevail,
If once our English Banners them assail.
Our worthy Captain first did cause to fly
Two little Ships that by him close did lye;
Who from the Fury of the Foes did glide,
Being befriended by Night, Wind, and Tyde.
Then being ready, and his Guns run out,
He then prepared for a bloody Bout,
Like Thunder, Lightning, and a Tempest great;
Like Raging Waves, which on the Rocks do
beat;
Ev'n so our Captain, at his drawing nigh,
Vollies discharged at his proud Enemy;

The Waves did tremble, and the Heavens blush,
When these two Champions did together rush.
The Turks they board us knowing not the
strength
Of Valiant English, which they felt at length:
Presumption prompt(s) them on to graple
strong,
Which was too hot to be endured long;
For being on Deck, some in the Air did fly,
Others our warlike Engines forced to die;
Yet six remained, which almost laid us waste
By cutting Sails and Rigging from our Mast;
For which bold fact, two made the Sea their
grave,
The rest cried Quarter, which we freely gave.
There might you see their Bodies go to wreck,
Heads, Arms, and Legs bestrewed upon the
Deck.
This was their fate, which then they could not
shun,
Their blood did off the Deck, like water, run.
Our Men between Decks with the great Guns
tore
And rent the Hull of the Turks Ship so sore,
Made them leave off, and from our sides to
shrink
Lest they should all of the Salt-water drink;
Their Ship lying by to stop her Leaks, and then
Resolves to prove our Valour once agen.
Our Seamen bold, that never daunted were,
To their proud Foes, like Lions did appear,
Threatening destruction, whilst a lucky Gun
Made their Ship tremble, and our sides to shun;
Not once more daring to approach us nigh
But from us at a distance far to lie.
The Night came on, a pleasant gale appears,

They left each other; and directly steers
To her desired Port: safely arrived
Our English Captain, and all that survived.
Sixteen were wounded, and three killed
outright;
The Ship sore shattered, and Sails burnt in
fight;
Only the Sprit and Mainsail left untore,
Which brought them safely to the English
Shore:
Where being arrived, were by his Majesty
And Royal Duke welcomed most graciously.
For which brave Act the King an Order gave
The Captain should a Chain and Medal have.
The Merchants did with honour him commend
Because their goods he bravely did defend.

Prose narratives of this engagement are to be found in the *Calendar of Domestic State Papers* for 1671 (pp. 536, 554). 'King Charles in consideration of that stout and memorable action of Captain Baddison ... was pleased to order a gold chain and medal for him' (*The Historian's Guide*, 1688, p. 82). Another merchant captain, Robert Robertson, Charles knighted for fighting an Algerine man-of-war (Le Neve's *Knights*, p. 2). More often weakly armed merchantmen were captured in defiance of treaties, as the narratives of captives such as Adam Elliot, taken in 1670, Joseph Pitts in 1678, and Thomas Phelps in 1684, all illustrate. A petition dated between 1671 and 1681 affirmed that since the last peace the Algerines had taken not less than 140 British ships, and had more than 1,500 English slaves, 'who suffer and undergo most miserable slavery, put to daily extreme and difficult labour, but a poor supply of bread and water for their food,

stripped of their clothes and covering, and their lodging on the cold stones and bricks; but what is more, their extreme hard and savage lading them sometimes with great burthens of chains, and shut up in noisome places, commonly adding some hundreds of blows on their bare feet, forcing out the very blood, and sometimes on the back, sometimes on the belly, and sometimes on them all, insomuch that many are long decrepit, some for ever, and some dying under their hands.'

The fate of these captive sailors is illustrated by a ballad published about 1684, called *The Algiers Slave's Releasement, or the Unchangeable Boatswain* (p. 88). Such captives were usually redeemed by the contributions of the charitable, under the authority of warrants known as 'briefs' licensing collections in churches for the purpose. (W. A. Bewes, *Church Briefs*, pp. 193–206). Some were ransomed by the king himself, others recovered by treaty or recaptured. Squadrons under Allin, Spragge, Narbrough and other commanders were successively sent to the Mediterranean to coerce the pirate states. The *Diary* of Henry Teonge, who served as chaplain on various ships engaged in that service from 1675 to 1679, contains some account of Narbrough's proceedings against Tripoli, and throws a flood of light on the conditions of life in the navy during the reign of Charles II. It was published in 1825. Teonge's *Diary* contains a ballad on the destruction of a vessel belonging to Tripoli by the English frigate Assistance in 1675 (p. 63), besides other specimens of his muse, mainly of an amatory nature (pp. 73, 79, 168, 241, 259). Still more curious than Teonge's *Diary* is along narrative poem describing a cruise in the Mediterranean, from May 1669 to April 1671, under Sir John Harman. It is called *The Straights*

Voyage or St. David's Poem, was published in 1671, and was written by John Balthorpe, a clerk on board the St. David, Harman's flagship. It appears to have escaped altogether the notice of naval historians.

One of the heroes of this war was Captain Thomas Harman, sometimes said to be the son of Sir John, and certainly a kinsman. There is a ballad on his capture of the Dutch frigate Schaherlaes in February 1675 (p. 53), but his career began in the Mediterranean. On May 8, 1671, Sir Edward Spragge's squadron destroyed seven Algiers men-of-war and their prizes in the harbour of Bugia. The boom which defended the Algerines was cut by three of Spragge's boats, thus making way for a fireship to enter. Harman seems to have been in command of one of the boats. 'The Admiral,' says a contemporary letter, 'had every man killed and wounded in his boat, save Mr. Harman, who is deservedly commended and is said to have cut the boom in half pistol shot under their biggest castel (where the chains reached not) and heads of their men-of-war' (*Cal. State Papers*, Dom. 1671, p. 249). Dryden, in some lines addressed in 1677 to Nat Lee on his play of *Alexander the Great*, refers to these two exploits of Harman's to prove the proposition that some men's merits are too pre-eminent for rivalry: for instance, Lee's as a dramatist or Harman's as a sailor:

> ''Tis here as 'tis at sea; who farthest goes,
> Or dares the most, makes all the rest his foes.
> Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
> It shoots too fast and high to be opprest,
> As his heroic worth struck envy dumb,
> Who took the Dutchman and who cut the
> boom.'

When this was written Harman's brief but glorious career had just ended. In September 1677, while in command of the Sapphire, 34, he engaged an Algerine ship called the Golden Horse, 46, failed to take her, and was mortally wounded in the fight. *Elegiac Verses on the death of Captain Thomas Harman, late commander of his Majesties Frigot the Sapphire*, addressed and presented to the Duke of York, are amongst the Luttrell collection in the British Museum. Like a sturdy oak, stricken by thunder, says the poet, Harman's body fell on the deck, but his soul flew upwards to heaven, and the other dead British heroes helped him in to the mansions of the blest,

'Lawson, Minnes, Spragge and many more
beside,
As soon as they the labouring soul espied,
Let down their beams, and pointed out the way
To the bright mansions of Eternal Day.'

Our last ballad of the reign of Charles II. is *The Benjamin's Lamentation*. Though no ship of that name can be found in the lists of the navy, it will serve as an example of the class of ballads relating to shipwrecks, and its metrical form is of some interest. Possibly it is an early chanty.

The short reign of James II. affords us only two ballads of interest, both of which come from the collections of Samuel Pepys. One relates the prosperous hunt of William Phipps for the treasure of a Spanish galleon wrecked in the Bahamas (p. 96). He sailed in September 1686 in a King's ship called the James and Mary, returning in June 1687 with cargo valued at 300,000*l.* (Luttrell's *Diary*, i. 407–8; Hutchison, *Massachusetts Bay*, i. 397; Ellis, *Correspondence*, i. 295, 325). James knighted him on

June 28, 1687. The second is still more interesting, for it shows that even in time of peace the hostility of the Spaniards to the English in the West Indies was so great that a man of war was treacherously attacked as it lay in a Spanish harbour. The Dartmouth, the vessel in question, was a fifth-rate, carrying twenty-eight guns, and according to a note by Pepys the ballad was composed by Hovenden Walker (subsequently Rear-Admiral of the White) who was then serving on board her (p. 92).

With the reign of William III. there was a great increase in the number of naval ballads published, due to the increased interest which the nation took in maritime affairs.

The war with France was popular both with the navy itself and with the people. 'Lewis, that Christian Turk,' was generally hated as a sovereign who designed to ruin all Protestant princes, and sought to 'lay a heavy yoke' on the free English nation. This is the argument set forth in *The Boatswain's Call* to induce sailors to enter the navy. Impressment was necessary. 'Some,' continues the ballad, 'dread and fear the press as much as dying,

'And skulk like frighted slaves here in
distraction
To hide in dens and caves from warlike action.'

But for the moment popular feeling was in favour of impressment. So at all events the ballad called *The Maiden's Frolic* seems to prove, which relates how 'six lusty lasses pressed fourteen tailors.' Another ballad, *The Undaunted Seaman*, describes a sailor resolving to venture his life 'to subdue the pride of France' in spite of 'his love's sorrowful lamentation.' A fourth relates a maid's attempt to buy her lover's discharge

for ten pounds.

‘Not ten pounds or twenty will buy his
discharge,
Fair maid, you must patiently bear;
He shall go to sea for his King to engage,
And he must bid adieu to his dear.’

Thus the captain answers, and the maid is convinced, and resigns herself to the parting (pp. 97–106).

The first task the navy took part in was the reconquest of Ireland. Unfortunately there seem to be no ballads extant either on the relief of Londonderry or the fight in Bantry Bay. Crofton Croker’s *Historical Songs of Ireland*, published by the Percy Society in 1841, contains half a dozen ballads on military operations in Ireland under William III., but none on naval. But the Pepysian collection supplies a ballad on the capture of the Pelican frigate in Dublin Bay, under the eyes of ‘Old James and his Teagues,’ by Sir Clowdisley Shovell (see p. 107). This took place in April 1690, and the account of the exploit given is so detailed that it looks as if it were written by some one who served under Shovell (see Luttrell’s *Diary*, ii. 35). Next month came a rumour that Admiral Henry Killigrew with a squadron in the Mediterranean had beaten the French fleet under Chateau Renault, sinking two ships and taking three (Luttrell’s *Diary*, ii. 47, 57, 61). The rumour was untrue, for his attempt to bring them to an engagement was unsuccessful (Burchett, *Transactions at Sea*, pp. 37–43). Nevertheless the fictitious triumph was embodied in a ballad called *The Seaman’s Victory* (see p. 108). On June 30, 1690, Torrington was worsted by de Tourville at Beachy Head. ‘Both the admirals,’ says Burnet, ‘were equally blamed—ours for not

fighting and the French for not pursuing.' Torrington was sent to the Tower, and accused by the popular voice of want of courage as well as of want of conduct. Of this feeling the ballad called *Torringtonia, or a New Copy of Verses on the late Sea Engagement*, is the expression (p. 110).

Another incident which occurred in the same month is related in an elegy, *In the memory of the truly Loyal and Valiant Captain John George, late Commander of their Majesties Frigate the Rose, being a full and true Relation of a bloody Fight between the said Frigate and a French man-of-war to the eastward of Cape Sables on Saturday the 24th of May, 1690*. John George was in charge of a convoy when he sighted the French ship, which was superior in force to his own. The enemy

'Twenty odd guns on either side hauled out,
Seamen and soldiers full four hundred [stout].
The *Rose* a fifth-rate, not full thirty guns,
Six score brave lads, burthen three hundred
tuns.'

George was killed by a ball from the Frenchman's maintop, but David Condon, his lieutenant, carried on the fight (assisted by that 'gallant spark,' Captain Ben Clark of Wapping, 'in the European of London, a mast ship,' which carried ten guns), and beat off the assailant. When New England rose against the government of Sir Edmund Andros in April 1689, George had been made a prisoner, but was released by order of the King, though much distrusted by the supporters of the revolution. One reason for publishing the relation was that the base Bostonians, 'cursed sons of Cham,' said that the captain had betrayed his convoy (see *Cal. State Papers, Dom.*

1690–1, p. 376; *ib. America and West Indies, 1689–92*, pp. 66, 121, 269; Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*, ii. 98, 308).

In 1691 Admiral Russell was in command of the fleet in the Channel, but though he cruised from May to September, achieved nothing (Burchett, pp. 63–91). A satirical ballad, ironically entitled *England's Triumph at Sea*, probably by the same author as *Torringtonia*, hints that 'the cherry-cheeked Russell' was very careful not to meet with his foes (p. 112). Two regiments of marines had been raised in April 1690, and served in the fleet, and the first allusion ballads make to this branch of service is contained in the following lines:

'We had sea colonels o' th' nature of otter,
Which either might serve by land or by water,
Though of what they have done we hear no
great matter.'

In September 1691 Russell's fleet put into Plymouth in a violent storm, losing two ships, the Coronation, a second-rate, and the Harwich, a third-rate. This disaster is commemorated in *England's Great Loss by a Storm of Wind*, which exaggerates, as ballads generally do, and makes him lose nine ships (p. 113).

The failures of 1690 and 1691 enhanced the glory of the victory of La Hogue in 1692. On that battle there are no less than four ballads. One of them, *Admiral Russell scowering the French Fleet*, long kept its popularity with sailors, and is to be found in most eighteenth-century collections of songs. A pamphleteer, writing in 1757 about the action off Toulon on February 11, 1744, says, 'I myself heard the song about the battle of La Hogue sung by almost

every man on board one ship the day of the battle of Toulon with very good effect, till the infamous behaviour of some in the fleet put an end to their song, and changed their praises of the dead into curses of the living, and, upon inquiry, I had reason to believe it was sung in every ship in the fleet with the same effect' (*Three Letters relating to the Navy, Gibraltar and Port-Mahon*, 1757, p. 18). Rear-Admiral Richard Carter, who was killed at La Hogue, is the subject of an elegy preserved in the British Museum. It shows that he was popular with those who served under him:

'His virtue was not rugged, like the waves,
Nor did he treat his sailors as his slaves:
But courteous, easy of access, and free,
His looks not tempered with severity.'

There was also published in 1692 a *Congratulatory Ode to Admiral Russell and the other Sea-Commanders for their late Glorious Victory*. It refers in the last verse to the rumours spread against the loyalty of the admirals:

'Go on, true sons of Honour, still advance
The English glory by depressing France:
Go on to prove, how much a royal trust
Works upon spirits that are brave and just:
This our great mistress knew, whose piercing
eyes,
Unprejudiced by lying calumnies,
Could look through every faithful breast,
And saw the loyal zeal they afterwards exprest.'

The year after La Hogue was marked by the capture of a large part of the Turkey fleet which Sir

George Rooke was convoying. On this event the naval muse is silent. On May 10, 1694, Captain Pickard, in command of two third-rates, the Monmouth and the Resolution, and of the Roebuck fireship, fell in off the French coast with a fleet of fifty-two merchantmen bound for Dunkirk, and destroyed thirty-five (Luttrell, *Diary*, iii. 312; Burchett, p. 214). This is the subject of a ballad entitled *The Valiant Seaman's Courage* (p. 125) More interesting is *England's Glory in the behaviour of brave Killeygrove*, which relates the capture of two French ships, the Content, of sixty guns, and the Trident, of fifty-two, off Pantelaria, by a squadron of six ships, under the command of Captain James Killigrew (p. 126). The action took place about January 27, 1695, and Killigrew lost his life early in the engagement (Burchett, p. 266; Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*, ii. 327).

From July 1694 to the autumn of 1695, Admiral Russell, in command of a combined Dutch and English fleet, dominated the Mediterranean and checked the progress of the French arms in Spain. The significance of his operations is brought out in Mr. Julian Corbett's *England in the Mediterranean* (ii. 149–184), and the ballad called *The Frighted French, or Russell scouring the Seas*, represents the feeling which Tourville's disinclination to come out of Toulon and risk an engagement produced in England (p. 128, *post*). 'The honour of commanding the sea and of shutting the French within their ports,' says Burnet, 'gave a great reputation to our affairs.' The ballad, written early in 1695, refers also to the intended operations on the coast of France. It threatens the French:

'Now the spring's a-coming, our English will be

burning
Your towns that be builded near the sea.'

'We had another fleet in our own Channel,' continues Burnet, 'that was ordered to bombard the French coast; they did some execution upon St. Malos, and destroyed Grandville that lay not far from it; they also attempted Dunkirk, but failed in the execution; some bombs were thrown into Calais, but without any great effect; so that the French did not suffer so much by the bombardment as was expected: the country indeed was much alarmed by it; they had many troops dispersed all along their coast; so that it put their affairs in great disorder and we were everywhere masters at sea' (*Own Times*, iv. 277, ed. 1836).

On the other hand, while the French fleet was confined to its ports, English commerce was poorly protected, and it suffered greatly during this period both from privateers and pirates. The pirate now begins to make a figure in ballad literature. The first quarter of the seventeenth century had been marked by the development of the Barbary corsairs, and its last decade was characterised by the growth of a new form of piracy. It is true the buccaneers whose exploits reached their height when Morgan captured Panama in 1668, were little better than pirates (though some of them had commissions of a sort from the Governor of Jamaica), but they confined their activity to the Spanish Main and the South Sea. The new pirates, however, frequented the eastern even more than the western seas, and avowedly preyed on the commerce of all powers. One of the most famous of these was Captain Avery, upon whom in 1720 Defoe published a pamphlet entitled *The King of Pirates; being an account of the famous*

enterprises of Captain Avery, the mock king of Madagascar. In 1713, under the name of Arviragus, he was made the hero of a play called *The Successful Pirate*. Earlier still there was published the *Life and Adventures of Captain John Avery now in Madagascar*, 1709. The ballad gives the pirate's name as Henry Every, but Avery is the commoner form. In May 1694 an English merchant ship, the Charles the Second, commanded by Captain Gibson, was lying near Corunna. She was a stout vessel and carried forty guns. Avery persuaded the crew to mutiny, set the captain on shore, baptised the ship the Fancy, and sailed for the East Indies. Amongst other prizes he captured on September 28, 1695, a ship called the Gunsway, belonging to the Great Mogul. This led to reprisals, and the seizure of the factories of the English in India. On the application of the East India Company a proclamation was issued on July 18, 1696, declaring Avery and his crew pirates, and offering a reward for their apprehension. Five of the crew were seized on their return to England, tried at the Old Bailey, October 29-November 6, 1696, and duly hanged. Others were arrested later. The commencement of Avery's career is commemorated in *A copy of verses composed by Captain Henry Avery, lately gone to Sea to seek his fortune*, and the fate of his followers in *Villany Rewarded; or the Pirates' last Farewell* (pp. 131, 133).

Avery's success fired others to imitate him. Captain William Kidd sailed from Plymouth in May 1696 in command of a privateer called the Adventure galley, equipped by private subscription, but with a commission under the Great Seal to seize pirates. Kidd, however, turned pirate himself, was arrested at Boston in July 1699, transmitted to England for trial, and hanged at Execution Dock on

May 23, 1701. *Captain Kidd's Farewell to the Seas* was a popular song and set to a popular tune. The whole ballad is only to be found in Lord Crawford's collection, and to him the Society is indebted for permission to reprint it in this volume (p. 134).

During the last ten years of the seventeenth century pirates made the eastern seas and the coast of Africa as unsafe as the buccaneers had made the western. The ballad entitled *The Caesar's Victory* tells how an Indiaman successfully beat off five such adversaries (p. 129). The attack took place near Cape Verd Islands on October 31, 1686. A full account is given in Mayo's *Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy*, i. 61–6.

In the West Indies European pirates continued to be a danger much longer than in the East, and after the peace of Utrecht there followed a great recrudescence of piracy, which lasted for ten years or more. The exploits of these pirates are recorded, with a large mixture of fiction, in Charles Johnson's *General History of the Pirates*, published in 1724. On September 5, 1717, George I. issued a general proclamation for the suppressing of pirates, offering a pardon to all who surrendered before September 5, 1718 (Johnson, p. 33). One of the most notorious, Edward Teach, alias Blackbeard, was killed by Lieutenant Robert Maynard of the Pearl, in an action in James River in Virginia on November 22, 1718. A ballad called *The Downfall of Piracy* celebrated Maynard's exploit, and forms a fitting close to the series illustrating this portion of our naval annals (p. 166).

To return to the reign of William III. During the later years of the war with France the development of privateering was more dangerous to English trade than the growth of piracy. From the very beginning

of the war English commerce had suffered greatly. Nearly every year there were loud complaints against the management of the navy, and parliamentary debates ‘on the miscarriages at sea.’ ‘By an odd reverse of things,’ writes Burnet, speaking of the year 1692, ‘as we made no considerable losses when the French were masters of our seas two years before, so now when we triumphed in that element, our merchants suffered the most.’ The same thing happened in 1695 (Burnet, *Own Times*, iv. 169, 268). Much was attributed to the mismanagement of the admiralty, and as much to the incapacity of some of the commanders. The old controversy as to the relative merits of ‘tarpaulins’ and gentlemen captains revived once more. That question is the main subject discussed in the tract called *A Rough Draught of a New Model at Sea*, written by Lord Halifax, probably about 1694 (Foxcroft, *Life of Halifax*, ii. 454). It is also the subject of *A Satire on the Sea Officers*, apparently written about the end of 1690, from its references to the battle of Beachy Head (p. 137). The author’s conclusion is that tarpaulins should rule at sea. He refers also to the desire of captains to line their pockets by carrying plate for merchants instead of fighting, and he might also have mentioned the habit of exacting money from merchants for convoys, an act for which in 1689 the House of Commons committed Captain Churchill to the Tower.

As the war went on there were loud complaints of corruption in the victualling and shipbuilding departments, and the grievances of the seamen were set forth in pamphlets by Robert Crosfield, William Hodges, George St. Lo and other writers. Hodges published in 1695 *Great Britain’s Groans: or an account of the oppression, ruin, and destruction of the loyal Seamen of England, in the fatal loss of their pay,*

health, and lives, and dreadful ruin of their families. One grievance was impressment, a greater that men, once pressed, were kept at sea continuously, and not allowed any interval of liberty between their cruises. But their greatest grievances related to their pay: their wages were too long delayed; they were transferred from ship to ship without being paid; they were obliged to sell the certificates for their wages at half-price to ticket-buyers, and so on. Besides this, they were badly fed and harshly treated. In the good old days, said a pamphleteer, 'they were not poisoned by bad provisions, pease bread, and stinking beef and pork.' Moreover, 'such men as General Blake, the Earl of Sandwich, Dean, Lawson, Bourne, Minns, etc. were familiar with their sailors, and instead of calling them damned dogs or sons of whores, called them brethren' (*Remarks upon the Navy. In a Letter from a Sailor to a Member of the House of Commons*, 1700, part ii. p. 14). These grievances found expression in a ballad called *The Sea Martyrs, or the Seamen's Sad Lamentation of their faithful service, bad pay, and cruel usage*, which the vigilant Pepys preserved, but forgot to date (see p. 140). The sailors punished were evidently regarded as popular heroes, and the ballad is a parallel to those written later on the mutiny of 1797.

A grievance still more often mentioned was that the food was defective both in quality and quantity. Balthorpe's verse narrative of his cruise in the Mediterranean in 1669–1671 is full of complaints. Within a month after leaving England the crew of the St. David were put upon short allowance.

'What meat before the King for four
Allowed, now six men it devour;
A dollar to each man is due,

Each twenty-eight days 'tis true:
When we can get it we drink wine.'

The wine which the sailors could cheaply procure in the Mediterranean ports compensated for the scantiness of the food:

'A seaman when he gets ashore
In one day's time he spendeth more
Than three months short allowance money.
... Their beef and pork is very scant,
I'me sure of weight one half it want;
A kind of horse beans they do get for pease,
No nourishment at all there is in these;
Instead of English cheese or butter
A little oyl we get, God wot, far worser.
A little rice we get instead of fish
Which unto you is known, but a poor dish:
Except good sauce to put it in you had,
For with good sauce a deal-board is not bad.'

On the coast of Portugal and in the Mediterranean a mixture of wine and water was served out instead of beer. It was commonly spoken of as 'beverage.'

'Our drink it is but vinegar and water,
Four shilling beer in England's ten times better
—
So that when saylors gets good wine
They think themselves in heaven for the time:
It hunger, cold, all maladies expels,
With cares of the world we trouble not
ourselves.'

Balthorpe drew up a verse petition to Sir John Harman on September 4, 1670, denouncing the

malpractices of the purser and the victuallers, which is dated ‘written on Ban Yan Saturday, being Kettle Holyday.’ As usual, the complaint made was not against the regulations, but against the officials:

‘Purser, steward, mate, all three
I wish them hanged upon a tree:
Except that we have scoffe for dinner,
It were no harm as I’m a sinner.
They say they give us what the king allows,
They think they speak to fools that nothing
knows;
But they’re mistaken in the matter quite,
Were we their judge, they’d hang outright.’

No petition or promise of redress produced more than a temporary amendment. Resignation and an occasional drinking bout was the only course.

‘I know the King far better doth allow,
But how to compass it we do not know,
For mutineers we will be never
If that we keep but life and soul together.’

The same complaint recurs in the eighteenth century, and is set forth at length in the *True Character of the Purser of a Ship* (p. 233).

Yet the sailor of the seventeenth century, badly fed, badly paid and badly treated, was a cheerful person and pleased with small things. Whitelocke, in his relation of his embassy to Sweden in 1653, describes his life on board ship. The ambassador was affable, and gained the love of all the ship’s company. He ‘got into the favour of the officers and mariners by his kindness and familiarity, by being much on the decks and drolling with them and

discoursing, especially by affording them now and then a douse in the neck or a kick in jest, seeing them play, and then giving them some of his own tobacco, wine, and strong waters, as there was occasion, which demeanours please those kind of people' (*Journal*, i. 135). As he amused them, so they in return amused him. On his return, when he was wind-bound off the mouth of the Elbe, 'the mariners, in their usual way of sporting, endeavoured to make him some pastime to divert the tediousness of his stay and of the bad weather' (*Journal*, ii. 389).

Of what nature the pastime was we can infer from a few notices. Pepys mentions in the journal of his voyage to Tangiers, under August 27, 1683; 'Till midnight on the quarter deck, seeing the seamen dance to the harp and sing' (*Correspondence*, i. 343). And again on September 3: 'This evening much mirth among the seamen dancing, the sea running high' (*ib.* i. 346). There was music of some kind on board most men-of-war. In the Bristol, during Teonge's voyage to the Mediterranean in 1675, the only instruments mentioned are trumpets. When the ship left the Downs 'our trumpets sound "Maids, where are your hearts?"' and again as a compliment to the English consul at Scanderoon the trumpets played the same tune. In describing the celebration of Christmas Day music is mentioned again. 'At four in the morning our trumpeters all doe flatt their trumpetts, and begin at our Captain's cabin, and thence to all the officers' and gentlemen's cabins; playing a levite at each cabine doore, and bidding good morrow wishing a Merry Christmas. After they goe to their station, viz. on the poope, and sound three levitts in honour of the morning' (*Diary of Henry Teonge*, 1825, pp. 12, 91, 117). Balthorpe's ship, the St. David, only had a fiddler. On Christmas Day,

‘Our Fidler then did play and sing
At cabin door, made steerage ring,
With cheerful voice bid them good morrow.
I think that he did verses borrow
From some famed poet, for he’d sing
Brave merry songs made all to ring.’

Before the voyage began, as the ship lay in Portsmouth Road,

‘Our Fidler did in triumph fetch
His fiddle from aboard a ketch
Called the *Portsmouth*, and did play
Oft times to pass the time away.
Sometimes to pass sad cares away
On Forecastle we dance the Hay;
Sometimes dance nothing, only hop about—
It for good dancing passes ’mongst the rout;
Yet, on my word, I have seen sailors
More nimble dance than any taylors.’
(*The Straights Voyage.*)

Dr. John Covel gives a still more detailed account of the diversions of the sailors. ‘If the weather be fair and permit it we seldome fail of some merry fellows in every ship’s crew who will entertain us with several diversions, as divers sorts of odde sports and gambols; sometimes with their homely drolls and farses, which in their corrupt language they name interlutes, sometimes they dance about the mainmast instead of a maypole, and they have variety of forecastle songs, ridiculous enough’ (September 1670. *Diary of Dr. John Covel*, p. 104, Hakluyt Society, 1893).

A play written in 1681 represents a captain on shore who makes a companion sing one of these

songs. Captain Porpuss is described as ‘a blunt tarpaulin captain.’ When a song is proposed in the drawing-room where he happens to be, he demands a song with some sense in it—not a whining thing about Phillis or Chloris—such a song as he used to hear in the happy days when he was Captain of the Success.

‘Well, she was riding at Sole Bay; ’twas just before the fight (wherein I did such notable service); I had then a lieutenant aboard—a little dapper fellow, but as stout as Hercules; and when we met a-nights in the great cabin, over a jolly bowl of punch, the rogue would sing us the best sea-songs, and so roar ’em out! I think I’ve a fellow can remember one of them. Sing, Sirrah!

Song.

Blow, Boreas, blow, and let thy surly winds
Make the billows foam and roar!
Thou canst no terror breed in valiant minds;
But, spite of thee, we’ll live and find the shore.
Then cheer, my hearts, and be not awed,
But keep the gun-room clear;
Tho’ hell’s broke loose, and the devils roar abroad
Whilst we have sea-room here, boys, never fear.

There now, there’s life, there’s soul, there’s sense. As I’m a living man, gentlemen, the rogue has foxed me three times, one after another, only by singing this song.’

(D’Urfey, *Sir Barnaby Whigg*, 1681, Act i. scene i. See also *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i. ed. 1719, p. 96.)

This song, which was written by D’Urfey himself, was set to music by Purcell, and may be found in his *Orpheus Britannicus*. The same collection also contains Purcell’s song of *Britons, strike home*, from the opera of *Bonduca*, 1695, which is founded on Fletcher’s play of the same name. It was an

adjuration to the ancient Britons to avenge the wrongs which their country and Queen had suffered from the Romans, but seems to have been adopted in the navy as a suitable battle-song. An eighteenth-century pamphlet, describing an action between an English privateer and a French ship, relates the following incident:—'The master-at-arms had one of his arms and part of his body torn away: in this bloody condition he was carried down to the surgeon, who saying it was impossible to save his life, and the poor man finding himself dying, bravely in his last moments sung the song of "Britons, strike home," and expired with the words in his mouth' (*A faithful Narrative of the cruel Sufferings of Captain Death and his crew*, by Samuel Stoakes, 1757 [?], p. 6).

Songs imported from plays or operas were not likely to become popular on board ship until after they had obtained general popularity on shore. One of the characteristics of the ballad literature of the last quarter of the seventeenth century is the great increase in the number of ballads describing the lives, adventures, loves, marriages, meetings and partings of sailors. Most of them were written for consumption on shore, but some doubtless became popular at sea. The printed collection of ballads contain many specimens. In the *Bagford Ballads* there are reprints of *The Mariner's Misfortune*, a tale of a shipwrecked sailor and a maiden who for his sake went to sea in disguise; *The Seaman's Adieu to his pretty Betty*, and *The Fair Maid's Choice*, which is 'Of all sorts of tradesmen a seaman for me' (*Bagford Ballads*, i. 247, 274, 289). In the *Roxburghe Ballads* there are several groups of ballads of the same nature. The sixth volume contains, *The Gallant Seaman's Return from the Indies*; *The West Country*

Nymph; *The Fair and Loyal Maid of Bristow*; and *The Seaman's Sorrowful Bride* (pp. 415, 441, 443, 444). The seventh includes a still larger number: *The Mariner's Delight, or the Seaman's seven Wives*; *Faithful Jemmy and constant Susan*; *The Gallant Seaman's Resolution (whose full intent was to try his fortune at sea, and at his return marry his landlady)*; *Love and Loyalty*; *The two Loyal Lovers*; *A Farewell to Gravesend*; *The Valiant Seaman's happy Return to his Love*; *The Seaman's Advice to his pretty Betty, living near Wapping*; *The Sailor's Departure from his dearest Love*; *The Constant Maiden's Resolution*; *Loyal Constancy, or the Seaman's Love-Letter*; *Virtue the Reward of Constancy*; *The Faithful Lover's Farewell*; *The Valiant Virgin, or Philip and Mary*; *The Seaman's Dolefull Farewell*; *The Seaman's Folly, in marrying one so quickly for what he has cause to repent at leisure*; *The Seaman's Renown in Winning his Fair Lady* (pp. 490–559). The eighth volume gives us: *The Seaman's Frolic, or a Cooler for the Captain*; *The Seaman's Complaint for his unkind Mistress of Wapping*; *The Love-sick Maid of Wapping*; *I father a Child that's None of my own, being the Seaman's Complaint*, &c.; *A Mad Marriage, or the Female Fancy of Deptford* (xciii. 433–443). There are also three verses of *A Kiss of a Seaman is worth two of Another* (*ib.* pp. 678, 861).

It was obviously impossible to select more than a few specimens of this class of ballads, and it seemed best to choose three or four which for various reasons were of more historical interest than the rest (see pp. 99, 101, 146), and to add two from the Pepys and Druce collections not previously reprinted (pp. 143, 145). The existence of so many ballads of this kind—and there are many more of them in the Pepysian collection, besides others in Lord Crawford's possession—proves beyond a doubt the

growth of popular interest in the navy. Another proof is furnished by the fact that contemporary dramatists represented sailors in their plays with increasing frequency. Shakespeare was one of the first to do this. Everyone will remember the shipwreck scene with which *The Tempest* opens, and the song of Stephano:

> 'The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
> the gunner and his mate,
> Loved Moll, Meg, Marian, and Marjory,
> but none of us cared for Kate,'

with its philosophical conclusion, 'To sea, boys, and let her go hang.' In Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*, performed in 1656, sailors are introduced whose sentiments would do credit to Dibdin's heroes. 'What,' says one of them,

> will not the valiant English do
> When Beauty is distressed and virtue too?'

In Charles the Second's time Wycherley in 1677 brought upon the stage, in *The Plain Dealer*, Manley, a gentleman 'of an honest, surly, nice humour, supposed first in the time of the Dutch war to have procured the command of a ship, out of honour, not of interest, and choosing a sea life only to avoid the world.' There is also Freeman, Manley's lieutenant, 'a gentleman well educated, but of a broken fortune.' The first scene introduces some of Manley's crew, who speak of him affectionately as 'our bully tar,' and tell how he sank his ship that the Dutch might not have her nor the courtiers beg the hulk. Manley's crew love him in spite of his surliness. 'He's always as dogged,' says one, 'as an old tarpaulin when

hindered of a voyage by a young pantaloon captain.' ''Tis true,' answers another, 'I never saw him pleased but in the fight, and then he looked like one of us coming from the pay table, with a new lining to our hats under our arm.' D'Urfey's Captain Porpuss, already mentioned, belongs to the year 1681. These instances refute Mr. Gosse's statement that Ben, in Congreve's *Love for Love* (1695), is the 'first of a long line of stage sailors.' On the other hand, Ben represents the type in its most perfect shape. He is a younger son, 'half home bred and half sea bred,' designed to marry Miss Prue, whom he woos in technical language. 'I don't stand much towards matrimony. I love to roam from port to port and from land to land: I would never abide to be port bound.' Nevertheless he confesses Prue has charms. 'You're a tight vessel and well rigged, an you were but as well manned.' This promising beginning ends in a quarrel. She calls him a 'stinking tarbarrel,' he terms her a 'dirty dowdy' (Act iii. sc. vi. vii.). But if Ben has not the gallantry of a stage sailor, he has the aggressive honesty. 'Don't think I'm false-hearted like a landsman,' he tells another lady. 'A sailor will be honest, tho' perhaps he has never a penny of money in his pocket. Mayhap I have not so fair a face as a citizen or a courtier, but for all that I've as good blood in my veins and a heart as sound as a biscuit' (Act iii. sc. xv.).

The reign of Queen Anne, compared to that of William III., is rather barren in naval ballads. Pepys died in May 1703, and later collectors who took less interest in maritime affairs allowed the songs written about them to perish. Yet the history of the reign, if marked by no victory equal in magnitude to La Hogue, was distinguished by the victories of Rooke and Leake and many minor successes. The finest

ballad of the time is that which records Benbow's disastrous battle with Ducasse, of which it has been possible to discover a longer and better version than that given in Halliwell's collection (p. 149).

Fortune was less kind to the fame of Rooke than to that of Benbow. There is, it is true, a poem addressed *To the right honourable Sir George Rooke at his Return from his glorious Enterprise near Vigo*. It celebrates his success in forcing the Danes to make peace with Sweden in 1700:

'To jarring Crowns repose Thy Navy brings,
And Quiet broods beneath Her Halcyon wings.
Those Gathering Clouds, which not long since
broke forth
In Storms, and threaten'd to lay waste the
North,
Thou at Thy first approach didst drive away,
And on their Wintry Climes let in the Southern
day.'

It goes on to refer to the unsuccessful attempt on Cadiz in 1702, and to say that 'auspicious Heaven' pointed out to England a nobler quarry than the town first aimed at, and one more worthy of Rooke's arms:

'Shows Her, on wing retiring from the Main,
The Wealth of India and the Pride of Spain.
This Prize was worthy Thee; and less had been
Too mean a Present for an English Queen.'

The attack on the allied fleet on Oct. 12, 1702, is related at length in a ballad called *The Sailor's Account of the Action at Vigo* (p. 151). But contemporary poetasters in general attribute the

victory to Ormonde and the army rather than Rooke and the navy (*Poems on State Affairs*, ii. 409, 415; *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 115). Added to this, Rooke's battle with Toulouse off Malaga on August 13, 1704, gained him neither credit nor popularity, and afforded an opportunity to the satirists, of which they made the most (*ib.* iv. 112, 113). Specimens of their satires are given on pp. 153, 154.

Nothing has survived on Leake's exploits excepting a rather poor ballad on the capture of a Spanish provision fleet in 1708 (p. 156). There is also a spirited ballad called *The Sea-fight, or the French Prize Taken*, published in 1707, which professes to describe an action between two single ships (p. 158).

A contemporary poetaster, describing his voyage to Flanders, inserts some verses 'in the praise of those heroes commanding the fleet,' whom he thus commemorates:

'Russell and Benbow I own to be braves,
And Shovell, like Neptune bred up on the waves;
Be it spoke to the praise of the bold Captain Jumper,
When he met a French ship he bravely would thump her;
Nor ever durst Lewis, or Duke of Burgundy
E'er look in the face of brave Sir John Mundy;
Denbigh and Dursley are lords of great merit,
And Jennings possesseth an heroic spirit.'

On reciting these verses to the captain of a man-of-war, with an appropriate compliment to the captain himself, the poet received an effusive welcome on board. The captain admitted that he was

a hero too.

‘I am of the blood of the bold Boanerges,
And fear not the French when I meet them on surges;
... And if you are pleased for to leave your own nation
Most proud I shall be of your sweet conversation.’

Incidentally the poet describes the ship setting sail:

‘Up came the Boatswain, with Countenance stern,
With a great Pair of Whiskers, and Mouth like a Churn,
He lug’d out his Whistle, and up came the Sailers,
And all Hands aloft as nimble as Taylors:
There was *Toe-le-ho*, and, *Boys, heave away*,
Whilst another was tearing his Throat with, *Belay*;
Then *Haul Cat, Haul*: A damnable Yawling;
The Boatswain a Swearing, the Master a Bawling,
Helm-a-lee, ye Landlubbard Loobies;
Let go the Fore-Bowlings, ye Fresh-Water Boobies;
Haul Aft the Main-Sheet, ye Lump of a Dog,
Whilst another was Singing a Tune to the Log.
Such Language was us’d by the Tarpauling Rabble,
Sure never was such a Confusion at Bable:
The Master cry’d out, *Thus, thus, Stedy, Stedy*:
A Pox take his Thus, it made my Head Giddy.’
(Rands, *Pax in Crumena; or, the Trooper turn’d*

Poet,
1714, pp. 6–7, *The Poet's Voyage to Amsterdam*.)

The reign of Queen Anne was marked by great disasters from fire and storm. In the great storm of November 26, 1703, twelve vessels belonging to the navy were totally lost, according to the list given by Clowes (ii. 389). A ballad on the event entitled *The Stormy Judgments or the Tempestuous Wind* is printed in the *Bagford Ballads* (i. 83), but it gives no details. Another entitled *The dreadful Tempest or a Divine Poem on the Amazing Hurricane which appeared with Wonderful Violence both by Sea and Land on the 27th of November 1703* describes the loss of four men-of-war:

'The *Mary* on the Goodwin-Sands was blown,
And all her Sailors perished but one,
Who on a piece of wreck was wash'd aboard
The *Sterling-Castle*, and to life restor'd.

'Thus while a Sinking in the Sand she lay,
Admiral Beaumont to his men did say,
You that can Swim may try your lives to save,
For no reliefe we now can hope to have.

'Then presently the Ship in pieces Split,
And he himself upon a plank did sit,
Floating a while with Waves encompass'd
round,
But was wash'd off and in the Tempest drown'd.

'The warlike *Sterling-Castle* perish'd then,
And all her crew Excepting Eight Men,
Who by God's providence got safe ashore,

Amongst whom was the Man preserv'd before.

'Twice cast away, and twice deliver'd too,
Here may we see what the Good God can do,
Nay a third time to shew his Mercies more,
The Boat was lost that carried him to shore.

'The *Restoration* and *Northumberland*,
Ere morning light did sink into the sand,
And of eight Hundred Souls of both their
Crews,
Not one escap'd to tell the dreadful news.

'But what was yet more Mournful you shall hear
On board the former as it doth appear,
The Captain had his Wife and Children got,
Which were seen after on the Seas to Float.

'Nay, and in several other Ships besides,
There many Women with their Husbands died,
Many poor Children are left Fatherless,
And many Widdows mourning in distress.

'Of men of war Eleven Sail was lost,
Of Merchant men two hundred on our Coast,
Beside the Damage done to many more,
And seven Thousand Sailors lost therefore.'

Over 6,000*l.* was collected for the widows and orphans who perished in the storm. The order authorising a collection for this purpose is printed by Mr. W. A. Bewes in his *Church Briefs*, and he also reprints the ballad quoted above (p. 239).

A disaster very little less in its magnitude was the casting away of Sir Clowdisley Shovell on the rocks of the Scilly Islands upon the night of October 22,

1707. The Association, 96, which was Shovell's flagship; the Eagle, 70; the Romney, 50; and the Firebrand fireship, were totally lost; two others, the Phoenix and the St. George, struck also, but came off without breaking up (Clowes, ii. 411). The best account of the incident is to be found in a pamphlet by Mr. J. H. Cooke, entitled *The Shipwreck of Sir Cloudesley Shovell*, read at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, February 1, 1885, and printed at Gloucester in the same year. No contemporary ballad on Shovell's fate has survived, but the British Museum contains *A New Elegy on the Lamented Death of Sir Cloudesley Shovell*, from which the following lines are derived:

‘The bulging Ship upon the Shore stuck fast,
And scarce two Minutes but she struck her last:
Was quite o’rewhelm’d with the next rolling
Wave.
Aid and Endeavours were in vain to save
Whom Fate had destin’d to a Watery Grave.

.....

There Shovel unamaz’d, by nature Brave,
Spreading his Arms embrac’d a briny Wave,
And where he had reign’d with Honour, made
his grave.

.....

A Man, till now, that e’er was fortunate
Precisely Good and regularly Great:

.....

The Nations Trust, and Sailor’s joy he prov’d
And still where e’re [he] came he was belov’d;
None ever fought her Cause with more success,
None e’re did more—or ever boasted less;
His early valour did proclaim his Worth
And help’d to set the growing Hero forth;
At Bantree, Beachy and at Malaga
The French too well his dauntless Conduct saw;
There you might see the Brittish glory shine,
And Shovel break th’ Impenetrable Line.’

A third disaster, the loss of the Edgar, seventy-gun ship, which blew up at Spithead on October 15, 1711 (Clowes iii. 529) is the subject of a dialogue in verse of which a copy is preserved amongst Douce’s

collections in the Bodleian Library. It is reprinted at p. 160.

Another incident of an entirely different character requires mention—that is, the execution of the traitor Captain Thomas Smith in 1708. Smith had been dismissed from his command and fined six months' pay in September 1703 for corruption, drunkenness and other crimes. In 1707 he entered the French service, and apparently acted as pilot to the squadron of French galleys which captured the Nightingale frigate off Harwich on August 24, 1707, after the very gallant fight which is described in the *Memoirs of Jacques de Marteilhe* (ed. by H. Paumier, 1865, p. 169). Smith was given command of the captured ship, but was taken during his first cruise by Captain Nicholas Haddock in the Ludlow Castle. He was then tried at the Old Bailey on June 2, 1708, found guilty of bearing arms against his country, and executed on June 18, 1708 (see the lives of Thomas Smith and Seth Jermy in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and an article on *The Captains of the Nightingale* in the *English Historical Review* for January 1889). *The Last Farewell of Captain Smith* (p. 154) purports to be his dying speech.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a change in the character of the sea songs produced becomes gradually apparent. 'Songs intended to bring before shore-going listeners the ways of seamen,' as Sir Cyprian Bridge describes them, had been produced during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but the output of them now greatly increased. They were designed not merely for the ordinary audience to which ballad-writers appealed, but for a higher class of hearers, for the theatre or the drawing-room as well as the street and the tavern. To hit genteel taste they became more

sentimental in tone and more polished in diction and metre. They were written mostly by professional poets or men with some literary training. Gay led off. His two celebrated songs, *Black-eyed Susan* and *'Twas when the seas were roaring*, mark the beginning of the movement which culminated in the productions of Dibdin. Both will be found in Mr. Stone's *Sea Songs*, pp. 208, 209. Gay had many imitators. To this class belongs *Fair Sally loved a bonny sailor* (p. 163), which probably suggested Dibdin's *Token*. Set to music by Maurice Greene it enjoyed great popularity throughout the eighteenth century. *Come and listen to my ditty* (p. 162), less artificial in form, obtained a still longer vogue, and was printed as a broadside as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century. It furnished the tune for *Hosier's Ghost*. Two other songs, if Smollet is to be trusted, became popular in the navy itself. *How pleasant a sailor's life passes* (p. 164) was the favourite of Roderick Random's uncle Lieutenant Thomas Bowling. A quotation from it supplied the place of argument when the lieutenant persuaded Roderick to go to sea.

'On our way back to the village, my uncle spoke not a word during the space of a whole hour, but whistled with great vehemence the tune of *Why should we quarrel for riches, etc.*, his visage being contracted all the while into a most formidable frown. At length his pace increased to such a degree, that I was often left behind a considerable way, which when he perceived, he waited for me; and when I was almost come up with him, called out in a surly tone, "Bear a hand, damme!—must I bring to every minute for you, you lazy dog." Then laying hold of me by the arm, hauled me along, until his good nature (of which he had a good share) and reflection, getting the better of his passion, he said, "Come, my boy, don't be cast down,—the old rascal is in hell,—that's some satisfaction;—you shall go to sea with me, my lad.—*A light heart and a thin*

pair of breeches, goes thro' the world, brave boys; as the song goes—eh!" Though this proposal did not at all suit my inclination, I was afraid of discovering my aversion to it, lest I should disoblige the only friend I had in the world; and he was so much a seaman, that he never dreamt I could have any objection to his design; consequently, gave himself no trouble in consulting my approbation' (*Roderick Random*, chap. v. p. 23, ed. 1748).

Another song, *The Boatswain's Whistle* (p. 165), which, like the *Bonny Sailor*, was set by Greene, was the delight of Commodore Trunnion and his ex-boatswain when they made merry together in taverns.

'Come, Pipes, let's have *The Boatswain's Whistle*, and be jovial.' This musician accordingly applied to his mouth the silver instrument that hung at a buttonhole of his jacket, by a chain of the same metal, and though not quite so ravishing as the pipe of Hermes, produced a sound so loud and shrill, that the stranger (as it were instinctively) stopped his ears, to preserve his organs of hearing from such a dangerous invasion. The prelude being thus executed, Pipes fixed his eyes upon the egg of an ostrich that depended from the ceiling, and without once moving them from that object, performed the whole cantata in a tone of voice that seemed to be the joint issue of an Irish bagpipe and a sow-gelder's horn; the commodore, the lieutenant, and landlord joined in the chorus, repeating this excellent stanza,

Bustle, bustle, brave boys!
Let us sing, let us toil,
And drink all the while,
Since labour's the price of our joys.

The third line was no sooner pronounced, than the can was lifted to every man's mouth with admirable uniformity; and the next word taken up at the end of

their draught with a twang equally expressive and harmonious. In short, the company began to understand one another.' (*Peregrine Pickle*, chap. ii., p. 18, ed. 1773).

Smollet published *Roderick Random* in 1748, *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751. Not only novels, but ballad operas, in imitation of Gay, began to be written in which sailors were the heroes, and their life at sea or loves on shore the subject. In 1745 appeared *The Sailor's Opera, or a Trip to Jamaica*, written by some anonymous imitator of the *Beggar's Opera*, while in 1763 *Tommy and Sally, or the Sailor's Return to his Sweetheart*, was acted at Covent Garden. George Alexander Stevens wrote two: *The French Flogged, or the British Sailors in America*, 1761, and *The Trip to Portsmouth*, 1773. The second contains several good songs.

During the same period also professional poets of higher pretensions began to make the navy their theme. The reign of George I. furnished little for the muse to celebrate. That of George II. begins with an immense blowing of literary trumpets about the navy. George II.'s speech to Parliament on January 27, 1728, contained a passage inviting the two Houses to consider a scheme 'for the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited rather than compelled to enter into the service of their country, as often as occasion shall require it.' With that object the King recommended an addition to the funds for the support of Greenwich Hospital. Edward Young seized the opportunity to publish *Ocean: an Ode occasioned by his Majesty's royal encouragement of the Sea Service*. He followed this up by writing in 1729 *Imperium Pelagi, a Naval Lyric*, which ends up by an admonition to the 'grovelling sons of verse' not 'to tarnish Britain's Naval bloom' by inferior strains on the same subject.

Next came in 1733 his *Sea-Piece* containing (i) *The British Sailor's Exultation*, (ii) *His Prayer before action*, and last of all in 1734 *The Foreign Address; or the best Argument for Peace*. All are bad poetry, but they do illustrate the influence which the strength of our navy exercised upon the maintenance of peace during a period in which it gained no public triumphs.

Young wrote from the point of view of the King's ministers: another poet, James Thomson, set forth the case of the opposition. His *Britannia*, written in 1727, but not published till 1729, was, says Johnson, 'a kind of poetical invective against the Ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards.' It recited, as Glover was to do with more effect twelve years later, the sufferings of Hosier's fleet during their forced inactivity, recalled the memory of the Spanish Armada, and pictured the indignation with which Blake and other 'immortal spirits' must behold

> 'their feeble
> sons
> Shrink from that empire o'er the conquered seas
> For which their wisdom planned, their councils
> glowed,
> And their veins bled through many a toiling
> age.'

Thomson's *Rule, Britannia* gave him a more lasting claim to remembrance in any collection of naval literature. It was a song in the masque of *Alfred*, written by Thomson and Mallet, and performed on August 1, 1740, in honour of the birth of the Princess Augusta. The authorship of *Rule, Britannia*, has been attributed to Mallet, but it was published in 1752

with Thomson's name attached to it, and the evidence is on the whole in favour of the usual attribution.

The feeling which inspired Thomson's opposition to Walpole's Government, and his attack on its pusillanimous policy towards Spain, was shared by the populace in general. It appears also in a satire called *The Pacific Fleet* (p. 170).

The popularity of the war with Spain is brought out by *The English Sailor's Resolution to Fight the Spaniards*. It dwells on the grievances of the merchants, tells the story of Captain Jenkins's ear, and ends by an appeal to enter under Haddock (p. 172). This probably refers to the sending of Rear-Admiral Nicholas Haddock to the Mediterranean in 1737, when war was expected. *A New Song*, written after the actual outbreak of hostilities, begins by rejoicing that King George has at length resolved to correct the violence of the Spaniards:

'And now for to maul 'em they press 'em and haul 'em
To get some brave fellows to man our brave fleets.
And now they'll unpadlock the sword of brave Haddock,
He'll thump all the Spaniards that ever he meets.'

War was actually declared by England against Spain on October 23, 1739, and the general satisfaction with which that step was welcomed is shown by *England's Glory in the Declaration of War* (see p. 174).

The first engagement of importance in European waters took place on April 8, 1740, when the Princesa, a Spanish 70-gun ship, was taken by three

of Vice-Admiral Balchen's squadron, viz., the Lenox, the Kent, and the Orford (Clowes, iii. 267). The part assigned to the Irish first lieutenant of the Princesa and his fellow-countrymen on board her is a new fact, if it is true (p. 175).

Before this capture took place Vernon, on November 21, 1739, had taken Porto Bello. No event in our naval history called forth more indifferent verse. On p. 177 will be found a ballad, entitled *English Courage Displayed*, said to be written by a seaman on board the Burford, Vernon's flagship. *Hosier's Ghost* (p. 179), which is the most famous of all the celebrations of Vernon's victory, was an attempt to turn it to political profit, and to assist in the attack which the 'Patriots' were making on Walpole's policy by recalling Vice-Admiral Francis Hosier's blockade of Porto Bello in 1726–7 and the heavy losses which it entailed. 'It is doubtful,' says Clowes, 'whether any other British fleet ever suffered from disease so severely as that of Hosier suffered in 1726–7. Its horrible experiences made a deep and lasting impression upon the nation; and it may be hoped that they have had the effect of impressing upon all later British admirals the supreme importance of taking systematic and rigorous measures for preserving the health of their men. During the two years immediately following Hosier's first arrival off the Bastimentos, the fleet, the nominal complement of which never, roughly speaking, exceeded 4,750 persons, lost, in addition to a flag officer and 7 or 8 captains, about 50 lieutenants and 4,000 subordinate officers and men, by various forms of sickness' (*The Royal Navy*, iii. 45).

Vernon attempted to follow up the capture of Porto Bello by taking Cartagena. He bombarded that

city for three days in March 1740, but without producing much effect, and made a more serious attack upon it by sea and land in March 1741. The attack began on March 9. Fort San Luis was taken on the night of March 25 and Fort San José followed. But quarrels broke out between the naval and military commanders. The attempted storm of Fort San Lazar failed, and on April 14 it was determined to abandon the siege and re-embark the troops and guns. At the beginning of April, however, the fall of the place seemed imminent, and its capture was actually the subject of two ballads. One, entitled *British Courage Displayed, or Admiral Vernon's Taking of Carthagena*, is modelled on the ballad on the taking of Porto Bello bearing the same title. The other, entitled *Vernon's Glory*, will be found on p. 181.

Three ballads in this selection relate to the general actions which took place during the war. *Admiral Mathews's Engagement against the Combined Fleets of France and Spain* narrates the indecisive battle of February 11, 1744, which led to the trials of Mathews himself, Vice-Admiral Lestock, and several captains. The author was evidently a partisan of Mathews (p. 186). *The Lucky Sailor, or the Sailor's Invitation to go with Admiral Anson*, celebrates the victory of Anson and Warren over the French fleet under La Jonquière on May 3, 1747 (p. 195). Hawke's victory over M. de l'Etenduère on October 14, 1747, is the subject of *Tit for Tat, A Sea Kick for a Land Cuff* (p. 197). A song on the taking of Port Louis in Hispaniola by Rear-Admiral Charles Knowles, in March 1748, closes the series (p. 199). Several ballads relate to minor actions. Captain Holmes in the Sapphire on January 15, 1743, destroyed five Spanish privateers in Vigo Harbour. The ballad,

written by a sailor who lost his arm in the action, dates it January 1744 (p. 184). The true date is given in Samuel Boyse's *An Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe from the beginning of the war with Spain in 1739*, published in 1747, vol. i. p. 390; and in Beatson's *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i. 173. During 1744 two small merchantmen fought extraordinarily gallant and successful actions against French privateers, which were celebrated in contemporary ballads (pp. 187, 189).

'In January Captain Cobb in the Bacchus, bound from Oporto to Lynn, being attacked by a Spanish privateer, of ten guns and 120 men, maintained a fight of four hours, with only fourteen men and two boys; and though the privateer boarded him, he cleared his ship by killing several of the enemy. Soon after, one of his shot took place so luckily, that the privateer suddenly foundered, and all he could do was to save about thirty of the Spaniards, who the next day treacherously rose upon him. However, after an obstinate fight, in which eleven were killed, he subdued the rest and brought them into Dartmouth, where this brave man died of the wounds he received in this last action.

'In June, one Richard Hornby, master of a small vessel bound from Yarmouth to Rotterdam, mounting six guns, and having only five men and three boys, was attacked on the coast of Holland by the Marquis de Brancos, a French privateer of eighteen guns and seventy-five men, against whom he defended himself bravely for four hours, repulsing the enemy, who attempted to board him twice. At length a shot of his entering the privateer's powder-room, she blew up, and all her crew perished. This action being represented by the Lords of the Admiralty to his Majesty, he was pleased to reward Captain Hornby with a gold chain and medal of 200*l.* value.'

(Boyse, ii. 114.)

To this period also belong several ballads

commemorating disasters at sea, or escapes from shipwreck. *Admiral Cavendish's distress on board the Canterbury* (p. 168) must have been written in the year 1728. It is interesting because its metre is probably an imitation of that of *You Gentlemen of England*, while the refrain, 'In the Bay of Biscay O,' evidently inspired the well-known song of that name written by Andrew Cherry (Stone, *Sea Songs*, p. 32). The latter was first sung by Incledon in an operatic sketch entitled *Spanish Dollars*, which was produced in April 1805.

Another ballad dealing with a similar subject is *The Princess Royal's Escape from the Goodwin Sands*, written by a sailor on board the ship, and describing a storm which took place in February 1744 (p. 190). Two others deal with the loss of Sir John Balchen and the Victory, a first-rate carrying 108 guns, wrecked on the Caskets on October 4, 1744. About a thousand men perished with Balchen (pp. 192–94).

The War of the Austrian Succession closed with the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in October 1748.

The Seven Years' War commenced in America and India, and spread to Europe. War between France and England was not declared till May 18, 1756, though on June 8, 1755, Boscawen's fleet captured two French men of war, the Alcide and the Lys, off Newfoundland. As early as February 1755 there was 'a hot press' for seamen, and in July Hawke was sent to sea with eighteen ships to intercept the French fleet under Du Guay, and to make reprisals upon French commerce. The story of *The Lighterman's Prentice* relates to this cruise (p. 201). Nearly 300 French merchantmen and about 8,000 seamen were captured before the end of 1755 (Entick, *History of the Late War* i. 137, 187). *Britain's Resolution to fight the French* also refers to these

captures, but the exultation they caused lasted but a short time (p. 203). Byng's action with La Galissonière on May 20 and the capture of Port Mahon which followed on June 29, dashed all these hopes, and popular feeling demanded that the admiral's misconduct should be punished with death. Every scribbler wrote poems and epigrams against him, and political hostility to the Government swelled the cry.

'To the block with Newcastle and yard-arm with Byng,' is the chorus of one ballad appropriately entitled *Block and Yard-arm*. A collection of these was published at the time: *Bungiana; or an Assemblage of What-d'ye-call-em's in prose and verse that have occasionally appeared relative to the conduct of a certain naval commander, 1756*. The French commander's conduct was not thought much better than Byng's, and one of the squibs in this collection satirises both. It is entitled *The Pacific Engagement, a poetical dialogue between two courteous admirals*.

'(*Byng.*)

At last we are met—but I hope with no other
Intent or design but to spare one another.
Though we seem by our flags to be desperate
foes,
Let us part, if you please, without banging or
blows.

'(*Galissonière.*)

But since fighting and wars are the arts which
we trade in,
We must have a little and short cannonading;
Our guns must be fired at a distance, but still
With no wicked intention to wound or to kill....'

Byng's despatch was frequently parodied in verse, and one of these parodies, *The Letter of a certain Admiral*, is given on p. 207, together with *A Rueful Story* (p. 209). Blakeney became the hero of the hour, and a naval officer who had served in the defence of Fort St. Philip was glorified with him in *A New Song* (p. 206). Another ballad handed down to tradition, of which the tune as well as the words has been preserved, accused Byng of selling Port Mahon, and contrasted his treachery with the courage of West (p. 210).

Next year another fiasco excited popular feeling to fury, namely the abortive 'secret expedition' to Rochefort in September 1757. The navy did its part in capturing the isle of Aix; the ships could not get near enough to batter Rochefort, and the soldiers were never landed. Sir John Mordaunt, the commander of the troops, was acquitted by a court-martial. The *New Song written on the Isle of Aix* (p. 211) is apparently intended to represent the feelings of Hawke, who was vexed and indignant at the decision of the generals not to attempt a landing (Burrows, *Life of Hawke*, ed. 1896, p. 138).

The year 1758 was more fortunate, but neither Pocock's engagements in the East Indies nor the capture of Louisbourg are the subject of ballads which have reached us. Keppel's expedition against the French colonies in Africa attracted more attention. One ballad, *Bold Sawyer*, relates the capture of Goree, which took place December 28, 1758 (Entick, iii. 271–8). While it gives the names of the ships engaged in the expedition correctly, it calls the captain of the Nassau Sawyer, though his name was James Sayer. Another ballad relates the fate of the Lichfield, Captain Barton, which ran ashore on the coast of Morocco on November 29, 1758

(p. 214). The crew were made slaves, and were not released till April 1760, when they were ransomed for 170,000 dollars by a special ambassador sent for the purpose (Duncan, *The Mariner's Chronicle*, iii. 118–30).

The year 1759 was the great year of the war. On August 18 Boscawen defeated De la Clue, taking three ships of the line and destroying two. On November 20 Hawke beat Conflans in Quiberon Bay. Hawke's victory is the theme of a ballad apparently written by someone on board the flagship (p. 217). *Neptune's Resignation*, a pretentious mythological poem 'written by Mr. Wagnall' is interesting as a curiosity (p. 218). Twenty-three years later it was adapted to fit Rodney's victory. Two other pieces of verse—one composed by Paul Whitehead and sung by Mr. Beard at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, the other by Robert English, chaplain of the Royal George—are reprinted in Hawke's *Life* (pp. 253–56). 'Though the rude billows raged,' sang the chaplain, 'so close we engaged

That rarely a shot was misplaced;
The troops on the land chilled with horror they stand
To see the white flag so disgraced.

'No longer they'll boast of descents on our coast,
The bright Queen of the main to reduce;
The fair English rose more lovely it blows,
While droops the faint Flower de Luce.

'Each generous heart played so gallant a part
That glory has crowned our endeavours
And what is still more, the lasses on shore
Will esteem us deserving their favours.'

Boscawen and Hawke had effectively ended the French threats of invasion, for which purpose a number of flat-bottomed boats had been built (Entick, iii. 403; v. 50). It is to this project that Garrick contemptuously refers in *Hearts of Oak*, a song in his pantomime *Harlequin's Invasion*, which was produced on December 31, 1759. The text of the song is so altered in the current versions that it seemed desirable to print it in its original form (p. 220). The only French landing effected took place in Ireland. In October 1759 M. Thurot, with six frigates and 1,300 troops, eluding the squadron under Commodore Boys, which was blockading that port, set out on his adventurous cruise. The weather frustrated an intended descent near Londonderry, but on February 21 he landed some troops at Carrickfergus, but put to sea again after occupying the place for six days. Next day, on February 28, Captain John Elliot, with the Aeolus, Pallas, and Brilliant frigates, engaged the three ships that were left of Thurot's squadron, and captured them all (Clowes iii. 230; Entick iv. 319–333). Thurot fell in the fight, and the ballad called *Thurot's Dream* records his fate (p. 220). This is one of the rare cases in which oral tradition has preserved a better version of the original piece than any of the printed broadsides.

Another minor action of much interest, which took place a year earlier, is the subject of the ballad entitled *Gilchrist and Hotham's Bravery* (p. 216). On March 20, 1759, the Southampton, 32, Captain James Gilchrist, and the Melampe, 24, Captain William Hotham, engaged two French frigates and captured one of them, the Danae, a 40-gun ship (Clowes, iii. 301; Entick, iv. 266). The capture of three French privateers in the West Indies by Captain

O'Brien and Captain Taylor in August 1760 furnished another theme for indifferent verse (p. 222, cf. Entick, v. 55).

After 1759 there were no fleet actions in European waters. Hawke, Boscawen, and Rodney blockaded the western ports of France through 1760. In June 1761 the island of Belleisle surrendered to a naval and military force commanded by General Hodgson and Commodore Keppel. This conquest is the subject of *A New Song on the Taking of Belleisle*, but the song touches only the service of the soldiers. Pitt meant to tender the island as an equivalent for Minorca in the negotiations for peace which began about this time. For the rest of the war the interest centres in the West Indies. Guadeloupe had fallen in May 1759; Dominica fell in June 1761; Martinique was taken in February 1762, and Grenada, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent with Martinique.

'As soon as this news to the French King was brought
He immediately put on his mourning coat,
Saying "Where shall I go or where shall I run?
They've ruined my nation, alas, I'm undone."'

The *New Song on the Taking of Martinico* thus pictures its effect:

'And now for Jack Spaniards we'll show them a dance,
And humble their pride as well as proud France.'

War had been declared against Spain on January 4, 1762, and the squadron which had helped to reduce Martinique now joined an expedition sent

from England under Sir George Pocock and the Earl of Albemarle, and laid siege to Havana. The city fell on August 13, 1762, and a ballad on its capture is printed on p. 223. It is remarkable for the badness of its metre and the correctness of its historical details (see Entick, v. 363–385; Clowes iii. 245). With this capture the war ended. The preliminaries of peace were signed on November 3, 1762, the definitive treaty on February 10, 1763.

Peace was welcome news to the sailors. A ballad called *The Sailors' Dialogue*, evidently written about this date, expresses their views. 'When all the ship is paid, we'll lead a merry life,' says Jack, and rejoices with Tom over the prospect of a full pocket and plenty of drink (p. 227). It gave them additional satisfaction to think that their officers would not be equally pleased. What Jack thought good news was bad news to admiral, captain, and lieutenant, as the ballad called *Distressed Men of War* sets forth at length (p. 228). A fact which made it worse was that a very limited number of subordinate officers received half-pay, and that the rates were extremely low (Clowes, ii. 233; iii. 19, 340).

It is evident from a number of ballads, some belonging to the middle, others to the later part of this century, that there was considerable discontent in the navy. The feelings which found expression in *The Sea Martyrs*, in William III.'s time, were equally strong when George III. began to reign, and were to manifest themselves later in the mutinies of 1797. One perennial complaint was the badness of the provisions and the cheats of the purser. Musty meat, mouldy biscuit, hard, stinking Suffolk cheese, petty-warrant beer, burgoo 'fit for nothing but to make a sailor spew,' were what he provided, 'though the nation allows men what's fitting to eat.' So says *The*

Saylor's Complaint; or the true Character of the Purser of a Ship (p. 233), and every casual reference to a purser in any ballad is always abusive.

A still greater grievance was the difficulty a man had in getting his pay:

'My life I have ventured for gold
My king and my country to serve,
Now the wars are all over,
Brave sailors may perish and starve,'

is the sum of a second *Sailor's Complaint* (p. 230). Often the sailor received a ticket for his pay, which he was obliged to sell to an usurer at a ruinous reduction—a practice which had existed since the time of Charles II., as Pepys witnesses, but which seems to have been checked towards the middle of the eighteenth century, according to *The Ticket-Buyer's Lamentation* (p. 231).

A third grievance was the severity of the discipline. A pamphlet quoted by Entick (v. 59) explains why it is that neither by bounty nor compulsion men enough for the fleet can be found. 'The reason is known to every common seaman, who, whilst Gazettes are filled with encomiums of their bravery and contempt of danger, and our senators are devising the wisest means for their provision and support, yet languish under the greatest hardships and the most abject slavery, puzzled and perplexed with unnecessary trifles, hard wrought, and ill-used by almost every petty officer of but a month's standing, who, ignorant of duty, whether performed right or wrong, flourishes his rattan over the head of the ablest seaman, and acts the tyrant over them without control.'

Even 'snotty boys of midshipmen,' some hardly

ten years old, declares one ballad, ‘strike many a brave fellow.’ In another a sailor declines to volunteer, and gives a captain his reason:

Your damned rogues of officers use men so
cruel,
That a man of war is worse than hell and the
devil.
(pp. 235, 239).

Ill usage made volunteers scarce and increased the discontent of pressed men. Complaints against impressment, and references to the abuses to which it gave rise, become increasingly frequent during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The pressgang makes its first appearance in fiction in 1748 with Smollet’s account of the seizure of Roderick Random on Tower Hill, and his sufferings in the tender. The earliest caricature representing the operations of a press-gang is *English Liberty Displayed*, which belongs to the year 1770, when Wilkes and the London magistrates were opposing the execution of press warrants in the City (*Catalogue of Satirical Prints in the British Museum*, iv. 641). Next came Gillray’s *Liberty of the Subject*, published October 15, 1779. Our ballads supplement this evidence by stories such as those related in *The Lighterman’s Prentice* and in the narrative of the eighteen Greenland men (pp. 201, 226, 234–36, 249). Another ballad called a *Dialogue between Will and Jack*, too long to insert, describes the general terror which prevailed about 1778 or 1779. The people seem all run mad, ‘for fear of the press they won’t lie in their beds’; farmers and millers send boys and girls and old men to the markets for them; carriers and carters, ‘like goats in the mountains, they lie in the fields’; and so with all

other trades. The French are at sea to invade us, and now our bold sailors must fight for all. The King wants men and will find them out.

The King found it difficult to get men, not merely because his service was unpopular, but also because there was a more profitable alternative.

One characteristic of the wars of the middle of the eighteenth century was the great development of privateering. 'The privateers,' writes Sir J. K. Laughton, 'were, in their day, a most important item in the naval strength of the country, with this additional and especial merit, that they were most numerous and strongest when the royal navy was weakest or most severely taxed.... In looking for valuable services of privateers we find them not in the periods of our national glory, not during the wars of the French Revolution, when Howe and Hood and Nelson crushed the French navy; not during the later years of the Seven Years' War, when Hawke and Boscawen and Saunders grandly maintained England's supremacy; but during the war of American Independence or the war of the Austrian Succession, when the fortunes of the navy were at a low ebb.... In such times of disaster and disgrace the rough and ready work of the privateers appeared more brilliant, and had a very real national importance' (*Studies in Naval History*, p. 201). Of two famous privateer captains, Fortunatus Wright and George Walker, the same author gives a full account, and the exploits of many others are recorded in *The Liverpool Privateers*, published by Mr. Gomer Williams in 1897. Their captures and their battles were sometimes the subject of verse, and therefore a few examples of ballads relating to them have been inserted. In July 1745, Captain Talbot in the Prince Frederick, with Captain Morecock in the Duke,

captured two Spanish ships with cargoes worth over 3,000,000 dollars. The share of each seaman amounted to £850 (Laughton, p. 237; Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i. 294; Boyse, *An Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe*, ii. 171). This capture is celebrated in *England's Glory, or the French King Stripped* (p. 194). At the beginning of the Seven Years' War the Terrible privateer, commanded by Captain Death, was taken by the French privateer Vengeance, of St. Malo, on December 27, 1756. The Terrible had twenty-six guns, the Vengeance thirty-four. The crew of the Vengeance numbered 350, while the Terrible, weakened by sending away some men in a prize, could muster only 116. Out of them the captain and fifty men were killed outright, and over forty wounded before the ship was taken (Entick, *History of the Late War*, 1765, ii. 110). So desperate a fight, at a moment when the popular indignation against Byng for not fighting it out with La Galissonière was at its height, naturally roused enthusiasm, and Captain Death and the Terrible were celebrated in the ballad and the poem printed on pp. 204–5.

A common form of song is one which takes the form of an invitation to enter on board a privateer under some popular captain. Of this there are many specimens in existence, and two are here reprinted (pp. 225, 226). The Lord Anson and the Hawke were two Liverpool privateers which made many captures in 1756 and 1757 (Williams, pp. 87–95). The Blandford was a Bristol ship, though Captain Stonehouse seems to have been a Liverpool man (*ib.* p. 186). In these and similar invitations the prospect of plunder naturally holds the first place. A Newcastle song says:

If we should meet with a galloon,
Our own we'll make her very soon,
The drums shall beat and music play,
To the Antigallican haste away.

To Charlotte's Head then let's repair,
We'll be received with welcome there;
We'll enter then without delay,
To the Antigallican haste away.

(*Rhymes of Northern Bards*, by John Bell, 1812, p. 320). Another song, called *The Sailor's Courtship to the Lady's Waiting-Maid*, treats the argument sentimentally:

My love she does wait on a lady so fair,
And I do belong to a stout privateer;
Rich prizes I've taken since the wars did begin,
From the lofty monsieurs and brought them all
in.

And now of [these] riches my love shall have
share,
For she shall be drest in rich silks most rare.
With ribbons and rings my jewel I'll deck,
And a fine chain of gold to hang round her
neck.

And before that my money begins to grow
scant,
I'll away to the sea, for my love shall ne'er
want,
And boldly we'll make the loud cannons to
roar,
And bring home rich prizes as heretofore.

You pretty young maids who have sweethearts
at sea,
Pray take this advice and be ruled by me,
Slight not a bold sailor while he's ploughing the
main,
Most richly he'll clothe you when he comes
home again.

(*Madden Collection*, Cambridge). The prospect of manning a privateer depended a good deal on the reputation of its commander, and consequently his character was often set forth, as in the ballad called after Captain Barber of the ship Resolution of Liverpool:

Give noble Captain Barber
A good broadsword in hand;
The French to fight [is] his heart's delight
When Barber gives command.
He's kind and tender-hearted
And makes his foes to fly,
He governs men with justice
And great generosity.

(*Madden Collection*). Or again in *A New Song*:

Come with me you jolly tars,
We're talking of the Spanish war,
Come my boys and tack about,
We'll put the Spaniards to the rout.

Chorus.

I beg you'll fill your pots all round,
Success to the fleet that's outward bound;
Likewise unto all true blues

That sails along with Jemmy Askew,
For he's the man that's bold and true,
He'll fight for his King and country too.

Come haste away to the rendezvous,
There's plenty of good peck and booze;
Askew is a seaman's friend,
My boys, you'll find him in the end.

Chorus as before.

When the American war began, the British public expected a series of easy victories—at all events wherever the navy was engaged. The ballad called *The Brags of Washington* is an instance of this (p. 244). Consequently the repulse of the fleet under Sir Peter Parker, which attacked Charleston on June 28, 1776, was a disagreeable surprise. It is the theme of an English ballad, *On the late Engagement in Charleston River*, and of an American song parodying Parker's despatch (pp. 245–47; cf. Clowes, iii. 372). In February 1778 France concluded a defensive treaty with the United States, and in April hostilities between France and England began. *The Cruisers* celebrates the beginning of this stage of the war; *The Arethusa* its first action, namely, the fight between that ship and the Belle Poule on June 17, 1778 (pp. 247–248). The song, according to Sir J. K. Laughton, 'sets truth and seamanship alike at defiance,' for the Arethusa fought well but was beaten, and would certainly have been taken or sunk if the approach of the English seventy-fours had not scared the Belle Poule away (*Sea Fights and Adventures*, p. 8). It is to be observed that the crew of the Belle Poule numbered 230 not 500 men, that she was not driven ashore, and that she was ultimately

taken by the Nonsuch, 64 guns, in 1780 (Clowes, iv. 13, 99, 114). To the same date or to 1777 belongs a song *On the brave Admiral Lockhart*, printed in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack* (p. 77). Lockhart took the command of the Shrewsbury in 1777. The verses are to be sung to the tune of *Hearts of Oak*.

Ye sons of old Ocean who're strangers to fear
On board of the *Shrewsbury* quickly repair;
Brave Lockhart commands her, rejoice every
tar,
For Lockhart commanded the *Tartar* last war.

The Shrewsbury formed part of the Channel fleet under Admiral Keppel. When Keppel first put to sea on June 12, 1778, the public voice confidently predicted his success, as *Admiral Keppel Triumphant* shows (p. 252). On July 27 he engaged the French fleet under d'Orvilliers off Ushant. Two songs give an account of this indecisive engagement, one of which accounts for its indecisiveness by asserting that Keppel had secret orders not to fight (pp. 253, 255). Then followed recriminations between Keppel and Vice-admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, ending with the trial of Keppel by court-martial on the charges of misconduct and incapacity. On February 11, 1779, he was acquitted, and the charges were pronounced malicious and unfounded. The popularity of the verdict is attested by *Keppel Triumphant* and *Keppel for Ever* (pp. 255, 257).

In June 1779 Spain declared war, and during August 1779 the combined French and Spanish fleets dominated the Channel. Paul Jones, who had already signalised himself in 1778 by attacking Whitehaven and capturing the British sloop Drake off Carrickfergus, sailed from L'Orient on August 14,

1779, with a little squadron of four vessels threatened Leith and Edinburgh, and projected an attack on the shipping in the Tyne. On September 23 he fell in with a fleet of merchant shipping coming from the Baltic under the convoy of the Serapis of forty-four guns and the Countess of Scarborough, a hired vessel armed with twenty six-pounders. The capture of these two ships by Jones is celebrated in *Paul Jones the Pirate*. This ballad was evidently written by an American or someone sympathising with the American cause. It was often reprinted in England, but the English versions are full of corruptions and blunders. Nevertheless, by comparison of the various versions, it has proved possible to obtain a more intelligible text than that commonly given (p. 259). Several other ballads, including a Scottish one on the same subject, are reprinted in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, and with them a political song suggesting that Lord Sandwich and Lord North were in reality worse enemies to England than Jones (*Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 330–35).

As the struggle was for America and the West Indian islands, most of the fleet engagements of the latter part of the war took place in American waters. On July 6, 1779, Vice-admiral John Byron, with Vice-admiral Samuel Barrington as his second in command, fought an action with the French fleet under D'Estaing off Grenada, and got very much the worst of the fight. A ballad on the battle, apparently written by someone on board the Royal Oak, expresses the view generally held in the fleet, that if Barrington had commanded instead of Byron the result would have been different (p. 258; cf. Clowes, iii. 434–40; Mahan, p. 367). *The Bold Blades of Old England* celebrates the capture of Omoa in October 1779, and concludes by a reference to Rodney's

voyage to Gibraltar in December 1779 and his capture of a Spanish convoy about January 8, 1780 (p. 261; cf. Clowes, iii. 448; iv. 44). On January 16, 1780, Rodney defeated Langara off Cape St. Vincent, taking six Spanish ships of the line. Another, the Santo Domingo, was blown up Prince William was serving at the time on board the Prince George, the flagship of Rear-admiral Robert Digby, which formed part of Rodney's fleet. Reports of the courage and good conduct of the Prince during the battle increased the popular enthusiasm which welcomed Rodney's victory, and inspired the song entitled *The Royal Sailor* (p. 262). On April 12, 1782, took place Rodney's victory over De Grasse, which brought the naval war to a conclusion. It is the subject of a singularly ungrammatical ballad called *Rodney's Glory*, and of another entitled *Hood's Conquest over the Count de Grasse*, in which Rodney's name is not even mentioned (p. 263). Rodney captured five line-of-battle ships in the battle. Four of them, with three English 74-gun ships, sailed from Jamaica for England at the end of July 1782, but all save two were lost on the way. Two of the prizes, the Ville de Paris and the Glorieux, foundered with all hands; a third, the Hector, was lost, though 200 of the crew were saved by the privateer Hawke. One of the English seventy-fours, the Ramillies, became unseaworthy, lost all her masts, and was abandoned. Another, the Centaur, went down with all her crew except twelve men on September 23, 1782. The ballad called *The Loss of the Centaur* (p. 265) commemorates the escape of Captain Inglefield and the twelve survivors (Laughton, *Sea Fights and Adventures*, p. 153; Clowes, iv. 88).

Several ballads of the period relate to engagements between single ships. *Captain Farmer*

(p. 260) describes the hard-fought encounter between the Quebec and Surveillante off Ushant on October 6, 1779. The Quebec took fire and blew up, and Captain George Farmer went down with his ship.

Others relate to the fortunes of American privateers. On the American side the laureate of the war was Philip Freneau, whose poems appeared for the most part in newspapers published in America during the war. They were collected and published at Philadelphia in 1786, and republished in England in 1861 by Russell Smith. Many refer to incidents in the naval war. One is *Captain Jones's Invitation to American Backwoodsmen to become Sailors*; another, *On the Memorable Victory gained by the gallant Captain Paul Jones*, narrates his capture of the Serapis. There are *Stanzas on the new American frigate Alliance*; *On the Death of Captain Nicholas Biddle*, commander of the Randolph, a 32-gun frigate, blown up in action with the British 64-gun ship *Yarmouth* on March 7, 1778. A third poem, *The British Prison Ship*, tells of the capture of the American privateer Aurora by the Iris (once the American frigate Hancock) and the sufferings of the prisoners on board the hulks Scorpion and Hunter. *The Sailor's Invitation* is an encouragement to ship under Captain Barney on board the Hyder Ally privateer; another ballad, describes the capture of the sloop General Monk by the Hyder Ally on April 8, 1782. (Freneau's Poems, pp. 144, 146, 164, 183, 235, 239, 241.) Another collection, *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*, edited by Frank Moore, 1856, contains a satirical letter in verse describing the capture of the South Carolina, a 40-gun frigate, by the British ships Diomede and Quebec on December 20, 1782 (Clowes, iv. 91).

The major operations of the war of the French

Revolution and the general engagements are illustrated by numerous ballads, though for the most part of very inferior quality.

'Now Lord Hood is sailed with his gallant crew,
Bold sailors with ships of the line twenty-two,'

begins *Success to the Grand Fleet, or the Honest Briton's Prayer*, announcing Hood's departure for Toulon in August 1793. But the rest is too poor to quote. The temper of the moment is illustrated by some lines from *The Taking of Tobago* (April 1793), which declares that 'for murdering of Louis we will make these rebels rue.' But for the most part very little sign of any feeling against the French as revolutionists appears in popular naval poetry; it is simply the old national hostility. 'We'll make them to knock under as we have done before,' says the same ballad.

Howe's victory on June 1, 1794, is the subject of at least half a dozen ballads, two of which, with a song written by a lieutenant on board the Bellerophon, will be found on pp. 268–74.

The battle of St. Vincent on February 14, 1797, is celebrated in *A new song on the victory over the Spanish Fleet by Admiral Jervis*, and in *Jervis taking the Spanish Fleet*. According to the author of the first, the tactics of the British ships were simple:

'They, not heedful of orders, in courage confide;
The best line of battle's a thundering
broadside.'

The second thus sums up the result:

'Here's a health to Admiral Jervis, our officers
and crew;

Spain with your surprising force we've made
you for to rue.
Two of your hundred and twenties and two of
eighty-four
By Britons brave were soon conveyed safe to
old England's shore.'

Neither deserves reprinting. Duncan was more fortunate than Jervis, and at least four ballads on Camperdown have survived. One by J. Pratt will be found on p. 283. Another by J. More, of the Royal Ayr Volunteers, to be sung to the tune of *The Garb of Old Gaul*, is printed in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs* (p. 9). In one of the ballads Duncan's religion is commended:

'No power the pride of conquest has his heart to
lead astray:
He summoned his triumphant crew, and then
was heard to say,
"Let every man now bend his knee, and here in
solemn prayer
Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made
our cause His care."'
(*The Fight off Camperdown.*)

In the fourth a subscription for the widows of those who fell in the battle is advocated:

'Fighting their country's noble cause they near
the Texel fell,
No mutiny, but gloriously they died behaving
well.'
(*The Widow's Lamentation.*)

On the battle of the Nile the two most popular

ballads—to judge from the frequency of the reprints—were *The Mouth of the Nile* and *Battle of the Nile*. The former begins:

‘It was in the forenoon of the first day of August,
One thousand seven hundred and ninety eight.
After a long pursuit we o’ertook the Toulon fleet,
And soon we let them know we came for to fight.’

The whole is reprinted in Ashton’s *Real Sailor Songs*. The other poem, more pretentious in style concludes with a sort of apotheosis:

‘In council above rose the deity of war,
Determined to give valour due renown,
And soon on the brow of each hardy British tar
Was placed a resplendent royal crown.

‘While the loud trump of fame on earth and ocean sounded
With Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson’s name resounded;
But the battle of the Nile was the foremost on the file,
And all the Angel choirs sang the glories of that day.’

Of much greater interest than these is a long narrative ballad, said to have comprised about sixty verses, of which tradition has preserved merely a fragment. From the exactness of the details, it was probably written by some sailor in the fleet. All that survives is printed on p. 287.

The battle of Copenhagen is the theme of two ballads of the ordinary type (pp. 295, 296). To these has been added the original version of Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*, which he enclosed in a letter to Sir Walter Scott written on March 27, 1805 (p. 290). 'Though wanting,' says Sir J. K. Laughton, 'the polish which afterwards brought it to something like perfection, though many of the lines are bald, harsh, or tumid, some of the expressions are happier than in the finished work; and, though we do not go to a ballad for historical detail, it is fuller and more accurate' (*The Nelson Memorial*, p. 196). Campbell was in a special sense the laureate of the war which resulted from the coalition known as the Armed Neutrality of 1801, and he published in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 18, 1801, his ballad *Ye Mariners of England* headed *On the Prospect of a Russian War*. The original of this, which differs only in a few unimportant phrases from the later version, is to be found in Laughton's *Nelson Memorial*, p. 175, and in Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. It is needless to reprint it here.

Nelson's next engagement was not against the Russians, as he expected, but against the French flotilla which lay in the harbour of Boulogne prepared for the invasion of England. This disastrous attempt was made on August 15, 1801, and is the subject of *A New Song composed by the wounded Tars* (p. 297). It was evidently meant to appeal to the charitable, and the lines:

'All you that relieve us the Lord will you bless
For relieving poor sailors in times of distress'

are a too familiar ballad formula. There are many other ballads of the period ending with similar

appeals. Two examples will suffice:

‘A splinter knocked my nose off, “My bowsprit’s
gone!” I cries,
“Yet well it kept their blows off, thank God
’twas not my eyes.”
Scarce with these words I’d outed, glad for my
eyes and limbs,
A splinter burst and douted both my two
precious glims.
I’m blind and I’m a cripple, yet cheerful would I
sing
Were my disasters triple, ’cause why? ’twas for
my king.’

(*The Blind Sailor.*)

‘A splinter from our ship was forced,
Which took my arm, to my sad loss,
And now I’m found to wander up and down,
Seeking relief where it can be found.
We all are seamen to our right,
And on the seas we took delight,
But by hard fortune you plainly see
We lost our limbs on the raging sea.
All you who extend your charity,
The Lord preserve your family.’

(*The Seaflower.*)

The last action of importance before the peace of Amiens was that between Linois and Sir James Saumarez in the Straits of Gibraltar on July 12, 1801 (Clowes, iv. 466). The ballad on it is a parody of the despatch in which Linois is said to have represented his escape as a victory (p. 298).

One feature in this war was the attempted

invasion of Ireland by the French. A fleet appeared in Bantry Bay under Admiral Morard de Galle in December 1796; a landing was actually effected at Killala on August 22, 1798, by General Humbert; a squadron under Commodore Bompart was engaged by Sir John Borlase Warren on October 12, 1798. A number of ballads relating to these incidents are collected in Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs Illustrative of French Invasions of Ireland*, parts iii., iv., published by the Percy Society in 1847, but they are too entirely political in their character. The best is one beginning:

'Now fair and strong the south-east blew, and
high the billows rose,
The French fleet bounded o'er the main
freighted with Erin's foes.
Oh, where was Hood and where was Howe, and
where Cornwallis then,
Where Colpoys, Bridport, or Pellew, and all
their gallant men?'

The question asked in these lines formed the basis of a motion made subsequently in Parliament. The author of the ballad answers:

'Nor skill nor courage aught avail against
heaven's high decrees:
The storm arose and closed our ports, a mist
o'erspread the seas.'

Captain Mahan, however, points out that the inefficiency of the British dispositions against invasion was to blame (*Influence of Sea-power upon the French Revolution and Empire*, i. 360). The fleet which reached Bantry escaped with impunity

excepting the Droits de l'Homme, seventy-four, which fell in with Sir Edward Pellew, in the Indefatigable, forty-four, and Captain Reynolds in the Amazon, thirty-six, was badly mauled, and wrecked with all her crew on the coast of France. This engagement, which took place on January 13, 1798, is celebrated in *The Amazon Frigate* (p. 276). An earlier exploit of Pellew's, the capture of the Cleopâtre on June 18, 1793, is also the subject of a ballad (p. 267). The fight between the Pique and the Blanche on June 4, 1795, and that between the Mars and the Hercule, on April 21, 1798, and an action fought by the sloop Arrow in September 1799, are commemorated in the same way (pp. 285, 289).

In the civil history of the navy the great event was the mutiny of 1797, illustrated here by five ballads. *The New Song* about 'the seventeen bright stars' gives a sailor's history of the origin and progress of the mutiny of the fleet at Spithead, and was evidently written about the end of May (p. 277). *British Tars Rewarded* expresses the satisfaction of the fleet at the concessions obtained from the Government, and *The Genius of Britain* shows the sympathy with which the movement was regarded by the Radical politicians of the time (pp. 279, 280). The more dangerous mutiny of the ships at the Nore, which began on May 20 and lasted till about the middle of June, is represented by *A New Song on Parker the Delegate* and *The Death of Parker* (pp. 281, 282). The latter is one of the commonest of all ballads relating to the navy, and the frequency with which it was reprinted seems to show that popular feeling was inclined to regard Parker as a hero and a martyr.

The period from the renewal of the war with France in May 1803 to the general peace in 1815

supplies few ballads of any merit, and the more important the event celebrated the worse, as a rule, is the ballad. Trafalgar produced at least a dozen, of which two are selected here—*Nelson's Glorious Victory at Trafalgar*, and another, entitled *The Death of Nelson*, which begins:

'Come all you gallant seamen that unites a
meeting.'

(pp. 301, 302). A third, beginning *Arise, ye sons of Britain, in chorus join and sing*, which usually bears the title of *Nelson's Death and Victory*, is reprinted by Mr. Masefield (p. 131), and by Mr. Ashton (p. 18), under the title of *The Battle of Trafalgar*. Mr. Ashton also prints a fourth entitled *Nelson and Collingwood* (p. 19). There is yet another *Battle of Trafalgar*, which begins well:

'Come all you British heroes, come listen to my
song,
It is of a noble battle by our brave seamen won;
The 20th of October that was the very day
The combined fleet from Cadiz, my boys, did
put to sea;
The *Euryalus* made the signal, the *Defence* she
did repeat,
The *Mars* and the *Colossus* conveyed it to our
fleet.

'It was off Cape St. Mary, nine leagues from the
shore,
When the signal they saw down from Cadiz
they bore.
On Sunday the twentieth so early in the morn
We espied our enemy, my boys, four leagues

astern;
The day it being foggy we lost them all again,
But on the twenty-first, my boys, we met them
on the main.'

The rest of the narrative, however, is a mere catalogue of the names of ships.

The Death of Nelson, better known as *'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay*, is from John Braham's opera entitled *The Americans*, which was produced at the Lyceum on April 27, 1811. In Bell and Daldy's *Sea Songs and Ballads*, 1863 (p. 263), the words are attributed to Samuel James Arnold. There is another *Death of Nelson*—a rough and ungrammatical popular ballad—which seems to deserve reprinting in spite of its defects, as a testimony to popular feeling in England (p. 302).

Sir Richard Strachan's victory on November 4, 1805 (Clowes, v. 171), is the next important event celebrated, and it is treated as completing Nelson's work (p. 304). Clowes describes it as 'a creditable pendant to Trafalgar' (*The Royal Navy*, v. 174). Cochrane's attempt to destroy the French fleet in the Basque Roads in April 1810 was also made the subject of a song. 'Cochrane undaunted' has his due praise; Gambier is not mentioned either for good or evil. The rest of the incidents recorded are cutting out affairs or frigate fights. Yeo's exploits on the coast of Spain in 1805, and the capture of the Thetis by the Amethyst in November 1808, were both held worthy of recognition in verse (pp. 300, 305; cf. Clowes, v. 362, 427).

In June 1812 the field of the war was widened by President Madison's declaration of war against England. This provides us with some ballads which give the point of view of England's opponents, and

advantageously supplement the productions of our own soil. A ballad beginning ‘Ye Parliament of England’ states the case of the United States against Great Britain, and summarises the naval history of the war for American hearers (p. 308). ‘It was still,’ says an American, ‘a favourite song in many parts of the country as late as 1859, and it is valuable as a reflection of the spirit in which the war of 1812–14 was regarded by those who fought in it’ (G. C. Eggleston, *American War Ballads*, 1889, i. 131). The capture of the Guerrière by the Constitution on August 19, 1812, was the subject of an American song subsequently reprinted as a broadside in London (p. 309). The capture of the Chesapeake by the Shannon in June 1, 1813, was the subject of three English ballads, two of which are here reprinted (p. 311). The metre of the best known is the same as that of the song on the Constitution and Guerrière, and one was evidently intended as an answer to the other, though it appears uncertain which was published first. The last of the series narrates the capture of the President on January 15, 1815, and is called *The Endymion’s Triumph*. It just mentions the existence of the rest of the squadron, but does not attribute any part in the result of the fight to the Pomone or the Tenedos (p. 313).

Peace was not wholly welcome either to the younger officers or to some of the sailors. In 1815, as in 1763 there were some who openly expressed their regret. One example is a parody of Dibdin, entitled *The Midshipman’s Lamentation*. It begins ‘What is it to you if my eye I am piping?’ If the peace is a fact he trembles to think what his next station will be:

‘Four years of my time I’ve served and better,
But what’s that to me? Why, it’s not worth a

groat.
Besides, to the purser I am a great debtor—
I have not yet paid for my cockt hat and
coat.'

No resource will be left him except to turn shoe-black:

'How oft in the cabin I've studied navigation
Out of a book writ by John Hamilton Moore,
But now I'm afraid I shall soon take my station
With my brushes and black ball close to my
door.'
(*Madden Collection*, Cambridge.)

A sailor took a more cheerful view of the situation:

'When I was on the yard the topsail for to furl,
The pilot came on board and said "There's
peace with all the world";
But if war should come again I'm damned if I
won't enter,
And for my country and my king my life and
limb I'll venture.'
(Fragment communicated by Sir J. K.
Laughton.)

As at every peace, there were complaints that when the sailor was no more needed a thankless country turned him adrift to starve. *The British Tars* enforces this moral (p. 316). Sailors who remained in the service had a different cause of complaint, namely, the increasing strictness of discipline in minor matters. 'About 1806,' says Clowes, on the authority of Lord Dundonald, 'undue prominence began to be assigned to what is still vulgarly called

in the service "spit and polish." Too much importance was attached to "the brightening of brass heads, of bitts, and capstan hoops," and too little to the condition of the ship as a fighting machine' (*Royal Navy*, v. 19). After the peace this tendency increased, and the discomforts of a sailor's life in a smart ship with a martinet for her captain became the theme of several ballads. *The Fancy Frigate*, *The Saucy Scylla*, and *The Vanguard* are examples of this (pp. 316–21).

An older grievance now ended. Impressment had risen to its height during the great war with France. In a volume of Northumbrian Minstrelsy published by the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are many songs referring to the press-gang.

'Here's the tender coming pressing all the men!
Oh, dear hinny, what shall we do then?
Here's the tender coming off at Shields' bar,
Here's the tender coming full of men-of-war.'

Another is a woman's lament:

'Oh, the lousy cutter,
They've taen my laddie frae me,
They've pressed him far away foreign
Wi' Nelson ayont the salt sea.

'They always come in the night,
They never come in the day;
They always come in the night
And steal the laddies away.'

A certain Captain Bover was particularly energetic in pressing men, of whom a sailor and his lass thus sing:

‘Where hes ti’ been, maw canny hinny,
Where hes ti’ been, maw winsome man?
Aw’ve been ti’ the norrard,
Cruising back and forrard,
Aw’ve been ti’ the norrard,
Cruising sair and lang,
Aw’ve been ti’ the norrard, cruising back and forrard,
But daurna come ashore for Bover and his gang.’
(L. Smith, *Music of the Waters*, 1888, p. 112.)

When the war ended the press-gang lost its very real terrors, though their memory long survived in tradition. It became a subject for sentimental or burlesque treatment, as in *Oh Cruel!* and the *Answer* to that song. Its special function in the sentimental ballads printed during the first half of the nineteenth century was to prevent the course of true love from running smooth:

‘This jolly young sailor, as true is reported,
Had been but a very few weeks on the shore
But as he and his love together was walking,
By a large press he from her was tore.’

A villainous rival invariably availed himself of its assistance:

‘A friendly voice young William hailed;
A ruffian gang the youth assailed;
’Twas done by cursed gold.
The tender for the offing stood,
The cutter skimmed the yielding flood,
They hatched him in the hold.’
(*Young William.*)

It afforded opportunities for the more romantic forms of the sentimental ballad, in which the maid disguised herself as a sailor in order to accompany her lover when he was pressed to sea. There are several seventeenth and eighteenth century ballads about disguised women who served as sailors, and there are some genuine instances. One of them, Hannah Snell, became celebrated, and about 1750 attracted crowds to hear her sing a song describing her adventures (p. 200). In the street ballads of the early nineteenth century the theme is a perpetual favourite. Other ballads of the same period celebrated the courage or dexterity with which the maiden contrived to obtain her lover's release. The most celebrated example of this class of ballad is *Billy Taylor*, which is a parody on an earlier romantic ballad entitled sometimes *William Taylor*, sometimes *The Female Lieutenant* (pp. 326–27). Another example is *Cawsand Bay* (p. 328), which is a late imitation of an older ballad called either *The Valiant Maid* or *The Undaunted Lieutenant*.

Impressment ceased about 1835, though not formally abolished, and its cessation seems to have been somehow connected in the popular mind with King William IV. His sympathy with sailors was the theme of several street songs. *The King and the Sailor* celebrates his affability; *Duke William's Frolic* narrates how he had learned to sympathise with the sufferings of sailors by being himself impressed. Both are reprinted in John Ashton's *Modern Street Ballads*, pp. 228, 232.

During the great war, the patriotic sea-song and songs about sailors, such as those written by the Dibdins and their imitators, had attained enormous popularity on shore, and some at sea too. Charles Dibdin's first naval song, *Blow high, blow low*, was

produced about 1776, and he continued to produce till about 1810. It was said by a biographer that ‘he brought more men into the navy in war time than all the press-gangs could,’ and he boasted in his autobiography, ‘My songs have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storm, in battle; and they have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline (*Autobiography*, i. 8). Except in a very few cases, such as *Tom Bowling*, this popularity was not lasting. ‘It is doubtful,’ says Sir C. Bridge, ‘if they were even very popular in the forecastle. At places of entertainment on shore, some of them may have been heard with pleasure by seamen, but the great majority of them were either never favourites afloat, or at any rate had but a short-lived popularity. By the middle of the nineteenth century, when the old fore-bitter had still a vigorous existence, C. Dibdin’s songs were very rarely sung on board ship’ (Introduction to Stone’s *Sea Songs and Ballads*, p. xiii).

Novelists and playwrights imitated Dibdin. Captain Marryat, who brought together a few genuine old songs in *Poor Jack*, inserted some nautical songs of his own composition in *Snarleyow*, the best of which is reprinted in this collection (p. 322). Others, apparently never published, which include defences of flogging and impressment, are to be found in his Life by his daughter. Captain Chamier, who published between 1830 and 1849 a number of novels in imitation of Marryat, included in them many nautical songs of his own of little merit. Captain Glascock also in his novels and sketches of naval life printed various lyrics. One seems to be the expression of a genuine feeling, viz. *The Lieutenant’s Lament*:

‘As sure as a gun
We shall all be undone
If longer continues the peace.’
(*Naval Sketch Book*, 1834, 2nd series, i. 267.)

Of nautical plays an enormous number were produced during the first half of the nineteenth century. This species of drama reached its greatest vogue about 1830. The most successful example of it was Douglas Jerrold’s *Black-eyed Susan; or, All in the Downs*, played at the Surrey Theatre in 1829. Another successful play was Fitzball’s *Pilot*, an adaptation of Cooper’s novel of the same name, in which the hero was transformed from an American into an English sailor. The success of both was due to the acting of T. P. Cooke, who had himself served some six years in the navy and was declared by Christopher North to be ‘the best sailor that ever trod the stage.’ ‘Mr. Cooke,’ says Fitzball in his preface to *The Pilot*, ‘added a new feature to the sailor’s character. It was that of thoughtfulness and mystery —of deep-toned passion and romance.’

The popularity and the prevalence of conventional representations of sailors and artificial naval lyrics seem to have put an end to the production of genuine sea songs. In the vast mass of street songs issued by various printers between 1815 and 1870 there are many about sailors at sea and on shore, but they are mostly amatory or romantic. The most interesting are stories about shipwrecks or crudely realistic ditties about sprees on shore which illustrate the history of the merchant service rather than the navy. Such titles as *The Liverpool Landlady*, *The Sailor’s Frolic or Life in the East*, and *Rolling Down Wapping* are a sufficient indication of their contents.

Amongst this miscellaneous mass there are a few ballads relating to incidents in naval history occurring between 1815 and the Crimean war. They are poor things, lacking in the spirit and the vigorous realism which often redeem the doggerel verses of the previous century.

For that reason it will suffice to quote a few of those which survive, and to print half a dozen of the best as specimens.

The bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth on August 27, 1816, was the first important naval event after the peace of 1815. It is narrated in a ballad printed by James Catnach, in which a sailor who had served on board the Superb undertook to tell 'how we fought like any lions bold to set the Christians free.' Three verses may be quoted:

'On the twenty-seventh of August, just by the break of day,
We espied the city of Algiers to windward of us lay;
"All hands, all hands to quarters," it was the general cry,
"Come load your guns with round and grape before we draw too nigh."

'The first was the *Queen Charlotte* so nobly led the van,
She was followed by the *Superb*, Captain Atkins gave command,
The next was the *Leander* with all her warlike crew,
She was followed by the *Impregnable*, Rear-Admiral of the Blue.'

Then comes a catalogue of the rest of the fleet, in

which the six Dutch frigates taking part in the action are not forgotten. ‘Take pattern by those English lads, they show you gallant play,’ said the Dutch admiral to his crews.

‘Now there’s one thing more that I relate, which
is to be admired,
At five o’clock that afternoon we set their ships
on fire,
Our rocket ships and bomb ships so well their
parts did play
The Algerines from their batteries were forced
to run away.’

The last verse concluded with healths to Lord Exmouth and to Captain Atkins (or properly Captain Charles Ekins) of the Superb.

The battle of Navarino, fought on October 20, 1827, inspired several ballads. *The Battle of Navarino*, which will be found at length in John Ashton’s *Modern Street Ballads*, 1888, p. 225, begins thus:

‘You’ve heard of the Turks and the Greeks,
For all Europe’s been told their bad habits,
How they cut down each other like leeks,
And the Turks slaughter children like rabbits:
But John Bull could bear it no more,
Said he, you death-dealers, I’ll stop you,
And if you don’t both soon give o’er
I swear by St George that I’ll whop you.’

It concludes with a cheer ‘for the staunch gallant crew, That manned the brave ship the Genoa’—a 76-gun ship whose captain, Walter Bathurst, was killed in the battle—on board of which the author perhaps served.

A second, entitled *The Glorious Victory of Navarino*, gives more details:

‘On the 20th of October the glorious fight began,
Bold Ibrahim vainly boasted he’d slaughter every man;
But Codrington resolved was the *Asia* should display
A bright example to the rest, and he would lead the way.

‘The *Genoa* and the *Albion* he placed by his side
And near to him De Rigny, commander of the *Armide*,
The *Glasgow* and the *Cambrian*, the *Dartmouth* and the *Rose*
Were placed in fine order alongside of their foes.’

A fragment of a third ballad, said to consist of seventeen verses in all, is quoted by Mr. Kipling in *The Black Sheep*:

‘Our vanship was the *Asia*,
The *Albion* and the *Genoa*,
And next came on the lovely *Rose*,
The *Philomel* her fireship closed,
And the little *Brisk* was sore exposed
That day at Navarino.’

The intervention of England in the Syrian war in 1840, which fills so large a place in James Hannay’s naval novel, *Singleton Fontenoy*, produced a ballad on *The Capture of St. Jean d’Acre* which will be found on p. 333. It attributes all the credit of the success to

Charles Napier, and makes no mention at all of Sir Robert Stopford. It seems to have been written or at least inspired by someone serving on board the Wasp, from the particularity with which it relates the movements of that ship.

The popularity of Napier comes out very plainly in the whole group of street songs and ballads relating to the Crimean war.

'We're off to the Baltic with Charley Napeer
To singe the whiskers of the great Russian bear'

ran the chorus of a song which a friend of mine heard some sailors singing in the streets in 1854. *Give it to him, Charley*, is the title of another; *I am Baltic Charley and no Mistake*, is that of a third. In this last, the author, through the form of a dialogue, expresses the sympathy of the British public with the admiral in his quarrel with Sir James Graham:

'"I have sailed too many miles at sea
For any land-lubber to frighten me,
I fought in Nelson's victory
Like a Briton," said Baltic Charley.
Said Jemmy to me "What have you done?
Why did not you into danger run?"
"I wopped the Russians at Bomarsund
And a victory gained," said Charley.

'"Now, Jemmy, you shall see by-and-by
I will make you open your weather eye
And like a pig for quarters cry
For insulting Baltic Charley.
Boatswain's mate, come quickly jump,
Seize old Jemmy up to the pump,
And give him a dozen over the rump

To the tune of Baltic Charley.”’

Another series of this Russian group consists of sentimental verses. *Bold Napier*, for instance, begins:

‘Old England calls her sons to arms the Russian
bear to meet,
Our brave old admiral commands and guides
the British fleet,
The battle calls me from thy arms, let not my
Susan fear
In the cause of liberty we go to sail with bold
Napier.’

Similar in type is *Jack and Susan and Long Life to Sir Charles Napier*. Bolder is *The Baltic Lovers*, which relates how a merchant’s daughter of Southampton city:

‘Did fall in love with a brisk young sailor
Who had engaged with Sir Charles Napier,’

and announced her intention of following him to sea in disguise:

‘He said “Mary, my charming fairy,
Are you deranged or what can you mean?—
On board the *Wellington* you know I’ve entered
To fight the Russians and serve the Queen.”’

In spite of this discouragement and of the active opposition of her father she entered on board the Wellington, and passed for a long time as a man.

‘One lovely morning the fleet had warning
To fight the Russians at seven bells,

And her true lover did her discover
And met his Mary at the Dardanelles.'

Shedding 'large briny tears' she was brought on the quarter-deck before Sir Charles Napier, who was much moved by the spectacle.

'Old Charley said, "You are an angel,
You are an angel I plainly see,
You love your Queen, you love a sailor,
And soon made happy you shall be."'

And thereupon he discharged Mary and the brisk young sailor and sent both back to England singing 'God save the Queen and Sir Charles Napier.'

In addition to this there are of course many songs of a purely patriotic nature of which the naval glories of England are in part the theme. The most familiar of them is *The Red, White, and Blue*. 'It had a considerable vogue during the Russian war,' writes Sir J. K. Laughton. 'I often heard it sung up the Baltic: but of course it is a music-hall song. It was always understood that the 'red, white, and blue' meant the three admirals' flags. Since then it has been taken to mean that these are the national colours—a mistake which has led to a thousand absurdities.'

Out of all the popular songs illustrating the naval side of the Russian war only one deserves reprinting in this volume. That is a song called *The Russians won't come out*, which reflects the general disappointment of the navy at the absence of any opportunities for fighting at sea (p. 336).

In order to illustrate the work of the navy during the period which intervened between the close of the French war and the beginning of the Russian war

four other ballads have been inserted. One, entitled *General Campbell*, describes the part taken by the navy in the capture of Rangoon in 1824. A second, *The Borneo Heroes*, narrates an incident in the suppression of piracy in the Eastern seas, viz. the fight at Malluda Bay on August 19, 1845. The third, entitled *The Slave Chase*, illustrates the suppression of the slave trade. From the style it is clearly an imitation of one of Macaulay's *Lays*; however, it is a spirited thing, and was a great favourite with the late Captain Montagu Burrows, who served for some time in African waters. It was also a popular favourite, and was very often reprinted by Fortey, Such, and the later publishers of street ballads. Arctic exploration is illustrated by a fourth, which celebrates the return of Ross in 1833 and the welcome he received at home (pp. 330–334). Another incident, in the search for the North-West Passage, namely the voyage of Sir John Franklin, and the long continued efforts to discover his fate also attracted the attention of the writers of street ballads; but neither *Lady Franklin's Lament* nor the *Lament on the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew* deserve reprinting. The last was written in 1860; ten years later the old street ballads practically became extinct. Once they had been the instrument used to convey information about public events to the people, but that function had now passed to the cheap newspapers. Popular opinion had found other modes of expression, and as songs they had been superseded by the more taking melodies of the music-halls.

Sir Cyprian Bridge speaks of the 'general taking over of the songs of the music-hall of late by sailors.' The process began long ago. Captain Glascock in 1834 noted the supersession of the old naval songs

by ditties fashionable at the moment on shore.

'For the whole three years as I sarv'd in that there *March-o'-Mind man-o'-war* I was tellin' ye about I never hears so much as a sailor's song—a song as ye could call a reg'lar built seaman's stave.'

'No, Ned, you doesn't now often hear the staves as we used to sing in the war—you never now hears *Will ye go to Cawsin Bay, Billy Bo, Billy Bo!*—nor the *Saucy Arethusa*—nor the *Bold Brittany—Black colours under her mizen did fly—From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues*, an' many more of the sim'lar sort.'

'No, no, Sam—you're right enough—your *March-o'-Mind* men must now come your simmy-dimmy quiv'ring quivers—tip ye soft sentimental touches—sigh away like ladies in love, an' never sing nothin' but your silly sicknin' stuff, as often used to frighten the geese an' make 'em cackle in the coop, for all the world like the comin' of a heavy hurricane. Moreover, your *March-o'-Mind* men never will sing a single stave as admits of the main thing—for what's a song as won't allow all hands to jine in reg'lar coal-box? (chorus). No, no, your *March-o'-Mind* men haven't, you may depend on it, the mind of men—they think far more like people as rigs it in petticoats, nor they as tog in trowsers. Now what looks more young-ladyish nor to see a fellor with a fist like a shoulder of mutton, flinging his flipper about an' suitin' his antics to his song, as he snivels out "Strike—strike the light guitar!"... Then, again, we'd another chap—a chap, too, as big and bulky as a bullock—easin' it off an' mincin' it out like a lank boarding'-school miss—"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower"' (*Naval Sketch-book*, 2nd series, i. 236).

Dana noticed the same phenomenon amongst merchant sailors about 1834. 'I shall never forget,' he writes, 'hearing an old salt who had broken his voice by hard drinking on shore, and bellowing from the mast-head in a hundred north-westers, singing with all manner of ungovernable trills and quavers, in the

high notes breaking into rough falsetto, and in the low ones growling along like the dying-away of the boatswain's "All hands ahoy!" down the hatchway, "Oh no, we never mention him!"[*sic*]:

'Perhaps, like me, he struggles with
Each feeling of regret:
But if he's loved as I have loved,
He never can forget.'

The last line he roared out at the top of his voice, breaking each word into half a dozen syllables, This was very popular, and Jack was called on every night to give them his sentimental song' (*Two Years before the Mast*, chap. xxix.).

In conclusion it is only necessary to give some short account of the sources from which the present collection has been compiled.

The best account of the collections of old ballads which exist in various public libraries is given by Chappell in the introduction to volume i. of the *Roxburghe Ballads*, published by the Ballad Society. The British Museum contains the collections known as the Roxburghe and Bagford Ballads, besides others of minor importance. The four volumes of the Roxburghe collection contain 1,466 ballads, the Bagford collection and the smaller ones referred to about 1,500 more. Since 1871, when Mr. Chappell made this estimate, others have been added. The Bodleian Library contains the collections formed by Wood, Ashmole, Rawlinson, and Douce, numbering 1,500 or 1,600. At Cambridge there is the Pepys collection, which consists of 1,800 ballads, and is of special value for naval history, because Pepys, by virtue of his office, was peculiarly interested in that subject. The Society is under great obligations to the

Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge, for permitting the publication of ten of the Pepysian ballads in this volume, and for allowing the editor the opportunity of thoroughly searching the collection for the purpose. The library of the University of Cambridge possesses a large collection of ballads printed during the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, which has proved extremely useful as supplementing and continuing the older collections. It was formed by Sir Frederick Madden, and has been hitherto neglected by nearly all students of ballads, but deserves to be searched carefully by anyone interested in the later history of the English ballad.

The University of Glasgow possesses a collection of 408 black-letter ballads presented to it by Mr. Euing. The Euing collection consists mainly of ballads printed during the reign of Charles II., and has supplied several on the Dutch wars and other incidents of the period.

Of collections in private hands, that of the Earl of Crawford has proved particularly useful. The Society is indebted to him for three ballads reprinted in this volume, and the editor has found the catalogue of Lord Crawford's ballads invaluable throughout his work (*Bibliotheca Lindesiana: Catalogue of a Collection of English Ballads of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*. Privately printed, 1890).

As to printed collections of ballads, the editions of the *Roxburghe* and *Bagford Ballads*, published by the Ballad Society, have been freely drawn upon. The labours of Mr. Chappell and Mr. Ebsworth have alone made it possible to select and put together ballads relating to any particular side of English history, and their researches into the questions of the origin and text of the ballads have furnished all

students of any special kind of ballads with a solid basis for further investigations. To Mr. Ebsworth the editor is further indebted for personal assistance and encouragement.

Two other collections have also been of special service—*The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by Professor F. J. Child, 5 vols., Boston, 1895, and *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, edited by Professor J. W. Hales and Dr. F. J. Furnivall, 3 vols., London, 1868.

There are also several special collections of Naval Ballads, to which references are frequently made in this introduction and in the notes. Of these the most important are:

(1) *Early Naval Ballads of England*, collected and edited by J. O. Halliwell for the Percy Society in 1851.

(2) *Sea Songs and Ballads by Dibdin and others.* London, Bell and Daldy, 1863. This contains an appendix consisting of ballads written before Dibdin's day.

(3) *Real Sailor Songs*, collected and edited by John Ashton, 1891, which is valuable from the number of modern street ballads it contains.

(4) *Sea Songs and Ballads*, selected by Christopher Stone, with an introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, Oxford, 1906.

(5) *A Sailor's Garland*, selected and edited by John Masefield, London 1906.

One word as to the text of the ballads and songs contained in this volume. It was at first intended to preserve the exact spelling of the originals. In the older pieces it was possible to do this because there was usually an authoritative text accessible, which it was easy to follow throughout. But the later ballads, issued on broadsheets and slips, and frequently

reprinted again by country printers, swarmed with misprints due to mere carelessness which it would have been unnecessary and undesirable to reproduce. Moreover, it was often needful to compare several versions in order to obtain a tolerable text. For these reasons a certain number of obvious errors of the press have been corrected. Some variants, with comments on the text of the ballads, and an indication of the source from which the text is derived, will be found in the notes at the end of the volume. It should be noted that in order to save space two lines have often been printed as one.

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SONGS AND BALLADS

—

THE BATTLE OF SLUYS.

Lithes and the batail I sal bigyn
of Inglisch men and Normandes in the Swin.

Minot with mowth had menid to make
Suth sawes and sad for sum mens sake;
The wordes of sir Edward makes me to wake,
Wald he salue vs sone mi sorow suld slake;
War mi sorow slaked sune wald I sing:
When God will sir Edward sal vs bute bring.

Sir Philip the Valas cast was in care;
And said sir Hugh Kyret to Flandres suld fare,

And haue Normondes inogh to leue on his lare,
All Flandres to brin and mak it all bare;
Bot, vnkind coward, wo was him thare:
When he sailed in the Swin it sowed him sare;
  Sare it tham smerted that ferd out of ffrance;
  Thare lered Inglis men tham a new daunce.

The buriase of Bruge ne war noght to blame;
I pray Ihesu saue tham fro sin and fro schame,
For thai war sone at the Sluse all by a name,
Whare many of the Normandes tok mekill
    grame.

When Bruges and Ipyre hereof herd tell,
Thai sent Edward to wit that was in Arwell;
Than had he no liking langer to dwell,
He hasted him to the Swin with sergantes snell,
  To mete with the Normandes that fals war
    and fell,
  That had ment if thai might al Flandres to
    quell.

King Edward vnto sail was ful sune dight
With erles and barons and many kene knight:
Thai come byfor Blankebergh on Saint Ions
    night;
That was to the Normondes a well sary sight,
  Yit trumped thai and daunced with torches
    ful bright,
  In the wilde waniand was thaire hertes light.

Opon the morn efter, if I suth say,
A meri man, sir Robard out of Morlay,
At half eb in the Swin soght he the way;
Thare lered men the Normandes at bukler to
    play;

Helpid tham no prayer that thai might pray;
The wreches er wonnen thaire wapin es oway.

The Erle of Norhamton helpid at that nede,
Als wise man of wordes and worthli in wede,
Sir Walter the Mawnay, God gif him mede,
Was bold of body in batayl to bede.

The duc of Lankaster was dight for to driue,
With mani mody man that thoght for to thriue,
Wele and stalworthly stint he that striue,
That few of the Normandes left thai oliue;
Fone left thai oliue bot did tham to lepe;
Men may find by the flode a ·C· on hepe.

Sir William of Klinton was eth for to knaw;
Mani stout bachilere broght he on raw.
It semid with thaire schoting als it was snaw;
The bost of the Normandes broght thai ful law;
Thaire bost was abated and thaire mekil pride,
Fer might thai noght fle bot thare bud tham bide.

The gude Erle of Glowcester, God mot him glade,
Broght many bold men with bowes ful brade;
To biker with the Normandes baldely thai bade
And in middes the flode did them to wade;
To wade war tho wretches casten in the brim;
The kaitefs come out of France at lere tham to swim.

I prays Iohn Badding als one of the best;
Faire come he sayland out of the suthwest,

To proue of tha Normandes was he ful prest,
Till he had foghten his fill he had neuer rest.

Iohn of Aile of the Sluys with scheltron ful schene
Was comen into Cagent, cantly and kene,
Bot sone was his trumping turned to tene;
Of him had sir Edward his will als I wene.

The schipmen of Ingland sailed ful swith,
That none of the Normandes fro tham might skrith.
Who so kouth wele his craft thare might it kith:
Of al the gude that thai gat gaf thai no tithe.

Two hundreth and mo schippes on the sandes
Had oure Inglis men won with thaire handes;
The kogges of Ingland war broght out of bandes,
And also the Cristofir that in the streme standes;
In that stound thai stode, with stremers ful still
Til thai wist full wele sir Edwardes will.

Sir Edward, oure gude king wurthi in wall
Faght wele on that flude, faire mot him fall;
Als it es custom of king to confort tham all
So thanked he gudely the grete and the small,
He thanked them gudely, God gif him mede,
Thus come oure king in the Swin till that gude dede

This was the bataile that fell in the Swin,
Whare many Normandes made mekill din;
Wele war thai armed vp to the chin;

But God and sir Edward gert thaire boste blin,
Thus blinned thaire boste, als we wele ken:
God assoyle thaire sawls, sais all, Amen.

LES ESPAGNOLS SUR MER.

How King Edward and his menye
Met with the Spaniardes in the see

I wald noght spare for to speke, wist I to spede,
Of wight men with wapin and worthly in wede,

That now er driven to dale and ded all thaire dede,
Thai sail in the see-gronde fissches to fede;
Fele fissches thai fede for all thaire grete fare
It was in the waniand that thai come thare.

Thai sailed furth in the Swin in a somers tyde,
With trompes and taburns and mekill other pride;
The word of tho weremen walked full wide;
The gudes that thai robbed in holl gan thai it hide,
In holl than thai hided grete welthes, als I wene,
Of gold and of silver of skarlet and grene.

When thai sailed westward, tho wight men in were,
Thaire hurdis, thaire ankers hanged thai on here;
Wight men of the west neghed tham nerr.
And gert tham snaper in the snare, might thai no ferr,
ffer might thai noght flit bot thare most thai fine,

And that thai bifore reved than most thai
tyne.

Boy with thi blac berd, I rede that thou blin,
And sone set the to schrive with sorow of thi
syn;
If thou were on Ingland noght saltou win,
Cum thou more on that coste thi bale sall bigin;
Thare kindels thi care kene men sall the kepe,
And do the dye on a day and domp in the
depe.

Ye broght out of Bretayne yowre custom with
care,
Ye met with the marchandes and made tham ful
bare;
It es gude reson and right that ye evill misfare,
When ye wald in Ingland lere of a new lare,
New lare sall ye lere, sir Edward to lout:
For when ye stode in yowre strenkith ye war
all to stout.

THE PILGRIMS SEA VOYAGE.

Men may leue alle gamys,
That saylen to seynt Jamys!
Ffor many a men hit gramys,
  When they begyn to sayle.
Ffor when they haue take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee.
At Brystow, or where that hit bee.
  Theyr hertes begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To hys shyp-men in alle the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
  Theyr takelyng to make.
With "howe! hissa!" then they cry,
"What, howe, mate! thow stondyst to ny,
Thy felow may nat hale the by;"
  Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or tweyn anone up styen,
And ouerthwart the sayle-yerde lyen;—
"Y how! taylia!" the remenaunt cryen,
  And pulle with alle theyr myght.
"Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may pley theron;
For som ar lyle to cowgh and grone
  Or hit be full mydnyght.

"Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete!—
Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,
Our pylgryms haue no lust to ete,
  I pray god yeue hem rest!"

“Go to the helm! what, howe! no nere?
Steward, felow! A pot of bere!”
“Ye shalle haue, sir, with good chere,
  Anon alle of the best.”

“Y howe! trussa! hale in the brayles!
Thou halyst nat, be god, thow fayles!
O se howe welle owre good shyp sayles!”
  And thus they say among.
“Hale in the wartake!” “hit shal be done.”
“Steward! couer the boorde anone,
And set bred and salt therone,
  And tary nat to long.”

Then cometh oone and seyth, “be mery;
Ye shall haue a storme or a pery.”
“Holde thow thy pese! thow canst no whery
  Thow medlyst wondyr sore.”
Thys mene whyle the pylgryms ly,
And haue theyr bowlys fast theym by,
And cry aftyr hote maluesy,
  “Thow helpe for to restore.”

And som wold haue a saltyd tost,
Ffor they myght ete neyther sode ne rost;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
  As for oo day or twayne.
Som layde theyr bookys on theyr kne,
And rad so long they myght nat se;
“Allas! myne hede wolle cleue on thre!”
  Thus seyth another certayne.

Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde,
And speketh many a Royall worde,
And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
  To see alle thyng be welle.

Anone he calleth a carpentere,
And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
To make the cabans here and there,
  With many a febylle celle.

A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
Ffor som must lyg theym in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,
  Without mete or drynk;
For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumpe was nygh oure beddes hede,
A man were as good to be dede
  As smell therof the stynk!

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

As itt beffell in m[i]dsumer-time,
When burds singe sweetlye on every tree,
Our noble king, King Henery the Eighth,
Over the river of Thames past hee.

Hee was no sooner over the river,
Downe in a fforrest to take the ayre,
But eighty merchants of London cittye
Came kneeling before King Henery there.

'O yee are welcome, rich merchants,
[Good saylers, welcome unto me!']
They swore by the rood the were saylers good,
But rich merchants they cold not bee.

'To Ffrance nor Fflanders dare we nott passe,
Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not ffare,
And all for a ffalse robber that lyes on the seas,
And robb[s] us of our merchants-ware.'

King Henery was stout, and he turned him about,
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
'I thought he had not been in the world throughout
That durst have wrought England such unright.'

But ever they sighed, and said, alas!
Unto King Harry this answere againe:

‘He is a proud Scott that will robb us all
If wee were twenty shipps and hee but one.’

The king looket over his left shoulder,
Amongst his lords and barrons soe ffree:
‘Have I never lord in all my realme
Will ffeitch yond traitor unto mee?’

‘Yes, that dare I!’ sayes my lord Chareles Howard,
Neere to the king wheras hee did stand;
‘If that Your Grace will give me leave,
My selfe wilbe the only man.’

‘Thou shalt have six hundred men,’ saith our king
‘And chuse them out of my realme soe ffree;
Besids marriners and boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.’

‘I’le goe speake with Sir Andrew,’ sais Charles, my lord Haward;
‘Upon the sea, if hee be there;
I will bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or before my prince I will never come neere.’

The ffirst of all my lord did call,
A noble gunner hee was one;
This man was three score yeeres and ten,
And Peeter Simon was his name.

‘Peeter,’ sais hee, ‘I must sayle to the sea,
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speed!
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred guners thoust be my head.’

‘My lord,’ sais hee, ‘if you have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Hange mee att your maine-mast tree
If I misse my marke past three pence bread.’

The next of all my lord he did call,
A noble bowman hee was one;
In Yorekshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horsley was his name.

‘Horsley,’ sayes hee, ‘I must sayle to the sea,
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speede!
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my head.’

‘My lord,’ sais hee, ‘if you have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,
Hang me att your maine-mast tree
If I misse my marke past twelve pence bread.’

With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea
On the day before midsummer-even,
And out at Thames mouth sayled they.

They had not sayled dayes three
Upon their iourney they tooke in hand,
But there they mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt both stay and stand.

‘Thou must tell me thy name,’ sais Charles, my
lord Haward,
Or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou came,
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,
To whom and where thy shipp does belong.’

‘My name,’ sayes hee, ‘is Henery Hunt,
With a pure hart and a penitent mind;
I and my shipp they doe belong
Unto the New-castle that stands upon Tine.’

Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by day and by night,
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?
Men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.’

But ever he sighed, and sayd, ‘Alas!
Ffull well, my lord, I know that wight;
He robd me of my merchants ware,
And I was his prisoner but yester-night.

As I was sayling upon the sea,
And [a] Burdeaux voyage as I did ffare,
He clasped me to his archborde,
And robd me of all my merchants-ware.

And I am a man both poore and bare,
And every man will have his owne of me,
And I am bound towards London to ffare,
To complaine to my prince Henerye.’

‘That shall not need,’ sais my lord Haward;
‘If thou canst lett me this robber see,
Ffor every peny he hath taken thee ffroe,
Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,’ quoth hee.

‘Now God fforefend,’ saies Henery Hunt,
‘My lord, you shold worke soe ffarr amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
For you wott ffull little what a man hee is.

‘Hee is brasse within, and steele without,

And beames hee beares in his topcastle
stronge;
His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;
Besids, my lord, hee is verry well mand.

‘He hath a pinnace is deerlye dight,
Saint Andrews crosse, that is his guide;
His pinnace beares nine score men and more,
Besids fifteen cannons on every side.

‘If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,
Either in archbord or in hall,
He wold overcome you everye one,
And if his beames they doe downe ffall.’

‘This is cold comfort,’ sais my Lord Haward,
‘To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;
I’le bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or else into Scottland hee shall carrye mee.’

‘Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lord,
That can sett well with his eye,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
And soone then overcome will hee bee.

‘And when that you have done this,
If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,
Lett no man to his topcastle goe;
And I will give you a glasse, my lord,

‘And then you need to ffeare no Scott,
Whether you sayle by day or by night;
And to-morrow, by seven of the clocke,
You shall meete with Sir Andrew Bartton,
knight.

‘I was his prisoner but yester night,
And he hath taken mee sworne,’ quoth hee;
‘I trust my L[ord] God will me fforgive
And if that oath then broken bee.

‘You must lend me sixe peeces, my lord,’ quoth hee,
‘Into my shipp to sayle the sea,
And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,
Your Honour againe then will I see.’

.....

And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew lay
Is hached with gold deerlye dight:
‘Now by my ffaith,’ sais Charles, my lord Haward,
‘Then yonder Scott is a worthye wight!

‘Take in your ancyents and your standards,
Yea that no man shall them see,
And put me fforth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea.’

But they stirred neither top nor mast,
But Sir Andrew they passed by:
‘Whatt English are yonder,’ said Sir Andrew,
‘That can so little curtesye?

‘I have beene admirall over the sea
More then these yeeres three;
There is never an English dog, nor Portingall,
Can passe this way without leave of mee.

‘But now yonder pedlers, they are past,
Which is no little greffe to me:
Ffeitch them backe,’ sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,

‘They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.’

With that the pinnace itt shott of,
That my Lord Haward might itt well ken;
Itt stroke downe my lords fforemast,
And killed fourteen of my lord his men.

‘Come hither, Simon!’ sayes my lord Haward,
‘Looke that thy words be true thou sayd;
I’le hang thee att my maine-mast tree
If thou misse thy marke past twelve pence bread.’

Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;
Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd itt full lowe;
He put in chaine yards nine,
Besids other great shott lesse and more.

With that hee lett his gun-shott goe;
Soe hee well settled itt with his eye,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

When hee saw his pinace sunke,
Lord! in his hart hee was not well:
‘Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!
I’le goe ffeitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!

‘When my lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose,
Lord! in his hart that hee was ffaine:
‘Strike on your drummes! spread out your ancyents!
Sound out your trumpetts! sound out amaine!’

‘Fight on, my men!’ sais Sir Andrew Bartton;
‘Weate, howsoever this geere will sway,
Itt is my lord Adm[i]rall of England
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.’

Simon had a sonne; with shott of a gunne—
Well Sir Andrew might itt ken—
He shott itt in att a privye place,
And killed sixty more of Sir Andrews men.

Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,
And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;
He drove downe his fformast-tree,
And killed eighty more of Sir Andriwes men.

‘I have done a good turne,’ sayes Harry Hunt;
‘Sir Andrew is not our kings ffreind;
He hoped to have undone me yester-night,
But I hope I have quitt him well in the end.’

‘Ever alas!’ sayd Sir Andrew Barton,
‘What shold a man either thinke or say?
Yonder ffalse theeffe is my strongest enemye,
Who was my prisoner but yesterday.

‘Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,
And be thou readye att my call,
And I will give thee three hundred pound
If thou wilt lett my beames downe ffall.’

With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
Soe did he itt with might and maine;
Horseley, with a bearing arrow,
Stroke the Gourden through the braine,

And he ffell into the haches againe,

And sore of this wound that he did bleed;
Then word went throug Sir Andrews men,
That the Gourden he was dead.

‘Come hither to me, Iames Hambliton,
Thou art my sisters sonne, I have no more;
I will give [thee] six hundred pound
If thou wilt lett my beames downe fall.’

With that hee swarved the maine-mast tree,
Soe did hee itt with might and maine
Horseley, with another broad arrow,
Strake the yeaman through the braine

That hee ffell downe to the haches againe;
Sore of his wound that hee did bleed.
Covetousness getts no gaine,
Itt is verry true, as the Welchman sayd.

But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,
Lord! in his heart hee was not well:
‘Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of prove,
For I will to the topcastle my-selfe.

‘Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of prooffe,
For itt is gilded with gold soe cleere;
God be with my brother, Iohn of Bartton!
Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.’

But when hee had his armour of prooffe,
And on his body hee had itt on,
Every man that looked att him
Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.

‘Come hither, Horsley!’ sayes my lord Haward,
‘And looke your shaft that itt goe right;

Shoot a good shoote in the time of need,
And ffor thy shooting thoust be made a
knight.'

'I'le doe my best,' sayes Horslay then,
'Your Honor shall see beffore I goe;
If I shold be hanged att your maine-mast,
I have in my shipp but arrowes tow.'

But att Sir Andrew hee shott then;
Hee made sure to hitt his marke;
Under the spole of his right arme
Hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw the hart.

Yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start,
But hee clinged to itt with might and maine;
Under the coller then of his iacke,
He stroke Sir Andrew thorrow the braine.

'Ffight on, my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton
'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
I'le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,
And then I'le rise and ffight againe.

'Ffight on, my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,
'These English doggs they bite soe lowe;
Ffight on for Scottland and Saint Andrew
Till you heare my whistle blowe!'

But when they cold not heare his whistle blow,
Sayes Harry Hunt, 'I'le lay my head
You may bord yonder noble shipp, my lord,
For I know Sir Andrew hee is dead.'

With that they borded this noble shipp,
Soe did they itt with might and maine;

They ffound eighteen score Scotts alive,
Besids the rest were maimed and slaine.

My lord Haward tooke a sword in his hand,
And smote of Sir Andrews head;
The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne,
But never a word durst speake or say.

He caused his body to be taken downe,
And over the hatch-bord cast into the sea,
And about his middle thre hundred crownes:
'Whersoever thou lands, itt will bury thee.'

With his head they sayled into England againe,
With right good will, and fforce and main,
And the day beffore Newyeeres even
Into Thames mouth they came againe.

My lord Haward wrote to King Heneryes grace,
With all the newes hee cold him bring:
'Such a Newyeeres gifft I have brought to your Grace
As never did subject to any king.

'Ffor merchandyes and manhood,
The like is nott to be ffound;
The sight of these wold doe you good,
Ffor you have not the like in your English ground.'

But when hee heard tell that they were come,
Full royally hee welcomed them home;
Sir Andrewes shipp was the kings Newyeeres guifft;
A braver shipp you never saw none.

Now hath our king Sir Andrews shipp,
Besett with pearles and precyous stones;
Now hath England two shipps of warr,
Two shipps of war, before but one.

'Who holpes to this?' sayes King Henerye,
'That I may reward him ffor his paine;'
'Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,
William Horseleay, and I the same.'

'Harry Hunt shall have his whistle and chaine,
And all his iewells, whatsoever they bee,
And other rich giffts that I will not name,
For his good service he hath done mee.

'Horslay, right thoust be a knight,
Lands and livings thou shalt have store;
Howard shalbe Erle of Nottingham,
And soe was never Haward before.

'Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;
I will maintaine thee and thy son;
Thou shalt have five hundred pound all in gold,
Ffor the good service that thou hast done.'

Then King Henerye shiffted his roome;
In came the Queene and ladyes bright;
Other arrands they had none
But to see Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.

But when they see his deadly fface,
His eyes were hollow in his head;
'I wold give a hundred pound,' sais King Henerye,
'The man were alive as hee is dead!

‘Yett for the manfull part that hee hath playd,
Both heere and beyond the sea,
His men shall have halfe a crowne a day
To bring them to my brother, King Iamye.’

JOHN DORY.

As it fell on a holy-day, and upon an holy-tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag, to Paris for to ride-a:

And, when John Dory to Paris was come, a little before the gate-a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted, to let him in thereat-a.

The first man that John Dory did meet, was good King John of France-a;
John Dory could well of his courtesie, but fell down in a trance-a:

'A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king, for my merie men and for me-a;
And all the churles in merie England, Ile bring them all bound to thee-a.'

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man, a little beside Bohide-a.
And he mande forth a good blacke barke, with fiftie good oares on a side-a.

'Run up, my boy, unto the maine-top, and looke what thou canst spie-a.'
'Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see, I trow it be John Dory-a.'

They hoist their sailes, both top and top, the

meisseine and all was tride-a;
And every man stood to his lot, whatever
should betide-a.

The roring cannons then were plide, and dub-a-
dub went the drumme-a;
The braying trumpets lowd they cride to
courage both all and some-a.

The grapling-hooks were brought at length, the
browne bill and the sword-a;
John Dory at length, for all his strength, was
clapt fast under board-a.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

From the 'Comedy of Common Conditions,' about 1570.

Lustely, lustely, lustely let us saile forthe;
The winde trim doth serve us, it blows from the north.

All thinges we have ready and nothing we want
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby;
Victuals and weapons thei be nothing skant,
Like worthie mariners ourselves we will trie.
Lustely, lustely,
&c.

Her flagges be new trimmed, set flanting alofte,
Our ship for swift swimmyng, oh! she doth excel;
We fear no enemies, we have escaped them ofte;
Of all ships that swimmeth she beareth the bell.
Lustely, lustely,
&c.

And here is a maister excelleth in skill,
And our maister's mate he is not to seeke;
And here is a boteswaine will do his good will,
And here is a ship, boy, we never had leak.
Lustely, lustely,
&c.

If fortune then faile not, and our next voiage

prove,
We will return merely, and make good
cheare,
And holde all together as friends link'd in love;
The cannes shall be filled with wine, ale, and
beer.
Lustely, lustely,
&c.

A JOYFUL NEW BALLAD, DECLARING THE HAPPIE OBTAINING OF THE GREAT GALLEAZZO,

Wherein Don Pietro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the mightie power and providence of God, being a special token of his gracious and fatherly goodness towards us, to the great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the defence of his gospel, and our good Queene of England.

To the Tune of, *Mounseurs Almaigne*

O noble England, fall doune upon thy knee,
And praise thy God with thankfull hart, which still maintaineth thee.
The forraine forces, that seekes thy utter spoile:
Shall then through his especiall grace be brought to shamefull foile.
With mightie power they come unto our coast:
To over runne our countrie quite, they make their brags and boast.
In strength of men they set their onely stay,
But we upon the Lord our God will put our trust alway.

Great is their number of ships upon the sea;
And their provision wonderful, but, Lord, thou art our stay.
Their armed souldiers are many by account,
Their aiders eke in this attempt doe sundry waies surmount.
The Pope of Rome, with many blessed graines,

To sanctify their bad pretense, bestowed both
cost and paines.
But little land, be not dismaide at all;
The Lord no doubt is on our side, which soone
will worke their fall.

In happie houre our foes we did descry,
All under saile with gallant wind as they cam
passing by.
Which suddaine tidings to Plymmouth being
brought,
Full soone our Lord high Admirall for to pursue
them sought.
And to his traine coragiously he said:
'Now for the Lord and our good Queene to fight
be not afraide.
Regard our cause, and play your partes like
men:
The Lord no doubt will prosper us in all our
actions then.'

This great Galleazzo, which was so huge and
hye,
That like a bulwarke on the sea did seeme to
each man's eye,
There was it taken, unto our great reliefe;
And divers nobles, in which traine Don Pietro
was the chiefe.
Strong was she stuft, with cannons great and
small,
And other instruments of warre, which we
obtained all.
A certaine signe of good successe we trust,
That God will overthrow the rest, as he hath
done the first.

Then did our navie pursue the rest amaine
With roaring noise of cannons great, till they neare Callice came.
With manly courage they followed them so fast,
Another mighty Gallion did seem to yeeld at last,
And in distress, for savegard of their lives,
A flag of truce they did hang out, with many mournful cries:
Which when our men did perfectly espie,
Some little barkes they sent to her, to board her quietly.

But these false Spaniards, esteeming them but weake,
When they within their danger came, their malice forth did breake.
With charged cannons, they laide about them then;
For to destroy those proper barkes, and all their valiant men.
Which when our men perceived so to be,
Like lions fierce they forward went, to 'quite this injurie,
And bourding them, with strong and mightie hand,
They kild the men untill their arke did sinke in Callice sand.

The chiefest captaine of this Gallion so hie,
Don Hugo de Moncaldo he, within this fight did die,
Who was the Generall of all the Gallions great:
But through his braines with pouders force a bullet strong did beat.
And manie more by sword did loose their

breath;
And manie more within the sea did swimme
and tooke their death.
There might you see the salt and foming flood,
Dyed and staind like scarlet red, with store of
Spanish blood.

This mightie vessell was threescore yards in
length:
Most wonderfull to each man's eie, for making
and for strength,
In her was placed an hundreth cannons great;
And mightily provided eke, with bread, corne,
wine and meat.
There was of oares two hundered, I weene:
Three-score foote and twelve in length, well
measured to be seene,
And yet subdued, with manie others more:
And not a ship of ours lost, the Lord be thankt
therefore.

Our pleasant countrie, so fruitfull and so faire,
They doe intend by deadly warre to make both
poore and bare:
Our townes and cities to racke and sacke
likewise:
To kill and murder man and wife, as malice
doth avise;
And to deflower our virgins in our sight;
And in the cradle cruelly the tender babe to
smite.
God's holy truth they meane for to cast downe:
And to deprive our noble Queene both of her
life and crowne.

Our wealth and riches, which we enjoyed long,

They doe appoint their prey and spoile, by
cruelties and wrong;
To set our houses a fier on our heades;
And cursedly to cut our throates, as we lye in
our beds.
Our children's braines to dash against the
ground;
And from the earth our memorie for ever to
confound.
To change our joy to griefe and mourning sad:
And never more to see the dayes of pleasure we
have had.

But God almightie be blessed evermore,
Who doth encourage Englishmen to beate them
from our shoare.
With roaring cannons, their hastie steps to stay,
And with the force of thundering shot to make
them flye away:
Who made account, before this time of day;
Against the walls of faire London their banners
to display,
But their intent the Lord will bring to nought,
If faithfully we call and cry for succour as we
ought.

And you, deare bretheren, which beareth armes
this day.
For safegarde of your native soile, marke well
what I shall say.
Regard your dueties, thinke on your countrie's
good:
And feare not, in defense thereof, to spend your
dearest bloud.
Our gracious Queene doth greete you every
one:

And saith she will among you be in bitter
storme.
Desiring you true English hearts to beare;
To God, and her, and to the land wherein you
nursed were.

Lord God almightie, which hath the harts in
hand:
Of everie person to dispose, defend this English
land.
Bless thou our Soveraigne with long and happie
life:
Indue her Councel with thy grace, and end this
mortall strife.
Give to the rest of Commons more and lesse,
Loving harts, obedient minds, and perfect
faithfulnesse.
That they and we, and all, with one accord
On Sion hill may sing the praise of our most
mightie Lord.

T(HOMAS) D(ELONEY).

AN EXCELLENT SONG ON THE WINNING OF CALES BY THE ENGLISH.

(Tune of, *Dub a Dub; or, the Seaman's Tantara rara*.)

Long the proud Spaniards had vanted to
conquer us,
Threatening our country with fire and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous,
With all the provision that Spain could
afford.
*Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, thus strike their
drums;*
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, the Englishmen comes!

To the seas presently went our Lord Admirall,
With knights couragyous, and captaines full
good;
The Earl of Essex, a prosperous Generall,
With him prepared to passe the salt floode.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

At Plymouth speedily took they shipp valiantly,
Braver shippes never were seen under sayle;
With their fayre colours spread, and streamers
o're their head
Now, bragging Spanyards, take heed of your
tayle.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

Unto Cales, cunningly, came we most
speedylye,
Where the King's navy did secretelye ride,
Being upon their backe, piercing their butts of

Sacke,
Ere that the Spanyards our coming descry'd.
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra, the Englishmen comes;
Bounce-a-bounce, bounce-a-bounce, off
went the guns.

Great was the crying, running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place;
The Beacons were fyred, as need then required,
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.
'Alas!' they cryed, 'Englishmen comes,' etc.

There you might see the shipps, how they were fired fast,
And how the men drowned them selves in the sea:
There you may hear them cry, wail and weep piteously,
When as they saw no shift to escape thence away.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

The great *Saint Philip*, the pryde of the Spanyards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunke in the sea;
But the *Saint Andrew*, and eke the *Saint Matthew*
We took in fight manfully, and brought them away.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

The Earl of Essex, most valyant and hardy,
With horse-men and foot-men march'd towards the towne
The enemies which saw them, full greatly

affrighted,
Did fly for their safe-guard, and durst not
come downe.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

'Now,' quoth the noble Earl, 'courage, my
soldiers all!
Fight and be valiant, the spoyl you shall
have;
And [be] well rewarded all, from the great to
the small;
But looke that the women and children you
save!'
Dub-a-dub, etc.

The Spaniards, at that sight, saw 'twas in vain
to fight,
Hung up their flags of truce, yielding the
town;
We march'd in presently, decking the walls on
high
With our English colours, which purchas'd
renown.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

Ent'ring the houses then, and of the richest
men,
For gold and treasure we searched each day;
In some places we did find pye baking in the
oven,
Meat at the fire roasting, and folkes fled
away.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

Full of rich merchandize every shop we did see,
Damasks, and sattins, and velvets full fair;

Which soldiers measure out by the length of
their swords,
Of all commodities each one hath a share.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave generall
March'd to the market-place, where he did
stand;
There many prisoners of good account were
took;
Many craved mercy, and mercy they found.
Dub-a-dub, etc.

When as our brave generall saw they delayed
time,
And would not ransom their town, as they
said,
With their faire wainscots, their presses and
bedsteads,
Their joint-stooles and tables, a fyre we
made;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra rara, from thence
we came.

(By Thomas Deloney.)

THE SAILOR'S ONELY DELIGHT:

Shewing the brave fight between *George-Aloe*, the *Sweep-stakes* and certain Frenchmen at Sea.

The *George-Aloe* and the *Sweep-stake* too,
With hey, with hoe, for and a nony no;
O they were merchant-men and bound for Safee,
And alongst the coast of Barbary.

The *George-Aloe* to anchor came,
But the jolly *Sweepstake* kept on her way.

They had not sayled leagues two or three,
But they met with a Frenchman of war upon the sea.

'All haile, all haile, you lusty gallants,
Of whence is your fair ship, or whither are you bound?'

'We are Englishmen and bound for Safee,
Of whence is your fair ship, or whither are you bound?'

'Amaine, amaine, you gallant Englishman,'
'Come, you French swads, and strike down your sayle.'

They laid us aboord on the star-boord side,
And they overthrew us into the sea so wide.

When tidings to the *George-Aloe* came,

That the jolly *Sweep-stake* by a Frenchman was
tane.

‘To top! to top, thou little ship-boy!
And see if this Frenchman of war thou canst
descry.’

‘A sayle, a sayle, under our lee,
Yea, and another under her obey.’

‘Weigh anchor! weigh anchor, O jolly boat-
swain,
We wil take this Frenchman if we can.’

We had not sayled leagues two or three,
But we met the Frenchman of war upon the sea,

‘All haile, all haile, you lusty gallants,
Of whence is your faire ship and whither are
you bound?’

‘O, wee are merchant-men and bound for
Safee.’
‘I, and wee are French-men, and war upon the
sea.

‘Amaine, amaine, you English dogges!’
‘Come aboard, you French rogue, and strike
down your sailes.’

The first good shot the *George-Aloe* (made),
He made the French-men’s hearts sore afraid.

The second shot the *George-Aloe* did afford,
He struck their mainmast over the board.

‘Have mercy, have mercy, you brave
Englishmen,’
‘O what have you done with our brethren,
As they sayled in Barbarie?’

‘Wee laid them aboard on the starboard side,
And we threw them into the sea so wide.’

‘Such mercy as you have shewed unto them,
Then the like mercy shall you have againe.

Wee laid them aboard on the larboard side,
And we threw them into the sea so wide.

Lord! how it grieves our hearts full sore,
To see the drowned French-men swim along the
shore.

Now, gallant sea-men all, adieu,
With hey, with hoe, for and a nony no;
This is the latest newes that I can write to you,
To England’s coast from Barbarie.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG OF CAPTAIN WARD, THE FAMOUS PYRATE OF THE WORLD, AND AN ENGLISH-MAN BORN.

Tune, *The King's going to Bulloign.*

Gallants, you must understand,
Captain Ward of England,
A pyrate and a rover on the sea,
Of late a simple fisherman
In the merrry town of Feversham,
Grows famous in the world now every day.

From the Bay of Plimouth
Sayled he towards the south,
With many more of courage and of might;
Christian princes have but few
Such seamen, if that he were true,
And would but for his King and country fight.

Lusty Ward adventurously
In the Straights of Barbary
Did make the Turkish gallyes for to shake.
Bouncing cannons fiery hot
Spared not the Turks one jot,
But of their lives great slaughter he did make.

The islanders of Malta,
With argosies upon the sea,
Most proudly braved Ward unto his face
But soon their pride was overthrown,
And their treasures made his own,
And all their men brought to a wofull case.

The wealthy ships of Venice
Afforded him great riches;
Both gold and silver won he by his sword.
Stately Spain and Portugal
Against him dare not bear up sail,
But gave him all the title of a lord.

Golden-seated Candy,
Famous France and Italy,
With all the countries of the Eastern parts,
If once their ships his pride with-stood,
They surely all were cloath'd in blood,
Such cruelty was plac'd within their hearts.

The riches he hath gain'd,
And by bloodshed obtained,
Well may suffice for to maintain a king;
His fellows all were valiant wights,
Fit to be made prince's knights,
But that their lives do base dishonors bring.

This wicked-gotten treasure
Doth him but little pleasure;
The land consumes what they have got by sea,
In drunkenness and letchery,
Filthy sins of sodomy,
Their evil-gotten goods do wast[e] away.

Such as live by thieving
Have seldome-times good ending,
As by the deeds of Captain Ward is shown:
Being drunk amongst his drabs,
His nearest friend he sometimes stabs;
Such wickednesse within his heart is grown.

When stormy tempest riseth,

The Causer he despiseth,
Still denies to pray unto the Lord.
He feareth neither God nor devil,
His deeds are bad, his thoughts are evil,
His onley trust is still upon his sword.

Men of his own country
He still abuseth vilely;
Some back to back are cast into the waves;
Some are hewn in pieces small,
Some are shot against a wall;
A slender number of their lives he saves.

Of truth it is reported
That he is strongly guarded
By Turks that are not of a good belief;
Wit and reasons tell them
He trusteth not his country-men,
He shews the right condition of a thief.

At Tunis in Barbary
Now he buildeth stately
A gallant palace and a royal place,
Decked with delights most trim,
Fitter for a prince than him,
The which at last will prove to his disgrace.

To make the world to wonder,
This captain is commander
Of four-and-twenty ships of sayl,
To bring in treasure from the sea
Into the markets every day:
The which the Turks do buy up without fail.

His name and state so mounteth,
These countrey-men accounteth

Him equal to the nobles of that land;
  But these his honours we shall find
  Shortly blown up with the wind,
Or prove like letters written in the sand.

THE SONG OF DANSEKAR THE DUTCHMAN.

(*Second Part of the Sea-man's Song of Ward and Dansekar.*)

Sing we sea-men, now and than,
Of Dansekar the Dutchman,
Whose gallant mind hath won him great renown;
To live on land he counts it base,
But seeks to purchase greater grace
By roving on the ocean up and down.

His heart is so aspiring,
That now his chief desiring
Is for to win himself a worthy name;
The land hath far too little ground,
The sea is of a larger bound,
And of a greater dignity and fame.

Now many a worthy gallant,
Of courage now most valiant,
With him hath put their fortunes to the sea;
All the world about have heard
Of Dansekar and Captain Ward,
And of their proud adventures every day.

There is not any kingdom,
In Turkey or in Christendom,
But by these pyrates have received loss;
Merchant-men of every land
Do daily in great danger stand,
And fear do much the ocean main to cross.

They make children fatherless,
Woful widows in distresse;
In shedding blood they [take] too much delight;
Fathers they bereave of sons,
Regarding neither cries nor moans,
So much they joy to see a bloody fight.

They count it gallant bearing
To hear the cannons roaring,
And musket shot to rattle in the sky;
Their glories would be at the highest
To fight against the foes of Christ,
And such as do our Christian faith deny.

But their cursed villanies,
And their bloody pyracies,
Are chiefly bent against our Christian friends;
Some Christians so delight in evils
That they become the sons of divels,
And for the same have many shameful ends.

England suffers danger
As well as any stranger;
Nations are alike unto this company;
Many English merchant-men,
And of London now and then,
Have tasted of their vile extremity.

London's *Elizabeth*
Of late these rovers taken hath,
A ship well laden with rich merchandize;
The nimble *Pearl* and *Charity*,
All ships of gallant bravery,
Are by these pyrates made a lawful prize.

The *Trojan* of London,

With other ships many a one,
Hath stooped sail, and yielded out of hand,
(These pyrates they have shed their bloods,
And the Turks have bought their goods),
Being all too weak their power to withstand.

Of Hull the *Bonaventer*,
Which was a great frequenter
And passer of the Straits to Barbary,
Both ship and men [late] taken were
By Pyrates Ward and Dansekar,
And brought by them into captivity.

English Ward and Dansekar
Begin greatly now to jar
About [the true] dividing [of] their goods;
Both ships and soldiers gather head,
Dansekar from Ward is fled:
So full of pride and malice are their bloods.

Ward doth only promise
To keep about rich Tunis,
And be commander of those Turkish seas;
But valiant Dutch-land Dansekar
Doth hover neer unto Argier,
And there his threat'ning colours now displays.

These pyrates thus divided,
By God is sure provided
In secret sort to work each other's woe;
Such wicked courses cannot stand,
The Divel thus puts in his hand,
And God will give them soon an overthrow.

THE FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT BETWEEN CAPTAIN WARD AND THE RAINBOW.

To the Tune of *Captain Ward*, etc.

Strike up, you lusty gallants, with musick and sound of drum:
For we have descry'd a rover upon the sea is come;
His name is Captain Ward, right well it doth appear
There has not been such a rover found out this thousand year;

For he hath sent unto our King, the sixth of January,
Desiring that he might come in, with all his company;
'And if your King will let me come, till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome full thirty tun of gold.'

'O nay! O nay!' then said our King, 'O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a rover my self will not agree;
He hath deceiv'd the French-man, likewise the King of Spain,
And how can he be true to me, that hath been false to twain?'

With that our King provided a ship of worthy fame;
Rainbow she is called, if you would know her

name.
Now the gallant *Rainbow* she rowes upon the sea,
Five hundred gallant seamen to bear her company.

The Dutch-man and the Spaniard she made them for to flye,
Also the bonny French-man, as she met him on the sea.
When as this gallant *Rainbow*, did come where Ward did lye,
Where is the captain of this ship?' this gallant *Rainbow* did cry.

'O that am I,' says Captain Ward, 'there's no man bids me lye;
And if thou art the King's fair ship thou art welcome unto me.'
'I'le tell thee what,' says *Rainbow*, 'our King is in great grief
That thou should'st lye upon the sea and play the arrant thief,

'And will not let our merchants' ships pass, as they did before;
Such tydings to our King is come, which grieves his heart full sore.'
With that this gallant *Rainbow* she shot, out of her pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces, charged on every side.

And yet these gallant shooters prevailed not a pin;
Though they were brass on the out-side brave

Ward was steel within.
‘Shoot on, shoot on!’ says Captain Ward; ‘your
sport well pleaseth me;
And he that first gives over, shall yield unto the
sea.

‘I never wrong’d an English ship, but Turk and
King of Spain,
For and the jovial Dutch-man, as I met on the
main.
If I had known your King but one two-years
before,
I would have saved brave Essex life, whose
death did grieve me sore.

‘Go, tell the King of England, go tell him thus
from me,
If he reign king of all the land, I will reign king
at sea.’
With that the gallant *Rainbow* shot, and shot,
and shot in vain,
And left the rover’s company, and home
return’d again.

‘O Royal King of England, your ship’s returned
again;
For Wards ship is so strong it never will be
ta’ne.’
‘O everlasting!’ says our King, ‘I have lost
jewels three,
Which would have gone into the seas and
brought proud Ward to me!

‘The first was Lord Clifford, Earl of
Cumberland;
The second was the Lord Mountjoy, as you shall

understand;
The third was brave Essex, from field would
never flee;
Which would 'a gone unto the seas and brought
proud Ward to me!'

THE LAMENTABLE CRIES OF AT LEAST 1500 CHRISTIANS:

Most of them being Englishmen (now Prisoners in Argiers under the Turkes) begging at Gods hand, that hee would open the eyes of all Christian Kings and Princes, to commiserate the wretched estate of so many captives: and withall to free them from that Turkish slavery, in which both bodies and soules are in danger: with a Petition to the Kings most excellent Maiestie and all Christian Princes.

Not many moones have from their silver bowes
Shot light through all the world, since those sworne foes
To God and all good men ... that hell-borne crew
Of pirates (to whome there's no villanies new),
Those halfe-Turkes and halfe Christians, who now ride
Like sea-gods (on rough billows in their pride),
Those renegadoes, who (their Christ denying)
Are worse than Turkes, Turkes them in heart defying;
These, these are they, that have from Christians torne,
Of ships, sixescore but one, and the men borne
(To th' number of a thousand) to th' Turkes shore,
All they being slaves now tugging at the oare.
Count from what time the worthy Mansfield came
From that divels den (Argiers).... Just since that

flame
Of warre went out at sea, in that short space
From thence till now these thieves have held in
chase
All ships which pass'd the Straights of Gibraltar,
To rob or sinke them; were they men of warre,
Merchants, or others; and when worst they
thrive
And nothing get, yet get they men alive.
O wretched state of Christian soules so taken!
To looke upon whose torments would awaken
Tyrants, to thrust their armes up, through their
graves,
To gard from blowes these Christian galley-
slaves.
They that could safely stand but on the shoare
To view a sea-fight, heare the cannons roare,
See Turkes boord English ships, whilest
Englishmen
Like lyons fight, and fling them o're.... But
when
Numbers of big-boan'd runnagates so swarme,
That not one man of ours dare lift an arme
At a Turkes head, the ship with blood imbrude,
And over-mastered with damn'd multitude,
Should any stand so, and get off unwounded,
They would, to see this, bee with griefe
confounded:
But on these following lines fasten your eyes,
Your selves may draw foorth all their miseries.
Being boorded so, and rob'd, then are they tide
On chaines, and drag'd t' Argiers, to feede the
pride
Of a Mahumetan dog (eight in a row)
(Each eighth man to the Argier king must goe),
And th' eighth part of what's tane is still his

prize;
What men he leaves are any-ones who buyes
And bids most for them, for they then are led
To market, and like beasts sold by the head,
Their masters having liberty by law
To strike, kick, starve them, yet to make them draw
In yoakes, like oxen, and if dead they beate them,
Out are they throwne for beasts and ravens to eate them
He that's condemn'd to th' oare hath first his face,
Eyebrowes, and head close shaven (for more disgrace
Cannot betide a Christian). Then, being stript
To th' girdle (as when roagues are to be whipt),
Chain'd are they to the seates where they sit rowing,
Five in a row together; a Turke going
On a large plancke between them, and though their eyes
Are ready to start out with pulling, he cryes
'Worke, worke, you Christian curres,' and though none needs
One blow for loytering, yet his bare back bleeds,
And riseth up in bunches, which the Turke
With a bulls-pizzle gives him, crying still, 'Worke,
Worke, dog,' whilest some so faint, at th' oare th[e]y dye,
Being cast (like dogs) over-boord presently.
Their slavery done at Sea, then are they laid
In dungeons, worse than jayles, poorely arraid,
Fed with course horse-bread, water for their

drinke,
And such sometimes puddles cannot worser
stinke.
Then if upon a Turkish roague they frowne,
Or give him a crosse word, held are they downe
Oth' ground upon their backs, whilst on the rim
Of their bare bellies they are forc'd from him
To beare four hundred blowes: their soles oth'
feet
And shinnes like payment now and then doe
meet.
Why are the Turkes thus cruell, but to draw
Christians from Christ to their Mahumetan law?
You, who at home in golden pleasures dance,
Wasting both noones and nights in dalliance,
O when these groanes of Christians pierce
[y]our eares
To free them, give your charity, and your
teares,
Whilst you that are our Christian Princes stil'd
(All jarres amongst your selves being reconcil'd)
Into the field with one knit army come,
To kill this lyon that thus teares Christendome.

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL.

Showing how the *Angel Gabriel* of Bristol fought with three (Spanish) Ships, who boarded us many times, whereon we cleared our decks, and killed five hundred of their men, and wounded many more, and made them flye into Cales, where we lost but three men; to the honour of the *Angel Gabriel* of Bristol.

To the Tune of *Our Noble King in his Progress*.

Attend you and give ear awhile, and you shall
understand
Of a battel fought upon the seas, by a ship of
brave command;
The fight it was so famous, that all men's heart
doth fill,
And makes them cry, 'To sea, *with the Angel
Gabriel*!'

The lusty ship of Bristol sail'd out
adventurously,
Against the foes of England, their strength with
them to try;
Well victual'd, rig'd, and man'd, and good
provision still:
Which makes men cry, 'To sea, *with the Angel
Gabriel*!'

The captain, famous Netheway, so was he call'd
by name;
The master's name John Mines, a man of noted
fame;

The gunner Thomas Watson, a man of perfect skill:
With other valiant hearts, *in the Angel Gabriel*.

They waving up and down the seas, upon the ocean main:
'It is not long ago,' quoth they, 'since England fought with Spain!
Would we with them might meet, our minds for to fulfill;
We would play a noble bout *with our Angel Gabriel*.'

They had no sooner spoken, but straight appear'd in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels, of warlike force and might;
With bloody resolution they sought our men to spill,
And vow'd to make a prize of *our Angel Gabriel*.

Then first came up their admiral, themselves for to advance;
In her she bore full forty-eight piece of ordinance;
The next that then came near us was their vice-admiral,
Which shot most furiously at *our Angel Gabriel*.

Our gallant ship had in her full forty fighting men:
With twenty pieces of ordnance we play'd about them then;
And with powder, shot, and bullets we did imploy them still,
And thus began the fight *with our Angel Gabriel*.

Our captain to our master said, ‘Take courage,
master bold;’
The master to the seamen said, ‘Stand fast, my
hearts of gold;’
The gunner unto all the rest, ‘Brave hearts, be
valiant still;
Let us fight in the defence *of our Angel Gabriel*!’

Then we gave them a broadside, which shot
their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit of their ship, which made
the Spaniards wonder;
And caused them for to cry, with voices loud
and shrill,
‘Help! help! or else we sink, *by the Angel
Gabriel*.’

Yet desperately they boarded us, for all our
valiant shot;
Three-score of their best fighting-men upon our
decks were got,
And then at their entrance full thirty we did
kill,
And thus we clear’d the decks *of the Angel
Gabriel*.

With that their three ships boarded us again
with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen cry’d out, ‘A fig
for Spain!’
Though seven times they boarded us, at last we
shew’d our skill,
And made them feel the force *of our Angel
Gabriel*.

Seven hours this fight continued, and many

brave men lay dead,
With purple gore and Spanish blood the sea was coloured red;
Five hundred of their men we there outright did kill;
And many more were maim'd *by the Angel Gabriel*.

They seeing of these bloody spoils, the rest made haste away.
For why? they saw it was no boot any longer for to stay;
Then they fled into Cales, and there they must lye still,
For they never more will dare to meet *our Angel Gabriel*.

We had within our English ship but onely three men slain;
And five men hurt, the which, I hope, will soon be well again;
At Bristol we were landed, and let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our men *and our Angel Gabriel*.

Now let me not forget to speak of the gift given by the owner
Of the *Angel Gabriel*, that many years has known her;
Two hundred pounds in coyn and plate he gave with free good will
Unto them that bravely fought *in the Angel Gabriel*.

[Probably by LAWRENCE PRICE.]

NEPTUNE TO ENGLAND.

Of thee, great State, the god of waves
In equall wrongs assistance craves,
Defend thyselfe and mee:
For if ore seas there be no sway,
My godhead cleane is tane away,
The scepter pluckt from thee.
Such as ore seas all sovereigntie oppose,
Though seeming friends, to both are truly foes.

If little Venice brings alone
Such waves to her subjection,
As in the Gulfe doe stirre,
What then should great Britannia please,
But rule as ladie ore all seas,
And thou as queen of her?
For sea-dominion may as well be gain'd
By new acquests, as by descent maintain'd.

Goe on, great state, and make it knowne,
Thou never wilt forsake thine owne,
Nor from thy purpose start:
But that thou wilt thy power dilate,
Since narrow seas are found too straight
For thy capacious heart.

So shall thy rule, and mine, have large extent:
Yet not so large, as just and permanent.

ON HIS MAJESTIES FLEET.

Cease now the talke of wonders, nothing rare
Of floateing ilandes, castles in the aire,
Of wooden walls, graves walkeing, flieing steedes,
Or Trojan horse. The present truth exceeds
Those ancient fables; floating iles great store,
Sent from the British Ile, now guard her shore,
And castles strong without foundation stande
More safe on waters pavement then on lande.
Now wooden walles defend our walles of rocke;
These walles are cittyes too; tooke from the block
Arise those christned frames, which are the health
And moddle of a vaster Commonwealth;
Beyond the Kentish stratagem now ghosts
Of trees not greene doe walk about our coasts,
Which humane art hath made move quick, by death
Inur'd to motion, taught to feed on breath.
Now winged steeds with bridles plac'd behinde,
Leaving no print, accompany the winde,
Their bowells greate with sonns of Mars doth groane
To be delivered into action.
Ride on, Arts liveing creatures, flie and swell
Your wings like angry swans, while wee that dwell
On shore, with prayer and fame [?] encrease the gale
Which Heaven shall breath into each pregnant

saile.
Powre out the language of a chastning Jove
That speakes in thunder here, like him above.
Cannot your *Lion* roare and act her king?
Is shee with all her *Whelpes* not swift to bringe
Her pray into her den? Is not your *Rose*
Worth lilies three, or any flower that growes?
Your *Honour* (which is admirall) maintaine;
She leades you forth, come home to her againe.
For sea and fish, if tempests rise, bee free [?].
Give them to what they love, that troublers bee
[?].

UPON THE GREAT SHIP.

1

Old Paul's steeple, fare thee well,
Thy famous building Ile not tell,
Of that thy lofty little bell
Shall ring.
But I am in another vaine,
Now you shall heare a merry straine,
It is of Royal Soveraigne
I sing.

2

I meane the ship so lately built,
Without, within soe richly gilt;
O never man saw rapier hilt
Soe shine.
I think there's none since Noah's Flood
Was ever like to prove soe good;
You never saw thing made of wood
Soe fine.

3

Edgar sitts horse, in glorious wise
As glorious artists could devise,
And under seven kings prostrate lyes.
I'me told
His horse with mettle soe abounds
That he shall shortly scowre the Downes,
And winne, Ile hold, a hundred pounds
Of gold.

4

To tell you of her bredth, her length,
Her height, her depth, her bulk, her strength,
Her anchor's weight too, and the length
Oth' cable,
Her guns, her tackle and the rest
Quæ nunc proscribere longum est,
It might be counted for a ieast
Or fable;

5

For there be very few will guesse
Her half a mile or little lesse,
Her lanthorne to feast forty messe
Unbidd,
Her mast for to be thrice as high
As Grantham steeple. If I lye
Ask them that saw her, pray, for I
Nere did.

6

To see how lasses flock each day,
And leave their maydenheads by th' way,
I doubt that some will shortly pay
Dearely;
And most men wives will alsoe goe
[To 't] whe'r their hussbands will or noe
To meet a freind, I don't say soe,
Not I.

7

There's many more will see this sight;
Some call their wives, and they doe right,
But some with others to delight

Are bent.
Thus good and bad and midling some,
To see this ship, to Woolwich come,
This wonder of all Christendome
And Kent.

8

Kent was never conquered yet,
Kent was thought a place most fitt
To build this goodly arke in it,
Soe stronge.
Kent and men of Kent have showne
By sea, by land, that of their owne
Which other countries have not knowne
Soe long.

9

Yet a word or two in merriment
To cheer up some were discontent,
And thought theire mony had bin lent
In vaine;
But now the truth they plainely see,
They all in one consent agree
To double it if need shalbe
Againe.

10

She will be Neptune's greatest grace;
She vows our chiefest foes to chase,
And Triton with triforked mace
Doth
sweare
Noe Remora there shall her stay,
Leviathan must give her way,
And all the divills that this day

Dwell
there.

11

The syrens sitt and sweetly sing,
And hold it for a happy thing
That now they shall enioy the King
Oth'
mayne,
And say it's a most Christian worke
To curb the Pope and scourge the Turke,
And ferret those that theeving lurke
Neer
Spaine.

12

Our freinds are glad and mirth doe make,
Our foes are sad, their hearts doe quake,
Soe some doe laugh, and some doe shake
For woe,
And I amongst the rest make sport,
Singing to you in civill sort,
And if you have not thank'd me for't
Then doe.

13

God blesse King Charles with length of daies,
That doth deserve immortal praise,
In this and many thousand waies
Our guide.
God blesse the Queen and ship so tall,
God blesse the great, God blesse the small,
The blade that made this song and all
Beside.

SAYLORS FOR MY MONEY.

A new Ditty composed in the praise of Saylors and Sea Affaires, briefly showing the nature of so worthy a calling, and effects of their industry.

To the Tune of *The Iovial Cobbler.*

Countrie men of England, who live at home
with ease,
And little thinke what dangers are incident o'
th' seas,
Give eare unto the saylor who unto you will
shew
His case, his case: *how ere the winde doth
blow*.

He that is a saylor must have a valiant heart,
For, when he is upon the sea, he is not like to
start;
But must with noble courage all dangers
undergoe:
Resolve, resolve: *how e're the wind doth
blow*.

Our calling is laborious, and subject to much
[care];
But we must still contented be with what falls
to our share.
We must not be faint-hearted, come tempest,
raine or snow,
Nor shrinke: nor shrinke: *how e're the winde
doth blowe.*

Sometimes on Neptune's bosome our ship is tost
with waves,
And every minute we expect the sea must be
our graves.
Sometimes on high she mounteth, then falls
againe as low:
With waves: with waves: *when stormie
winds do blow*.

Then with unfained prayers, as Christian duty
bindes,
Wee turne unto the Lord of hosts, with all our
hearts and minds;
To Him we flie for succour, for He, we surely
know,
Can save: can save: *how ere the wind doth
blow*.

Then He who [brake] the rage [of] the rough
and blustrous seas,
When His disciples were afraid, will straight the
stormes apease;
And give us cause to thanke, on bended knees
full low:
Who saves: who saves: *how ere the wind
doth blow*.

Our enemies approaching, when wee on sea
espie,
Wee must resolve incontinent to fight, although
we die;
With noble resolution we must oppose our foe
In fight, in fight: *how ere the wind doth
blow*.

And when, by God's assistance, our foes are put

to th' foile,
To animate our courages wee all have share o' th' spoile.
Our foes into the ocean we back to back do throw,
To sinke, or swimme: *how ere the wind doth blow*.

Thus wee gallant sea-men, in midst of greatest dangers,
Doe alwaies prove our valour, wee never are no changers;
But what soe ere betide us, wee stoutly undergoe,
Resolv'd, resolv'd: *how ere the wind doth blow*.

If fortune doe befriend us, in what we take in hand,
Wee prove our selves still generous wherere we come to land;
Ther's few that shall out brave us, though neere so great in show
We spend, and lend: *how ere the wind doth blow*.

We travell to the Indies, from them we bring som spice;
There we buy rich merchandise at very little price;
And many wealthy prizes we conquer from the foe
In fight, in fight: *how ere the wind doth blow*.

Into our native country with wealth we doe

returne,
And cheere our wives and children, who for our absence mourne
Then doe we bravely flourish, and where soe ere we goe
We roare: we roare: *how ere the wind doth blow*.

For when we have received our wages for our paynes
The vintners and the tapsters by us have golden gaines.
We call for liquor roundly, and pay before we goe:
And sing: and drink: *how ere the wind doth blow*.

We bravely are respected when we walke up and downe,
For if wee meete good company wee care not for a crowne;
Ther's none more free than saylors, where ere he come or goe,
They'll roare o' th' shore: *how ere the winde doth blow*.

Then who would live in England and no[u]rish vice with ease,
When hee that is in povertie may riches get o' th' seas?
Let's saile unto the Indies, where golden grass doth grow:
To sea, to sea: *how ere the wind doth blow*.
M[ARTIN] P[ARKER].

THE JOVIAL MARRINER; OR, THE SEA-MAN'S RENOWN.

Sail forth, bold sea-men, plough the liquid
main;
Fear neither storms nor pirats, strive for gain;
Whilst others sleep at home in a whole skin
Your brave adventures shall great honours win.

To the Tune of *I am a Jovial Batchelor*, etc. [By] J. P.

I am a jovial marriner: our calling is well
known;
We trade with many a foreigner to purchase
high renown;
We serve our country faithfully, and bring
home store of gold;
We do our business manfully, for we are free
and bold.
*A sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears
a noble minde;
He scorneth once to shrink or start for any
stormy wind.*

'Tis known what hardships we endure abroad
upon the seas,
Whilst others sleep at home secure, and spend
their time in ease;
We seldom dare lie down to rest, lest danger
should ensue;
Our heads with care is sore opprest: beleeve
me, it is true!
A sea-man hath a valiant heart, etc.

A cowardly spirit must not think to prove a sea-
man bold,
For to be sure he may not shrink in dangers
manifold;
When sea-fights happen on the main, and
dreadful cannons rore,
Then all men fight, or else be slain [and
braggarts proud look poor.
A sea-man hath a valiant heart, etc.]

'Tis sea-men stout that doth deserve both
honour and renown;
In perils great we may not swerve, though
Neptune seem to frown;
If once his curled front we spy, drencht in the
foamy brine,
Then each man doth his business ply, there's
none that doth repine.
A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

When angry billows brush the skye, most
hideous to behold,
Then up our ships are tost on high, and with
the waves are roull'd;
When tempest fierce our sails doth tear, and
rends the masts asunder,
O! then we have great cause to fear, or else it
were a wonder.
A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

Great rocks which lye amongst the waves do
threaten us with death,
And many sea-men finde their graves in sands
which are beneath;
To see the masts of ships appear, which hath
been cast away,

Would make a land-man dye with fear, 'tis best
at home to stay.
A sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears
a noble minde, etc.

Brave England hath been much inricht by art of
navigation;
Great store of wealth we home have fetched for
to adorn our nation:
Our merchants still we do supply with traffick
that is rare;
Then, sea-men, cast your caps on high, we are
without compare.
A sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears
a noble minde;
He scorneth once to shrink or start for any
stormy wind.

Who should the ladies' pallats please, with
spices of the best,
If sea-men all should take their ease, and stay at
home to rest?
Our gallants they would finde a want of silks to
make them fine,
And tearing boyes no more would rant if once
they wanted wine.
A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

Our land it would invaded be if sea-men were
not stout;
We let our friends come in on sea, and keep our
foes without;
Our privilege upon the seas we bravely do
maintain,
And can enlarge it when we please in Royal
Charles his reign.

A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

Such countries as do lie remote doth tremble at
our fame,
For we have taught them all to note 'tis
England bears the name:
In foreign parts where ere we come our valour
is well known,
What ere they be they dare not mumm, if we
say all's our own.
A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

When as our ships with merchandize are safely
come to shore,
No men like us under the skies to drink, to sing,
and rore;
Good wine and beer we freely tope, until the
ground look blew:
We value neither Turk nor Pope, we are a jovial
crew.
A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

We kiss our wives when we return, who long
for us did wait,
And he that's single need not mourn, he cannot
want a mate:
Young women still are wondrous kinde to sea-
men in their need;
And sure it shows a courteous minde to do a
friendly deed.
A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

With pretty, courteous, dainty knacks we please
the females well,
We know what longing women lacks, most
surely we can tell;

A sea-man is a cock o' th' game, young maidens
find it true;
We never are so much to blame to let them
want their due.
A sea-man hath [a valiant heart], etc.

Thus, gallant sea-men, I have spread abroad
your high renown,
Which shall survive when you are dead, and
gain a lasting crown:
Your praise to future ages shall most gloriously
appear;
Then courage, noble sea-men all, 'tis you I love
most dear.
*A sea-man hath a valiant heart, and bears
a noble minde
He scorneth once to shrink or start for any
stormy wind.*

NEPTUNE'S RAGING FURY; OR, THE GALLANT SEAMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

You gentlemen of England, that lives at home at ease,
Full little do you think upon the dangers of the seas:
Give ear unto the marriners, and they will plainly show,
The cares and the fears *when the stormy winds do blow*.

All you that will be seamen must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas you must not think to start,
Nor once to be faint-hearted in hail, rain, or snow,
Nor to shrink, nor to shrink *when the stormy winds do blow*.

The bitter storms and tempests poor seamen must endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright, we seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed with visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

In claps of roaring thunder which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray beyond our

wonted course,
Which causeth great distractions, and sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain *when the stormy winds do blow*.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom our ship is tost in waves
And every man expecting the sea to be their graves:
Then up aloft she mounteth and down again so low;
'Tis with waves, oh! with waves, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

Then down again we fall to prayer with all our might and thought;
When refuge all doth fail us 'tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour, for He it is, we know,
That must aid us and save us *when the stormy winds do blow*.

The lawyer and the usurer that sits in gown of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm, abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce, and beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure *when the stormy winds do blow*.

We bring home costly merchandise, and jewels of great price
To serve our English gallantry with many a rare

device;
To please the English gallantry our pains we
freely show,
For we toyl and we moile *when the stormy winds
do blow*.

We sometimes sail to the Indies to fetch home
spices rare,
Sometimes again to France and Spain for wines
beyond compare
Whilst gallants are carousing in taverns on a
row
Then we sweep o'er the deep *when the stormy
winds do blow*.

When tempests are blown over, and greatest
fears are past,
In weather fair and temperate air, we straight
lie down to rest:
But when the billows tumble and waves do
furious grow
Then we rouse, up we rouse *when the stormy
winds do blow*.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at wars
With any foreign nations we fear not wounds
and scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for
to know,
Whilst they reel in the keel *when the stormy
winds do blow*.

We are no cowardly shrinkers, but Englishmen
true bred;
We'll play our parts like valiant hearts, and
never fly for dread;

We'll ply our business nimbly, where'er we
come or go
With our mates, to the Straits, *when the stormy
winds do blow*.

Then courage all, brave mariners, and never be
dismayed;
Whilst we have bold adventure[r]s we ne'er
shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us to fetch them
wealth, we know;
Then be bold, work for gold, *when the stormy
winds do blow*.

When we return in safety with wages for our
pains
The tapster and the vintner will help to share
our gains;
We'll call for liquor roundly and pay before we
go,
Then we'll roar on the shore *when the stormy
winds do blow*.

THE FAMOUS FIGHT AT MALAGO; OR, THE ENGLISHMENS VICTORY OVER THE SPANIARDS:

Relating how Five English Frigats, viz. the *Henry*, *Ruby*, *Antelope*, *Greyhound*, and *Bryan*, burnt all the Spanish Ships in their Harbour at Malago; battered down their Churches and their Houses about their ears, killed abundance of their Men, and obtained an Honourable Victory.

Where ever English seamen goes
They are a terror to their foes.

To the Tune [its own] of *Five Sail of Frigats bound for Malago*, etc.

Come all you brave sailors that sails on the main,
I'll tell you of a fight that was lately in Spain;
And of five sail of frigats bound to Malago
For to fight the proud Spaniards; our orders was so.

There was the *Henry* and *Ruby*, and the *Antelope* also,
The *Grey-hound* and the *Bryan*, for fire-ships must go;
But so bravely we weighed, and played our parts,
That we made the proud Spaniards to quake in their hearts.

Then we came to an anchor so nigh to the

mould;
‘Methinks you proud English do grow very
bold!’
But we came to an anchor so near to the town
That some of their churches we soon battered
down.

They hung out their flag of truce, for to know
our intent,
And they sent out their long-boat to know what
we meant;
But our captain he answered them bravely, it
was so,
‘For to burn all your shipping before we do go.’

‘For to burn all our shipping? You must us
excuse;
’Tis not five sail of frigats shall make us to
muse!’—
But we burnt all their shipping, and their gallies
also;
And we left in the city full many a widow.

‘Come then,’ says our captain, ‘let’s fire at the
church!’
And down came their belfrey, which grieved
them much;
And down came the steeple, which standeth so
high,
Which made the proud Spaniards to the
nunnery fly.

So great a confusion we made in the town
That their lofty buildings came tumbling down;
Their wives and their children, for help they
did cry,

But none could relieve them, though danger
was nigh.

The flames and the smoak so increased their
woe
That they knew not whither to run or to go;
Some to shun the fire leapt into the flood,
And there they did perish in water and mud.

Our guns we kept firing, still shooting amain,
Whilst many a proud Spaniard was on the place
slain;
The rest, being amazed, for succour did cry,
But all was in vain, they had no where to fly.

At length being forced, they thought it most fit
Unto the brave English-men for to submit;
And so a conclusion at last we did make
Upon such conditions as was fit to take.

The Spanish Armado did England no harm,
'Twas but a bravado, to give us alarm;
But with our five frigats we did them bumbast,
And made them of English-men's valour to
taste.

When this noble victory we did obtain,
Then home we returned to England again,
Where we were received with welcomes of joy,
Because with five frigats we did them destroy.

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT BLAKE, ESQ.,

One of the Generals at Sea, who departed the 7th of August, 1657, on board the *George*, near Plymouth Sound.

What means this silence, sirs? what's here
becom?
Some heavy tidings sure hath struck you dumb.
Light griefs make teares distill out from the eye,
When great ones dull, and often stupifie.
What! Is there none dare speak? Alas! I feare
It is too harsh to sound in English eare.
Must my misgiving soul divine the cause
Of your sad aspects? Stay, for I must pause:
Is he that over Neptune once bore sway,
And 'gainst our foes did often get the day:
Is he that was to sea-men their delight,
And led them on most daringly to fight:
Is he whose face a terror strooke; whose name
The darling was of Fortune and of Fame:
Is he that by example spent his breath,
And shew'd a new way how to out-face Death:
He that strook terror wheresoere he came,
And made his foes to tremble at his name—
Speak, is it true? Is noble Blake then gone,
And left us here in dark oblivion?
Is his seraphick soul then fled away,
Leaving nought but his ashes and his clay?
Your silence seems to say so. Is he dead?
Sure then your griefs cannot be numbered.
I see the lasting'st monuments must bend;

All things must have their period and end.
His brave example in our infant dayes
Of war, when he alone deserv'd the bayes;
When by his virtue onely Lime held out
Against a potent foe both bold and stout.
Taunton her liberty to him doth owe,
His bounty onely did on her bestow.
Dunster, that pleasant seat, whose lofty tow'rs
E'ne peirc't the clouds, did stoop unto his pow'rs
Bridgewater gave him birth, for that fam'd more,
And honoured, then ere she was before.
His enemies did oft amaz'd stand
When he held up his sure dead-doing hand;
And Death grew pale to see himself out-done
By one of mortall race. The setting sun
Oft peep'd abroad, as oft did blush to see
Neptune forc't weare his sanguine livery.
Though Death did often strive him to affright
Yet he out-lookt him, made him mad with spight,
And when with open force he durst not seise him
In a consumption did at last surprise him.
His head a mint of reason was; when he
Once spake he used no tautologie.
His arguments dilemmas were, which he
Confirm'd b' example out of history:
His own experience was so great that all
With one consent still clos'd in generall:
And for his intellectualls so rare
That few now living could with him compare.
A man that alwayes valued his word;
Bright honour ever shining on his sword:
To vice and basenesse ever most severe,

And to his friends and goodnesse very deare:
From affectation free, and, what was more,
A zealous enemy of the Scarlet Whore;
Whose able judgment in a hot dispute
Two of the stoutest champions did confute,
Deserving to be (by their own confession)
His countryes honour call'd; twas their
expression.
No charming syren could his ears entice;
Nor tempting Venus him allure to vice;
Nor Cleophis with her bewiching eyes
Ere put a period to his victories.
War was his mistris, he did her embrace;
She hath a princely and majestick face;
She nurst him, bred him, made him her delight,
Conducted him in many a dreadful fight;
He was her darling, she in him took pleasure,
He was her chiefest and her onely treasure.
Though threats on threats, and promises
succeeded
From Royalty, yet he them never heeded.
Threats could not drive him, nor allurements
high
Ere make him part with his integrity.
No sceptick in religion was he found,
His head and heart and principles were sound.
Constant beyond compare, and to his nation
A faithfull servant in his generation:
No faction would he heed, nor plots contrive,
Nor did he wish that ever they should thrive;
And midst our various changes still kept free,
Hating cold dullnesse, base neutrality.
Riches he valued not, nor them respect,
Nor glorious titles ever did affect.
Armes and the Arts did wondrously comply
In him to make a perfect harmony;

In both admir'd, in both he did excell,
And liv'd and dy'd without a parallell.
His valour was diffused, and now dead,
He the Tenth Worthy may be reckoned
The civick, murall, and the navall crown
He has deserv'd, all due to his renown.
In peace he was a Seneca, in war
He out-did Mars, still prov'd a conqueror.
No chamber-musick squeaking in the night,
Nor noyce of vialls did him much delight;
The deep-mouth'd canons thundring in his eares
Was unto him the musick of the spheres:
Those bore the base, the whistling bullets they
Made up the treble on a fighting day;
Small shot division play'd, whose nimble motion
Made many a soul drink up a sleepy potion:
This was the musick most did cheer his spirit,
And made him justly so much prayse to merit.
His noble, lively, active, vigorous fire
Ne're quencht in him untill he did expire.
Oh! how my soul bemones my countryes losse,
Her onely genius gone; oh! 'tis a crosse
Beyond compare, now hardly felt, but when
Our sins a war on us shall bring agen,
Who then shall stand i' th' gap? His noble arme
Did quail our home-bred, forreign foes disarme.
May those succeed Elisha-like inherit
A double portion of Elijah's spirit.
The Hollander in bloudy lines can write
What harms he did them by the God of might;
The Portigalls, as every one doth know,
Their peace, their plenty, and their traffique owe
Unto his worth, when Rupert he was fain

To face about and get him home again;
Loth to appear with his poor glow-worm light
When such a sun as this appear'd in sight.
The barbarous pirates upon Tunis strand
Felt the effects of his revenging hand.
The Spaniards lately fear'd the name of Blake,
As once their children did the name of Drake.
What shall I say? his last attempt so bold
At the Canaries, it cannot be told
Unto its worth; that done with gallantry
He makes his exit with a plaudite;
And having done to Spaine abundant harms,
Comes home in peace and dyes free from
allarms:
The George the first ship bore him out, and
then
The mournfull she that brought him back agen.
Oh that some Virgil, for his greater glory,
Would please to write his everlasting story;
Or else some Homer bravely to reherse
His glorious actions in heroick verse;
For me to limne the noble act h' as done,
Is but to light a candle to the sun:
That task I'le leave to some more able hand
That view'd his action both by sea and land;
And though in blacks I may not mourn his end,
Yet none shall more bemone him as a friend.
Or'e death he is victorious, and he
Bequeaths it us as his last legacy.

Now unto God be everlasting prayse,
That thus in peace hath finished his dayes:
And since his fatall thred is quite spun out,
Let's draw the curtains, put the candle out,
And let us leave him to his silent tomb,
Free from all troubles, clos'd up in the womb

Of Mother Earth let him in quiet rest,
Till he enjoy the choycest and the best
Of his desires, in glory for to see
His Saviour Christ to all eternity.

Epitaph Acrostick

R est here in peace the sacred dust
O f valiant Blake, the good, the just,
B elov'd of all on every side;
E ngland's honour, once her pride,
R ome's terror, Dutch annoyer,
T ruth's defender, Spain's destroyer.

B ring no dry eyes unto this place:
L et not be seen in any case
A smiling or an unsad face.
K indle desires in every brest
E ternally with him to rest.

By Geo. Harrison, Gent.

On board the *Dunbar* in the Downs, Aug. 11, 1657.

THE VALIANT SEAMAN'S CONGRATULATION TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY KING CHARLES II.

With their wonderfull heroical atchievements, and their fidelity, loyalty, and obedience.

To the tune of *Let us drink and sing, and merrily troul the bowl.*
Or, *The stormy winds do blow*. Or, *Hey Ho, my Hony*.

Great Charles, your English seamen upon our bended knee,
Present ourselves as freemen, unto your Majesty,
Beseeching God to blesse you where-ever that you go,
So we pray, night and day, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

In darkest nights, or shipwracks, alwayes we are on our guard:
Of French or Turkish pirats, we never were afraid.
But cal'd stout English sea-men where-ever that we go,
For we make, them to quake, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

We are your valiant sea-men that brought you out of Spain:
And will as war-like free-men your royal cause maintain.

If you will give commission to wars with France
wee'l go:
Then shall we, merry be, *when the stormy winds
do blow*.

'Twas we did sail you over to English ground
agen;
And landed you at Dover, with all your noble
men.
For which we are renowned where-ever we do
go:
Honour will, tend us still, *when the stormy winds
do blow*.

And now we are a ranging upon the ocean seas,
The Frenchmen they are changing and cannot
be at ease,
For we will make their top-sailes unto our fleet
shall bow:
Then shall we, merry be, *when the stormy winds
do blow*.

Sometimes our tacklings breaking, our masts
are cut in two:
Our ships are often leaking, great straits we're
put unto.
In great tempestuous weather, which few at
home doth know,
Thus do we, live at sea, *when the stormy winds
do blow*.

When some at home are feeding and cheering
up themselves,
Then we at sea are bleeding amongst the rocks
and shelves.
Yet greater dangers ready, still we will undergo,

For our King, and will sing, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

Sometimes when we are sailing our victuals they grow scarse,
Our wives at home bewailing and pittying of our case,
In thinking of the dangers poore seamen undergo.
For our King, still we sing, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

Yet we are still couragious with any foe to fight:
If Turk or Jew ingage us we put them to the flight,
And make them give us homage before we let them go:
For our King, then we sing, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

We are the prop of trading, what kind so ere it be:
The originall of lading youre ships with treasury.
None goes beyond a sea-man in riches, gold, and store:
For he brings, wealth to kings, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

We have some sneezing pouder, the Dutch-man fain would have,
'Twill make him speak the louder, if Kings he will not have.
And cause him to remember the phisick taking so:

When shall we, merry be, *when the stormy winds do blow*.

Great King wee'l make you famous, youre glory shall out-shine
Romulus and Remus, Godolph or Constantine.
Wee'l bring you gold and treasure by sailing to and fro:
And will fight, day and night, *to preserve you from your foe*.

ENGLAND'S VALOUR, AND HOLLAND'S TERROUR.

Being an encouragement for seamen and souldiers to serve his Majesty in his wars against the Dutch, etc.

Dutchmen beware, we have a fleet,
Will make you tremble when you see't,
Mann'd with brave Englishmen of high renown,
Who can and will your peacock plumes pull down;
Then cease your boasting, it will nought availe,
You know its but your duty to strike sayle.

To the tune of *The stormy winds do blow*.

Brave loyal hearted English-men, attend whilst I declare,
What noble preparations is made for the Hollands war;
For certain such a bloody fight hath never been before,
As is near, you shall hear, *when the cannons loud do roar*.

View but our Navy Royal, and you will find it plain,
The like thereof was never seen to sayle upon the maine:
The Duke of York High Admiral will daunt the Dutch-man sure
With his name and his fame, *when the cannons loud do roar*.

Our ships are bravely rigged, and mann'd with
seamen stout,
Our souldiers good will spend their blood to
bang their foes about:
They long to be a dealing blows, delay doth vex
them sore,
With delight, they will fight, *when the cannons
loud do roar*.

The care and good provision for seamen that is
made,
Will make them fight for England's right and
never be afraid:
They'l find far richer plunder then e're they did
before:
Every day, in the fray, *when the cannons loud do
roar*.

Hark how the Dutchmen bluster, they prate and
domineer,
They stamp and sweat, they fume and fret,
would make one laugh to hear:
Their merchant ships are taken for prizes,
grives them sore:
But in vain, they complain, *when the cannons
loud do roar*.

Although they be rebellious, yet we shall pull
them down,
And teach them how they shall submit to
England's Royal Crown:
Wee'le thump their sides most soundly and beat
them ore and ore,
In each fight, for our right, *when the cannons
loud do roar*.

There will be noble knocking, when once the navy's meet,
Then Holland's States beware your pates, we shall you roughly greet:
Your treachery at Guiny stands yet upon the score:
You shall pay, at the day *when the cannons loud do roar*.

Then volontiers come in amain to fight against the foe,
For your reward, you shall have gaine, when to the wars you go;
The Hogan Mogan's for us all, their riches keep in store:
Then be bold, fight for gold, *when the cannons loud do roar*.

Brave Allen our Rear Admiral, it was his hap to meet,
Near Cadiz on the Spanish coast, part of the Smyrna fleet:
Where some he took, and others sunk, the rest he battered sore,
Thus they lost, and were crost, *when the cannons loud did roar*.

Then Butter-boxes mark your hitts, for all your wits are dull,
Wee'le teach you better manners yet, than ever did old Noll:
You then were basted pretty well, and forc't to cry and lower:
And to weep, on the deep, *when the cannons loud did roar*.

We have tall ships, that's newly built, the best
that e're did sayl,
We shall the Flemish vessels pelt, no doubt we
shall prevail:
Our oaken-boards will hold it out as well now
as before;
Wee'le not flinch, not an inch, *when the cannons
loud do roar*.

Then courage all brave English-men, and never
be dismaid,
But fight it out most gallantly, we shall be
nobly paid:
When we return with victory, with gold and
silver store,
Bells shall ring, whilst we sing, *and the cannons
loud shall roar*.

SONG WRITTEN AT SEA.

To all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen, or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall waft them twice a day.

The King with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old;
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,

The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And quit their fort at Goree,
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
  Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
  No sorrow we shall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
  We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play,
  But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you!

But now our fears tempestuous grow
  And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
  Sit careless at a play,—
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
  That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care,
  For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.

In justice you cannot refuse
  To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose

Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, Earl of Dorset, 1665.

THE ROYAL VICTORY.

Obtained (with the Providence of Almighty God) against the Dutch Fleet, June 2 and 3, 1665. A Fight as bloody (for the time and number) as ever was performed upon the Narrow Seas, giving a particular accompt of Seventeen Men of Warr taken; Fourteen sunk and Fir'd. But forty that could escape of their whole Fleet, which at this time was hotly persued by the Earl of Sandwich. Their Admiral Opdam slain by the Duke of Yorke's own Frigat. Van Trump sunk by Captain Holmes.

The number of their kill'd then amounts to 10,000.

To the tune of *Packington's Pound.*

Let England, and Ireland, and Scotland rejoyce,
And render thanksgiving with heart and with
voice.
That surly fanatick that now will not sing,
Is false to the kingdom, and foe to the King;
For he that will grutch,
Our fortune is such,
Doth deal for the devil, as well as the Dutch;
For why should my nature or conscience repine,
At taking of his life, that fain would have mine.

So high a victory we could not command,
Had it not been gain'd by an Almighty hand,
The great Lord of Battels did perfect this work,
For God and the King, and the good Duke of
York;
Whose courage was such,

Against the Low-Dutch,
That vapour'd and swagger'd, like Lords in a hutch;
But, let the bold Hollander burn, sink, or swim,
They have honour enough to be beaten by him.

Fire, aire, earth, and water, it seems were imploy'd,
To strive for the conquest which we have injoy'd,
No honour, or profit, or safety can spring,
To those that do fight against God and the King;
The battel was hot,
And bloudily fought,
The fire was like rain, and like hail was the shot,
For in this ingagement ten thousand did bleed
Of Flemmings, who now are the Low-Dutch indeed.

In this cruel conflict stout Opdam was slain,
By the great Duke of York, and lies sunk in the main,
'Twas from the Duke's frigat that he had his doome,
And by the Duke's valour he was overcome;
It was his good fate,
To fall at that rate,
Who sink under Princes, are buried in state.
Since valour and courage in one grave must lye,
It is a great honour by great hands to dye.

That gallant bold fellow, the son of Van Trump,
Whose brains were beat out by the head of the Rump,
Ingaging with Holmes, a brave captain of ours,

Retreated to Neptune's salt, waterie bowers:
His fate was grown grim,
He no longer could swim,
But he that caught fishes, now fishes catch him,
They eat up our fish, without reason or lawes,
But now they are going to pay for the sauce.

To mock at men's miserie is not my aime,
It never can add to an Englishman's fame,
But I may rejoyce that the battel is wonn,
Because in the victory God's will is done;
Whose justice appears
In such great affairs,
Who will for Amboina plague them and their heirs:
For he that did cumber his conscience with gilt,
In shedding of blood, his own shall be spilt.

In this cruel contest (our fortune was such),
We tooke seventeen men-of-war from the Dutch,
And likewise (as then the occasion requir'd,
And as God would have it) fourteen more were fir'd.
At Amboina, when
They tortur'd our men,
They look'd not to have the same paid them agen:
With fire and with water their sinews they crack't,
In fire and in water they dy'd for the fact.

According as our God of battel commanded,
The best of their vessels were fir'd and stranded;

All ships, men-of-war; for what power hath man
To fight with that army, when God leads the van?
They steere and they stem,
But 'twas so extream,
But men were neer dying, with killing of them;
They lost, when the muskets and cannons so thunder'd,
Twice so many thousand, as we have lost hundred.

'Twould make a brave Englishman's heart leap to see't,
But forty ships made an escape of their fleet;
Which our men pursue with much courage and strength
'Tis doubtless but we shall surprize them at length;
If God be our guide,
And stand by our side,
We shall be befriended with fair wind and tide;
If Providence prosper us with a good gale,
The Dutch, nor the devil shall ever prevaile.

Prince Rupert like lightning flew through their fleet,
Like flame mix'd with powder, their army did meet,
Ten thousand slain bodies the ocean orespread,
That in few hours distance, were living and dead;
Their Admirals all,
Save one, there did fall,
And death had command like a chief general.

Brave Smith in the *Mary* did shave out his way
As reapers do wheat, or as mowers do hay.

Stout Lawson and Minn there did play both
their parts,
Who emptied their guns in their enemies hearts,
The burly fat Dutchmen being cut out in slips,
The vessels did look more like shambles than
ships.
God prosper the fleete,
And send they may meet
De Ruiter to make up the conquest compleat,
God bless all the princes, and every thing
That fights for the kingdom and prayes for the
King.

THE ENGLISH SEAMAN'S RESOLUTION; OR, THE LOYALL SUBJECTS UNDAUNTED VALOUR.

Plainly demonstrating the justness of his cause,
Incouraging his friends, to daunt his foes:
For King and countrey, in the seas he'll perish,
To tame the rebells, and make England flourish.

To the tune of, *I prethee Love turn to me*, or, *When this Old Cap was New*.

I am an undaunted seaman, and for King
Charles I will fight:
I'le venture my life and my fortune to defend
my countries right:
What enemies ever oppose us my valour with
them I will try,
And in the Duke's sight, I'me resolved to fight
with a full resolution to dye.

My joyes lies on the maine ocean, and my
hammock supports my head,
The bottom shall be my portion, wherein my
grave shall be made:
Before the Butter-Box shall my brother abuse,
my crimson blood it shall flye,
Then tack about fleet, let Trump and us meet,
for I came to the seas to dye.

Now Jocky begins to be civil, and aloud for a
King he doth cry:
The Dutch are as false as the devil, still working

of tretchery:
With the sound of our drums, and smoak of our guns, we mean for to darken the skie,
For the Duke and his fleet, once more will you meet, *with a full resolution to dye.*

Slip not your necks out of your collars, but come on with a chearful heart:
We mean to have some of your dollars before that our fleets do part:
Then drink up your brandy-wine cheerely, to Trump and his company,
For the Duke and his fleet, once more will you meet, *with a full resolution to dye.*

Brave General Monck will defeat you, and teach you good manners to know,
You know that before he did beat you, and made you to cringe full low:
He'l make you all know to your sorrow, 'twere better Peccavi to cry,
Then for to stand out, the tother odd bout, *and in the seas perish and dye.*

Stout Smith that noble Commander, of his valour again you must taste:
He'le shew you the English banner and send you away at a blast,
As Opdam was served before you, when into the aire he did flie:
Then you will repent, that e're you were bent *upon the main ocean to dye.*

Brave Holmes and Mimms they have vowed, for Charles our King they will stand,
The rebells they shall be subdued and quell'd in

the turn of a hand:
For whilst that our ships can sail, boyes, we
scorn a ship's length for to flie:
Pay your money with speed, for that we do
need, *or else come to the seas to dye*.

The seas were never so graced, with so many
brave gallants before,
Your men of war shall be chased and beaten
home to your own door:
We'l block you up in your own harbours, and
our cannon bullets shall flye,
For the Duke and his fleet, once more will you
meet *with a full resolution to dye*.

What, must we still wait on your leasure, or is
not your money yet coyn'd?
We mean to have some of your treasure for no
children of us you shall find:
We scorn for to wait on such puppies, we have
other fish for to fry:
Then hang up your States, your masters and
mates, *that sent you to seas for to dye*.

Then leave of your jeering and mocking, and
murmure at home and repine,
'Tis better then for to be knocking upon the salt
ocean brine:
Then cast up your caps and be merry, brave
English boyes let them flye,
And pray for King Charles and his navy, *and let
the proud Hollanders dye*.

ENGLAND'S TRYUMPH, AND HOLLANDS DOWNFALL; OR, THE SECOND ROYAL VICTORY.

Obtain'd upon the Hollanders fleet, in a sea-fight, by the King of Great Brittains Royal Navy, under the conduct of his Highness Prince Rupert, and His Grace, George Duke of Albemarle; as it was heroically fought, and undoubtfully disputed on the 1, 2d, 3d and 4th of June, 1666.

To the tune of, *A Fig for France and Holland too*, etc.

String up your hearts, and tune your throats,
With merry and triumphant notes;
Send sorrow from your souls away,
You never had more cause for joy:
The creeple may cast away his crutch,
And dance the downfal of the Dutch.
Great Brittain now may take it's ease,
King Charles is Soveraign of the seas.

The first and second day of June,
Put Holland's trumpets out of tune;
Prince Rupert and the Duke to boot,
Have given the Dutch-men all the rout:
So bloudily they cut their coats,
And bruis'd and bang'd and burn'd their boats,
They ne're will offer to displease,
King Charles their Soveraign of the seas.

If number would have won the day,
We were less numerous than they;
When sixteen Zealand ships came in,

If odds would doo't, they needs must win:
For they were ninety-six compleate,
But who can save, whom Heaven will beat.
When God his mercy will express,
Unto the Soveraign of the seas.

The Duke with loyalty inrag'd,
With fifty, ninety-six ingag'd;
But thirty of the Dutch (to meet
Prince Rupert) then did quit their fleet,
Thinking to seize the Prince by slight,
Before their forces could unite:
But no such shallow plots as these,
Can cheat the Soveraign of the seas.

The Prince and Duke did nobly fayn,
Their loyal forces both combine;
And on the foaming billows curl'd,
They bid defiance to the world:
The Dutch ingage with all their powers,
And scatter on us shot like showers;
But 'tis not such poor powers, as these,
Can quell the Soveraign of the seas.

Almost as swiftly as desir'd,
Fourteen of theirs were took and fir'd;
But their Vice-Admiral did meet,
Our Duke i' th' front of all his fleet:
They were so near they might have clutcht,
Almost shook hands, their yard-arms touch'd;
But George's broad-side did displease,
The foe to th' Soveraign of the seas.

The fight was then so fierce and hot,
His hand was bruis'd, his breeches shot;
Yet though they came so hotly on,

As soon they vanish'd and were gon;
Forty or fifty men of ours,
Were kill'd and knock'd down by their powers,
Yet some of these (though with much pain)
Appear'd upon the decks again.

Prince Rupert like the god of war,
Through their fleet shot like a star;
Whose influence like lightning shone,
And pierc'd the marrow through the bone:
The seas with bloud were much imbru'd,
The Dutch-men fled, our men pursu'd,
Till none were seen that could displease,
King Charles the Soveraign of the seas.

So long as we had powder, we
Pursu'd the Dutchmen through the sea;
And their du Ruiter, he in whom,
They builded all their hopes to come:
Four of their greatest ships were sunck,
They cry, 'The devil's in the Monck,'
Never such men appear'd like these,
To guard the Soveraign of the seas.

A gallant ship of theirs was fyr'd,
With seventy six guns double tyr'd;
Our *Henery*, a ship of fame,
From three fire-ships escap'd the flame:
And was so strong beset, that then
She lost at least one hundred men.
We must indure such hurts as these,
To guard the Soveraign of the seas.

By sea, so black and red a fight,
No time or age e'er brought to light;
The fire and water did contend,

Which should first bring them to their end:
More valiant men kill'd in three dayes,
Then three and twenty years can raise.
We can't afford such brunts as these,
To guard the Soveraign of the seas.

On Whitsunday the Duke did send
His men for cure, and ships to mend
Unto our English coast, where care
Is taken for their swift repair:
These cards thus dealt, out of the lump,
The *Royal Katherine* turn'd up trump.
A sacrifice which doth appease
The Royal Soveraign of the seas.

To summe up all, 'tis thought they are
Unfit to raise another war;
'Tis much presum'd, 'cause they did fail,
When they had made out all their sayl:
These are some of those warlike tricks,
Becket presag'd in sixty six.
Yet alwayes such events as these
Secure the Soveraign of the seas.

ENGLANDS ROYALL CONQUEST.

Truely manifested in a happy victory obtained against the Dutch Fleet, by his Majesties Royal Navy, under the conduct of his Highness Prince Rupert, and his Grace the Duke of Albemarle upon the 25 and 26 of July 1666. In which Naval Fight we put the Dutch to a total rout, burnt and sunk several of their best ships, and in conclusion forct them shamefully to run away. Our own losses being very inconsiderable, onely the *Resolution* burnt and two Captains kill'd: our General and all the rest of our Fleet, being safe and in a very good condition.

The tune is, *A fig for France, and Holland too*, or, *Round about the Hollow Tree*.

Rejoyce, rejoyce, brave English boys,
For now is the time to speak our joys;
The routed Dutch are run away,
And we have clearly won the day;
We now are masters of the seas,
And may with safety live at ease.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

You thought to rule as Lords and Kings,
But now we've taught you better things,
Methinks you might have known before,
What 'twas, to come so near our shore.
You often times have tri'd our force,
And still you alwaies had the worse;
Then Butter-boxes all lament,

For now you are paid to your own content.

The Dutch are grown so wise and sage,
Without great ods they'l not ingage;
Brave Englishmen will never grutch,
With twenty sail, to fight forty Dutch,
And bring their Lordships by the lee,
And pay them home for the treachery.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

Whilst that our ships were fitting forth,
They counted us men of little worth;
Upon our coast they made great shows,
Not thinking to be paid with blows,
But when our fleet did once appear,
O then their hearts were fill'd with fear.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

July the five and twentieth day,
Began this sharp and bloody fray.
At noon the fleets were both ingag'd,
And men on each side were inrag'd,
The bullets they did flie amain,
And some were wounded, others slain.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

Prince Rupert and brave General Monk,
So pelted Ruyter and Vantrump,
That they were in a chafing sweat,
And thought it safest to retreat,
By little and little they shrunk away,
Their want of courage did them betray.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,

For now you are paid to your own content.

Five hours they fought couragiously,
Before the Dutch began to flie,
But then their fleet was severed quite,
Whilest we maintain'd a chasing fight,
For two dayes space we did pursue,
And pelted them till their sides look'd blew.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

Sir Jeremy Smith did roughly greet,
The Admiral of the Zealand fleet,
With fire and ball he made them run,
Untill the victory he had won,
Most bravely he maintain'd the fight,
Till they divided were by night.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

Brave Allen and Holmes fought like men,
And chas'd the Dutch with five to ten,
So sharply did they ply the fight
Till all the Dutch were Arouted quite,
The Flemmings they found such boisterous play,
That they in plain terms ran away.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

Eight ships of theirs we sunk and fired,
Which for to save they much desired,
And kill'd great numbers of their men,
Where we lost one still they lost ten,
We lost a stately ship and tall
The *Resolution* we did call.

Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

Our Generals (blest be God) are well,
And all our fleet as we hear tell,
Lies daring on the Holland coast,
The Dutch have now no cause to boast,
'Tis said de Ruyter and Trump are slain,
And never will face their foes again.
Then Butter-boxes all lament,
For now you are paid to your own content.

The cannons from the Tower did roar,
When this good news did come to shore,
The bells did ring and bone-fires shine,
And healths carrous'd in beer and wine.
God bless King Charles and all our fleet,
And grant true friends may safely meet.
Then Butter-boxes brag no more,
For now we have beaten you or'e and or'e.

HOLLAND TURN'D TO TINDER; OR, ENGLAND'S THIRD GREAT ROYAL VICTORY.

Being an exact narrative brought by Captain Talbot Commander of the *Elizabeth* fourth rate Frigat of the Blew Squadron, who on Wednesday night came into Harwitch and sent an express to the King at Whitehall, of all that had past betwixt both the fleets, before and in the fight: which news hath been continued since by other persons from aboard the *Royal Charles*, who give account of a total rout given to the Dutch, and a great victory obtained against them, insomuch that they are beaten and block'd in their own harbours: All this was performed in Wednesday and Thursday 25 and 26 of July, 1666.

The weather is clear, which was late overcast
And our long expectations are answer'd at last,
With news from the navie, which I shal impart
Enough to rejoyce every English-mans heart,
That's honest and true,
(And is not a Jew)
But would give to God and to Caesar his due.
This will be a joyfull and royal relation
To such as love God, the King and the nation:
Those Dutch demigorgons, God's power convinces
And makes them all servants that aim'd to be princes.

On Wednesday last the twenty fift day of July,

Came in this narration which Ile tell ye truly,
FroAm brave Cap. Talbot a man of stout carriage
That then brought a part of this news into Harwich,
Both ruine and rage,
(In brave equipage)
Last Wednesday at noone both fleets did ingage
The winds were our freinds, and did fill out our sails
With very fresh northerly brave top-sail gales;
We din'd with the Hogens upon their own coast,
You might a had Dutch-men there boild or roast.

At first both the navies did fight in a line,
Three hours with much fury and force, but in fine,
The enemies fleet into three squadrons flew,
And Sir Jeremie Smith (Admiral of the Blew)
By lot was to face,
Persue, and to chase
Out the Zelanders squadron, the strongest that was.
They fought it out furiously, all the day after,
And fiercely encounter'd, like wild-fire and water,
A frigat of ours called the *Resolution*,
Was burnt by the Dutch in this depth of confusion.

The White and Red squadrons did ply that two other
So fast that they almost were choak'd with the

smother
They tugg'd very hard who should stand it out
longest
Our Blew was the weakest, the Zealand the
strongest,
And yet they fight
'Till so late at night,
That powder and darkness depriv'd them of
sight.
The two Holland squadrons both turn'd tail and
fled
Pursued by the squadrons of our White and
Red,
Upon Thursday morning betwixt nine and ten,
The Zealand's were cripled and hopp'd home
agen.

To aid the Blew squadron a thousand stout men
Were sent (in the frigats) by Sir William Pen,
And Talbot doth tell us ere he did retire,
On Wednesday night he saw six Dutch ships on
fire;
Two hundred almost
Of our men were lost,
Such victories seldom are gain'd without cost;
The Zealanders Admiral some think is gone
Unto his last home, when his flag was shot
down,
'Tis highly presum'd by the best knowing men,
They nere will be able to fight us agen.

The prestmen wel mingl'd with stout voluntiers
Did drink away dolor and fight away fears:
Our small shot did stand to't with valiant
desire,
Their guns spit and sparkl'd like bay-leaves in

fire;
Our cannons did roare
They sunk and they tore,
Thousands that heard them will nere hear them more.
It is better far in a good cause to dye,
Then with a bad conscience to live great and high:
And in acts of honour there's no better thing,
Then dye a true martyr for God and the King.

Our White and Red squadrons Du Ruiter engag'd
Five hours, till at last his fierce fury aswaged,
He fought as if he had been Mars his own son,
From ten in the morning, till three afternoon.
Our Red and our White
Did dazel his sight,
They made him to turn and to run away quite,
For no other reason as some men suppose
But courage did fall from his heart to his hose:
Though bad men seek victory, and think to win it,
It never will prosper, if God be not in it.

Our frigots persued him, our canons did roare,
Until they were come within two miles of shore:
Our great ships persu'd, and continu'd the slaughter,
So far till they were within six fathom water:
They durst not look back,
To see what we lack,
But posting for life, to their harbors they tack;

Their flags being struck, and not set up again,
'Tis thought that Van Trump and Du Ruiter is
slain.
He that doth protect us, will save us from evil,
In spight of the Dutch, the Dane, or the Devil.

Besides all the damage our shipping hath done
To vessels and men, in their fight, and their
run,
Two very stout ships we have taken and fir'd,
And in them five hundred and ninety men tyr'd,
With tugging for that,
They cannot get at
To make England stoop to their pittyful state;
When slaves are turn'd princes, no tyrant so
evil,
When beggers are mounted, they ride to the
Devil,
No souls so insulting as such sordid slaves,
As climb to preferment on honest mens graves.

Our gen'rals and navy, are all safe and sound,
The Prince and the Duke have our foes in the
pound;
They in their own harbors are pris'ners at ease,
The King of Great Brittain commands where he
please.
We ride on the ocean,
And waite for the motion,
To venter again they have no great devotion.
Had they not crept in, they'd been burnt to a
cinder
And Holland by this time, had been turn'd to
tinder.
God bless King and Queen, with the Duke and
all such,

As are friends to Great Brittain, and foes to the
Dutch.

A NEW BALLAD OF A FAMOUS GERMAN PRINCE AND A RENOWNED ENGLISH DUKE.

Who on St. James's Day One thousand 666 fought with a Beast with Seven Heads, call'd Provinces; not by land, but by water; not to be said, but sung; not in High English nor Low Dutch but to a new French tune, called *Monsieur Ragou; or, The Dancing Hobby-horses*.

There happen'd of late a terrible fray,
Begun upon our St. James's Day,
With a thump, thump, thump, thump, thump,
Thump, thump, a thump, thump,
Where Rupert and George for Charlemaign
Swing'd the Dutch again and again
(As if they had been but the French or Dane),
With a thump, etc.

'Twas brave Tom Allen led the van,
Stout Uther, and bold Tiddiman,
With a thump, etc.;
And then our immortal generalls
With twenty thousand thunder-balls
Pierc'd their boggie flesh-mud-walls,
With a thump, thump, etc.

The game was hot, and then you'll swear
That Jordan (Heart of Oak) was there,
With a thump, thump, etc.;
And gallant Holmes, that never fails,
Torn and hurt, yet still prevails,

Valiant with or without his sails,
With a thump, thump, etc.

The *Royal Charles* was all their aim,
(For there they knew was princely game),
With a thump, etc.
Seven Provinces here spend their quire
(De Ruyter's mighty triple tyre),
But had his answer all in fire,
With a thump, thump, etc.

For here our glorious Prince and Duke
Gave him such a sore rebuke,
With a thump, etc.,
That now De Ruyter finds it clear
The warlike English have no peer,
Who dare do anything but fear
A thump, thump, etc.

The *Soveraign* came to revenge her wrongs
(Becalm'd a while for want of lungs),
Without any thump, etc.,
But soon as her dredful sail displaied,
Good Lord, what lanes and wrecks she made!
The devill a Dutch came nigh or staid,
For fear of a thump, thump, etc.

Her balls of fire, the Flemming sees,
Are thrice as big as a Holland cheese,
With a thump, etc.;
And now they ran, they ran, they ran,
And left poor Zealand shift as it can;
They made him there rere, who would be the
van—
—Van Trump, Trump, Trump, etc.

The King's own colours (Red and White)
Pursu'd the Boors all day and night,
With a thump, etc.
O how 'twould Lords and Commons please
To see our *Soveraign of the Seas*
Chasing their *Seven Provinces*,
With a thump, etc.

Over flatts and banks we fir'd their tails
Till we heard their croaking nightingales,
With a thump, etc.
This difference 'twixt two navies stands:
Ours built for the sea, and theirs for the sands;
We had sent them else to their last Netherlands
With a thump, thump, etc.

Their shott still at our tackling flew,
Lest when they ran we should pursue,
With a thump, etc.;
For though the Dutch are sea-men grown,
Bold English are the marks-men known,
And therefore kill them six for one,
With a thump, thump, etc.

Our rere was Smith, with other two
(Spragge and Kempthorn) both true blew,
With a thump, etc.
And here the Zealanders came on,
Who stoutly gave us gun for gun,
Till Holland-like they also run,
With a thump, thump, etc.

'In, in, in, in,' said valiant Spragge,
'Wee'l beat this vapouring Trump to th' Hague'
With a thump, etc.
His chaplain fell to his wonted work,

Cryed, 'Now for the King and the Duke of York!'
He prayed like a Christian and fought like a
Turk,
With a thump, thump, etc.

Six thousand Dutch (a Low-Country dish)
We sent to their own cozen the fish,
With a thump, etc.
The rest into holes so tamely crawl
That little *Fanfan* dar'd them all,
Great Rupert's sloop is an admirall.
With a thump, thump, etc.

What Amsterdamnable cowards are these
To boast that they were lords of the seas,
With a thump, etc.
Their impudent Gazette proclaims
How bravely they lock'd up the Thames!
But had no leave from Charles or James,
And therefore had a thump, thump, etc.

And now De Witt's new Holland Rump
(Who rides the States) will burn to th' stump,
With a thump, etc.;
For George in England once before
Hath fir'd one Rump, and will do more,
Till men and bells all Dutch-land o're
Sing rump, rump, etc.

Then let them invent some other cheat,
Go hang their captains 'cause th' are beat
With a thump, etc.
Let Monsieur and Myn Heer that snarls
At our *Soveraign* and *Royal Charles*,
Beware of Ruperts and Albemarles.
With a thump, thump, etc.

[Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD.]

THE SECOND PART OF THE LATE AND TERRIBLE FIGHT ON ST. JAMES'S DAY, ONE THOUSAND 666.

To the Tune of the First Part.

A Second Part I here indite
Of the English and Dutch bloody fight,
With a thump, thump, thump, thump, thump,
Thump, thump upon thump.
This only tells what was done since
The renowned Duke and famous Prince
Made the Seven-headed Beast to wince,
With a thump, etc.

As you the first so sing this too
To the French tune call'd Monsieur Ragou
With a thump, etc.
Or else because that this discourses
Of Beaufort's and De Ruyter's forces,
Call the tune the Dancing Hobby Horses,
With a thump, etc.

Sing not High English in Low Dutch,
Though now our foes are truly such,
With a thump, etc.
This must be sung, not said at all,
And they that sing must rise and fall;
In this ballad too the tune is all,
With a thump, etc.

The terrible fight on St. James's Day
Ended with Ruyter's running away,

With a thump, etc.
The first part did th' officers prayse,
The Duke of York and King now saies
The sea-men too deserve some bays,
With a thump, etc.

For though the officers bear the bell
The private sea-men rang the Dutch knel,
With a thump, etc.
The Bores fought well, with brandy drunk;
But in two houres their courage sunk,
And then like beaten stock-fish stunk,
With a thump, etc.

Goliath-like look'd Houndsfoot and Skellum,
But Monk and's fryers with sling and stones fell
'um,
With a thump, etc.
Ruyter swears that Trump came not to 's aid;
Trump swears Ruyter ran like coward, afraid.
We had done both their works had they staid,
With a thump, etc.

While Trump and Ruyter sneake in th' Welling
The brave English land at Uly and Schelling
With a thump, etc.
A thousand homes with eight score ships
We fired like so many chips,
And made the States to bite their lips,
With a thump, etc.

This was a most prodigious rap,
To loose five millions at a clap,
With a thump, etc.
We beg but one boon more, kinde Fates,
Their India fleet, and then, proud States,

Wee'l make you shit as small as rats,
With a thump, etc.

Old Rome neere did ought worth a doyt,
Compar'd with Holmes's brave exploit,
With a thump, etc.
The tale of ten years' war for Hellen
Homer had never thought worth telling
Had he but heard of Uly and Schelling,
With a thump, etc.

Twelve East-land ships did likewise fall in-
To the hands of stout Sir Thomas Allen,
With a thump, etc.
And now, in spite of Adelar
And Beaufort too, we've pitch and tarr
And ropes enough to end the warr
With a thump, etc.

Our victory hath but one flaw,
The unhappy loss of the *Breda*,
Without any thump, etc.
On the Dutch coast she ran aground,
And without men was strangely found:
They merit hanging if not drown'd,
With a thump, etc.

This vessel's luck was never good;
In her five captains lost their blood,
With a thump, etc.
At her mishap we must not grutch;
'Twas Heaven's will it should be such,
Because that the ship's name was Dutch.
With a thump, etc.

Alas! alas! poor baffl'd Hans,

The Dane can't ayd thee, nor dares France.
Thou, thou hast had thump upon thump,
Thump, thump upon thump.
The Monsieur's fleet a mangy crew is.
Monk's brave boys eat beef and brewis,
Cry, 'A f—— for Denmark and King Lewis!'
With a thump, etc.

Bow then to Charles, distressed States,
After so many broken pates,
With a thump, thump still upon thump, etc.
Beg peace, or next your banks shall rue,
And we will give the Divel his due;
He shall take Monsieur, the sea drown you;
Then are ye both thumpt, and mumpt, and mumpt, etc.

Now, to conclude, I will take care,
As ballads use to end with prayer,
With a thump, etc.;
For ballads made of the old fashion
Should still conclude with supplication
For King and Queen, and the whole nation,
With a thump, etc.

God bless the Swede, he's not our foe,
And Spain's King too, though France say no;
They both wish the Dutch well thumpt, thumpt, etc.
Heaven send our fleet auspicious gales,
Our King and Queen a Prince of Wales,
And then let who will bite their nayles
When we all our foes have thumpt and mumpt, etc.

THE DUTCH DAMNIFIED; OR, THE BUTTER-BOXES BOB'D:

Being a brief and true account how Sir Robert Holmes, Sir Philip Howard, and Sir William Jennings, with eleven companies of foot, five fire-ships, and some ketches and boats, burnt and destroy'd near a hundred and sixty saile of Dutch ships in the Uly; as also they burnt the rich town of Brandaris, in the Island of Schelling, consisting of above a thousand houses, richly furnisht, with goods of extraordinary value; our seamen and souldiers returning richly laden with their enemies' spoyle, being sufficiently rewarded for their noble enterprise, and all this performed (by God's Providence) with the losse of ten men on our side.

The Tune is *A Fig for France and Holland too*, etc.

Ring bells for joy, let none be sad,
For now we have news will make you glad,
Will make you blith and merry too
To see how the Dutch are forc'd to bow:
Their brags and boasts will not prevail,
We'll teach them for to lowre their sail.
Then, Hogan Mogans, b'ware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

We paid you home in July last,
And soundly did your sides bumbast;
If that you had not swiftly run
You surely had been quite undone:
But now we are landed on your shore,

And found the way to make you poor.
Then, Hogan Mogans, b'ware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

For all your idle vain excuses
E're long we shall pull up your sluces;
Our men have found a way to land,
As you by this will understand:
It will be but a bitter pill
When such sad news your hearts do fill.
Then, Hogan Mogans, b'ware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

You in your harbours lurk for fear,
Not thinking such bad news to hear;
We scorn to come and steal your sheep,
And then like thieves away to creep:
Your towns to burn, and ships to fire,
Is work that Englishmen desire.
Then, Hogan Mogans, b'ware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

Sir Robert Holmes, that valiant knight
Had orders upon Tuesday night
The Uly Island for to burn
And quite destroy't ere he return:
Sir Philip Howard did him assist,
Sir William Jennings he did his best.
Then, Hogan Mogans, curse your fates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

They chose eleven hundred men
To pull the Dutch out of their den;
With fire-ships, ketches, boats, and hoyes,
Well mann'd with lusty English boyes:
With joyful hearts they leave the fleet,

And sayle away their foes to meet.
Then, Hogan Mogans, curse your fates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

At length they spy'd without all faile
One hundred and seventy saile
Of merchant ships which anchored were
In Uly road, being void of fear.
Sir Robert Holmes he thought it meet
With fire-ships to destroy that fleet.
Then, Hogan Mogans, 'ware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

So hotly they pursued the game
That straight the fleet was on a flame:
Some frigats which the rest did guard,
Just like their neighbours, so they far'd;
Our men most furiously were bent,
And burnt them down incontinent.
Then, Hogan Mogans, 'ware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

This being done away we haste,
The Schelling Island for to waste,
And there we fright our cowardly foes,
And land our men where none oppose.
Then up we martch into the isle,
Our crafty foes for to beguile.
Then, Hogan and Mogans, 'ware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

When they heard of our coming nigh,
Away they fled, all that could flye,
And left their goods and all the rest,
To be dispos'd as we thought best.
The bravest town in all that place

We burnt quite down and did deface.
Now, Hogan Mogans, beware your pates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

Our men had plunder there good store,
To make them rich, they'l ne'er be poor;
They brought away great store of plate,
And now they quaff their cups in state;
Their cabbins are like gold-smith shops,
God send us many such like crops.
Now, Hogan Mogans, curse your fates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

Their trugtail'd frows were in a maze
To see their town all on a blaze;
They wept and waild and wrung their jaws,
And cursed their States, which was the cause.
May all that's enemies to our King
Be brought to such like banquetting.
Now, Hogan Mogans, curse your fates,
For now we shall make you distressed States.

A SONG ON THE DUKE'S LATE GLORIOUS SUCCESS OVER THE DUTCH.

One day, as I was sitting still
Upon the side of Dunwich Hill,
And looking on the ocean,
By chance I saw De Ruyter's fleet
With Royal James's squadron meet;
In sooth it was a noble treat
To see that brave commotion.

I cannot stay to name the names
Of all the ships that fought with James,
Their number, or their tonnage;
But this I say: the noble host
Right gallantly did take its post,
And covered all the hollow coast
From Walderswyck to Dunwich.

The French, who should have join'd the
Duke,
Full far astern did lag and look,
Although their hulls were lighter:
But nobly faced the Duke of York,
Tho' some may wink and some may talk,
Right stoutly did his vessel stalk
To buffet with De Ruyter.

Well might you hear their guns, I guess,
From Sizewell Gap to Easton Ness,
The show was rare and sightly:
They batter'd without let or stay,
Until the evening of that day,—

'Twas then the Dutchmen run away,
The Duke had beat them tightly.

Of all the battles gain'd at sea
This was the rarest victory
Since Philip's Grand Armado.
I will not name the rebel Blake;
He fought for whoreson Cromwell's sake,
And yet was forced three days to take
To quell the Dutch bravado.

So now we've seen them take to flight
This way and that, where'er they might,
To windward or to leeward;
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
And here's to all the captains' names,
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
And here's to the House of Stuart.

NEWS FROM THE COAST OF SPAIN;

Or,

A true relation of a brisk and bloody encounter, which happened upon the 13th of February, between the *Tyger* frigot, Captain Harman commander, and the *Schaherleas* of Holland, Vice-Admiral of Young Evertson's squadron, Pasqual De Wit captain, near Cadize in Spain; where the said De Wit, to vindicate his honour (being suspected of cowardice by the Spaniards, for quitting his station upon the *Tyger's* approach), challenged Captain Harman to fight next day, and having double man'd his ship, the number being 270 men, came up with the *Tyger*, who had but a 180 men on board, within a league of Cadize Bay, within the view of all the inhabitants. These two ships being come within half pistol shot one of another, fired their broadsides, where the *Tyger* did such execution that he disabled their adversaries' topmast-yard, killed and wounded 80 of their men, without any considerable damage to himself; and immediately laying him aboard on the bow, after half an hour's dispute, entered his men and made him yield; carrying his prize, miserable, shattered, and torn, to the admiration of all the people: the Dutch having lost 140 men, besides 86 wounded: and the English losing but nine, and fifteen wounded, amongst whom the Captain himself was shot under the left eye by a musquet shot, but is in good hopes of recovery.

To the Tune of *Digby's Farewell*.

Come, all you brave sea-men of courage so free,
Come lend your attention and listen to me,
For here is good news that is late come to town,
Which is for your credit and England's renown;
Of brave Captain Harman 'tis now I must tell,
Who near unto Cadiz behav'd himself well,
And taught a Dutch captain, whose name is De
Wit,
To know he had valour and made him submit.

The *Tiger* from Tangier to Cadiz made way,
Whereas the De Wit, the Dutch admiral lay,
But soon as the Dutchman our frigate espy'd
They straight into port with all diligence hi'd,
Which caused the Spaniards about for to say,
He quitted his station and durst not to stay;
Whereat the proud Dutchman did fume and did
fret,
And wisht in his heart that they never had met.

Then taking advise of young Evertson straight,
A challenge he sent with the *Tiger* to fight,
To regain his honour if so it might be,
The which was accepted immediately.
His ship with stout seamen he then double
mann'd,
And thought that our English was merely
trapann'd;
But in the conclusion he found it not so,
They paid him his reckoning before he did go.

Two hundred and seventy men he had there,
And but half so many the *Tiger* did bear
Of brave English hearts, and of courage most
free,
That scorn'd to be dounted in any degree:

Then up they did come within half pistol shot,
Their broad-sides they fired, and men went to
th' pot,
Whilst all the whole town did come out to
behold
And see them encounter with courage most
bold.

With broad-sides of bullets and shot that was
bar'd
We quickly disabled De Wit's top-mast yard,
And fourscore men they had wounded and
slain,
Which made them to fret, but it was but in
vain.
'We'l bear in upon ... [*line and a half missing*];
We'l show them such valour as never was
shown;
I'le take their ship prize, or I'le venture my
own.'

Then quickly they grappled, and then the
dispute
Was desperate and bloody, whilst cannons were
mute,
For half an hour's space the hot service was
such
Our men remain'd victors and conquered the
Dutch;
And then they submitted themselves to be
prize,
Which all the brisk Spaniards beheld with their
eyes,
And our English valour did highly commend,
Since Harman had forc'd the proud Dutch for to
bend.

The prize was so shattered and torn in the fray
They scarcely could get her safe into the bay;
For to Harman's honour De Wit must confess
He nere was so thumped before, I do guess.
'Twill teach him hereafter more humble to be,
To yield to his betters in every degree;
By woeful experience he now can relate,
What 'tis to sell honour at so dear a rate.

Of Dutchmen one hundred and forty was slain,
And eighty-six wounded, which languish in pain;
Of all our brave English we lost but just nine,
And therefore we have no great cause to repine,
Besides fifteen wounded, the truth for to tell;
All which through God's mercy we hope will do well.
Such blessings the Lord has for England in store
We lost not much more then a man to a score.

Brave Harman, who fought where the battel was hot,
Was struck through the cheek with a chance musket shot,
But yet there is hopes he'l recover again
And live for to win more renown on the main;
However his valour is highly extol'd,
'Mongst our English worthies he shall be enrol'd,
Who fought for true honour, glad tydings to bring,
How well he had serv'd both his countrey and King.

Then cheer up, brave seamen and Englishmen bold

You here, by this story, which here I have told,
No sea-men nor souldiers can with us compare;
Although they have odds yet to fight them we
dare.
Throughout the whole world a terrour shall
prove
If we can continue in union and love:
And thus you may see by these lines I have
writ,
How stout Captain Harman did conquer De Wit.

CAPTAIN MANSFIELD'S FIGHT WITH THE TURKES AT SEA.

Our goodly ship was loaded deep, with anchors
three beneath her bow;
'Twas east-north-east we steer'd our course, and
as near the wind as we could stow.
We had not sailed glasses three, nor yet ten
leagues from our loading port,
Before we spyed ten Turkish men-of-war, and
after us they did resort.

'O hail! O hail! you English dogs, O hail! and
strike your sails quickly,
For you shall go with us this night, and ever
after into slavery.'
O then bespoke our captain bold, and a well
bespoken man was he,
'If you must have my topsails down, come on
board and strike them for me.

'To the top, to the top, my merry boatswain, to
the main-top-mast-head so high,
And sling me here that main-top-mast-yard, and
see your business you supply.
To the top, to the top, my boatswain's mate, to
the fore-top-mast-head with speed
And sling me here that fore-top-sail-yard, for
we never had more need.

'To the top, to the top, my little cabin-boy, to
the mizen-top-mast-head so high,
And spread abroad St. George's flag, for under

that we live or die.'
O then bespoke our gunner bold, and a well
bespoken man was he,
'Swab your guns, brave boys, while they're hot,
for powder and ball you shall have free.'

'Keep aluff, keep aluff;' says the master's mate,
'keep aluff, whilst that you may.
We'l fight it out like English boys; it ne'er shall
be said we run away.'
So to it we went like lions bold, as enemies do
when they meet;
We fought from twelve to sun-rising, and
spared but one sail of their fleet.

O three we burnt, and three we sunk, and the
other three run away;
And one we brought to old England, to shew
them we had won the day.
All you that know our gallant ship, and want to
know our captain's name,
It is Captain Mansfield of Bristol Town, and the
Marygold, a ship of fame.

THE ALGIERS SLAVE'S RELEASEMENT; OR, THE UNCHANGEABLE BOAT-SWAIN.

No pain like the Jayl of Love, nor no such
torments found
To those that loyal mean to prove, whose loves
are firm and sound.
This loyal person ne'r would change; like a true
lover he
Indur'd his fetters and his chains, and Betty's
captive be.

To the Tune of *Awake, oh my Cloris!*

Of a constant young seaman a story I'le tell,
That I hope all true lovers will please very well;
All his cry was still, 'Though I continue a slave,
Yet the want of my dear is far worse than a
grave.

'All the tedious long night in close prison I lye,
But methinks I behold my dear love lying by;
In the midst of my pains this doth still give me
ease:
That is pleasant to me, which some call a
disease.

'Sometimes to the gallies I'm forced to go,
Though amongst all my fellows like a slave I do
row;
And when I am spent with this labour and pain
The thoughts of my love doth revive me again.

‘And when with strappadoes sometimes I do
meet,
I find little pain, if I think on my sweet;
Thus ’twixt pleasure and pain my time I do
spend,
Yet vow to be constant unto my life’s end.

‘No torture nor pain shall make me forsake
Nor flye from my reason for my Betty’s sake;
I do slight all the torments bestow’d by the
Turk
When I think on my dear, and in gallies do
work.

‘But [tho’] a renegado to make me they strive,
I’le never consent to ‘t whilst I am alive,
But will a couragious true Protestant be:
I’le be true to my faith and be constant to thee.

‘Ah, Betty, when billows do rage and do roar
For want of thy sight I am troubled sore:
Whilst other are troubled with terror and fear,
Yet I am cheer’d up with the thought of my
dear.

‘No prison is like to the want of thy sight,
Which locks up my bliss, for thou art my
delight:
Though distant I am, therefore only opprest,
Yet still my dear Betty doth lodge in my breast.

‘In the midst of my sorrows, whilst others do
mourn,
’Tis the want of my love that doth make me
forlorn;
Yet [I] would not enjoy thee in this cursed

place,
Though for want of thy love my tears trickle
apace.

‘But be of good cheer, for every one knows
’Tis an ill wind indeed that no comfort blows;
And again I do hope thee in England to see,
Then who’l be so happy as Betty and me?

‘And now, thorough Providence, I am return’d:
By shipwrack I ’scap’d, for our ship it was
burn’d;
No torment like mine was when I was a slave,
For the want of my Betty was worse than a
grave.’

THE BENJAMIN'S LAMENTATION FOR THEIR SAD LOSS AT SEA BY STORMS AND TEMPESTS:

Being a brief narrative of one of his Majestie's ships called the Benjamin, that was drove into harbour at Plymouth, and received no small harm by this tempest.

To the Tune of *The Poor Benjamin*.

Captain Chilver's gone to sea,
I, boys, O boys!
With all his company, I!
Captain Chilver's gone to sea,
With all his company,
In the brave Benjamin, O!

Thirty guns this ship did bear,
I, boys, O boys!
They were bound for Venice fair, I!
Thirty guns this ship did bear,
And a hundred men so clear,
In the brave Benjamin, O!

But by ill storms at sea,
I, boys, O boys!
Which bred our misery, I!
But by ill storms at sea
Were drove out o' th' way
In the brave Benjamin, O!

We had more wind than we could bear,
I, boys, O boys!

Our ship it would not steer, I!
We had more wind than we could bear,
Our masts and sails did tear
In the brave Benjamin, O!

The first harm that we had,
I, boys, O boys!
It makes my heart so sad, I!
The first harm that we had
We lost our fore-mast head:
O the poor Benjamin, O!

The seas aloud did roar,
I, boys, O boys!
We being far from shore, I!
The sea no favour shows
Unto friends nor foes,
O the poor Benjamin, O!

The next harm that we spy'd,
I, boys, O boys!
Then we to Heaven cry'd, I!
Down fell our main-mast head,
Which struck our senses dead
In the poor Benjamin, O!

Then we with seas were crost,
I, boys, O boys!
And on the ocean tost, I!
Thus we with seas was tost,
Many a brave man was lost
In the brave Benjamin, O!

The next harm that we had,
I, boys, O boys!
We had cause to be sad, I!

The next harm that we had
We lost four men from the yard
In the poor Benjamin, O!

Disabled as I name,
I, boys, O boys!
We were drove on the main, I!
So the next harm we had
We lost our rudder's head
In the poor Benjamin, O!

Then we fell all to prayer,
I, boys, O boys!
The Lord our lives would spare, I!
Then we fell all to prayer,
And He at last did hear
Us in the Benjamin, O!

Although we sail'd in fear,
I, boys, O boys!
The Lord our ship did steer, I!
Our prayers so fervent were
That we had passage clear
Into brave Plimouth Sound, O!

We came in Plimouth Sound,
I, boys, O boys!
Our hearts did then resound, I!
When we came to Plymouth Sound
Our grief with joy was crown'd
In the poor Benjamin, O!

When we came all on shore,
I, boys, O boys!
Every man at his dore, I!
When we came all on shore

Our grief we did deplore
In the poor Benjamin, O!

You gallant young men all,
I, boys, O boys!
'Tis unto you I call, I!
Likewise brave seamen all,
Lament the loss and fall
Of the poor Benjamin, O!

THE TREACHERY OF THE SPANIARDS OF PORTO RICO TO THE DARTMOUTH FRIGOT AND HER COMPANY.

('Composed by Hovenden Walker on board the Dartmouth.'—MS. Note, by Pepys.)

When the Dartmouth friggot lay off the town
That's call'd Porto Rico, of some renown,
The captain sent thither to know if he cou'd
Come peaceably in for water and wood.
They answered we were welcome there,
And might venture in without all fear
And said it should be their only care
Whatever we wanted to prepare.

On the governor's promised honour then
We took up the pilot, who carry'd us in.
We rid undisturbed and safe all the night,
Nor smoak'd any cheat till the morning's light
Discovered their base and d[amned] intent;
For when to the wat'ring place we went
We were seiz'd and into prison sent;
And then we found out what 'twas they meant.

Quoth the governor, 'Now you shall ne're be free
Till I your commissions and orders do see;
For your ship is become a forfeiture,
And I'le sink her if she but dares to stirr:
For here my guns can command you all.
If she goes not where I say shee shall
I'le batter her sides with my iron ball

From every fort and the city wall.'

The council was call'd, and demurely they sate,
To manage the business by grave debate:
The bald-pated rascals (as if they were full
Of politick tricks) did squint and look dull,
Yet knew not what to doe in the case;
They could hardly look us in the face,
Their action was so openly base,
And guilt made 'em conscious of their
digrace,

Till the Don cry'd out to the grey-bearded
knaves,
'We've now got a parcel of brawny slaves,
With provision enough to furnish the town;
For (unless we are fools) the ship is our own:
And since they are in, we'll make 'em sure,
Our harbour's mouth is the prison door.
Take my advice, and I will secure
They never shall goe to sea any more.

'And because that the ship is under command,
Nor can they the force of our walls withstand,
Wee'll suffer these silly poltroons to go free,
For their friggot thereby gets no libertie:
But I'le order them to goe where I
Will maul 'em with more conveniency,
Or where upon the shoals they may ly,
And then they may bid their ship good-by.'

The business they had consulted so well,
They sent us away, and sent one to tell
That if our commander refus'd to obey,
And didn't immediately order to weigh,
And further within the harbour sail,

For certain then that he would not fail
To send some bullets to ferk our t[ail],
And those would be words that should
prevail.

‘In vain,’ said the captain, ‘you threaten us, sirs,
For I value your guns but as barking of currs;
Begin when you please, you shall find us to be
As brave English hearts as e’re saw the sea.
To-morrow I will certainly weigh,
And brave all your guns in open day;
Maugre whatever you do or say,
Your governour’s orders I’le not obey.’

Next day, to decoy us, he cunningly sent
A fawning excuse and a complement,
And said he would try to dispatch us that day
And send us in peace and in safety away;
But he had no design in the thing
But writing letters unto our King,
Which a messenger, he said, should bring
Before the sun was near setting.

Our top-sails were loose, and the sheats were
haul’d home,
We waited all day, but no messenger come.
We saw on the shoar the friars so gay,
And some were in black, but most were in grey;
To ev’ry fort and castle they went;
But the Lord in heav’n knowes what they
meant,
Unless (that it might be their intent)
To bless e’ry man, gun, and battlement.

No sooner the fryars were gone to their home
But we heard an alarm beat by the drum,

And then a command was sent us agen
To furl our top-sails and warp further in;
And if we didn't immediately
With what the governour said comply,
From all his forts he'd let the guns fly,
And batter us most confoundedly.

Then straight from the city we plainly could see,
The souldiers were marching most hastily,
And headed they were by their fat general,
To every fort and each castle wall:
But we were quite careless all the while,
And at their grand folly did only smile,
Resolving the Spaniards to beguile
And leave 'em without their wish't-for spoil.

By this time the busie old sun was gone down,
And candles were lighting about the town;
The commander then cheared his men so brave,
And the word for cutting the cable gave,
Which was done ith' twinkling of an eye,
And the sails were set as suddenly,
Which as soon as e're they could espy
A volley of small shott did let fly.

The warning when every castle had got,
They fired on us (like mad) theire great shott;
With louder huzzas we answer'd agen,
And shew'd 'em that we were true Englishmen;
Thus under sail alongst 'em we past,
And till convenient we kept all fast;
But halloo'd out, nor were agast,
And sent a broadside amongst 'em at last.

Thus fireing, and fireing, we held a good space,

And gave 'em the go by to their disgrace;
Three hours or more continu'd the fight,
With fire and smoke, and a very calm night,
And tho' within pistol shott we were,
Yet nevertheless we got well clear,
Without much hurt or any fear,
And to tell you the tale are now come here.

THE GOLDEN VOYAGE; OR, THE PROSPEROUS ARRIVAL OF THE JAMES AND MARY,

Who having searched the ocean for treasure, finding the value of two hundred thousand pounds in gold and silver, was joyfully received at the city of London.

To the Tune of *Ladies of London.*

Listen awhile, and I here will unfold what
seemeth to promise promotion:
There is great plenty of silver and gold now
newly took out of the ocean:
Forty-three years this treasure has lain since the
galion was stav'd asunder
Among the scholes and the rocks in the main,
yet this may be now the world's wonder.

It being seventeen leagues from the shore, 'tis
wonderful if you do mind it,
Many has search'd for this treasure before, but
none had the fortune to find it
Till the brave *James and Mary* of fame, whom
Fortune hath highly befriended,
She most successfully sail'd on the main, and
was from all dangers defended.

She was inform'd where this treasure did lye by
some that had gi'en information;
Therefore some nobles did freely comply,
without any more disputation,
To fit her forth; this favour they show, it being

their free will and pleasure.
With a fair gale to the ocean they go, where
they find great plenty of treasure.

'Twas in the midst of September they went
forth in the brave *James and Mary*,
All the ship's crew with a loyal consent, they
being both cheerful and airy;
And in short time they there did arrive where
they was with rocks so surrounded
That they did hardly know how to contrive to
keep themselves from being drown[d]ed.

There they was forced some time for to lose,
and lye at an anchor together;
As for their engine, they then could not use,
because of the turbulent weather;
Yet at the last to diving they went, where silver
and gold they received;
When in the water their breath was near spent
they were by their engine relieved.

Six weeks together they work'd in the cold, still
diving in nine fathom water,
Loading their *Mary* with silver and gold; then
up to fair London they brought her,
Where they received her with delight, as you
may observe by the ditty,
And they unloaded her cargo in sight of many
brave men of the city.

Carts heavy loaden came through the town, on
which the whole multitude gazed;
This to the seamen hath purchac'd renown, no
question but they may be praised:
Still far and near their fame let it ring, and let

them be highly commended,
Since they did venture so hard in this thing,
and was with a blessing attended.

But here is one thing we must not forget: while
they were the treasure possessing,
On the great rocks they might soon have been
split had not Heaven yielded a blessing;
Or while they search'd the depth of the main, to
hazards they could be no strangers;
Yet men and boys came all safe home again,
tho' they had gone through such
dangers.

THE BOATSWAIN'S CALL; OR, THE COURAGIOUS MARRINER'S INVITATION TO ALL HIS BROTHER SAILERS TO FORSAKE FRIENDS AND RELATIONS FOR TO FIGHT IN THE DEFENCE OF THEIR KING AND COUNTRY.

To the Tune of *The Ring of Gold.*

Stout seamen, come away, never be daunted;
For if at home you stay, then is it granted
The fleet can never be mann'd for the ocean,
To fight the enemy and gain promotion.

Lewis, that Christian Turk, makes preparation;
His engines are at work in consultation,
Thinking to ruin quite all Christian princes;
But we their wrongs will right, at life's
expences.

The mighty force of France we never value;
For when we once advance we will not dally,
But on the ocean wide (through blest
permission)
We'll soon subdue their pride and grand
ambition.

Therefore with courage bold, boys, let us
venture;
Like noble hearts of gold now freely enter
Your names on board the fleet, all friends
forsaking,
That we may soon compleat this undertaking.

Is it not that the land might be defended
By a victorious hand? tho' France intended
To lay a heavy yoke on a free nation,
Boys, let a fatal stroke prove their vexation!

But yet methinks I hear some cowards crying,
The press they dread and fear as much as dying,
And sculk, like frighted slaves, here in
distraction,
To hide in dens and caves from warlike action.

Yet some declare they'd fight, but a dear
mother,
Who counts him her delight above all other,
She loves him as her life; parting would grieve
her:
Another has a wife, he's loath to leave her.

Thus cowards they can find excuses many
To tarry here behind; yet there's not any
Right valiant noble soul heeds a relation,
He'll fight against controul for this his nation.

Has not men wish'd and cry'd, 'A war with
France!' boys,
That on the ocean wide we may advance, boys?
To storm and shake their throne, no danger
fearing:
This still has been their tone oft in my hearing.

Where are those heroes now, those sons of
thunder,
That would make Lewis bow and bring him
under?
Your wishes now you have, France is the
center;

Like seamen stout and brave, boys, freely
venture!

In a fight fierce and hot once was I wounded;
We receiv'd showrs of shot, being surrounded;
Yet I again will go, and scorn to hide me;
I'll face the daring foe, what e'er betide me.

He that has been in fight fears not another;
He leaves with much delight father and mother,
To embrace those true joys which men admire;
We can be merry, boys, in smoak and fire.

If we the conquest gain, that brings promotion;
If we by chance are slain, then the wide ocean
Shall be our watry tomb, near Neptune's palace.
This, boys, shall be our doom, in spite of
malice.

THE UNDAUNTED SEAMAN,

Who resolved to fight for his King and country; together with his love's sorrowful lamentation at their departure.

To the Tune of *I often for my Jenny strove.*

'My love, I come to take my leave, yet prithee
do not sigh and grieve,
On the wide ocean I will fight, for to maintain
the nation's right:
Under noble chief commanders I resolve to take
my chance;
*On board I'll enter, life I'll venture, to subdue
the pride of France.*'

'My dear,' said she, 'be not unkind, I shall no
peace nor comfort find;
My very heart will break for thee, if thus we
must divided be:
While thou art with foes surrounded, where the
loud-mouth'd cannons roar,
*This warlike action breeds distraction, I shall
never see you more.*'

'Let no such fear attend my dear, I hope to be
as safe as here;
For King and country's good I'll stand, and vow
to fight with heart and hand.
None but cowards fear to venture, freely will I
take my chance;
*On board I'll enter, life I'll venture, to subdue
the pride of France.*'

The youthful damsel then did cry, ‘I’ll part with
gold and silver too,
Another person to employ, that may be better
spared than you.
Never shall I be contented while you leave your
native shore
*This warlike action breeds distraction, I shall
never see you more.*’

‘My dear, all hazards will I run, methinks the
work cannot be done
Except I do in person go to face that perjur’d
potent foe:
We have warlike sons of thunder, which will
valiantly advance
*To the wide ocean for promotion and to check
the pride of France.*

‘My dear, the royal English fleet, with the
Dutch navy, will compleate
The work which fairly is begun: we fear not but
Monsieur will run;
For we’ll drive the rogues before us, teach them
such an English dance:
*While they retire, still we’ll fire, check the
growing pride of France.*’

With sighs and tears this damsel said, ‘If you
resolve to go to sea,
In sailor’s robes I’ll be array’d and freely go
along with thee;
Life and fortune I will venture rather than to
stay on shore:
*Grief will oppress me, and possess me, that I
ne’er shall see thee more.*’

Said he, 'My dearest, stay on land, such idle
fancies ne'er pursue;
Thy soft and tender milk-white hand
[a]seaman's labour cannot do:
Here I leave both gold and treasure to maintain
my dear on shore.'
*But still she crying, and replying, 'I shall never
see thee more!'*

'Thy gold's no more than dross to me, alas! my
heart is sunk full low,
The want of thy sweet company will surely
prove my overthrow:
Therefore, dearest, do not leave me, here
tormented on the shore;
*Let us not sever, love, for ever, lest I ne'er shall
see thee more!*'

Tho' bitterly she did complain, her sighs and
tears were all in vain;
He would not suffer her to go, so many cares
and griefs to know:
But with sweet salutes they parted; she was left
with tears on shore;
*Here often crying, and replying, 'I shall never see
him more!'*

THE SEA-MAN'S ADIEU TO HIS DEAR.

This man was prest to serve upon the seas,
Which did his dearest very much displease;
She importuned the captain on her knee,
And proffered gold to have her love set free;
But all would not prevail; the captain's ear
Was deaf, the maid's complaint he would not hear.
When no entreaty could move his hard heart
She sadly took her leave, and so they part.

To the Tune of *I'le go to Sir Richard.*

Come, all loyal lovers that's faithful and true,
Observe, where ever you be,
A pattern I here have presented to you:
It is good to be constant, you see.

But chiefly to thee, my own dearest, I speak,
With patience my absence to bear,
For now I am prest to serve on the seas,
And I must bid adieu to my dear.

Our King must have seamen and souldiers most stout,
His enemies' heart for to fear,
And I for my honour will venture about,
And I must bid adieu to my dear.

MAID.

O tell me not so, mine own dearest, I pray;

For love's sake take pitty on me;
I'le do my endeavour to please thee alway
If that I may have my love free.

'Tis far better staying with me on the shore,
Where pleasures and joys do abound,
Than for [you] to venture where cannons do roar,
In the depth of the seas to be drown'd.

O be not so cruel, my love, for to fight,
But tarry, my dearest, with me;
We'l find out a way in Love's war for to fight,
And I'le strive for to set my love free.

MAN.

All that thou canst do, my love, will not procure
My freedom, I sorely do fear;
But I must the hardship of service endure,
And I must bid adieu to my dear.

My captain by no means will let me go free,
He likes me so well, I do hear;
Therefore it's in vain to beg my liberty,
For I must bid adieu to my dear.

MAID.

I'le go to thy captain and fall on my knee;
Perhaps he'l take pitty on me;
If five pounds or ten pounds will buy thy discharge
He shall have it to set my love free.

THE CAPTAIN'S ANSWER.

Not ten pounds nor twenty will buy his
discharge,
Fair maid, you must patiently bear;
He shall go to sea for his King to ingage,
And he must bid adieu to his dear.

I'le have him to serve me upon the salt main,
In battel with foes for to fight;
Then cease, pritty maiden, and do not
complain,
For the wars is a souldier's delight.

MAID.

Behold, noble captain, the sorrowful tears,
That down my cheeks trickle amain,
To move your hard heart to release me of fear
And to grant me my love once again.

No maiden's heart ever was so full of woe,
Then, good sir, take pitty on me;
And let him no further into the wars go,
But be pleased to set my love free.

CAPTAIN.

O cease thy suit, damsel, and be not so sad,
Let reason thy mind now aswage;
Ten thousand such seamen must e're long be
had,
All against the proud foes to engage.

MAN.

My dearest, why dost thou the captain offend?
Thou seest he by no means will yield;
And I am resolved my blood for to spend
Upon the salt sea or in field.

Therefore be contented, and cease thy sad
moan,
Take comfort, and do thou not fear;
If fortune befriend me, when as I am gone,
I shall once again see mine own dear.

MAID.

My dearest, since thou must be parted from me,
And here must no longer remain,
The thought of thy love all my comfort shall be
Until I do see thee again.

Each hour for thy welfare to God will I pray,
That He will in safety preserve
My own dearest lover by night and by day
Whilst he on the ocean doth serve.

This token, I prethee, love, for my sake keep,
Remember me when you it wear;
This parting kiss take, which doth cause me to
weep,
And so heavens bless mine own dear.

MAN.

Adieu, my dear jewel: thy love I have found;
Our parting doth grieve me full sore.
The drums they do beat, and the trumpets do
sound,
And I must stay no longer on shore.

THE MAIDENS FROLICK; OR, A BRIEF RELATION HOW SIX LUSTY LASSES HAS PREST FULL FOURTEEN TAYLORS ON THE BACKSIDE OF ST. CLEMENTS, AND THE OTHER ADJACENT PLACES.

To the Tune of *An Orange.*

Of late near the Strand, we well understand,
Six lasses that took a brisk frollick in hand;
'Twas thus, I profess, they in seaman's dress,
Not far from the May-pole, resolved to press
Fourteen taylors.

Young Nancy she ty'd a sword by her side,
And she was resolved for to be their guide:
This young female crew, Kate, Bridget, and Prue,
And she that went formost was Lieutenant Sue,
Pressing taylors.

These maids by consent, their minds fully bent,
First thro' the back side of St. Clements they went,
Where just in the street they a taylor did meet;
They prest him, and streight he fell down at their feet:
'*I'm a taylor*.

'I tell you,' said he, 'I ne'er was at sea,
And therefore, kind gentlemen, pray set me free,
And pity these tears; I have liv'd forty years,

And never us'd weapon but bodkin and shears.
I'm a taylor.'

But Susan and they strait haul'd him away,
While Tom, the poor taylor, did sigh, beg, and pray;
Yet all was in vain, for they did him retain,
And told him that now he must fight on the main,
Tho' a taylor.

Then to White Hart Yard they went with regard,
And there a poor taylor was labouring hard
Upon his shop-board. Nan drew out her sword,
Saying he must King William his service afford,
Tho' a taylor.

The taylor did quake—nay, quiver and shake.
At length with a pitiful voice he did spake,
While tears down did run; he cry'd, 'I'm undone.
I never did know the right end of a gun;
I'm a taylor.'

Then stout Boston Bess said, 'Nevertheless
You must go with us, we've a warrant to press;
Then wave this excuse, and lay by your goose;
Such nimble young fellows may be of great use,
Tho' only a taylor.'

And then, by report, they went to Round Court,
Where seven young taylors were making of sp[ort],
Their hearts void of care, who when they come the[re],

These maids did catch napping, as Moss catch'd
[his] ma[re],
Seven taylors.

They thought to resist, but Joan with her fist,
She thumpt them about till the taylors they pi[
],
And then in a rage the rest did engage,
And brought them away to the round-house or
ca[ge],
These poor taylors.

With all might and main down to Dutchy Lane
These petticoat press-masters hurried again,
To press some they knew: 'twas Morgan and
Hu[gh],
A couple belong'd to the cross-legged crew,
And Welsh taylors.

Then Morgan hur railes, crys, 'Splutter-a-nails,
Hur newly come up to fair London from Wales;
Then pray cease your strife, hur has a young
wife,
Besides hur was never yet kill'd in hur life.'
A Welsh taylor.

But yet, right or wrong, they brought 'em along,
And happen'd to meet with three more in the
thro[ng].
Then said lusty Jane, 'You must serve King and
Que[en]!'
And thus these stout females did press full
fourte[en],
And all taylors.

THE COURAGIOUS COMMANDER; OR, A BRIEF RELATION OF THAT MOST NOBLE ADVENTURE OF SIR CLOUDESLY SHOVELL, IN THE BAY OF DUBLIN, ON GOOD FRYDAY, IN BRINGING THE PELLICAN FRIGAT OUT OF THEIR HARBOUR IN TRIUMPH AND VICTORY.

To the Tune of *Let Cæsar live long.*

Now, noble brave boys, let the sweet trumpet sound,
While seamen with trophies of honour are crown'd;
For gracious King William they'll fight till they dye,
And scorn from the face of a Tory to flye.
Sir brave Cloudesly Shovell sail'd to Dublin Bay,
And brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

Bold James and his Teagues they did stand and behold
Our noble commander, couragious and bold,
Who ventur'd just close to the banks of their shore
And laid the proud enemy sprawling in gore:
With fire and sword, boys, we enter'd the bay,
And brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

Our noble commander first enter'd aboard,
On the *Monmouth* yacht; this did courage afford

To all the brave sailors of Protestant pride,
Who vow'd they wou'd venture to dye by his side;
Then crossing the bar they enter'd the bay,
And brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

The Tory commander did fire amain,
While we did salute him with bullets again,
Till twenty or more of his rebells were kill'd.
Now when he our valour and courage beheld,
He straight cut his cable to flye from the fray,
But we brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

The Protestants' goods they were sending for France;
By us they were stopt—ay, and taken by chance,
Which made the poor French-men to swear, fret, and frown,
To see our brave seamen of fame and renown,
With what resolution our guns they did play,
When we brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

The Tories came down with their foot and their horse,
And with their old master lamented his loss;
And into the water a party did ride,
Discharging their pistols against our ship's side;
But like men of courage our guns we did play,
And brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

'You damn'd English dogs,' one proud Monsieur did cry,

But straight at his horse we a bullet let flye;
He was in a rage to find such salutes,
That straight he was forc'd to shake off his jack-
boots;
Then after the rebels our guns we did play,
And brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

But here is one thing that is worthy of note:
Two Protestant boys they did wade to our boat;
We straight took them in, and their lives we did
save:
An account of the fears of the rebels they gave.
Our streamers we spread, and our flags did
display,
And brought the brave *Pellican* frigat away.

This is but a rellish and taste of their doom;
Brave boys, we will down with the bullworks of
Rome.
The rebels in France they may put their whole
trust,
While we all their glory lay low in the dust.
With fire and sword, boys, we'l enter the fray
King William's great army shall carry the day.

THE SEAMEN'S VICTORY; OR, ADMIRAL KILLEGREW'S GLORIOUS CONQUEST OVER THE FRENCH FLEET, IN THE STREIGHTS, AS THEY WERE COMING FROM THOULON TOWARDS BREST;

With the manner of taking three of their French men-of-war, and sinking two more; although the French Admiral vainly boasted he would recover Brest or Paradice, yet he shamefully run from the English fleet.

To the Tune of *The Spinning Wheel*.

Here's joyfull news came late from sea;
'Tis of a gallant victory
Which o'er the French we did obtain
Upon the throbbing ocean main.
As soon as e'er they found our rage
The rogues was glad to disengage.

The French fleet sailing from Thoulon,
As we by letters understand,
To join with those that lay at Brest,
As some of them have since confest;
But our brave fleet with them did meet,
And made the Frenchmen soon retreat.

Five ships, with others, did advance,
Being the very pride of France:
The *Lewis*, *Dauphin*, and the *Sun*,
With others which were forced to run.
As by this ditty you shall hear,

Brave English boys, the coast did clear.

The French at first did brag and boast,
But we so wisely rul'd the roast,
Under our Admiral Killegrew,
That we engag'd and beat them too,
Declaring that we did not fear
The haughty rage of proud Monsieur.

Our admiral bore up amain,
Resolving that he would maintain
A sharp and bloudy fight with those
Who dare King William's crown oppose:
Then broad-sides streight began to roar,
Which laid the French in reeking gore.

Right valiant seamen, fierce and bold,
Couragious noble hearts of gold,
All with a resolution bent,
Whole showers of shot to them they sent,
By which the French in hundreds fell:
Our guns did ring their passing-bell.

We pour'd our shot on e'ery side,
'"Tis bravely done,' the captain cry'd.
'Though sharp and bloudy be the fray,
The French are beat; we have the day.
True English boys, 'twas bravely done;
See how the Frenchmen run, they run.'

Now while we did maintain the fight
Two French ships there we sunk downright,
And likewise have we taken three.
This crown'd our work with victory;
The noble, valiant Killegrew
After the rest do's still pursue.

The French-men they did [soon] retreat;
They were a shatter'd, torn fleet.
But if he shall them overtake
A prize of all the rest he'll make;
Couragious boys are sail'd with him,
Who freely ventures life and limb

Under the admiral's command,
For to defend the native land.
May Heaven prosper still and bless
Our valiant soldiers' good success,
That we hereafter may advance,
To shake the very crown of France.

TORRINGTONIA; OR, A NEW COPY OF VERSES ON THE LATE SEA ENGAGEMENT.

To a Tune *Which nobody can deny*.

I sing not the battle (so fam'd) of Lepanto,
Nor what the Turks got by the siege of Otranto,
Nor the Spanish Armada so brave and gallanto,
Which nobody can deny.

Nor how they were bang'd by invincible Drake,
Nor the courage and conduct of excellent Blake,
Nor of men that fought bravely when all was at stake,
Which nobody can deny.

But a sort of sea-fight 'tween the French and Hollander,
Where th' English had joyn'd, but that their commander-
In-chief wou'd not be a with- but a by-stander,
Which nobody can deny.

The Dutch to the enemy boldly drew near,
But th' admiral o'th English more wisely did steer,
For he thought it was safer to keep in the rear,
Which nobody can deny.

Grafton ('twas said) came courageously in,
And by mauling the French great honour did win,

But Torr' was resolv'd to sleep in a whole skin,
Which nobody can deny.

Had each ship and its captain but been
independant,
They'd certainly made a [more] glorious end
on't,
Then commanded by such a stout
superintendant,
Which nobody can deny.

Tyrrel and Dorrel did boldly stand to 'em
(Thinking to beat the French and to undo 'em),
But th' Admiral only came thither to view 'em,
Which nobody can deny.

And tho' the French fleet was so little esteem'd,
And their courage and conduct despisable
deem'd,
To wise Herbert they plainly invincible seem'd,
Which nobody can deny.

Some ships too fool-hardy did headlong engage,
Which put the stout admiral in such a rage,
That nought but a whore could passion
asswage,
Which nobody can deny.

When the shot from the enemy flying at
random
Slew the stout hero's dog, that could no way
withstand 'em,
His bitches desired their master to land 'em,
Which nobody can deny.

'Twould make a man, much more a woman,

agast, sir,
To see a dog kill'd 'twixt the leggs of his master,
Who much more deserv'd such a dismal
disaster,
Which nobody can deny.

Some say that he wanted both powder and ball.
Be that true or false, it was certainly all
One to him, whose courage was so very small,
Which nobody can deny.

The Dutch at the enemy bravely did fire all,
Tho' Arthur commanded the fleet to retire all,
For which if he be'nt hang'd we much shou'd
admire all,
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' the French for a time may bluster and
boast
Of the honour they won by Torrington lost,
Their courage will cool when our fleet's on
their coast,
Which nobody can deny.

Not one town of theirs, nor two, three, nor four
Shall appease for the pranks they play'd on our
shoar;
We have admirals now that will pay off the
score,
Which nobody can deny.

Printed at the request of a Tarr for the diversion of the melancholly Widows of Wapping.

ENGLAND'S TRIUMPH AT SEA [1691].

A mighty great fleet, the like was ne're seen
Since the reign of King William and Mary his Queen,
Design'd the destruction of France to have been:
Which nobody can deny.

This fleet was compos'd of English and Dutch,
For ships, guns, and men there was never seen such;
Nor so little done, when expected so much:
Which nobody can deny.

Eighty-six ships of war, which we capitall call,
Besides frigats and tenders, and yachts that are small,
Sayl'd out, and did little or nothing at all:
Which nobody can deny.

Thirty-nine thousand and five hundred brave men,
Had they chanc'd to have met the French fleet, O then,
As they beat 'em last year, they'd have beat 'em agen:
Which nobody can deny.

Six thousand great guns, and seventy-eight more,
As great and as good as ever did roar;

It had been the same thing had they left 'em
ashore
Which nobody can deny.

Torrington now must command 'em no more,
For we try'd what mettal he was made on
before,
And 'tis better for him on land for to whore,
Which nobody can deny.

For a bullet, perhaps, from a rude cannon's
breach,
Which makes no distinction betwixt poor and
rich,
Instead of his dog might have ta'ne off his
bitch,
Which nobody can deny.

But Russell, the cherry-cheekt Russell, is chose
His fine self and his fleet at sea to expose;
But he will take care how he meets with his
foes,
Which nobody can deny.

For there was a lady he left on land,
To whom he had promised his heart and his
hand,
Though in her youth she was otherwise mann'd,
Which nobody can deny.

And why plump Russell who need never beg,
To move our compassion, goe venture a leg,
And break the heart of the good Lady Peg,
Which nobody can deny.

We had sea-collonells o' th' nature of otter,

Which either might serve by land or by water,
Tho' of what they have done we hear no great
matter,
Which nobody can deny.

In the month of May last they sailed on the
main,
And now in September are come back again,
With the loss of some ships, but in battle none
slain,
Which nobody can deny.

ENGLAND'S GREAT LOSS BY A STORM OF WIND.

You gentlemen of England fair,
Who live at home free from all care,
Little do you think or know
What we poor sailors undergo:
We whine and toil upon the waves,
We work like Turks or galley slaves.

'Twas on November the second day
When first our admiral bore away;
Intending for his native shore,
The wind at west-south-west did roar,
Attended by a dismal sky,
And the seas did run full mountains high.

The very first land that we did make,
It chanc'd to be the old Ram's Head,
Which made us all rejoice around
To see our flag-stem in Plymouth Sound,
Stretching well over for Fishes Nose,
Thinking to fetch up in [H]amose.

The tide of ebb not being done,
She set strong to the westward run,
Which put us all in dread and fear,
To see our ships, they would not wear,
The wind and weather increased sore,
And drove nine sail of ships on shore.

When we came to Northumberland Rock,
The *Lyon*, *Lynx*, and *Antelope*,

The *Loyalty*, and *Eagle* too,
The *Elizabeth* made all to rue:
She ran astern, and the line broke,
And sunk the *Hardwick* at first stroke.

Now you shall hear the worst of all:
The largest ship had the greatest fall;
The great *Coronation*, and all her men,
Were all drown'd except nineteen;
The master's mate, and eighteen more,
Got in their long boat safe on shore.

As to our ships, we value not,
Had it not fallen to our sailor's lot;
The greatest loss is to their wives
In losing of their husbands' lives;
And to Old England it may be more
Than nine sail of ships on shore.

[*NAVAL WARFARE OF 1692.*]

To the Tune of *Aim not too high.*

To God alone let us all glory give,
By whose permission we poor mortals live,
And tho' our enemies may swell with pride
He soon can compass them on every side.

King William is the glorious instrument,
Which by the providence of God was sent
To save our drooping laws and liberty
From French and Popish cruel tyranny.

When in dark gloomy cells the plot was laid
This free-born land and nation to invade,
Bold Brittain sail'd forthwith her royal fleet,
Which did the daring enemy defeat.

Renowned Russell let them understand
That, for the honour of his native land,
Thro' smoke and flame he could with courage
go
To face proud Lewis, that insulting foe.

No fear nor favour could his actions sway,
Nor could he in the least be drawn away
From acting like a noble hero bold,
For all the promised gifts of cursed gold.

[The] valiant Ashby let them feel his rage,
While death he rid in triumph o'er the stage
Of the French navy on the ocean main,
And English boys did victory obtain.

The spirits of the French began to faint,
So that they pray'd to ev'ry Popish saint
To help them in a time of sad distress;
Yet they were burnt and beaten ne'ertheless.

Admiral Carter fought them through and
through,
The like of him before they never knew;
His chain-shot did their ships in pieces tear,
As if great Jove with thunder had been there.

Brave Delavall met with the *Rising Sun*
Of France, who to the shore for shelter run
With many more, which in a stately flame
He soon did set, our glory to proclaim.

Sir Cloudsly Shovel, with a valiant heart,
In this most glorious conquest bore a part;
His roaring cannons sunk them in the main,
From whence they never can return again.

The force of France he ne'er was known to fear,
But, like a stout commander, vow'd to clear
The seas of French, or they should make his
grave
And monument in a rough roaring wave.

The next was Rook, that brave, heroick soul,
Who none alive could ever yet controul;
A dozen men-of-war of France he burn'd,
Who e'er next day was all to ashes turn'd.

The French was follow'd to their very shore,
Pursu'd with guns, which did like thunder roar:
Such admirals before was never known;
They scar'd old Lewis—nay, and shook his

throne.

Nor were the valiant Dutch-men far behind:
They on the ocean bear a noble mind;
True sons of thunder, that will not retreat
Until they see their foes destroyed and beat.

Tho' they had once been wounded on the main,
Like soldiers, they resolved to bleed again,
Or bring the proud insulting tyrant low,
Who strives to seek all Europe's overthrow.

Those valiant souls let all good men commend;
Their lives they ventur'd freely to defend
Religion, laws, and likewise liberty:
'Tis better dye than live in slavery.

But God above, I hope, will ever bless
Our arms by sea and land with good success,
That victories may constantly increase
Till war is swallow'd in a glorious peace.

Now for King William let all subjects pray,
That God would guard his person night and
day;
From all false friends, and likewise open foes,
Let angels guard him wheresoe'er he goes.

THE ROYAL TRIUMPH; OR, THE UNSPEAKABLE JOY OF THE THREE KINGDOMS FOR THE GLORIOUS VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH BY THE ENGLISH AND DUTCH FLEETS, TO THE JOY AND COMFORT OF ALL TRUE SUBJECTS.

Tune is, *Let the soldiers rejoyce.*

Valiant Protestant boys,
Here's millions of joys
And triumph now bro ... ught from the ocean;
For the French mighty fleet
Now is shatter'd and beat,
And destruction, destruction, boys, will be their portion.

Here's the Jacobite crew—
Now believe me, 'tis true—
Invited the Fre ... nch to this nation;
Who was crossing the seas,
With the Teague Rapparees,
True cut-throats, true cut-throats, upon my salvation.

But, alas! they did find
A true Protestant wind,
Which five weeks or lon ... ger it lasted,
Till the most royal fleet,
And the Dutch both compleat,
They with thunder, with thunder this project soon blasted.

On the nineteenth of May
The French fleet made way,
To make of our cou ... rage a tryal;
They suppos'd we'd ne'er fight,
But they were'nt in the right,
For we show'd them, we show'd them we were true and loyal.

Our admirals bold,
With their brave hearts of gold,
They fell on like bra ... ve sons of thunder;
And their chain-shot let fly,
As the fleet they drew nigh,
Where they tore them, and rent them, and tore them asunder.

Our squadron, true blew,
Fought their way through and through;
At length in Lobs' Po ... und, boys, we got 'um,
Where we gave the proud French
Such a fiery drench
That we sent them, we sent them straight down to the bottom.

Such a slaughter we made,
While the loud cannons play'd,
Which laid the poor Mo ... nsieurs a-bleeding;
Nay, their chief admiral
We did bitterly maul,
And have taught him, I hope, better breeding.

Our brave admiral
Being stout Dellaval,
Whose actions all m ... en may admire;
For the French *Rising Sun*

Was not able to run,
Which with seven, with seven more ships did
he fire.

Valiant Rook sail'd straightway
Where a French squadron lay
Close amongst the ro ... cks then for shelter;
But we fell on galore,
And we fir'd twelve more;
Thus we fir'd and burn'd the French fleet helter-
skelter.

Being sunk, took, and burn'd,
There's not many return'd,
Was this not a wo ... full disaster?
How they far'd on our coast
Let 'em sail home and boast
To old Lewis, old Lewis, their fistula-master.

When he hears how they sped
It will strike him near dead,
Losing what he lo ... ng has been getting;
But we'll have him to know
That we'll still keep him low:
He shall never, shall never, boys, conquer Great
Britain.

ADMIRAL RUSSELL'S SCOWERING THE FRENCH FLEET; OR, THE BATTLE AT SEA.

Thursday in the morn, the Ides of May,
  Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-two.
Brave Russel did discern by dawn of day
  The lofty sails of France advancing now.
'All hands aloft, aloft; let English valour shine.
Let fly a culvering, the signal of the line;
  Let ev'ry hand supply his gun.
Follow me, and you'll see
  That the battle will be soon begun.'

Tourville o'er the main triumphant rowl'd
  To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the
    deep;
He led the noble train of heroes bold
  To sink the English admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory does aspire;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire,
  And mighty Fate stood looking on
Whilst a flood all of blood
  Fill'd the port-holes of the *Royal Sun*.

Sulpher, smoak, and fire disturbed the air,
  With thunder and wonder to fright the
    Gallick shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near
  To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six a clock the Red the smiling victor led,
To give a second blow, their total overthrow.
  Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry, tun, or dye!

Brittish colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they run amaz'd thro' rocks on sands:
One danger they grasp at, to shun a greater fate.
In vain they crie for aid to weeping lands;
The nimphs and sea gods mourn their lost estate.
For ever more adieu, thou dazling *Royal Sun*;
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war.
Now we sing, 'God bless the King,
Let us drink to ev'ry English tar.'

Come, jolly seamen, all with Russel go
To sail on the main, proud Monsieur for to greet
And give our enemy a second blow,
And fight Tourville if that he dare to meet.
Come, brother tar, what cheer? Let each [his gun] supply,
And thump 'em off this year, or make Mounsie[u]r to fly
While we do range the ocean round.
Day or night we will fight
When our enemy is to be found.

Let it ne'er be said that English boys
Should e'er stay behind when their admiral goes;
But let each honest lad crie with one voice,
'Brave Russel, lead us on to fight the foes.'
We'll give them gun for gun, some sink and other burn.
Broad-sides we'll give 'em too, till Monsieur crys, 'Morblew!

Des Engleteer vill kill us all.’
Whilst they scower we will pour
Thick as hail amongst them cannon-ball.

A MERRY NEW BALLAD ON THE GREAT VICTORY OVER THE FRENCH FLEET, MAY THE 19th 1692.

To as merry a new Tune, *Hey! for the honour of Old England.*

I sing ye a ballad as round me ye stand,
Which is for the honour of Old England:
Old England, Old England;
Which is for the honour of Old England.

In the month of May, the year ninety-two,
The Englishman did his old valour show:
Old England, Old England, etc.

We sent out our scouts the foe to descry
When Cape de Hague we were sailing by
Old England, etc.

This was a good omen, we now understand,
And Lewis hates Hague by sea or by land:
Old England, etc.

But in our Channel the battel was fought,
And so the French fleet in a net was caught,
Net was caught, net was caught;
And so the French fleet in a net was caught.

Yet Monsieur, expecting that all was his own,
On Admirall Russell did boldly bear down:
Old England, etc.

He gave a broad-side, which was kindly took,
And then the *Britannia* in thunder spoke,
Thunder spoke, thunder spoke,
And then the 'Britannia' in thunder spoke.

Till in musquet shot she fires no gun,
In compliment then salutes the French *Sun*,
Old England, etc.

And warms her sides so that for all her might
She fairly tows off, and bids us good night:
Old England, etc.

Thus have we been taught in a tale or old song,
French fury was never known to last long:
Old England, etc.

When Tourville had given the signal to flye,
His squadrons, as ready, do westward, ho! ply:
Old England, etc.

Some of his lame geese, not able to bear
Their heads above water, to the bottom they steer:
Old England, etc.

The rest we pursue in their stragling flight,
And chase the poltrons most part of the night:
Old England, Old England,
And hey! for the honour of Old England.

The next morning was foggy; but when it grew clear
The chase was renew'd, and so was their fear:
Old England, etc.

We made all our sail, and gave 'em no rest.
From point to point drove 'em, from west to
east:
Old England, etc.

Those coursers, so brisk at the starting-place,
Run heavily now through Alderney Race:
Old England, etc.

Into Cherburgh Bay three tall ones did run,
Where a northern blaze burns up the south *Sun*:
Old England, etc.

'Twas Heath did this feat; and Greenway
another,
For the *Conquerant* fell, in flames and in
smother:
Old England, etc.

And Fowlis was daring, though he miss'd his
prey;
He flew at the *Sun*, but stoopt by the way:
Old England, etc.

But now we are making for Bay Le Hogue,
Where on land, they say, are many a brogue:
Old England, etc.

These doughty wights, those true Irish Teagues
Won't let us come near 'em by several leagues:
Old England, etc.

Such gallant alliance the French much imports;
They'll save their friends' ships, as they did
their own forts:
Old England, etc.

But manning our boats, those wise ones we
cozen,
And burn in this bay thirteen to the dozen:
Old England, etc.

This action's far greater than that of Lepanto,
And merits alone a whole noble canto:
Old England, etc.

For, like the old Britains, our men did assail 'em
In open boats, and naked we quail 'em:
Old England, etc.

We storm'd their fore-castles, their decks we
did scale,
And with their own canon we made 'em turn
tale:
Old England, etc.

Earl Danby commanded the headmost boat,
Which was in a moment from under him shot:
Old England, etc.

Then a musquet ball does graze on his shin,
But still he goes on, more honour to win:
Old England, etc.

Not a captain was here but toss'd up his brands;
The seamen were furies, with flames in their
hands:
Old England, etc.

What bonfires we made on our Norman coast!
Where William the Conqueror rules the roast:
Rules the roast, rules the roast;
Where William the Conqueror rules the roast.

But now in all pomps, where great men appear,
The post of honour is still in the reer:
Old England, etc.

Brave Russel can never enough be prais'd;
Such trophies are owing as never were rais'd:
Old England, etc.

To his courage and conduct great honours are due:
To all of the flag; the Red, White, and Blew:
Old England, etc.

To Delaval, Almonde, Shovell, Ashby, Rook,
Whose names are all writ in Fame's lasting book:
Old England, etc.

To Carter, the bold! who never can die;
He only i'th' bed of honour does lie:
Old England, etc.

His story is great, for he comes not an ace
Behind Withrington in Old Chevy Chace.
Old England, etc.

Nay, he is before him, for he fought on his stumps,
With joy in his face and not doleful dumps:
Old England, etc.

Stout Hastings shall live; shall ever be famed,
With all our commanders, too long to be named:
Old England, etc.

What need we say more? there is no occasion;
This French does excell the Spanish invasion:
Old England, etc.

The downfall of Lewis le Grand is reckon'd
So far above that of Philip the Second:
Old England, etc.

'Twas in eight eight Queen Bess swept the main,
In ninety-two Queen Mary the same:
Old England, etc.

Now all English lads not enter'd their teens
Shall chant forth the praise of those Protestant Queens,
Protestant Queens! Protestant Queens!
Shall chant out the praise of those Protestant Queens.

Our London merchants will now live at ease,
May trade without convoys all over the seas:
Old England, etc.

The New-Castle men may bring in their coals;
And never must Petres say Mass in Paul's,
Mass in Paul's! Mass in Paul's!
And never must Petres say Mass in Paul's.

THE VALIANT SEAMEN'S COURAGE:

Who by the order of the Right Honourable Admiral Russel did on the tenth of May perform a brave exploit on the French, burning thirty-eight sail of their merchantmen, and taking a man-of-war, to the great honour of the English nation.

To the Tune of *Fond boy*, etc.

Joyful tydings I bring; let us merrily sing
Till we make the whole nation with triumph to ring;
For an admiral, he, by his conduct at sea,
Now has made the poor French-men to come by the lee.
This is but the beginning of what we intend
For to shew them before the brave summer does end.

A detachment sent out bravely scour'd about
Till they put a whole fleet of French ships to the rout;
We were four or five sail, who to fight never fail,
And the one carry'd fiery flames in her tail.
This, etc.

To these merchants of France we did fairly advance;
So good was our fortunate, prosperous chance
That we put them in fear: to the shore they did steer,
While we follow'd with thundering shot in the

reer.
This, etc.

Some was sailing for Brest and St. Malo's, we guest,
To fair Dunkirk with stores and provision the rest;
But their voyage we stay'd and fierce havock we made,
While our thundering cannons against them we play'd.
This, etc.

Quoth the frighted Mounsieur, 'To de shore let us steer,
Here is coming five sail of de proud Englateer;
Now, begar, let us run from de noise of deir gun,
Or dey'll serve us as dey did our dear *Rising Sun*.'
Yet this is but a taste, boys, of what we intend
For to give them before the brave summer does end.

As they fled in disgrace still we mended our pace,
And, like true sons of thunder, we follow'd the chase,
Where in harbour near shore thirty-eight sail or more
We did set all on fire; in flames they did roar.
This, etc.

When our project did take, such a flame it did make,
Just as if the seas had been a fiery lake;

All their charges and cost of their cargo were
lost:
Now was ever poor French-men so plaguely
crost?
This, etc.

It was on the tenth day of this sweet month of
May
When the valiant bold Britains did shew them
this play,
And we make no great doubt, e'er the summer
is out,
For to give them a sharp and more vigorous
rout.
This, etc.

Boys, the work we'll compleat with a most
royal fleet,
For we valiant tarpollins do scorn to retreat;
Not a French-man we'll spare; let them come if
they dare
On the ocean, brave Russel will fight with them
fair.
This is but a beginning of what he intends
For to shew them before the brave summer it
ends.

ENGLAND'S GLORY IN THE BEHAVIOUR OF BRAVE KILLEYGROVE.

All you that will be England's friends, be you
rich or be you poor,
Give ear to me and I'll relate what happened in
ninety-four.
'Twas in the month of December—mark well
but what I say—
The *Plymouth*, with five frigates more, set sail
out of Cales Bay.

Brave Killeygrove was commodore, bound up
into the Streights,
Where he lost his life with many more, and this
was their hard fate.
When we came off the Cape Boner, two ships
we did espy,
Which prov'd to be French men-of-war, and to
us they drew nigh.

They took us to be merchant-men, come down
from the Levant,
From Smyrna or from Scanderoon, from Venice
or Mercant,
Till bearing down before the wind, the truth of
it to view,
They took us to be men-of-war, and they found
it to be true.

O, then they tack'd, and we stood after, as fast
as we could hie,
But before it was full three o'clock to them we

did draw nigh.
O, then bespoke brave Killeygrove, to his men
both brisk and free,
'I make no doubt but in little time our prizes
they will be.'

The French were not unwilling to fight, but to
fire they did begin;
Then we gave them a whole broadside, which
made their ears to ring.
We had not fir'd passing two broadsides, as I
remember well,
But there came an unlucky shot, by which
brave Killeygrove fell.

Then Raleigh was the second man that did take
up the sword;
And bravely he did manage it, as you may take
my word.
We had not been engaged there not past one
glass or two,
But that the *Falmouth* she came up, and she
gave the last her due.

Next came the little *Adventure* up, and her guns
she fir'd so true
She put Jack Frenchman to the rout, he knew
not what to do.
We being quite disabled, the *Carlisle* she made
way
After the biggest of the two, and she carry'd her
the next day.

But had our mast and tiller held, O! then they
would have seen,
Notwithstanding, for all the *Carlisle*, our prizes

they should have been.
But, to conclude, they were taken both, for all
they were so bold,
And soon after they were carried into Marseilles
Mold.

AN EXCELLENT SONG, CALL'D THE FRIGHTED FRENCH; OR, RUSSEL SCOURING THE SEAS.

To a Pleasant Tune.

Russel on the ocean, minding Tourville's motion,
Made them to run at the noise of our guns,
And Toulon shall be their portion;
The French must trot it home by land,
Whilst Russel on the seas command.
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum, while the French do run,
Sound the trumpet, etc., sound, etc., while the French do run still before us.

Now the spring's a-coming, our English will be burning
Your towns that be builded near the sea;
You'll find the sea-men booming;
Then let your armies all advance,
Yet we'll lye on the coast of France,
Sounding trumpets, beating drum, while the towns do burn,
Sounding trumpets, etc., sounding trumpets, towns do burn unto ashes.

The Turk and the barbarian, how the English fleet do scare 'em
And make them to know, before they do go,
That the French shall dread and fear

'em.
Now, Monsieur, bring out all you can;
We'll fight you ship or man to man.
Sound the trumpet, etc., sound, etc., man to man, we will fight 'em.

Each brave English freeman will be a jolly seaman;
With Russel we'll go to fight the foe,
For the honour of Old England.
Let Tourville with his fleet then come;
Some we'll sink and some we'll burn.
Gun for gun we'll give them too, while they cry, 'Morbleu!'
Gun for gun, etc., gun, etc., while they cry, 'We are routed!'

The Turks they are much grieved, altho' they still believed
That the French fleet could the English beat,
But now they are deceived;
In Toulon they all do sneak and hide,
Whilst Russel in the Straights doth ride,
Daring Tourville for to come, and bring out his fleet,
Daring Tourville, etc., daring, etc., bring out his fleet, for to fight us.

Since the French are frighted they by the world are slighted,
For Russel the brave is resolved for to have
The English nation righted;
He cares not what the French can do,
Since the Red squadron and the Blew

Are full resolved for to be masters of the sea,
Are full resolved for to be, are, etc., masters, etc.,
in spite of Monsieur.

THE CÆSAR'S VICTORY.

It being [an] account of a ship so called in her voyage to the East Indies, richly laden, [which] was beset with five sail of Pirates; but the Cæsar so rarely behaved herself that she came off with conquest and put her foes to flight, losing no more than one man, and but seven wounded, one of which was Francis Stevens, a Water-man, who formerly ply'd at Puddle-Dock, who lost his arm.

To the Tune of *Cannons rore*.

As we was sailing on the main,
Well laded with great store of gain,
We was in danger to be ta'en:
  Five pirates ships appeared,
Who sailed up with courage bold,
As if they would not be contrould;
But we brave noble hearts of gold
  Their courage never feared.

We soon did understand their will,
And therefore used our chiefest skill,
Resolving there our blood to spill
  Rather than lose our *Cæsar*:
We vow'd she should not be their prey,
And therefore, boys, we show'd them play.
It was upon the Sabbath day:
  No pirates could appease her.

The master, flourishing his sword,
Did comfort to us all afford,
Both seamen, souldiers then on board,

True courage to awaken;
Then with one voice we all did cry,
‘We are resolved to make them fly,
Or in the *Cæsar* we will dye,
Rather than to be taken.’

Before the fight we this did do:
Our bread into the sea we threw,
To make room for the whole ship’s crew
To fight and keep foes under:
This truth can never be deny’d,
We soon did quell their haughty pride
By giving them a full broadside:
Our cannons roar’d like thunder.

Full five long hours there we fought,
In the brave *Cæsar*, fierce and stout;
At length we put them to the rout
Who aimed at our treasure:
We pour’d them in whole showers of lead,
So that they tumbled down for dead
And in the ocean made their bed,
Where they may lie their leisure.

Their admiral did want to be
Aboard of *Cæsar*, this we see,
That they might have rich plunder free,
The thing which they delight in:
But yet there was not one that dare
To come on board of *Cæsar* there;
They knew their lives we would not spare,
So fierce we was for fighting.

Good Fortune she our courage crown’d,
Or else aboard on us they’d found
The sum of fourscore thousand pound,

Besides all other lading:
Could they but once have seen us fall,
Their booty then had not been small,
Two hundred thousand pound in all;
This would have spoil'd our trading.

I hope we gave them all their due,
Yet sav'd our coyn and cargo too.
Believe me, this is perfect true,
It is no feigned story:
For though our foes were five to one,
Yet we at last did make them run:
And when we see our work was done
To God we gave the glory,

Who did indeed our rights maintain;
For in this skirmish on the main
Of us there was but one man slain,
And seven others wounded:
But those that sought our overthrow,
They lost a many more, we know.
Thus Providence did kindness show
When we was so surrounded.

A COPY OF VERSES, COMPOSED BY CAPTAIN HENRY EVERY, LATELY GONE TO SEA TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

To the Tune of *The Two English Travellers*.

Come, all you brave boys, whose courage is bold,
Will you venture with me? I'll glut you with gold.
Make haste unto Corona: a ship you will find,
That's called the *Fancy*, will pleasure your mind.

Captain Every is in her, and calls her his own;
He will box her about, boys, before he has done:
French, Spaniard, and Portuguese, the heathen likewise,
He has made a war with them until that he dies.

Her model's like wax, and she sails like the wind;
She is rigg'd, and fitted, and curiously trimm'd,
And all things convenient has for his design.
God bless his poor Fancy, she's bound for the mine.

Farewel, fair Plimouth, and Cat-Down be damn'd:
I once was part-owner of most of that land;
But as I am disown'd, so I'll abdicate

My person from England to attend on my fate.

Then away from this climate and temperate
zone,
To one that's more torrid, you'll hear I am gone
With an hundred and fifty brave sparks of this
age,
Who are fully resolved their foes to engage.

These northern parts are not thrifty for me;
I'll rise the Anterise, that some men shall see
I am not afraid to let the world know
That to the South Seas and to Persia I'll go.

Our names shall be blaz[on]ed and spread in
the sky,
And many brave places I hope to descry
Where never a French man e'er yet has been,
Nor any proud Dutchman can say he has seen.

My commission is large, and I made it myself,
And the capston shall stretch it full larger by
half;
It was dated in Corona, believe it, my friend,
From the year ninety-three unto the world's
end.

I honour St. George, and his colours I were,
Good quarters I give, but no nation I spare;
The world must assist me with what I do want;
I'll give them my bill when my money is scant.

Now this I do say and solemnly swear:
He that strikes to St. George the better shall
fare
But he that refuses shall suddenly spy

Strange colours aboard of my Fancy to fly.

Four chiviliges of gold in a bloody field,
Environ'd with green, now this is my shield;
Yet call out for quarter before you do see
A bloody flag out, which is our decree.

No quarters to give, no quarters to take;
We save nothing living: alas! 'tis too late;
For we are now sworn by the bread and the
wine,
More serious we are than any divine.

Now this is the course I intend for to steer;
My false-hearted nation, to you I declare
I have done thee no wrong, thou must me
forgive;
The sword shall maintain me as long as I live.

VILLANY REWARDED; OR, THE PIRATE'S LAST FAREWEL TO THE WORLD;

Who was executed at Execution Dock on Wednesday, the 25th of November, 1696, being of Every's crew; together with their Free Confession of their most Horrid Crimes.

To the Tune of *Russel's Farewel.*

Well may the world against us cry; for these our deeds most base,
For which, alas! we now must dye, death looks us in the face,
Which is no more than what's our due, since we so wicked were,
As here shall be declar'd to you. Let pyrates then take care.

We with our comrades, not yet ta'en, together did agree,
And stole a ship out from the Groyne, to roam upon the sea;
With which we robb'd and plundered too, no ship that we did spare.
Thus many a one we did undo. Let pyrats then take care.

Our ship being well stored then for this our enterprise,
One hundred and eighty men there was in her likewise:
We pillag'd all we could come nigh, no nation we did spare,

For which a shameful death we dye. Let pyrates
then take care.

We robb'd a ship upon the seas, the *Gunsway*
call'd by name,
Which we met near the East Indies, and rifled
the same;
In it was gold and silver store, of which all had
a share;
Each man 600 pounds and more. Let pirates
then take care.

Thus for some time we liv'd and reign'd as
masters of the sea;
Every merchant we detain'd and us'd most
cruelly.
The treasures took, we sunk the ship, and those
that in it were
That would not unto us submit. Let pirates then
take care.

Thus wickedly we every day liv'd upon others'
good,
The which, alas! we must repay now with our
dearest blood;
For we on no one mercy took, nor any did we
spare.
How can we then for mercy look? Let pirates
then take care.

We thus did live most cruelly, and of no danger
thought,
But we at last, as you may see, are unto justice
brought
For outrages of villany, of which we guilty are,
And now this very day must dye. Let pirates

then take care.

Now farewel to this wicked world, and our
companions too;
From hence we quickly shall be hurl'd to clear
the way for you;
For certainly if e're you come to justice, as we
are,
Deserved death will be your doom. Then pirates
all take care.

CAPTAIN KID'S FAREWEL TO THE SEAS; OR, THE FAMOUS PIRATES LAMENT.

To the Tune of *Coming down.*

My name is Captain Kid, who has sail' [who has
sail'd],
My name is Captain Kid, who has sail'd;
My name is Captain Kid.
What the laws did still forbid
Unluckily I did while I sail'd [while I sailed,
etc.].

Upon the ocean wide, when I sail'd, etc.,
Upon the ocean wide, when I sail'd,
Upon the ocean wide
I robbed on every side,
With most ambitious pride, when I sail'd.

My faults I will display while I sail'd, etc.,
My faults I will display while I sail'd;
My faults I will display,
Committed day by day
[A line lost.]

Many long leagues from shore when I sail'd,
etc.,
Many long leagues from shore when I sail'd,
Many long leagues from shore
I murdered William More,
And laid him in his gore, when I sail'd,

Because a word he spoke when I sail'd, etc.,
Because a word he spoke when I sail'd,

Because a word he spoke:
I with a bucket broke
His scull at one sad stroke, while I sail'd.

I struck with a good will when I sail'd, etc.,
I struck with a good will when I sail'd;
I struck with a good will,
And did a gunner kill
As being cruel still when I sail'd.

A Quida merchant then while I sail'd, etc.,
A Quida merchant then while I sail'd,
A Quida merchant then
I robbed of hundreds ten,
Assisted by my men, while I sailed.

A banker's ship of France, while I sailed, etc.,
A banker's ship of France, while I sailed,
A banker's ship of France
Before us did advance:
I seized her by chance, while I sailed.

Full fourteen ships I see when I sailed, etc.,
Full fourteen ships I see when I sailed;
Full fourteen ships I see,
Merchants of high degree;
They were too hard for me when I sailed.

We steered from sound to sound while we
sailed,
We steered from sound to sound while we
sailed;
We steered from sound to sound,
A Moorish ship we found;
Her men we stript and bound while we sailed.

Upon the ocean seas while we sailed, etc.,
Upon the ocean seas while we sailed,
  Upon the ocean seas
  A warlike Portuguese
In sport did us displease, while we sailed.

At famous Malabar when we sailed, etc.,
At famous Malabar when we sailed,
  At famous Malabar
  We went ashore, each tar,
And robbed the natives there, when we sailed.

Then after this we chased, while we sailed,
Then after this we chased, while we sailed,
  Then after this we chased
  A rich Armenian, graced
With wealth, which we embraced, while we
      sailed.

Many Moorish ships we took while we sailed,
Many Moorish ships we took while we sailed,
  Many Moorish ships we took;
  We did still for plunder look;
All conscience we forsook while we sailed.

I, Captain Cullifoord, while I sailed, etc.,
I, Captain Cullifoord, while I sailed,
  I, Captain Cullifoord,
  Did many merchants board,
Which did much wealth afford, while we sailed.

Two hundred bars of gold, while we sail'd, etc.,
Two hundred bars of gold, while we sailed,
  Two hundred bars of gold
  And rix dollars manifold
We seized uncontrolled, while we sailed.

St. John, a ship of fame, when we sailed, etc.,
St. John, a ship of fame, when we sailed,
St. John, a ship of fame,
We plundered when she came,
With more that I could name, when we sailed.

We taken was at last, and must die, etc.,
We taken was at last, and must die;
We taken were at last,
And into prison cast:
Now, sentence being past, we must die.

Tho' we have reigned awhile we must die, etc.,
Tho' we have reigned awhile we must die;
Tho' we have reigned awhile,
While fortune seemed to smile,
Now on the British Isle we must die.

Farewel the ocean main, we must die, etc.,
Farewel the ocean main, we must die;
Farewel the ocean main:
The coast of France or Spain
We ne'er shall see again; we must die.

From Newgate now in carts we must go, etc.,
[From Newgate now in carts we must goe;]
From Newgate now in carts,
With sad and heavy hearts,
To have our due deserts we must go.

Some thousands they will flock when we die,
Some thousands they will flock when we die,
Some thousands they will flock
To Execution Dock,
Where we must stand the shock and must die.

A SATYR ON THE SEA-OFFICERS; OR, A LONG PROLOGUE TO A SHORT PLAY;

Spoken by a woman at Oxford, dress'd like a sea-officer.

By Sir H. S.

With Monmouth cap, and cutlace by my side,
Striding at least a yard at every stride,
I'm come to tell you, after much petition,
The Admiralty has given me a commission:
And now with Bully Tourville I'll ingage,
And try my fortune on a floating stage.
What blustring tarr at this dares take offence,
While I stand thus to prove my just pretence?
Will he pretend to fight better than I?
Ad's death I'd tell him, 'Damn you, sir, you lye,'
And then I'd ask him how they fought at Rye.
Your Bantry business too was but a fetch,
Where you call'd running, battering at a stretch;
But you'll reply your leaders were to blame,
While I condemn you all to bear the shame.
For who the Divel éer refus'd his meat
Because another had no mind to eat?
The Dutch were drunk, you barbarously say.
Pray, next, do you be drunk too, so you stay,
For 'twas your sober fighting lost the day.
Old Albemarle wou'd say that men of war
In navy stunk not half enough of tarr.
Your o'ergrown pages and attorney's clerks
To fight and govern fleets are proper sparks.
Then let the spruce land-pirats be content
To swagger in their native element,

And let tarpawlings rule by my consent:
For things now look as if men took commission
To damn all discipline and sow sedition,
And fighting was the least of their ambition;
No matter who comes home with broken bones,
So you but come to touch the patacoons.
The pitch of honour is desire of money;
That paltry, coward vice has quite undone ye.
You court preferment on no other score
But to be poorly rich, or basely poor:
For who would not propose a trip to Spain
That has within his prospect double gain,
To line his pockets, and to save his skin?
For none must fight with merchants' money in.
Your heads run round with Mexico and Sevil;
I wish this shipping plate was at the Devil.
Wou'd the good King had but a just relation,
What infamy, what sums 't has cost the nation!
He'd quickly damn your trade of importation,
And add it to the Act of Navigation.
'But how then shall we live?' ye murm'rers say.
'S life! can't you be content with double pay?
Shew us your twofold merit, sirs, I pray.
Some has got two commands by land and sea,
While one might safely swear, might one be
free,
They're neither flesh nor fish, nor good red
herring,
Those are your coll'nels, captains with a
murrain.
Boldly to those two elements y'aspire,
But at an awful distance then you fire.
A few there are, and they are very few,
To whom a fairer character is due.
Time was when captains went on there own
errands,

And in their pockets carried their press
warrants;
Now you imploy the villains of the fleet,
While you date from the Downs in Bedford
Street.
But times are alter'd; 'tis not now as then,
For now you press the money, spare the men.
Those plain, dull fellows no such secrets found
To make press warrants worth a hundred
pound.
It is our fate, our frailty, or disease,
To trust our honour in such hands as these:
Raw in their trade, their principles not right,
With hearts too tender, and with heads too
light,
Too weak for council, and too nice to fight.
Their bodies are not made of battering-stuff,
Their cracknel carcasses not splinter-proof;
And yet will fairly tell a sailor's tale,
But must attempt it in a coat of mail.
Some swaggering bully snaps me short, and
swears,
'Damn me, these fellows wou'd be kick'd
downstairs!'
Sir, by your leave, do you but fight at sea,
And then kick down the Monument for me.
The Parliament may plague us with taxation,
But till they cure the grievance of the nation,
Monsieur will make the narrow seas his station.
Then what becomes of all our ancient rule,
Our right from Edgar, and command from
Thule?
Believe me, sirs, it will be then confest,
Your flag a dishclout, and your claim a jest.
The hardy duke we mention'd, whose great
name

Stretch'd the blown cheeks of trumpet-sounding
fame,
Once boldly try'd what English men could do;
But such examples who dare now pursue?
A four daies' fight he gloriously maintain'd,
And what he lost in blood in honour gain'd;
To keep that spotless he the ocean stain'd.
Each day he tack'd, and fought from sun to sun,
Against the odds at least of two for one;
Had ye been there, sirs, what wou'd ye have
done?
He ne'er stood—'Shall I, shall I keep a loof?'—
But fought as if his skin was cannon-proof;
Then all that can be said to do you right,
You'll keep a wind as long as he did fight.

THE SEA-MARTYRS; OR, THE SEAMEN'S SAD LAMENTATION FOR THEIR FAITHFUL SERVICE, BAD PAY, AND CRUEL USAGE;

Being a woful relation how some of them were unmercifully put to death for pressing for their pay, when their families were like to starve.

Thus our new Government does subjects serve,
And leaves them this sad choice: to hang or
starve.

To the Tune of *Banstead Downs*.

Good people, do but lend an ear,
And a sad story you shall hear—
A sadder you never heard—
Of due desert and base reward,
Which will our English subjects fright
For our new Government to fight.

Our seamen are the onely men
That o'er the French did vict'ry gain;
They kept the foe from landing here,
Which would have cost the Court full dear;
And when they for their pay did hope
They were rewarded with a rope.

The roaring canon they ne'er fear'd,
Their lives and bloud they never spar'd;
Through fire and flame their courage flew,
No bullets could their hearts subdue.
Had they in fight but flincht at all

King James had now been in Whitehall.

Thus England, and our new King too,
Their safety to their valour owe;
Nay, some did 'gainst their conscience fight
To do some great ones too much right;
And now, oh, barbarous tyranny!
Like men they fought, like dogs they dye.

Thousands of them their lives did lose
In fighting stoutly with their foes,
And thousands were so maim'd in fight
That 'twas a sad and piteous sight;
And when they hop'd their pay to gain
They have their labour for their pain.

Their starving families at home
Expected their slow pay would come;
But our proud Court meant no such thing,
Not one groat must they have till spring;
To starve all summer would not do,
They must still starve all winter too.

It might a little ease their grief,
And give their mis'ry some relief,
Might they in trade ships outward go,
But that poor boon's denied them too,
Which is as much as plain to say,
You shall earn nothing, nor have pay.

Their poor wives with care languished,
Their children cried for want of bread,
Their debts encreast, and none would more
Lend them, or let them run o'th' score.
In such a case what could they doe
But ask those who money did owe?

Therefore some, bolder than the rest,
The officers for their own request;
They call'd 'em rogues, and said nothing
Was due to them untill the spring:
  The King had none for them, they said
  Their betters, they must first be paid.

The honest seamen then replied
They could no longer want abide,
And that nine hundred thousand pound
Was giv'n last year to pay them round:
  Their money they had earnt full dear
  And could not stay another half-year.

A council then they streight did call
Of pick-thanks made to please Whitehall,
And there they were adjudg'd to dye;
But no man knows wherefore, nor why.
  What times are these! Was't ever known
  'Twas death for men to ask their own?

Yet some seem'd milder than the rest,
And told them that, their fault confest,
And pardon askt and humbly crav'd,
Their lives perhaps might then be sav'd;
  But they their cause scorn'd to betray
  Or own't a crime to ask their pay.

Thus they the seamen's martyrs dyed,
And would not yield to unjust pride;
Their lives they rather would lay down
Than yield it sin to ask their own.
  Thus they for justice spent their blood
  To do all future seamen good.

Wherefore let seamen all and some

Keep the days of their martyrdom,
And bear in mind these dismal times,
When true men suffer for false crimes;
  England ne'er knew the like till now,
  Nor e'er again the like will know.

But now suppose they had done ill,
In asking pay too roughly, still
When 'twas their due and need so prest,
They might have pardon found at least;
  The King and Queen some mercifull call,
  But seamen find it not at all.

To robbers, thieves, and felons they
Freely grant pardons ev'ry day;
Only poor seamen, who alone
Do keep them on their father's throne,
  Must have at all no mercy shown:
  Nay, tho' there wants fault, they'l find one.

Where is the subjects' liberty?
And eke where is their property?
We're forc'd to fight for nought, like slaves,
And though we do we're hang'd like knaves.
  This is not like Old England's ways:
  'New lords, new laws,' the proverb says.

Besides the seamen's pay, that's spent,
The King for stores, ships, and what's lent,
Does owe seven millions at the least,
And ev'ry year his debt's encreast;
  So that we may despair that we
  One quarter of our pay shall see.

Foreigners and confederates
Get poor men's pay, rich men's estates;

Brave England does to ruine run,
And Englishmen must be undone.
  If this trade last but one half-year
  Our wealth and strength is spent, I fear.

God bless our noble Parliament,
And give them the whole government,
That they may see we're worse than ever,
And us from lawless rule deliver;
  For England's sinking, unless they
  Do take the helm, and better sway.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MAIDENS IN CHUSING OF HUSBANDS.

To the Tune of *In the merry month of June.*

You pretty maids of Greenwich, of high and low
degree,
Pray never fix your fancys on men that go to
sea;
The seamen's wives lead careful lives when at
the very best,
For, in my mind, in stormy wind they can take
but little rest.

Besides the many dangers that are upon the
seas,
When they are on the shore they will ramble
where they please;
For up and down in sea-port town they court
both old and young:
They will deceive; do not believe the sailor's
flattering tongue.

I give you this advice now, as you may
understand,
It being at the time when seamen come to land,
For up and down in Greenwich town the
seamen they do trade,
And he doth boast that spends the most; oh!
he's a jolly blade.

They likewise treat their sweet-hearts when
they are on the shore,

But when they are gone perhaps you may never
see them more;
To-day they wed, at night they bed, to-morrow
go to sea:
Therefore I say, as well I may, a landman still
for me.

The seamen they are gone to sea, and leave
there wives at home,
To take what care they can; for there parts
they'l take none;
They tell their friends they do depend upon
their husbands' pay,
And run in debt, while they expect their money
every day.

Suppose you have a sailor, that sails before the
mast;
If he's the best of husbands his breath is but a
blast:
The roaring waves their wills will have—there's
no man can withstand—
And he may sleep in the ocean deep whilst you
are on the land.

Suppose you have a captain, a person of great
fame;
Yet still there is great danger in sailing on the
main.
The fates unkind in stormy wind may lay his
honour low,
And then his wife, with careful life, laments his
overthrow.

Give me an honest tradesman, of high or low
degree;

I'll never fix my fancy on a man that goes to
sea.
A tradesman's wife's a happy life, if he's an
honest man:
He'll take a share in all the care; deny it if you
can.

THE SEAMEN'S WIVES' VINDICATION; OR, AN ANSWER TO THE PRETENDED FROLICK WHICH WAS SAID TO BE BY THEM OVER A BOWL OF PUNCH.

You writ that we drank liquor free, but for your
writing so
You are to blame—nay, blush for shame—since
it was nothing so.

To the Tune of *O so ungrateful a creature*.

Why does the poets abuse us, we that are
seamen's poor wives?
Have they not cause to excuse us, knowing our
sorrowful lives?
We are, alas! broken-hearted, as we can very
well prove,
When from our joys we are parted, those loyal
husbands we love.

You that declare we are jolly do but abuse us,
we find,
For we are most melancholly, always tormented
in mind:
While that our husbands are sailing on the
tempestuous seas
Here we are sighing, bewailing; nothing
affordeth us ease.

Here you have newly reported that we are girls
of the game,

Who do delight to be courted. Are you not
highly to blame,
Saying we often are merry, punch is the liquor
we praise,
Though we are known to be weary of these our
sorrowful days?

How could you say there was many wives that
did drink, rant, and sing,
When I protest there's not any of us that
practice this thing?
Are we not forced to borrow, being left here
without chink?
'Tis in a cup of cold sorrow if we so often do
drink.

Tho' we have little to nourish us while our
husbands are there,
Merchants in London they flourish through
their industrious care.
They are the stay of the nation, men of
undaunted renown;
Why should a false accusation run the poor
seamen's wives down,

Saying we swallow'd our liquor with a great
gossipping crew,
Making our tongues to run quicker then they
had reason to do?
Thus they would blast all our glory by the soft
wits of their brains.
He that invented that story was but a fool for
his pains.

We are so far from such pleasure, making of

jolly punch-bowls,
That we lament out of measure, every woman condoles;
When she in bed should lye sleeping, if the high winds they do roar,
There she in sorrow is weeping, fearing to see him no more.

They are to dangers exposed, as we may very well guess.
How can our eye-lids be closed in such a time of distress?
You that are free from that [terror], having your husbands secure,
Little consider the horror that we do dayly endure.

Tho' there is joy in our meeting when they come safe from the main,
Yet 'tis a sorrowful greeting when we are parted again:
Landmen in a full fruition feeds on the fat of the land;
This is a happy condition, having all things at command.

Tho' we have not such a plenty, yet I can very well prove
That there is not one in twenty but who her husband doth love:
You that have caus'd those distractions, writing a story not true,
May be asham'd of your actions, and thus I bid you adieu.

BILLY THE MIDSHIPMAN'S WELCOME HOME.

To the Tune of *Ianthe*, etc.

MOLLY.

You're welcome, my Billy, to the English shore;
I hope you'll not cross the rough seas any more.
Many a day too, and many a night,
My heart grieved sore 'cause you were out of sight;
But now, to my comfort, I see you again.
Oh, never, dear Billy, Oh, never, dear Billy,
Sail more on the main.

BILLY.

Dear Molly, said Billy, the joy of my heart,
Daily I thought of you since we did part;
And when the roaring waves mounting high they did move,
In the greatest danger I thought on my love.
The billows did foam, and the rocks they were nigh,
Yet nothing but death, yet nothing but death
Shall my love part and I.

MOLLY.

I thank thee, my dear, for thy firm love to me
In the midst of thy dangers upon the rough sea;
Each night in my bed still as down I was lain
I dreamed of shipwracks upon the salt main;
But now I do find from these dangers I'm free,
Since him that I love, since him that I love
Is come safe unto me.

BILLY.

Indeed, my dear Molly, the Powers above
Preserv'd me from dangers for thy tender love,
For I have been where thundering cannons did
roar,
Their bullets like footballs flying from the
shoar;
The danger of tempest and cannon balls too
I have undergone, I have undergone
For the sake, love, of you.

MOLLY.

My dearest, it's true, for the fault is in me,
For thou wouldst have wed, but I said, 'Go to
sea.'
But when thou wert gone how my heart was
opprest!
I scarce had a minute of pleasure and rest,
For by day all my fear was of danger to thee,
And by night I did dream, and by night I did
dream
Still of storms on the sea.

BILLY.

My dear, thou dreamst right, for e're we got
home
For several days we had storm after storm.
We lost all our masts and our tackle to boot,
In tempestuous nights on the ocean did float.
But, thanks unto Heaven, we had no men lost,
And the brave *Royal Sov'rain*, the brave *Royal
Sov'rain*
Come safe to our coast.

MOLLY.

Oh my dear precious, my Billy, my joy,

There's nothing my happiness now can destroy;
For since thou art [safe] from all cannon and
storms
Thy person to me has a million of charms.
Oh, stay then on shore; never venture again
Upon the rough seas, upon the rough seas,
But with me, love, remain.

BILLY.

Thy love unto me now is dearer than life,
And happie am I since thou wilt be my wife,
And while I'm on shore still with thee I will
stay,
Imbracing thy charms, love, by night and by
day,
Till our admiral doth sail with the fleet on the
main;
Yet kind Providence, I hope, yet kind
Providence, I hope,
Brings me safe back again.

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Oh, we sail'd to Virginia, and thence to Fayal,
Where we water'd our shipping, and then we
weigh'd all.
Full in view on the seas, boys, seven sails we
did espy;
Oh, we manned our capstan and weigh'd
speedily.

The first we came up with was a brigantine
sloop,
And we ask'd if the others were as big as they
look'd;
But turning to windward as near as we could
lie,
We found there were ten men-of-war cruizing
by.

Oh! we drew up our squadron in very nice line,
And boldly we fought them for full four hours'
time;
But the day being spent, boys, and the night
coming on,
We let them alone till the very next morn.

The very next morn the engagement prov'd hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv'd a chain
shot;
And when he was wounded to his merry men
he did say,
'Take me up in your arms, boys, and carry me
away.'

Oh! the guns they did rattle, and the bullets did fly,
But Admiral Benbow for help would not cry.
'Take me down to the cockpit; there is ease for my smarts.
If my merry men see me it will sure break their hearts.'

Our brave Captain Crosbie proved coward at last,
For he stood at bo-peep behind the main mast;
He stood at bo-peep and did quiver and shake
For fear that those French dogs his dear life should take.

The very next morning, by break of the day,
They hoisted their top sails and so bore away;
We bore to Port Royal, where the people flocked much
To see Admiral Benbow carried to Kingston Church.

Come, all you brave fellows, wherever you've been,
Let us drink to the health of our King and our Queen;
And another good health to the girls that we know,
And a third in remembrance of brave Admiral Benbow.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW.

Come, all ye seamen bold, lend an ear, lend an ear,
Come, all ye seamen bold, lend an ear:
'Tis of our admiral's fame,
Brave Benbow called by name,
How he fought on the main you shall hear, you shall hear,
How he fought on the main you shall hear.

Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight, for to fight,
Brave Benbow he set sail for to fight;
Brave Benbow he set sail
With a sweet and pleasant gale;
But his captains they turned tail in a fright, in a fright,
But his captains, etc.

Says Kirby unto Wade, 'I will run, I will run,'
Says Kirby unto Wade, 'I will run.
I value not disgrace,
Nor the losing of my place;
For my enemies I'll not face with a gun, with a gun,
For my enemies,' etc.

'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark* fought the French, fought the French,
'Twas the *Ruby* and *Noah's Ark* fought the French;
For there was ten in all,

Poor souls, they fought them all;
They valued them not at all, would not flinch, would not flinch,
They valued them, etc.

Hard fortune that it was, by chain shot, by chain shot,
Hard fortune that it was, by chain shot,
Our admiral lost his leg,
And of his men did beg,
'Fight on, my British boys; 'tis my lot, 'tis my lot;
Fight on,' etc.

While the surgeon dressed his wounds thus he said, thus he said,
While the surgeon dressed his wounds thus he said:
'Let my cradle now in haste
On the quarter-deck be placed,
That mine enemies I may face till I'm dead, till I'm dead,
That mine enemies,' etc.

And there bold Benbow lay, crying, 'Boys,' crying, 'Boys,'
And there bold Benbow lay, crying, 'Boys,'
'Let us tack about once more;
We'll drive them all on shore:
I value not a score, nor their noise, nor their noise,
I value not a score,' etc.

[Unsupported thus he fought, nor would run, nor would run,
Unsupported thus he fought, nor would run

Till his ship was a mere wreck,
And no man would him back,
For the others would not slack to fire a gun, fire a gun,
For the others, etc.

For Jamaica then at last he set sail, he set sail,
For Jamaica then at last he set sail,
Where Wentworth he did try,
And those cowards that did fly
And from the French in fright turned tail, turned tail,
And from the French, etc.

And those found most to blame, they were shot, they were shot,
And those found most to blame, they were shot;
Brave Benbow then at last,
For grief of what was past,
In a fever died at last, by hard lot, by hard lot,
In a fever, etc.]

THE SAILORS ACCOUNT OF THE ACTION AT VIGO.

Muse will have her song; hark! she merrily
sings,
The praise of a Queen that has beaten two
Kings:
Of Ormond and Rook too, and how they fell on,
And flat as a flounder laid Monsieur and Don.
Bright Eugene and Marlborough shou'd live in
our rime,
And other brave heroes too, had we but time:
But heroes excuse us, for now Muse and I go,
To raise to the stars the dead-doers at Vigo.
*You Monsieurs and Dons, if with losses you
meet,*
*Yet don't be discourag'd, we'll pay off your
fleet.*

Cries a hawk from the wing, the eagle-ey'd
Hardy,
Game! game! royal game! we shall take 'em all
tardy:
In Vigo they ride, men of war, galleons,
The might of the Monsieurs and pride of the
Dons:
Lead on, great commander, sink, burn, take the
Plate;
'Twill all be our own, if we don't come too late.
We'll brisk up old England with fame and with
plunder:
We'll win't, tho' we charge thoro' lightning and
thunder.

You Monsieurs and Dons, if with losses you meet,
Yet don't be discourag'd, we'll pay off your fleet.

Sir George sends the news to the stout Hogen Mogen,
Then squadrons we join without any proroguing:
Soon Vigo we reach, where a deodand cloak,
A cloke sent from heaven, wraps us and our oak.
Unseen we consult, and resolve to break in,
But not with our first rates, least the brine be too thin:
On the thirds high in view, are the first rate commanders,
This rums the brisk seamen, and brandys the landers:
You Monsieurs and Dons, if with losses you meet,
Yet don't be discourag'd, we'll pay off your fleet.

My dear Baladina, let's stop and take breath:
One glass and no more then; for halting is death.
Here's a health to the Queen. I'll pledg't; one had said,
Sir, speech up your men that they may'nt be afraid.
Afraid? And a speech? says a sailor there by,
Sir, you slander the fleet, and your country bely.
Let cowards be speecht, that spur is here vain;
The English need rather the curb and the rein.

You Monsieurs and Dons, if with losses you meet,
Yet don't be discourag'd, we'll pay off your fleet.

The Second Part.

Great Ormond first lands with his jolly marines,
Then fit to serve Anna the greatest of Queens:
In order they march, two thousand and all,
All handsom young men, all lusty and tall.
Of the Dons and their guns they do but make sport,
Defy their whole army, and ravish their fort:
They had blockt up their port with mast, cable, and chain,
But Hobson soon taught 'em 'twas labour in vain.
You Monsieurs and Dons, if with losses you meet,
Yet don't be discourag'd, we'll pay off your fleet.

Your boom is now cut, and your fort is now taken,
And now, rogues, where are you? Now where is your bacon?
Your Shaterino, we shall make him to skip;
But, scorning to yield her, he burns his tall ship:
'Twas a forest alone, 'twas a new *Rising Sun*,
But alas! this must set, as the former had done.
Surviving confounders against us still roar,
Excuse them this once and they'll do so no more.
You Monsieurs and Dons, tho' with losses you

meet,
Yet don't be dismay'd, we have paid off your fleet.

Now after work, wages, we'll laugh and relate,
O, what a rich cordial is plunder and plate!
Both Monsieurs and Dons had been many moons rigging
And thousands of hands many years had been digging:
But (O, 'tis to them a sad tale to be told!)
For us 'twas they rigg'd, and digg'd silver and gold.
The dreadful now quake, and the poor galleons
Surrender rich cargo to tars and dragoons.
But what is't to us if with losses they meet?
If we had their money, we paid off their fleet.

O, Britain, be thankful for such a good Queen!
The like since great El'zabeth never was seen:
Be thankful for statesmen who don't rob and starve us;
For sea and land worthies that fight to preserve us:
Be thankful for Ormond, the Churchills, and Rook;
But yet, let me tell you, God never will brook
Your cursing and swearing, your lying and cheating;
These winds are contrary, they'll hinder defeating.
Let Lewis repent too; for what can he gain,
Who looses his soul for the kingdoms of Spain.

ON THE SEA FIGHT BETWEEN SIR G. R. AND TOULOUSE, 1704.

Who does not extol our conquest marine?
Courage and conduct, Rook and Tolouse,
'Twas the sharpest engagement that ever was seen.
Courage, etc.
An action so glorious was never yet known,
Courage, etc.,
Where no ship was taken, and no trophy won.
Courage, etc.
'Tis plain that the French by Sir George were out-shot.
Courage, etc.
They only th' advantage, we victory got.
Courage, etc.
Their fleet a whole day we did terribly maul,
Courage, etc.,
And pursued them two more without pouder or ball.
Courage, etc.
The flag-man that madly the close fight began,
Courage, etc.,
Had lost all his squadron and not sav'd a man,
Courage, etc.,
Had not the cool admiral, to prudence inclin'd,
Courage, etc.,
The distance maintain'd in spight of the wind.
Courage, etc.
We conquer'd the French, but had they been beat,
Courage, etc.,

Our conquest, tho' glorious, had been more
compleat
Courage, etc.
If our hero aboard no laurels has got,
Courage, etc.,
Yet he triumphs at home and is victor by vote.
Courage, etc.

A SONG ON THE SAME.

As brave Sir Rooke Tholouse did beat,
So brave Tholouse beat him;
But whensoe'er they meet again
George will his jacquet trim.
They both did fight, they both did beat,
They both did run away;
They both did strive to meet again
The quite contrary way.

THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY; OR, THE LAST FAREWEL OF CAPTAIN SMITH.

To the Tune of *Sail before the mast.*

I am in a consternation at my now approaching
death;
It's my woful lamentation e're I do resign my
breath
I shall write this fatal morning, which I mean to
leave behind.
Let my ruine be a warning evermore to all
mankind.

Often have I sail'd the ocean, with a proud,
aspiring heart,
Aiming still at high promotion, far above my
due desert.
Having lost my first commission, I cou'd not be
satisfy'd
Till the steps of grand ambition led me to the
fall of pride.

Wholesome laws and human reason could not
guide nor govern me:
Therefore did I practice treason—nay, unto a
high degree.
In the *Nightingale* I sailed, and oppos'd our
gracious Queen;
Law has over me prevailed; justice now steps in
between

Me and all those flights of honour which I
eagerly persu'd,

Fighting under the French banner; but this day
I must conclude
My sad life, with tears of sorrow, which I in
abundance shed.
I can bid my griefs good morrow, but my joys
are from me fled.

Had I been but true and loyal to her present
Majestie,
Then I had never stood the tryal or by lawes
been doom'd to dye;
But I suffer as a traytor 'gainst the Queen and
Government;
Sure there cannot be a greater grief to make the
heart relent.

O, that ship which I purloined was the
Nightingale by name,
In the which I once designed to have purchas'd
lasting fame:
But by chance she was retaken, for indeed we
could not fly.
Now of friends I am forsaken, since my death is
drawing nigh.

When I pass along the city towards Execution
Dock
I shall meet with little pity, every one at me
will mock:
On me they will cast reflections, which will
cause much discontent;
Let this quail the fond affections of the proud
and insolent.

Farewell to the joy and pleasure which I
formerly have had:

Now my griefs are out of measure, my heroick
heart is sad;
All my comforts are departed, there is nothing
left but grief,
Conscience wounded, broken-hearted, Lord,
afford me some relief.

Blessed Father, don't forsake me in the bitter
pangs of death.
Of thy tender mercy take me, when I shall
resign my breath,
To thy glorious habitations, which are free from
care and strife.
Farewel to all tribulations which attends our
humane life.

Now the sad and dismal hour of my death is
drawing nigh;
Tho' the fates may seem to lower let the loving
standers-by
Grant me now their prayers and pity, which
does worldly wealth excel.
Now I end my mournful ditty and you see my
last farewel.

THE VALLIANT ADMIRAL; OR, THE WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF SIR JOHN LEAKE,

Who took a hundred sail of laden transports from the French, which he sent to Barcelona.

To the Tune of *Thursday in the morn, etc.*

Now of noble, hardy men of might,
And those that with valour can heartily maintain
In the bloody field King Charles' right,
To make him happy on the royal throne of Spain,
Of these I mean to sing
While fame is on the wing,
Glad tydings to convey,
How we the other day
Did many laden transports take
On the seas, with much ease,
By the right renowned Sir John Leake.

Now the French have lost their trusty friend,
Who used to inform them of all our State affairs;
On his letters they did still depend,
By which we oft were drawn into fatal snares;
He's gone, he's gone with shame.
Now valiant men of fame
Can prosper when they go,
And daunt the daring foe,
Making their stubborn hearts to ake,
As they find Fortune kind

To the right renowned Sir John Leake.

Under his command the royal fleet
With transports and tenders was for Lisbon bound.
This passage 'twas his chance to meet
The French, which he did manfully encompass round,
A hundred sail and more,
As they was passing o're
Towards the banks of Spain,
All loaded well with grain.
We ninety of those barks did take,
Which was there, by the care
Of the right renowned Sir John Leake.

When our flying streamers they beheld,
And stout men-of-war, which was likewise rarely man'd,
They were with exceeding sorrow fill'd.
A thousand times in vain they wish themselves on land.
Aloud they cry'd, 'Morblew.'
Alas! that wou'd not do.
The British lyon bold,
Which scorns to be controul'd,
Caused their stubborn hearts to ake;
Took they were by the care
Of the right renowned Sir John Leake.

This vast fleet of barks was then convey'd
Under the protection of three French men-of-war.
Finding they by us captives were made,
Alas! they rung their hands and cry'd aloud, 'Begar,

De Britains bold are come,
With cannon, trumpet, drum,
To seize upon our corn,
And make us all forlorn.'
This was the mourn which they did make;
For they found they were bound
To submit to valliant Sir John Leake.

Cloathes for many thousands were on board
Those barks which was taken, and naval stores likewise:
Barley, oats, and wheat, which did afford
Much comfort to the army of the Grand Allies;
For well we may conclude,
They having store of food,
And other comforts still,
They'll fight with right good-will
And of the French strange havock make;
Then let's pray, night and day,
For the right renowned Sir John Leake.

To fair Barcelona they have brought
Those rich laden cargoes, worth many thousand pounds.
O the French commander little thought
They should meet with crabid Fortune's fatal frown:
But so it came to pass;
Each looking like an ass
At their unhappy doom,
How they did fret and foam,
While we joy and triumph make,
Drinking still, with good-will,
To the right renowned Sir John Leake.

THE SEA-FIGHT; OR, THE FRENCH PRIZE TAKEN: A BALLAD.

‘To your quarters, my lads; we are now within shot;
Let your guns be all loose in their tackle,
Your ports be knock’d open, and every thing got
In a right ready order for battle.
See, see that the decks and the gun-room be clear,
And take care that your matches be lighted;
Tho’ she boldly bears down she shall find when she’s near
That we bold Brittains scorn to be frighted.

‘Up noise of trumpets; be brisk; hail our prize.
Hark: she answers again with her trumpets.
She’s resolv’d to engage; to the windward she plys.
See, her colours are out and her drum beats.
Hold fast, jolly gunner; let Monsieur begin;
We are able, my boys, to receive him.
If he galls us at first, when we get him close in,
We will make him submit e’er we leave him.

‘Cheer up, golden boys; we are never the worse,
Tho’ sh’as pour’d in a broad-side upon us;
She only has rak’d us a little: no force,
Jolly lads, have the enemy done us.
Their turn shall be next. Port easy, edge nigh her;
Be sure bear your guns to a tittle.

God give us good luck, and now, gunner, give
fire.
Zounds! starboard; now shear off a little.

‘Huzza! my good lads; that was done to our
mind.
She’s our own; we shall certainly have her.
See, see, she bears up with a stiff gale of wind,
That her leaks may be stopped which we
gave her.
Port, port, for she shoots ahead from us apace;
Hoist the topsail and bear briskly after;
Now, gunner, with good store of langril and
case
Let the guns be all loaded for slaughter.

‘Thus, thus; keep her thus; well steer’d, my
good boys,
I find we shall soon be upon her.
Now, lads, for the gold that’s aboard of the
prize;
It will all be your own when you’ve won her.
Port easy, edge tow’rds her, and run up her
side.
Now under our lee we have got her;
As stout as she seems we shall humble her
pride.
Now, gunner, give fire and have at her.

‘See, see how the enemy lye heads and points.
Our shot have done great execution;
We have shatter’d their limbs, and so mangled
their joints
That they are all in a bloody confusion.
Now board ’em, my lads; see you[r]lashes are
clear;

Huzza! and couragiously enter.
I hope we shall find e'ery Brittan that's here
Will be bold in so brave an adventure.

'How they hide between decks; by their
skulking they show
That the French are but puny bravadoes.
Wounds! cut up her hatches, and ply 'em below
With your stinkpots and hand granadoes.
Avast: they submit and cry out for their lives.
Good quarter we're ready to grant ye.
If you'll lay down your arms, and come out of
your hives,
And obey me as I shall command ye.'

"Yea, yea, we surrender." 'Then haul down your
sails,
And furl 'em without opposition;
For he that crys "Quarter," and after rebels,
Shall be hanged without any compassion.
Now loose all your lashings and shear off the
ship.
We are clear. Go and hoist out the shallop.
Bring the pris'ners on board, but not load her
too deep,
Least the ocean should swallow ye all up.'

'Be sure you take care of the captain and those
In commission, and civilly use 'em;
For tho' they are pris'ners, as well as our foes,
'Tis beneath British souls to abuse 'em.
Good fortune to them the success might have
gave;
Let us therefore respectfully treat 'em;
For tho' they are conquered they yet may be
brave,

Tho’ but cowards to those who have beat
’em,

‘How chear yee, my lads? is not this jolly sport?
See how Fortune invites you to fight on.
Stand in with our prize to the next merry port;
Tow her in for the honour of Brittan.
Now fling up the bowl; bring an anchor of
Nantz;
Let the doctor thank God for His mercies;
Then we’ll drink the Queen’s health to our
captives of France
With a French man-of-war at our arses.’

THE LOSS OF THE EDGAR

The dismal lamentation of the widows and fatherless children for the loss of their husbands and relations, that was blown up on board the Edgar man-of-war, October, 15, 1711.

To the Tune of *Aim not too high.*

1ST WOMAN.

Hark! hark! alas! what fatal news is come!
It strikes a terror great thro' Christendom.

2ND WOMAN.

What is it, neighbour? Pray, to me unfold.

1ST WOMAN.

The sadest news that ever mortal told.

2ND WOMAN.

Hold me not in suspence, good neighbour, pray,
But tell me quickly what you have to say:
I hope our ship and all in her is well;
I long to hear you. Pray, come quickly tell.

1ST WOMAN.

Here is a letter—O prepare your ears!—
From Gosport Hospital. Let floods of tears
Flow from your eyes: the gallant Edgar's gone.
Ah! neighbour, neighbour, well may we make moan.
Your husband dear and mine, and many more,

Are blown up in the air, near thirty score,
By fatal chance of powder; by one blast
Our tender husbands now have breath'd their last.
Here comes a messenger can tell the rest;
I cannot speak, I am so much opprest.
Come, gentle messenger, relate their woe,
And tell, in brief, the truth of all you saw.

MESSENGER.

I was at Spithead that time, and saw the sight.
I was amaz'd; my soul it did affright:
Five hundred persons blown up in the air;
Their shrieks and cries no mortal cou'd declare.
Some short-allowance mony was to be paid
That fatal day, for which on board they stay'd.
They merry were, and little did they dread
That the next moment they should all be dead.
Removing gun-powder some hours they was;
That powder wrough[t] their dismal woes, alas!
Thro' some neglect fire to th' powder got,
And all these people kill'd upon the spot.
Blown in an instant up, at once indeed;
That dreadful blow makes hearts of stone to bleed.
Like roaring thunder gave a dreadful crack;
Both ship and people quickly went to wrack.
Legs, arms, heads, hands, feet, hips, bones, back and thighs
By fire and powder flew up to the skies.
Shatter'd at once in shivers up they flew,
And in an instant fled from mortal view.
Their sudden shrieks, gone just before they went,
Did eccho shrilly, and tho' all was bent
To help them in distress, yet it was vain,

Their ship in thousand pieces rent in twain.

2ND WOMAN.

O wretched sight! O fatal was the day!
O my dear husband, art thou fled away?
Was this thy fatal exit from this world?
No grave! but peace-meal was thy carcass
hurl'd.
O heavy message! the sad tidings spread:
O my dear husband, are you from me fled?
My soul sinks deep with grief for this my loss,
In deep despair my parting soul is toss'd.

1ST WOMAN.

Ah, neighbour, neighbour, you are not alone.
Here's hundreds of us to lament and moan
Our poor unhappy husbands' fatal fall.
Sweet Jesus Christ take pity on us all,
Children and widows send up doleful cries;
Their lamentations pierce quite thro' the skies:
Bereft of earthly joys, with grief opprest,
'Tis God alone can ease each troubled breast.
Their earthly stay and staff from them is gone,
Wherefore they must depend on God alone.
And our good Queen will pity of them take;
Then grant them help for blessed Jesus' sake.
One man of all that number is alive,
But is so weak he cannot long survive.
Then let us all prepared be for death,
Since none knows when we must resign our
breath.
By providence the captain just before,
With's lady too, did chance to go ashore.
Some other officers and sailors too
Are sav'd, and did that danger quite eschew.

Then let us all our sinful lives amend,
Since God such punishments to mortal send.
Let's bear in mind this tragedy just past,
And strive to live as each day was our last.

THE SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

Come and listen to my ditty, all ye jolly hearts
of gold,
Lend a brother tar your pity who was once so
stout and bold;
But the arrows of God Cupid, alas! have made
me rue,
Sure true love was ne'er so treated as I am by
scornful Sue.

When I landed first at Dover she appeared a
goddess bright.
From foreign parts but just come over I was
struck with so fair a sight;
On the shore pretty Susan walked near to
where our frigate lay,
And altho' so near the landing, I, alas! was cast
away.

When first I hail'd my pretty creature, the
delight of land and sea,
No man ever saw a sweeter, I'd have kept her
company;
I'd fain have made her my true love, for better
or for worse,
But, alas! I could not compass her for to steer
the marriage course.

Once no greater joy or pleasure could have
come into my mind,
Than to see the bold *Defiance* sailing right
before the wind,

O'er the white waves as she danced, and her
colours gaily flew;
But that was not half so charming as the trim of
lovely Sue.

On a rocky coast I've driven where the stormy
winds do rise,
Where the rolling mountain billows lift a vessel
to the skies;
But from land, or from the ocean, little dread I
ever knew,
When compared to the dangers in the frowns of
scornful Sue.

Long I wonder'd why my jewel had the heart to
use me so,
Till I found by often sounding she'd another
love in tow;
So farewell hard-hearted Sukie, I'll my fortune
seek at sea,
And try in a more friendly latitude, since in
yours I cannot be.

FAIR SALLY LOV'D A BONNY SAILOR.

Fair Sally lov'd a bonny sailor,
With tears she sent him out to roam,
Young Thomas taking leave did tell her
He left her with his heart at home.
She view'd the seas from off the hill,
And as she turn'd her spinning-wheel,
Sang of her bonny sailor.

The wind grew loud and she grew paler
To see the weathercock turn round,
When lo! she spied her bonny sailor
Come whistling o'er the fallow ground:
With nimble haste he leap'd the stile,
Fair Sally met him with a smile,
And hugg'd her bonny sailor.

Fast round the waist he took his Sally,
But first around his mouth wip'd he;
Like home-bred spark he could not dally,
But press'd and kiss'd her with a glee.
'Through winds, and waves, and dashing rain,'
Said he, 'thy Tom's return'd again,
To bring a heart for Sally.'

'Welcome!' cry'd she, 'my constant Thomas,
Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind,
Tho' seas our hearts have parted from us,
Yet still my thoughts were left behind;
So much my thoughts took Tommy's part,
That time nor absence from my heart
Could drive my constant Thomas.'

‘This knife the gift of lovely Sally,
Which still I’ve kept for her dear sake,
A thousand times in am’rous folly
Her name has carv’d upon the deck.
Again this happy pledge returns,
To shew how truly Thomas burns,
How truly burns for Sally.’

‘This thimble thou didst give to Sally,
Whene’er I see I think on you.
Then why should Tom stand shilly shally
When yonder steeple’s in our view?’
Tom, never to occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming mind,
And went to church with Sally.

'HOW PLEASANT A SAILOR'S LIFE PASSES.'

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true,
And wou'd not commit a base action
For power or profit in view.
Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes through the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the State,
Than we that, to politicks strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature
In various nations we try.
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

THE BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.
See the crew in flannel jerkins
Drinking, toping flip by firkins;
And as they raise the tip
To their happy lip,
On the deck is heard no other sound,
But prithee Jack, Prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, Prithee Tom,
Let the can go round.

Chorus.

Then hark to the Boatswain's whistle, whistle!
Then hark to the Boatswain's whistle, whistle!
Bustle, bustle, brave boys,
Let us sing, let us toil,
But let's drink all the while,
For labour's the price of our joys,
For labour's the price of our joys.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure:
Hark! the crew with sun-burnt faces,
Chanting Black-ey'd Susan's graces;
And as they raise their notes
Thro' their rusty throats
On the deck is heard no other sound,
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the can go round.

Then hark, etc.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
Fill up all the various measure.
Hark! the crew their cares discarding
With huffe-cap or with chuck-farthing:
Still in merry pin
Let 'em lose or win,
On the deck is heard no other sound
But prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Let the can go round.

Then hark, etc.

THE DOWNFALL OF PIRACY.

Being a full and true account of a desperate and bloody sea-fight between Lieutenant Maynard and that noted pirate Captain Teach, commonly call'd by the name of Black-beard; Maynard had fifty men, thirty-five of which where kill'd and wounded in the action: Teach had twenty-one, most of which was kill'd and the rest carried to Virginia in order to take their tryal.

Will you hear of a bloody battle, lately fought
upon the seas?
It will make your ears to rattle and your
admiration cease:
Have you heard of Teach the rover, and his
knavery on the main;
How of gold he was a lover, how he lov'd ill-got
[ten] gain?

When the Act of Grace appeared Captain Teach
and all his men
Unto Carolina steered, where they us'd him
kindly then;
There he marry'd to a lady, and gave her five
hundred pound,
But to her he prov'd unsteady, for he soon
march'd off the ground.

And returned, as I tell you, to his robbery as
before:
Burning, sinking ships of value, filling them
with purple gore.
When he was at Carolina, there the Governor

did send
To the Governor of Virgin[i]a, that he might
assistance lend.

Then the man-of-war's commander, two small
sloops he fitted out;
Fifty men he put on board, sir, who resolv'd to
stand it out.
The lieutenant he commanded both the sloops,
and you shall hear
How before he landed he suppress'd them
without fear.

Valiant Maynard as he sailed soon the pirate
did espy;
With his trumpet he then hailed, and to him
they did reply:
'Captain Teach is our commander.' Maynard
said, 'He is the man
Whom I am resolv'd to hang, sir, let him do the
best he can.'

Teach replied unto Maynard, 'You no quarter
here shall see,
But be hanged on the mainyard, you and all
your company.'
Maynard said, 'I none desire of such knaves as
thee and thine.'
'None I'll give,' Teach then replied; 'my boys,
give me a glass of wine.'

He took the glass and drank damnation unto
Maynard and his crew,
To himself and generation, then the glass away
he threw.
Brave Maynard was resolv'd to have him, tho'

he'd cannons nine or ten:
Teach a broadside quickly gave him, killing
sixteen valiant men.

Maynard boarded him and to it they fell with
sword and pistol too;
They had courage, and did show it, killing of
the pirate's crew.
Teach and Maynard on the quarter fought it out
most manfully;
Maynard's sword did cut him shorter, losing his
head he there did die.

Every sailor fought while he, sir, power had to
wield his sword,
Not a coward could you see, sir, fear was driven
from aboard;
Wounded men on both sides fell, sir, 'twas a
doleful sight to see,
Nothing could their courage quell, sir; O they
fought couragiously.

When the bloody fight was over we're informed
by a letter writ,
Teach's head was made a cover to the jack-staff
of the ship;
Thus they sailed to Virginia, and when they the
story told
How they killed the pirates many, they'd
applause from young and old.

ADMIRAL CAVENDISH'S DISTRESS ON BOARD THE CANTERBURY.

Come all ye valiant seamen of courage stout
and bold,
That value more your honour more than misers
do their gold;
When we receive our orders we are obliged to
go
O'er the main to proud Spain, let the wind blow
high or low.

It is the valiant *Canterbury*, as I to you shall tell,
Since Providence has sav'd my life in such a
manner well,
And all our whole ship's company as well as I
do know,
When we were in despair in the Bay of Biscay,
oh!

The eighteenth of September from Spithead we
set sail,
With the *Romney* in our company, blest with a
pleasant gale,
And so we kept together to the Bay of Biscay,
oh!
Till anon the storm came on and the wind
began to blow.

Then seeing of the storm come on the *Romney*
bore away
And left the *Canterbury*, for she could no longer
stay.

And when they came to Gibraltar they told the
people so,
That they thought we were lost in the Bay of
Biscay, oh!

But as Providence would have it, it was not
quite so bad;
But first we lost our mizen-mast, and along
with it a flag,
The next we lost our main-mast, two of our
guns also,
And five men were drownded then in the Bay of
Biscay, oh!

When the main-mast went away it gave a
dismal stroke,
And in the larboard-quarter a great hole thro' it
broke,
Whereby the sea came roaring which made our
gun-room flow,
And we rowl'd and we shoal'd in the Bay of
Biscay, oh!

Then our fore-mast went away at four o'clock at
night,
Our men [were] in our fore-top, which put us
in a fright,
Poor souls we could not save them but
overboard did go:
They were lost with the mast in the Bay of
Biscay, oh!

It being dark and dismal besides a dreadful
night,
One man upon the fore castle was killed out
right,

With a ring upon his finger in pieces broke also,
There he lay till next day when we overboard
him throw.

We stove our barge and long boat and hove
them overboard,
Because we had no tackle or else we might
have lower'd.
What with the sea roaring in which made our
chests to flow,
And we rowl'd and we shoal'd in the Bay of
Biscay, oh!

We lay in that condition full seven or eight
days,
Till our furnace tumbled down, which put us in
a maze
For we could get no victuals dress'd as I am
very sure,
We did eat all raw meat till we came to
Gibraltar.

As for our admiral and captain, they are stout
hearts of gold,
Besides our three lieutenants of courage stout
and bold,
And all our whole ship's company we made a
gallant show,
Altho' we were in despair in the Bay of Biscay,
oh!

The storm being quite over we got up jury-
masts,
And steer'd away to Gibraltar, to which we
came at last,
And when we came to Gibraltar on shore the

yawl did go,
For to tell what befel in the Bay of Biscay, oh!

Within a day or two after we came into the mole.
The people all came flocking down, our ship to behold:
They said it was the strangest thing that ever they did know,
We ne'er repine but drink wine and drown all woe.

As for oatmeal and peas, we ne'er got any of that:
Our purser H——s put 'em in his pocket to make his guts fat.
But when we did come home, boys, we paid him off his score,
Tho' [he] knew 'twas our due, it help'd to increase [his store].

THE PACIFICK FLEET: A NEW BALLAD.

Good people, give ear, I'll tell you a story,
Will tickle your ears, if you wish Britain's glory;
For in rhyme sure the like was ne'er yet laid
before ye,
Which
nobody can deny.

The Spaniards of late so haughty are grown,
They pretend both our towns and our ships are
their own,
And the latter they take still, 'tis very well
known,
Which,
etc.

Hereupon we sent word they would find it the
best
To give over these pranks, for we liked not their
jest,
And they gravely replied they would weigh our
request,
Which,
etc.

But still they went on highly pleased with the
joke,
Our traders were taken, our merchants were
broke,
Resolved if they could our stern wrath to
provoke,
Which,

etc.

So our wrath was provoked, and our rage was
so great,
That a fleet was equipped, those proud
Spaniards to beat,
And we sent for Dutch help in a violent heat,
Which,
etc.

So the Dutch came to help us with twelve men-
of-war
(For the Dutch like the Devil injustice abhor,
And they knew that the Spaniards had not
played us fair),
Which,
etc.

So to Spithead they went, and at Spithead have
lain,
But design very soon to scower out the main,
To retrieve us our honour and humble proud
Spain,
Which,
etc.

But when to this purpose the fleets are to
weigh,
I am sure yet no Briton will venture to say,
But this I am sure, they will sail when they
may,
Which,
etc.

But in the meantime, as in line they are laid,
Most wisely they are of a double use made:

To our nobles diversion, to our foes they give
dread,
Which,
etc.

For the gentry all round, and nobility too,
To Portsmouth ride post this Armada to view,
As the first English fleet was set out for a show,
Which,
etc.

But as France will not bear Christian blood to
be shed,
Notwithstanding a Wager himself's at the head,
Fat bucks in great number have bled in their
stead,
Which,
etc.

For the Cardinal thinks the same end we fulfil
If we bear the expense, tho' the fleet does lie
still,
For we so frighten Spain they will do what we
will,
Which,
etc.

So the fleet lies at anchor, the chaplains read
prayers,
The ladies are learning our tarpawling airs,
And each cook for each day some new dishes
prepares,
Which,
etc.

The treats are of venison, of rack-punch, and

jelly,
Chaire entière have the ladies as some people
tell ye
And few will return without tarr in their belly,
Which,
etc.

So when sail they will, they will leave us at
home
A brood of young sailors for ages to come,
Who will 'list volunteers at the sound of a
drum,
Which,
etc.

On this score alone the expense were well
made,
For sailors are wanting for war both and trade,
So the scheme for the public was very well laid,
Which,
etc.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR'S RESOLUTION TO FIGHT THE SPANIARDS.

Come all you jolly sailors bold,
Who always scorn to be controul'd;
But freely us'd to range the seas,
And plow the ocean where they please;
But now are oppos'd and plundered by those
Guarda Coastas belonging to Spain;
But this I can tell, would we thump them but
well,
Our merchants might have their own again.

Our merchants have been long abus'd,
Our ships have been taken, our men misus'd;
And tho' we often did complain,
No restoration e'er could gain;
But still are put by, with some fallacy,
Altho' we're masters of the main;
But this I can tell; wou'd we thump them but
well,
Our merchants might have their own again.

'Cause Captain Jenkins did them oppose,
They cut off his ears and slit his nose,
And then his hands together bound,
And to the yard arm drew him up and down;
Then with a jear, they gave him his ear,
Saying 'Take it to your master' in disdain.
But our King I can tell, loves his subjects so
well,
That he'll curb the haughty pride of Spain.

So insolent they did behave,
They of our sailors did make slaves,
And work'd all day hard as they cou'd.
With musty horse beans for their food,
Or else a little dish of stinking stock-fish;
Not fitting unto the dogs to throw,
These men would delight to do themselves
right,
If to war with the Spaniards we go.

Fifty-two sail of ships (they say)
In nine years time they've took away.
A very tragical account,
To what great sums must this amount;
Our rights to in[v]ade and spoil our trade,
High time for our merchants to complain.
I hope to see the day this long score they must
pay,
And make them refund it all again.

For these vile crimes they've an excuse,
And say they suffer great abuse;
[line missing]
And bring their pieces of eight away,
This I must own by some has been done,
But let them only have the blame;
'Tis hard to condemn all the rest for them,
For rogues will be rogues while the world
remains.

Our gracious King and parliament
To right our merchants are fully bent;
For they have been too long abus'd,
And by false pretences have been amus'd.
But now I'm glad to find our Government so
kind.

To redress our merchants who complain,
For this I can, etc.

With taking our ships they're not content,
But want our towns on the continent;
As Georgia and Carolina brave,
They boast and brag they soon will have.
But we hope that our fleet their designs will
defeat,
When they approach the coast of Spain,
For this I can, etc.

There's Giberaltar and Portmahone,
They very fain would make their own;
It grieves them much, we've been told,
That two such places we should hold.
Giberalter's the key, 'tis well known of that sea
Call'd by the name of the Mediterain.
For this I can, etc.

Come jolly sailors, far and near,
To man our fleet with speed prepare;
With Admiral Haddock freely go,
True British valour for to show;
And brave boys boldly fight our merchants for
to right,
Free plunder, boys, will crown your pain,
For this I can tell, would we thump them but
well,
Our merchants might have their own again.

ENGLAND'S GLORY IN THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

Compos'd by George Barker.

Let every loyal soul rejoyce,
And joyn with me in heart and voice,
Since now we have a happy choice,
  France and Spain to bring under.
Fall on, brave boys, without delay,
Brave Haddock will his guns display,
And quickly make of Spain a prey,
  And give his men the plunder.

Next, merchants, let your voices ring,
O'er flowing bowls we'll cheerful sing,
With many thanks unto the King,
  For granting us protection.
No longer we'll be in the dark,
Since we have got letters of marque,
We'll make Jack Spaniard for to smart
  And pay for the Convention.

Spithead shall no more with us groan,
Nor we poor sailors make our moan,
We'll alter Jack Spaniard's tone,
  Though they so long have wanted.
For now we shall be kept in pay,
Our wives next year appear so gay;
Of Spanish gold we'll make a prey,
  With courage most undaunted.

No more of trade let us complain;
Our antient rights we shall maintain,

Brave Britain's isle flourish again
By the new declaration.
We'll learn Spain in this present war
Our merchant captains for to fear,
With us they have run their jest too far,
In their base depredations.

Our shops shall soon be open'd wide,
By humbling Jack Spaniard's pride,
And our poor tradesmen full employ'd,
To their great satisfaction.
Then let us all in love unite,
And stand for the King and country's right;
Boldly with proud Spain we'll fight,
And thus end all distraction.

THE TAKING OF THE PRINCISSA.

You brave English sailors that plow the ocean
wide,
There are no better fellows in all the world
beside;
Give ear unto a bloody fight to you I will
display
Between a Spanish man-of-war, and the *Kent*,
near Cator Bay.
The *Lennox* and the *Orford* was cruising
thereabout,
And by a Spanish man-of-war they quickly were
spy'd out.

Under French colours she down upon us bore,
Thinking we were two merchant ships which
had of riches store;
The third she thought a man-of-war our convoy
for to be,
And soon she tho't to have taken us, if not more
force than she;
But whilst our English man-of-war did
preparations make,
And when that she came up with her, it prov'd
a sad mistake.

She carried five hundred seamen, four hundred
marines,
Most of them Irish fellows, who fought with
[courage keen];
Seventy-four guns she mounted, all of the
largest size,

With which she thought of our ships to make a noble prize,
But she was much mistaken, as plainly doth appear,
For we have made a prize of her, and she's arrived here.

The *Lennox*, Captain Manning, receiv'd the first broadside,
Which carried away his foremast, and his bowsprit beside;
This sad unhappy accident he would no longer stay;
He was so sore disabled, was forc'd to bear away;
But for to shew his courage bold altho' distressed sore,
He did a thundering broadside into the Spaniard pour.

The next run up the *Kent*, with Captain Durell bold,
Who gave to them a good broadside, like jolly hearts of gold,
Which scar'd the Spanish captain so, he was just going to strike,
So certainly he had it done, but for an Irish tike,
Which was his first lieutenant, who with the men combin'd;
He said 'I'll fight the ship myself, the captain we'll confine.

'Now come, my loving countrymen, with courage play your parts,
For if the English take us, we are sure of our

deserts;
'Tis better manfully to fight, and here to die at sea,
For if the English take us now, we shall all hanged be.'
With that they gave a loud huzza, unto him thus did cry,
'You shall from hence our captain be, we'll fight until we die.'

Like jolly hearts of gold they made their cannons roar,
Into the *Kent* without delay a full broad-side did pour;
Which noble Captain Durell bold did soon return again;
Full fifty of the Spanish men by that broad-side were slain.
Broad-side for broad-side, nine hours we did fight,
Till we at length did take them, our cause being just and right.

Yard-arm and yard-arm, for hours there [we] lay;
With great guns, small arms, and cutlasses we made a bloody fray;
Dead men in numbers lay about, our scuppers fill'd with blood,
Which made the seas [a]round us so like a purple flood.
Three fingers from one hand brave Captain Durell lost;
But yet he was not daunted, still he maintain'd the cause.

The third it was the *Orford*, who had spectator
been,
But could not come to help us, nor join the
bloody scene;
He hove his ship up to the wind, and brought
some guns to bear,
When the desperate saw that, his heart sunk
down with fear;
He was so sore disabled, and was so flutter'd
then,
To which he had already lost above five
hundred men.

But then this Irish desperate did also order then
Two guns to point down in the hold, to sink
both ship and men.
O! this unhappy order fill'd his men with horrid
dread,
When instantly a cannon-ball came and took off
his head.
They made no more resistance, but down their
colours took,
And to the *Orford* now come up, immediately
she struck.

So now these Irish desperates, their case it must
look sad;
To fight against King and country, their cause
was very bad.
Here's health to all our admirals, and the
captains also,
Likewise to every brave seaman aboard with
them that go.
And may the bowl successful flow to all our
British fleet,
Wishing they may Jack Spaniard drub, where'er

with them they meet.

ENGLISH COURAGE DISPLAY'D, OR BRAVE NEWS FROM ADMIRAL VERNON.

Being a copy of verses giving an account of the taking Porto Bello, the 22nd of November last, written by a seaman on board the *Burford*, the admiral's ship, and sent here from Jamaica.

Tune of *Glorious Charles of Sweden*.

Come loyal Britons all rejoyce with joyful
acclamations,
And join with one united voice upon this just
occasion;
To Admiral Vernon drink a health, likewise to
each brave fellow
Who with that noble admiral was at the taking
of Porto Bello.

From Jamaica he did sail with Commodore
Brown to attend him,
Against the Spaniards to prevail, for which we
must commend him,
At Porto Bello he arriv'd where each brave
gallant fellow
With Admiral Vernon bravely fought, at the
taking Porto Bello.

Two men-of-war of twenty guns, likewise five
Guarda Costa's
They in the harbour quickly took, to surrender
they were forc'd, sir;
Then the town he summons'd strait, to
surrender at his will O,

Which they refusing he did bumbard the town
of Porto Bello.

He did bumbard it above two days, and they
again return'd it;
The bombs and morters loud did play, he vow'd
that he would burn it:
Which when they came to understand, and that
he was so brave a fellow
They did surrender out of hand, the town of
Porto Bello.

Then with his men he went on shore who strait
began to plunder,
'Tis as they serv'd our ships before, and
therefore is no wonder.
With plenty of rum and good strong wines, our
men did soon get mellow
Then swore that never a house should stand in
the town of Porto Bello.

The governor to the admiral sent and to him
made an offer
Of thirty thousand pieces of eight the houses to
save did proffer.
Which the admiral did accept with a right and
free goodwill O,
And therefore let the houses stand in the town
of Porto Bello.

Their Iron Castle he destroy'd, and all their
guns he seized.
The Spaniards ne'er was more anoy'd; he did
just what he pleased.
The South Sea snow he did release, and many a
stout English fellow

Whom they had rob'd upon the seas, and
carried into Porto Bello.

All their brass guns he took away, the iron ones
he nailed
And then threw them into the sea, before from
thence he sailed,
Many a jolly sailor's pouch was cram'd with
white and yellow,
For they from plunder could not be kept in the
town of Porto Bello.

Besides, brave Vernon freely gave amongst his
men as follows,
Who bravely did themselves behave, full thirty
thousand dollars,
This must their courage animate; each tar is a
rich fellow,
And this is good encouragement for the taking
Porto Bello.

When he had stayed there nineteen days, with
just resentment fir'd,
Their forts demolished and castles rase'd he
from them then retired,
But first he to Panama sent for many a gallant
fellow,
Who in prison lay confin'd to be brought to
Porto Bello.

While trumpets they did loudly sound and
colours were displaying,
The prizes he with him brought away while
sailors were huzzaing.
And when they to Jamaica come, a glorious tale
to tell O

Of the noble action they had done in taking of
Porto Bello.

To Admiral Vernon toss off a glass, may heaven
protect and defend him,
And when he has the Spaniard thump'd, may a
safe return attend him
To Comodore Brown toss another down, and to
each gallant fellow
Who did so bravely play their parts at the
taking of Porto Bello.

HOSIER'S GHOST.

To the Tune of *Come and Listen to My Ditty*.

As near Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crew with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet,

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale band was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the *Burford* rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

'Heed, O heed our fatal story,—
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,—
You who now have purchased glory

At this place where I was lost!
Though in Porto Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

'See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping—
These were English captains brave!
Mark those numbers pale and horrid—
Those were once my sailors bold!
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

'I by twenty sail attended
Did this Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

'For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

'Thus, like thee proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,

I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fallen, my country crying,
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying,
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

'Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

'Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

'O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request.
After this proud foe subduing,
When your Patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me!'

VERNON'S GLORY: OR, THE SPANIARDS' DEFEAT.

Being an account of the taking of Carthagena by Vice-Admiral Vernon, Rear-Admiral Ogle, and Commodore Lestock, on the First of April last. Written by a sailor on board the *Shrewsbury*, and brought over by the *Spence* sloop.

Tune of *Brave Vernon's Triumph.*

Once more, brave boys, let us proclaim
Brave noble Admiral Vernon's fame,
With Sir Chaloner Ogle too:
They now have made the Spaniards rue;
For Carthageen they now have ta'en,
And laid it level with the ground;
Seven castles so brave their town could not
save,
For Vernon and Ogle have beat them down.

Last March we did from Jamaica sail
With a fair and gentle gale;
Vice-Admiral Vernon of the Blue,
Sir Chaloner Ogle, Rear-Admiral too,
With Lestock Commodore, we made our
cannons roar,
And two-and-twenty frigates besides:
Thirty ships of the line, a sight very fine,
Before Carthageen at anchor to ride.

Bocachica Castle first we took,
Which made the Spaniards blue to look;
That being of the largest force,

The other six did fall of course:
With our cannons and bombs we dismounted
their guns,
And our colours did on their Castles raise:
Then toss off a glass, and about let it pass,
To Admiral Vernon's and Ogle's praise.

For twelve hours' space we bombarded the
town,
Before we brought their proud spirits down;
We fir'd so smart that they thought we were
mad,
At length to surrender they were glad.
We did so cannonade, and such breaches we
made,
And many of their houses set in a flame;
They did submit to fate, and the town
surrender[ed]
To Admiral Vernon, the scourge of Spain.

The *Shrewsbury* she did suffer most,
And many of her sailors were lost;
Her cable broke, on the Castles she drove,
And there expected she would have stove;
But kind Providence stood in her defence:
Much shatter'd at last she clear'd her way.
Her jolly sailors bold, those noble hearts of
gold,
All the time shew'd the Spaniards gallant play.

Don Blass with six ships in the harbour lay,
And soon we shew'd him British play;
We made that proud and hectoring Don
Coward-like from his ship to run;
Tho' his ship he forsook, two captains we took
And unto England brought them home;

Let th' insulting foe and proud Don know
Vernon can conquer wherever he comes.

Six galleons did there remain,
Which by our fleet were burnt or ta'en:
And tho' their treasure was on shore
Yet we found a sufficient store;
For plunder, my boys, did crown our joys
After that strong place we had won:
We did revel and roar and booze it on shore,
And forgot all the dangers we had run.

In the king's store-house we found
The value of several thousand pounds,
Which with great joy we brought away,
And did on board our ships convey:
Our success was crown'd with plunder we
found,
While the cowardly Spaniards from us fled;
So great was their fear, they would not us come
near,
For Vernon had fill'd them all with dread.

When we had all their treasure seiz'd,
And freely plunder'd where we pleas'd,
And none but rubbish did remain,
Their store-houses we set on flames:
Thus we burnt them down quite unto the
ground:
A heap of ashes for to view;
Let the cowards know, tho' they did insult us
so,
What noble Admiral Vernon can do.

Our jolly tars, brave, noble hearts,
And the brave marines did play their parts;

The officers their orders gave,
Which the men performed as brave.
They never did flinch, nor gave back an inch,
But sweet revenge was all their cry:
They scorn'd for to run from the mouth of a gun,
But with Vernon and Ogle would conquer or die.

For the proud Queen of Spain we care not a fart!
For Carthageen she may break her heart;
Of Don Blass, that cowardly tool,
Brave Vernon did make an April fool:
For 'twas upon that day we made him run away,
Unto our noble admiral's fame:
Then fill a brimming glass, and round let it pass,
To Admiral Vernon and Ogle's name.

Come, brave boys, a health begin,
And fill your glasses to the brim;
A health to Admiral Vernon brave;
To Sir Chaloner Ogle another we'll have;
To each jolly tar and marine that was there,
Whose courage the[n] was bravely seen;
To Lestock, Commodore, and many thousands more,
Who assisted at taking of Carthageen.

THE SAPHIRAH [sic] IN TRIUMPH: OR, BRITISH VALOR DISPLAY'D.

Compos'd by James Craft, who lost his arm in the action.

Come you jovial British fellows, listen, pray, to what I write,
Honour jolly English sailors, for their nation they do fight;
It was with courage most undaunted from Port Rhode the *Sapphire* sail'd,
By mishap our cable parted, but we soon the Spaniards quell'd.

A full intent to batter Vigo, our full force was only forty guns,
Which to them does plainly show, sir, what courage in the English runs;
With spreading sails we plough'd the ocean, the seas indeed ran mountains high,
Not fearing death to gain promotion, with proud Spain our valour try.

All along their coast we sailed, the wind it blowed very hard;
Our main-top-sail yard it failed, but we it did not regard.
We did soon their harbour enter, they prepared for us were,
And we boldly in did venture without any dread or fear.

As soon as ever we came nigh them they did

fire at us first;
We not wanting to pass by them immediately
our anchor cast.
And up went our bloody pennant and defy'd
their cannon-ball,
We made to run both landlord and tenant, and
behind to leave their all.

No quarters from them we requir'd, they did
see us boldly bent;
Kill or be kill'd we designed, that indeed was
our intent.
Then our cannon roar'd like thunder, sweeter
musick who could hear?
They did make our foes to wonder, fill'd their
hearts with dread and fear.

Their privateers at anchor lying we did sink
before their face;
Women with their children crying from the
town did run a-pace.
By us their prison was confounded: to some it
proved a happy day;
Such as were not kill'd or wounded took to
their heels and run away.

Their nunnery did feel our fury, their blind zeal
could not them save;
Some in confusion and great hurry were sent by
us to their grave.
About their ears their houses tumbled, which
no doubt did grieve them sore;
Was ever haughty Spain so humbled by one
small ship as now before?

Two thousand shot and more we fir'd at their

churches, forts, and town,
It made us laugh till we were tir'd to see their houses tumble down:
Seventeen hundred and forty-four, sir, January the fifteenth day,
That we made the Spaniards rue, sir, our most noble British play.

We had in this bold action one man killed, and no more;
Which I think was enough to vex 'em, they having many in their gore.
Had the day but longer lasted, and our ship not damnify'd,
We'd made them surrender, we protested, or would all have surely dy'd.

We then soon for Lisbon sailed, where we got wine our hearts to cheer.
At Vigo widows their fates bewailed, and curst the time that we came there.
I wish that all our brave commanders, who sail the seas for Britain's right,
May like bold Holmes prove Alexanders, not fearing death when they do fight.

May he meet with a just treatment from our nation for the same,
For so bold and brave defeatment none but cowards can him blame.
Little Laughton, our third lieutenant, did at that time great valour show;
King and country's bold defendant, beloved by all that does him know.

Bring us wine, let it be sherry, fill the glass up

to the brink;
Drown all sorrows and be merry; to our noble
captain drink.
Pray God send our royal master George the
Second long to reign,
For to meet with no disaster, but the victory
always gain.

ADMIRAL MATTHEWS' ENGAGEMENT AGAINST THE COMBINED FLEETS OF FRANCE AND SPAIN.

Brave Admiral Matthews has been on the main,
With a true British heart, against France and Spain;
Resolving to fight for old England once more,
And make them knock under before he gives o'er;
For there never was such a bold fleet, as they say,
Sent out by Old England this many a day.

He had not long been on the sea, it is true,
Before [that] in sight there appear'd in his view
Twenty-eight sail of the French and proud Spain,
Who swiftly w[ere] sailing along the salt main.
Then he cry'd, 'My brave boys, look, see how they ride!
I hope in small time we shall soon cool their pride.'

We hoisted our sails, and away then we went,
With our guns all ready, and hearts likewise bent,
Until that we come to the view of them all;
Then strait our brave admiral unto us did call,
At the word of command to make ready with speed,
'For I think the proud Dons will fight us

indeed.'

But the wind prov'd contrary, we could not
pursue,
Altho' that we had them so full in our view;
And for to deceive us they did lay in wait,
Thinking we should follow them up to the
Straits:
Though our good God was pleas'd to alter the
wind,
Yet fortune unto us it proved unkind.

There is an old proverb I've lately thought on,
'When you think of a friend you're sure to find
none';
For when that I thought to see Lestock come by,
He was five miles a distance, and would not
come nigh;
But for all that misfortune, we never could
start,
We pursued after them with a true British
heart.

A mile's distance next day, they at us did fire,
But in half an hour we to them drew nigher,
Until that we came within pistol-shot,
Then we did let fly; and why should we not?
As we sent 'em one broadside, another did
come,
Which made our cannons [to] play, bomb!
bomb!

Our admiral then took his glass in his hand,
To espy what he could, as you shall understand;
A double shot came unto him so nigh,
That it took off the place where his arm did lye.

But for that misfortune, and all that foul play,
He held 'em six hours in hot battle that day.

The night being come, they straightway gave
o'er,
And went off with their cripples; we see 'em no
more.
But now that the war is proclaim'd against
France,
When we see them again we'll make 'em to
prance;
And if ever they into our presence do come,
We'll make our cannons play 'Britons, strike
home.'

Then straightway we left them in grief to
complain,
Whilst we are carousing along the salt main.
Pray God bless our fleet, and his Majesty too,
And grant them success wherever they go.
Concluding as this, and my song to end,
In Matthews' brave ship these verses were
penn'd.

A NEW SONG IN PRAISE OF BRAVE CAPTAIN HORNSBY.

Come all you brave sailors that plough on the main,
And hear of the brave Captain Hornsby by name;
How bravely he acted and play'd his own part,
That he made the proud Frenchmen to quake in their hearts.

The French captain came up, and said, 'You English dog, strike.'
'Not so,' said brave Hornsby, 'I first chuse to fight,
To strike to a Frenchman I hold it so base,
That I rather chuse to die in this place.'

The Frenchmen then boarded his vessel straightway,
And brave Captain Hornsby did shew them fine play;
He fought them five hours, five hours or more,
'Till thirty-six Frenchmen lay dead in their gore.

All the men that he had on his ship were but eight,
And yet to a Frenchman he scorn'd for to strike;
Tho' he had but one man for the Frenchman's ten,
He both burnt his vessel and drown'd all his men.

Come, all ye brave sailors that plough on the
main,
Remember the brave Captain Hornsby, by
name;
And if that a Frenchman commands you to
strike,
Give answer like Hornsby, you first chuse to
fight.

If you take a good courage, and have a strong
faith,
Trust in your Creator, he'll ne'er you forsake;
If you have but one man for the Frenchman's
ten,
You may both sink his vessel and drown all his
men.

Now brave Captain Hornsby, as I have been
told,
Has got as a present a medal of gold;
Besides a fine chain of gold so bright,
Because the proud French he so bravely did
fight.

Likewise every man in his ship, as we hear,
Has had five pounds paid him down for his
share;
The boys forty shillings a piece they have got
For standing so bravely against the French shot.

Now all you brave heroes that heareth this
song,
I beg you excuse if any, thing be wrong;
For I am no poet, nor scholar I swear,
But I love loyal subjects I vow and declare.

So let's all in the praise of Hornsby now sing,
For whom bonfires did blaze, and bells they did ring;
To hear of this battle so gallantly got,
And he and his men so preserved from the shot.

And now to conclude of brave Hornsby so bold,
I wish he was master of a million of gold;
For fighting so boldly against the proud French,
And laying them low in a watery trench.
Tho' he had but one man to the Frenchman's ten,
Yet he sunk both his vessel, and drown'd all his men.

CAPTAIN COBB'S BRAVERY.

Captain Cobb in Lynn doth dwell, a man of
worthy fame,
He went on board the bold *Bacchus*, a ship of
lovely fame, *fal lal lal, etc.*

From Lynn to Port there we were bound, and
for to load with wine;
And as we were returning home, a privateer
espyed.

Our master bold said, 'Every man stand true
[un]to his gun;
And let us give them a full broadside, and see if
we can them shun.'

No sooner we had fired at them, but the
Spaniards returned the same;
We tacked our ship about again, and gave them
[a]thump for their pain.

The second broadside the Spaniard [fired] they
wounded our captain sore,
'For quarters, quarters,' our captain [cried];
'No, damn it,' the boatswain swore,

'Go you down into your cabin, and leave all
things to me;
I'll warrant I'll make them all stand true, and
will gain the victory.'

We had no more than fourteen men, and two

boys which made sixteen;
We fought with a hundred and twenty-four men, and cleared our way of them.

There were thirty of them boarded us, a dreadful sight to see,
I could not get my gun to fire, and sore it did grieve me.

A blunderbuss I took in hand, and did them sweetly bang;
Some we drove into the sea, and some on the deck lay slain.

And the rest of them that was left alive, their arms we took from them;
And stowed them close down in their hold, till to England we came.

We began at four in the afternoon, and fought while eight at night;
And before we had fired at her larboard side on her we 'spyed a light.

No sooner [had] we fired at her, no more of her we could see,
God knows whether we sunk her, or whether she run away.

The Heavens above alone did us love, o'er our enemies to prevail;
So we set sail and away we came, with a fine and pleasant gale.

When to old England we come, and our merchants do hear of the same,

I hope they will some kindness shew, and
reward us for our pains.

If every Englishman like us would fight upon
the sea,
They need not fear to sail the seas, nor to face
the enemy.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S ESCAPE FROM THE GOODWIN SANDS.

Come all you jolly sailors that to the seas are bent,
I'll tell you of a story that shall make your hearts relent,
It's of the *Princess Royal*, that gallant ship of fame,
Commanded by bold Captain Lee by name.

On the seventh of February from the Nore we did sail,
Our topsails a flying with a fine and pleasant gale,
But no further then the Gun-fleet that night could we go
Where we lost our pinnace and three men in her also.

So then for the Gun-fleet we quickly did sail,
All for the Downs with a fine and pleasant gale,
And when we came down there our orders were so,
No further then the Downs our ship was to go,

And there for to wait to join our fleet,
All with Sir John Norris the French fleet to meet.
On the seventh day our fleet they came in,
Expecting at Dungeness the French fleet to trim.

So then from the Downs we quickly did sail,

All for Dungeness the French to prevail,
But then off Folkstone we was forc'd to bring to,
Where the French fleet did appear in our view.

Our captain on board the admiral he went,
To let him know our losses it was our full intent,
The admiral he order'd us to Spithead with speed,
But our thiler being broke we turn'd back again.

Four anchors we lost which grieved us full sore,
To think we had but one anchor and cable more,
So we stear'd for the Downs and when we came there
We let go our last anchor in despair.

Right on the Goodwin Sands O the wind it did blow,
Which fill'd our whole ship's company all full of woe.
But thanks be to God our cable it did hold,
Which saved the lives of so many sailors bold.

So now my lads since the danger it is o'er,
How merry we will be boys if e'er we get on shore,
With full flowing bowls the bumpers shall go round
With our lasses upon our knees our sorrows to drown.

So now to conclude and end my song,

It was a brisk young sailor unto the ship
belong'd
It was a brisk young sailor that these lines did
make,
And o'er a can of flip his heart would never
ake.

THE LOSS OF THE VICTORY MAN-OF-WAR.

Good people all, pray give attention, to this
fatal tragedy,
Which I am bound to mention of the gallant
Victory:
Fourteen hundred souls did perish, and are to
the bottom gone,
Oh! the dismal grief and horror of their widows
left alone.

When we first from Spithead sailed, convoy
unto Lisbon bound,
They with good flip and punch regaled a brave
new ship both right and sound:
A hundred and ten guns she mounted, all of
brass so smart and clean,
The best ship in the Navy counted, but alas! no
more is seen.

But the voyage proved fatal, as by the sequel
we shall find,
For as she was home returning, she was off
Scilly left behind
In a dreadful storm of lightning, and of hail and
thunder too,
And has never since been heard of, the
fatherless have cause to rue,

From Alderney we've information that they
heard that stormy night,
At least ninety guns to fire which did them

something affright:
But as the more the storm increased it gave
them more room to guess
That some ship upon the ocean, was in sad and
deep distress.

We saw floating some days after some spare
yards were drove on shore,
On which was the name *Victory*, this gave us
suspicion more:
That the noble ship was stranded on the
Gaskets was our fear,
Long we waited with impatience, but no news
of them could hear.

The brave gallant Admiral Balchen with
fourteen hundred men beside,
If she's lost, went to the bottom, and all at once
together died:
Oh! the dismal grief and horror if one had been
there to see,
How they all were struck with horror when
sunk down the *Victory*.

O! the sad and dismal story, I'm griev'd when I
the same relate,
So many blasted in their glory and at once
shared the same fate:
Some thinking on their wives and children, and
some on their parents dear,
Sunk to the bottom in a moment, and no time
to say a prayer.

O *Victory*! thou wast unlucky, but once before
was out at sea,
In the night run foul of the *Lion*, and her carved

work took away:
Now thou art gone to the bottom with a jovial company,
An admiral, marines and sailors, most unhappy *Victory*!

Oh! the grief of mournful widows, and their children fatherless,
And the grief of tender parents, is more than what I can express:
Some lamenting for their sweethearts overwhelm'd with grief we see,
Each one laments his dear relation, Oh! the fatal *Victory*!

Children crying for their fathers, widows weeping in distress,
God will surely be their comfort, and protect the fatherless.
He'll be a husband to the widow that loves honest industry,
And does give them His protection; farewell fatal *Victory*!

DISCONSOLATE JUDY'S LAMENTATION FOR THE ABSENCE OF HER TRUE LOVE JOHNNY, ON BOARD THE VICTORY, WITH ADMIRAL BALCHEN, NOW MISSING.

Tune of *Down by a Crystal River Side*.

Come pity me, young maidens all,
Who am brought into wretched thrall,
My love was prest away to sea,
And is on board the *Victory*.

When of him I did take my leave,
He said, 'Dear Judy, do not grieve;
Altho' I absent from you be,
Stout is our ship, the *Victory*.

'Brave Balchen is a gallant man,
And will conduct us safe to land;
Then my dear Judy I shall see,
When safe returns the *Victory*.'

Ah! John, indeed my heart did fail,
When you to Lisbon was to sail,
For dangers they are great at sea,
Oh! now where is the *Victory*.

O John, my lovely sailor dear,
My heart is sore opprest with fear;
A letter, true love, send to me,
From on board the *Victory*.

No cruel balls has hurt my dear,
No fatal rocks you have come near,
Nor taken by an enemy,
You nor the gallant *Victory*.

Nine hundred men on board you have,
A jolly crew both stout and brave
As ever did go out to sea,
God send safe home the *Victory*.

Dear Johnny, I at Portsmouth wait,
And watch for you early and late,
Wishing each moment for to see
Come sailing in the *Victory*.

ENGLAND'S GLORY; OR THE FRENCH KING STRIPPED.

Being a new song compos'd by Capt. Roberts, in praise of those bold sailors belonging to the *Prince Frederick*, and *Duke* Privateers, who took the two French ships with forty five waggon loads of money on board, which was brought through the City in triumph to the Tower.

Tune of *Avast! Honest Mess-mate.*

Come all you jolly seamen, that's willing to enter
On board of the *Duke*, your lives for to venture,
On board of the *Duke*, she's called by name,
She cruizes the seas for old England's fame.
Fal,
etc.

The fourth day of May from the Downs we set sail,
O, we were blest with a very fine gale:
And with the *Prince Frederick* being our Commodore,
We steered away, boys, for the Canary shore.
Fal,
etc.

The tenth day of July, it being very clear,
We espy'd three ships belonging to Mounsieur;
O, these three ships were coming from Peru,
With gold and silver, boys, all in our view.
Fal,

etc.

A broadside from these French dogs we did
receive,
But quickly two for one O we did them give:
But then at length they would no longer fight,
‘Our ships are a sinking’ for quarter they cry’d.
Fal,
etc.

We hoisted out our pinnace, went to them
straitway,
We boarded two of their ships the very same
day;
We brought all the prisoners on board our own
ship,
Our hearts then within us began for to leap.
Fal,
etc.

Then we went to Kingsale, being the nearest
place,
That we durst go to for to show our face:
Where we had good wine and punch in gollore,
And rum and brandy, boys, all in good store.
Fal,
etc.

THE LUCKY SAILOR; OR THE SAILOR'S INVITATION TO GO WITH ADMIRAL ANSON.

Come jolly sailors, join with me,
Come jolly sailors, join with me,
To fight with Anson for renown,
That we the French pride may pull down!
We'll take 'em all upon the seas;
We'll take 'em all upon the seas;
We'll make 'em strike where'er we meet,
Or serve 'em all as we've done these.

My boys, you heard what we have done, (*bis*)
Ten sail of men-of-war we took,
And made the merchant-men to run;
Our admiral he ordered then, (*bis*)
Three men-of-war to chase 'em all,
To sink and take whate'er they can.

The *Centurion* first led the van, (*bis*)
And held 'em till we came up;
Then we their hides did sorely bang,
Our broadsides we on them did pour, (*bis*)
We gave the French a sower d[r]ench,
And soon their topsails made them lower.

And when they saw our fleet come up, (*bis*)
They for quarters call'd without delay,
And their colours they that moment struck
O! how we did rejoice and sing, (*bis*)
To see such prizes we had took,

For ourselves and for George our King.

O! now, my boys, I'm come on shore, (*bis*)
I'll make you drink before we part;
Such luck I never had before.
Here is a health to those brave men, (*bis*)
That did command this noble fleet,
Bold Anson and brave Warren.

My boys our prizes is arrived, (*bis*)
Which when the people they did see,
It did their very hearts revive.
With joy and mirth we spent the night, (*bis*)
In drinking loyal healths all round,
It was such a welcome sight.

Our ships are all a fitting up, (*bis*)
Again with Anson we will go,
I wish we may have but good luck.
My boy, I'd have you to go too, (*bis*)
For Anson is a lucky man,
Where'er he comes he makes 'em rue.

This is the second time you've seen (*bis*)
The waggon loads of money come,
And all taken by brave Anson.
Come now, my boys, drink off a glass; (*bis*)
Let's not forget now we're come home,
Each bold sailor's pretty lass.

TIT FOR TAT: A SEA KICK FOR A LAND CUFF.

Being the sailors' song upon our having a Hawke's eye on the French fleet, the fourteenth of October last [1747].

1

Ring, ring out our bells! and to Calais from Dover
Let our cannons loud roar carry France the news over,
That the balance of land and sea war we've brought home,
And our prizes, at Portsmouth, pay their Bergen-opzoom.
So Huzzah! to King George, boys; long, long may he reign,
By the right of old England, long lord of the main!
So Huzzah! to King George, etc.

2

Now hark! and you'll hear (and with truth 'twill be told)
How the seas have been swept by his true hearts of gold:
In the month of October, to West Indies bound,
A fleet so becrowded with numbers we found,
Tho' our ken could not count 'em, our first chasing gun
Observ'd 'em less forward to fight than to run.
Tho' our ken could not count 'em, etc.

3

All, all hands aloft, and away ’fore the wind,
Full sail sped their merchants, from convoys behind;
Yet, to do their tall ships the true honour we owe ’em,
Tho’ to beat was above ’em, to fly was below ’em.
But their cargoes, in danger, had no time to talk;
So like pigeons they flew from our bold British Hawk.
But their cargoes, in danger, etc.

4

Now broadsides to broadsides, smash! thro’ and thro’ boring,
Made the sea seem a forest of lions all roaring!
But the *Severn’s* bruised ribs felt our shot fly so sore,
That her loud fifty mouths never spoke a word more.
So silenc’d we left her, without more concern,
To be catch’d, as we saw, by our frigates astern.
So silenc’d we left her, etc.

5

Of their *Trident* our *Devonshire* came alongside,
And souse! in her guts, such a dose did she hide,
That the rummaging pills almost work’d her to death,
For she soon, like the *Severn*, lay gasping for breath.
Then bounce! came their *Terrible*—foul on a

Tartar;
But she too sung small, till she cry'd out for quarter.
Then bounce! came their Terrible, etc.

6

Now shatter'd and batter'd (Morbleu! such a sight!)
Their *Thunder* knock'd under, and stole off by night;
When six of their squadron, that scarcely could creep,
We lugg'd and tugg'd home, in our harbours to sleep.
And so large were their hulks, tho' we ply'd 'em with rubbing,
To be sure their thick hides took a good deal of drubbing.
And so large were their hulks, etc.

7

And now, the next year, when the prizes we've made
By our own hands are mann'd out, we'll drive a French trade;
While the sea is our market, for squadrons we'll barter,
And give for first rates only bullets and quarter!
So, Huzzah! to King George, boys; long, long may he reign,
By the right of old England, long lord of the main.
So, Huzzah! etc.

8

While our salt water walls so begird us about,
And our cruisers, and bruisers, keep good
looking out,
What force need old England to fear can offend
her,
From France, or from Spain, or a Popish
Pretender?
So, Huzzah! to King George, boys; long, long
may he reign,
By the right of old England, long lord of the
main.
So Huzzah! etc.

A NEW SONG ON ADMIRAL KNOWLS TAKING PORT LOUIS.

Tune of *Duke of Lorain and the Princess Royal.*

Let every loyal Briton sing
Prosperity to George our King;
He that refuses let him swing,
As many has done before him;
But I shall raise my chearfull voice,
Let Englishmen with me rejoice,
For valiant Knowls, huzza! brave boys,
The sailor does admire.

Hispaniola and Louis Port
Afforded Englishmen brave sport.
Brave news, brave news for the British Court,
Those places both are taken;
We've taken Pondicherry too.
Another scene appears in view:
Jago de Cuba soon must rue,
If I am not mistaken.

It is such valiant acts as these
That makes Mounsieur cry out for peace:
Morblue hostilities pray cease
And I'll return all Flanders!
Let all true Britons fill their bowls,
A health to that hero Admiral Knowls,
A health to our Brittish sailors bold
That fought with this brave comander.

Another glass to the sailors brave
That with him such proofs of valour gave;

Confusion to the rebel slave
That does refuse to drink it!
Let all true Britons fill their bowls:
A health to hero Admiral Knowls,
A health to our British sailors bold
That fought with this brave commander.

A NEW SONG.

Sung by HANNAH SNELL, alias JAMES GRAY, at the New-Wells *Goodman's Fields*.

Tune of *Come and listen to my Ditty, etc.*

I.

All ye noble British spirits that midst dangers
glory sought,
Let it lessen not your merit that a woman
bravely fought:
Cupid slily first inroll'd me, Pallas next her
force did bring,
Press'd my heart to venture boldly for my love
and for my King.

II.

Sailorlike, to fear a stranger, straight I ventured
on the main,
Facing death and every danger, love and glory
to obtain;
Tell me, you who hear my story, what could
more my courage move?—
George's name inspired with glory, William was
the man I lov'd.

III.

When from William Susan parted she but wept
and shook her hand;
I, more bold (tho' tender-hearted), left my
friends and native land;
Bravely by his side, maintaining British rights, I

shed my blood,
Still to him unknown remaining, watch'd to
serve and do him good.

IV.

In the midst of blood and slaughter, bravely
fighting for my King,
Facing death from every quarter, fame and
conquest home to bring;
Sure you'll own 'tis more than common, and the
world proclaim it too,
Never yet did any woman more for love and
glory do.

THE LIGHTERMAN'S PRENTICE PREST AND SENT TO SEA.

A prentice I was at Wapping-new-stairs,
And a smart young lad was I;
But that old blackguard old W——d,
He inform'd, and had forty shillings for me.
It was on the last day of February,
In the year of fifty-five:
He had me taken out of bed;
When my friends heard it, lord! how they cry'd.
My mother and my cousin both
They on board of the tender came with speed,
And thro' the grates to them I talk'd,
It was enough to make any heart to bleed.
My mother and my cousin both,
They in a boat did go ashore.
Then from the Tower we set sail,
For the *Yarmouth* rideing at the Nore.
In happen'd on a Sunday morning
We arrived at the Nore;
The commodore fir'd his signal gun
For the women all to go ashore.
And when unto the ship I went,
They put me in a great surprize;
There I heard some swearing and some cursing,
And some damning their precious eyes,
To think that the commodore fir'd his signal
For all their wives to go ashore;
There was some crying and some sniffling,
Crying 'My dear, I shall see you no more.'
Then from the Nore we did set sail,
And unto Spithead we was bound.

It was a pretty sight to see
The lasses lin'd round Portsmouth town.
Then from the *Yarmouth* I was sent
On board of *Captain*, so-call'd by name;
There I fell sick on board of her,
And to Gosport hospital sent for the same.
There for three long months I stay'd,
And very bad I was indeed;
But I got well and away I went
On board of the *Captain* with speed.
I had not been on board her long
Before the fleet they all did sail,
From Spithead to St. Helens, boys,
With a fine and pleasant gale.
And when to St. Helens, boys, we came,
The wind at west was very high;
Sir Edward Hawke hove out his signal,
For to come to anchor that very night.
Sir Edward he hove out another signal,
For the captain's boat to come with speed,
It was for to turn over fifty hands,
On board of the *Ipswich* indeed.
And when alongside of the *Ipswich* we came,
I boldly in her jump'd in:
And a-cruizing the Channel I went in her,
And the French dogs we did sweetly trim.
We'd not been out above six weeks
Before the news to us was brought:
Then to take, sink, burn, and destroy
All the French ships we came athwart.
It happen'd on a Sunday morning,
As we was on our starboard tack,
Between the hours of nine and ten,
Three sail of Frenchmen we did take.
We fir'd a shot and hoisted our colours,
Then to let them see what we was;

As soon as they came along side us
They saw we was English boys,
Then straitway they haul'd down their colours,
And unto us they did strike;
And they know'd that they must sink,
If they had offer'd for to fight.
We took five more, which made us eight,
And away to Spithead, boys, we went.
And now, my lads, we're come to an harbour,
We can go to rest with great content.
So all young men that row in the lighters
Keep yourselves free from a press-gang,
And when ever you come athwart old W——d
For my sake give him a hearty damn.

BRITAIN'S RESOLUTION TO FIGHT THE FRENCH.

(? 1756)

Come join with me, you Britons bold,
Ne'er let your country be sold;
We'll let the French to understand,
We'll fight them both by sea or land,
With hearts of steel and sword in hand,
Like Britons bold.

Brave Prince George shall command
Our English [army], boys, by land;
And when we meet our enemy,
We'll let them know we'll fight or die,
And quickly make them for to fly
From Britons bold.

Brave Anson and Hawke, brave Mostyn and West,
They are all admirals of the best;
And brave Boscawen we'll not pass by,
For he will either fight or dy,
And from the French he'll never fly,
He is a Briton bold.

In brave Plymouth Harbour near the main,
There's a hundred sail of French ships we've ta'en;
Already, boys, they have a drench,
We have many thousands of the French,
Confin'd in close imprisonment,
By Britons bold.

Our Parliament they do agree
That all these ships shall prizes be.
There's many a thousand pound in gold,
For many a jolly sailor bold,
Who did his enemies controul,
Like Britons bold.

Proud Lewis says, we understand,
That he will invade our British land;
But if he dare to show his face
Before Prince George's royal grace,
We'll make them glad to quit the place,
Like Britons bold.

Come, my boy, and let us go
To fight the proud, insulting foe;
Come, let us finish what's begun,
And see what is for to be done,
We have oft-times beat them four to one,
Like Britons bold.

May God protect us in the field,
Against our enemies' sword and shield;
Then fear not Charley's Highland plods,
Nor yet proud Lewis's wooden gods,
But scourge them with good English rods,
Like Britons bold.

God bless great George upon the throne,
And may he now enjoy his own;
May God preserve him day and night,
And let him long enjoy his right,
He is all loyal souls' delight.
[*Like Britons bold.*]

THE TERRIBLE PRIVATEER.

You sailors all of courage bold,
Now a true story I will unfold;
How we behaved you soon shall hear,
On board the *Terrible* privateer.

We touch'd at Plymouth, it was for men,
Unto the seas we went again,
And being blest with a pleasant gale,
Hop'd with our enemies to prevail.

We had not long been on the sea,
Before a Frenchman we did see;
He was well rigg'd, and come from France,
Her name was call'd the bold *Valance*.

We crowded all the sail we could,
Our thundering cannons fire we would;
Many a gallant sailor fell,
On board the ship call'd the *Terrible*.

Powder and ball did fly so fast,
Four hours and a half this fight did last,
But a sad misfortune us befell,
On board the ship call'd the *Terrible*.

We boldly gave them gun for gun,
Till the blood out of our scuppers run,
Our captain and our [mate] being slain,
We could no longer the fight maintain.

To board us then they did begin,

And stript us naked to the skin;
They put us all in the hole together,
Where twenty-seven poor souls were smother'd.

They sail'd with us to the first sea port,
And bound us in prison strong;
Where full nine months we did lay,
Before the Carteel did fetch us away.

Here's a health unto our British fleet,
Grant they with these privateers may meet,
And [have] better luck than the *Terrible*,
And sink those Mounsiers all to hell.

CAPTAIN DEATH.

The muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views has their bosom inspir'd;
As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend;
So here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath,
To one British hero—'tis brave Captain Death.

The ship was the *Terrible*—dreadful to see!
His crew was as brave and as valiant as he;
Two hundred or more was their full
complement,
And sure braver fellows to sea never went.
Each man was determined to spend his last
breath
In fighting for Britain and brave Captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force.
And soon the brave ship was lost in her course;
The French privateer and the *Terrible* met,
The battle began all with horror beset:
No heart was dismay'd, each bold as Macbeth,
The sailors rejoiced, so did brave Captain
Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were soon heard
and felt,
A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt;
The shrouds [were] all torn and the decks fill'd
with blood,
And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the
flood;

The flood, from the time of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er saw such a man as our brave Captain
Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his
fate,
Our brave captain dropt, and soon after his
mate;
Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
That soon dy'd the waves to a crimson from
green;
Then Neptune rose up, and he took off his
wreath,
And gave it a triton to crown Captain Death.

Thus fell the strong *Terrible*, bravely and bold,
But sixteen survivors the tale can unfold;
The French were the victors, tho' much to their
cost,
For many brave French were with Englishmen
lost.
For thus says old Time, 'Since Queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er saw the fellow of brave Captain Death.'

A NEW SONG (ON BLAKENEY AND BYNG).

Come all you brave Britons wherever you be,
Fill up your glasses to brave Blakeney;
O'er a full flowing bowl our voices shall ring,
Huzza for brave Blakeney, and God save the
King.
Sing tantarara shoot Byng, etc.

Here's a health to brave Blakeney, so stout and
so bold,
Who the fort of St. Philip so bravely did hold;
Had he been reinforced by Admiral Byng,
He'd not yielded St. Philip unto the French
King.
Sing tantarara, etc.

And when that he came unto the British shore,
The bells they did ring and the guns they did
roar,
In a full flowing bowl his valour shall ring,
Huzza for brave Blakeney and shoot Mr. Byng.
Sing tantarara, etc.

I had like to have forgot our brave Captain
Carr,
When Admiral Byng call'd a council of war;
He boldly made answer, 'The King sent all we
To defend fort St. Philip, and help brave
Blakeney.'
Sing, etc.

Then he left Admiral B., and away he did steer,
In spite of the guns of the great Galissionère,
[*sic*]
In the fort of St. Philip he landed his men,
And sank the brave *Dolphin* in the harbour then.
Sing, etc.

So God save our admirals who are loyal and
right,
For their King and country like Blakeney they'll
fight.
And those who are treach'rous in a halter let
swing,
Huzza for brave Blakeney, and God save the
King.
Sing, etc.

THE LETTER OF A CERTAIN ADMIRAL.

Mr. Cleveland, I pray, to their lordships you'll say
We are glad and rejoice above measure:
When you have read what is writ you, you'll laugh till it split you,
And so give me joy of my pleasure.

We'd a wind, you must know, as fair as could blow,
And therefore in days just eleven,
We had sail'd from the shore, full ten leagues or more,
And saw nought but the ocean and heaven.

Then seventeen ships came licking their lips.
And crying out, 'Fee, faw and fum';
Bigger each than Saint Paul; guns, the devil and all;
And, egad, looking wondrous glum.

But no matter for that, who says pit-a-pat?
We tack'd, and we stood to the weather;
We tack'd quite about, right and left, brave and stout,
And so we were sideways together.

Souls five score and two, maugre all they could do,
We took in a tartan alive;
Six hundred did sail in the vessel so frail,
But our hundred had eat up the five.

But of this by the bye; for now we drew nigh
To each other—quite close—nay, 'tis true;
Six times two of the line, large, grand, bright and fine;
Five frigates! but look'd rather blue.

'Fair honour,' quoth I, 'in thy arms let me die,
And my glory burn clear in the socket';
Not an ounce more of powder, or a gun a note louder,
So the d[irections] I put in my pocket.

Brave West led the van, I follow'd amain;
Such closing, and raking, and work,
With foresails and braces all flutt'ring in pieces,
'Twould have melted the heart of a Turk.

But the devil, in spite, to blast our delight,
Got aboard the *Intrepid*, his daughter;
Made her jump, fly, and jumble, reel, elbow, and tumble,
And drove us quite out of the water.

And now, being tea-time, we thought it was the time
To talk over what we had done;
So we put on the kettle our tempers to settle;—
And presently set the fair sun.

Our council next day, in seemly array,
Met, sat, and debated the story:
We found that our fleet at last might be beat,
And then, you know, where is the glory?

Moreover, 'twas plain, three ships in the van
Had their glasses and china all broke;

And this gave the balance, in spite of great
talents,
Against us—a damnable stroke!

Without fear of reproaches, as sound as your
roaches,
Of glory we've sav'd our whole stock;
'Twere pity, indeed, to lose it, or bleed,
For a toothless old man and a rock.

A RUEFUL STORY, ADMIRAL B——G'S GLORY, OR WHO RUN AWAY FIRST.

A New Ballad to the tune of *John, Duke of Marlborough*.

Give ear, ye sons of glory,
Of greater deeds I sing
Than e'er were recorded in story,
All done by great Admiral Byng.
Sing, sing, O rare Admiral Byng.

It was in the very same sea, sir,
His father's fleet did swim:
His father fought well, we agree, sir,
But his father was nothing like him.
Sing, sing, O great Admiral Byng.

At first he came to Gibraltar,
Where he was [for] succours to call;
But wisely his orders did alter,
And took no succours at all.
Sing, sing, O wise Admiral Byng.

While Portmahon was invaded,
And Blakeney defended the fort,
In the sea for a while he paraded,
And then took a peep at the port.
Sing, sing, O bold Admiral Byng.

At length he descried the foe, sir,
Whom he bravely determined to beat,
If he cou'd without striking a blow, sir,
Or hurting his Majesty's fleet.
Sing, sing, O brave Admiral Byng.

And when the engagement began, sir,
The admiral stuck to his plan;
For he fought without firing a gun, sir,
Or loosing a single man.
Sing, sing, O rare Admiral Byng.

West gallantly charg'd in the van, sir,
Without dismay or fear;
But Byng, who would not risk a man, sir,
Kept cautiously snug in the rear.
Sing, sing, great Rear-Admiral Byng.

At length the French run away, sir,
As Frenchmen are apt to do:
But he scorn'd to give them foul play, sir,
So *he* civilly run away too.
Sing, sing, generous Admiral Byng.

For behaving so well in the ocean,
At least he deserves well a string;
And if he wou'd sue for promotion,
I hope they will give him his swing.
Swing, swing, O rare Admiral Byng!

ADMIRAL BYNG AND BRAVE WEST.

I said unto brave West, ‘Take the van, take the van,’
I said unto brave West, ‘Take the van.’
I said unto brave West,
‘As you like fighting best,
I in the rear will rest,
Take the van.’

Brave West did boldly act in the van, in the van,
Brave West did boldly act in the van;
As he did boldly act,
I call’d my own ships back;
Else he’d put the French to wrack
Near Mahon.

Oh! woe to cursed gold! ohon! ohon!
Oh! woe to cursed gold! ohon!
Oh! woe to cursed gold;
For Minorca I have sold,
That gallant place of old,
With Mahon!

It’s decreed by the King, I do hear, I do hear,
He’s decreed it the nation to please,
It’s decreed by the King,
I’ll be shot by my marines,
For the misdeed I have deen
On the seas.

A NEW SONG WRITTEN ON THE ISLE OF AIX.

Tune of *Every Man keep his own Room.*

I am a sailor bold, and press'd to served the King,
I am sent upon an errand some laurels home to bring:
I am now on the coast, boys, where they are to be had,
But alas! I dare not gather them, which makes me raving mad.
Mad, boys, mad. Alas! I dare not gather them, which makes me raving mad.

It's enough to make a dog mad, to see a pudding creep.
If he could not get at it, he'd bark and howl and weep;
Methinks I see the laurels grow and easy to be had,
Alas! I dare not gather them, which makes me raving mad.
Mad, boys, mad, etc.

My master has a nosegay, but it is not compleat,
Tho' the royal rose of England is excellently sweet;
The laurel and French lilly in plenty may be had:
Alas! I dare not gather them, which makes me

raving mad.
Mad,
boys, mad, etc.

The Derbyshire and Cheshire boys by Henry were sent
To fetch the Flower-de-Luce home, and chearfully they went;
They brought it home to England which made their hearts full glad;
But if their hands had been confin'd they all had been stark mad,
Alas! I dare not gather them, which makes me raving mad.
Mad,
boys, mad, etc.

If I without my errand to England do return,
Alas! I fear in effigy my body they will burn;
The boys will hollow after me, as I do pass along,
And evry Grub-street printer will curse me in a song.
Song, boys, song. And every Grub-street printer will curse me in a song.

BOLD SAWYER.

Come all ye jolly sailors with courage stout and
bold,
Come enter with bold Sawyer, he'll cloath you
all in gold;
Repair on board the old *Nassau*,
As fine a ship as e'er you saw,
We'll make the French to stand in awe;
She's mann'd with British boys.

Commander Keppel with his good design,
Commanded the squadron, five sail of the line,
The *Prince Edward* of forty guns,
The *Firedrake* and *Furnace* bombs,
To take Goree it must be done,
By true British boys.

The 29th of October from Spithead we set sail,
Kind Neptune convey'd us with a sweet and
pleasant gale,
So steering on the Barbary shore,
Distance about twelve leagues or more,
The wind at west aloud did roar;
Stand by, ye British boys.

So, steering on the lee-shore until the break of
day,
We spy'd a lofty sail on the Barbary shore to
lay,
In great distress she seem'd to be,
Her guns all overboard threw she,
Which prov'd the *Lichfield* for to be,

With all her British boys.

The wind blowing hard, we could give them no relief,
A stretching on the lee shore we touch'd at Teneriff.
So watering the ships at Santa Cruz,
Taking good wine for our ship's use,
We sold our cloaths good wine to booze,
Like brave British boys.

Our ship being water'd and plenty of good wine,
We hoisted up our top-sails and crost the tropic line.
The wind at west the leading gale,
Our gallant ship did sweetly sail;
Steady along she ne'er will fail,
With all her British boys.

'Steady a port! don't bring her by the lee!
Yonder is the flag-staff at Goree, I do see.'
We brought the city within sight,
Anchor'd in Goree bay that night,
Clear'd our ships ready to fight,
Like brave British boys.

Early next morning the *Prince Edward* of forty guns
Was station'd off the island to cover our two bombs,
The old *Nassau* she led the van,
With all her jovial fighting men,
The drums did beat 'to quarter stand,'
Like brave British boys.

We sail'd up to their batteries as close as we
could lay,
Our guns from the top and poop aloud did play,
Which made the French cry 'Morbleu!
Diable! what shall we do?
Here comes bold Sawyer and all his crew,
They're all British boys.'

Then, follow'd by the *Dunkirk* and *Torbay*,
The guns aloud did rattle and shells did play,
Which made the French their batteries
shun,
And from their trenches for to run,
The flag was struck, the fight was done,
O huzza! my British boys.

The *Nassau* and *Dunkirk* and *Torbay* of renown,
Three as fine ships as belong to the crown,
The only ships that fought so free,
In taking of the isle of Goree,
They are all British boys.

Boast not of Frenchmen nor yet of Maclome,
[*sic*]
Sawyer's as big a hero as ever you did hear,
Whilst the shot around him did flee,
In engaging twice the isle of Goree,
As valiant men as ever you see,
They are all British boys.

Here's a health to King George our sovereign
majesty,
Likewise to bold Sawyer that fought the French
so free,
Our officers and all our crew
Are valiant men as e'er you knew,

So here's a health to each true blue,
My brave British boys.

CAPTAIN BARTON'S DISTRESS ON BOARD THE LICHFIELD, BEING UNDER SLAVERY SEVENTEEN MONTHS AND FOURTEEN DAYS.

Come all you brave seamen that plows on the
main,
Give ear to my story [I'm] true to maintain;
Concerning the *Lichfield* that was cast away
On the Barbary shore by the dawn of the day.

The tenth of November, the weather being fine,
We sailed from Kingsale, five ships of the line,
With two bombs and two frigates with
transports also,
We was bound unto Goree to fight our proud
foe.

The 29th of November, by dawn of the light,
We spied land that put us in a fright,
We strove for to weather, but we run quite
aground,
The seas mountain high made our sorrow
abound.

Our mast we cut away, our wreck for to ease,
And being exposed to the mercy of the seas;
Where one hundred and thirty poor seamen did
die,
Whilst we all for mercy most loudly did cry.

Two hundred and twenty of us got on shore;

No sooner we landed but strip'd by the Moors,
Without any subsistence but dead hogs and
sheep,
That was drove on shore by the sea from the
ship.

For seven days together we thus did remain,
Our bodys quite naked for to increase our pain;
Till some Christian merchant that lives in the
land,
[He] sent us relief by his bountiful hand [*sic*],

Unto our fleet the same fate did share, [*sic*]
Then unto Morocco we all marched there,
Where they are captives in slavery to be,
Till old England thought proper for to set them
free.

When the black king we all come before,
He stroked his long beard, and by Mahomet he
swore,
'They are all stout and able and fit for the hoe,
Pray to my gardens, pray let them go.'

We had cruel Moors our drivers to be,
By the dawn of the day at the hoe we must be;
Untill four o'clock in the afternoon,
Without any remission, boys, work was our
doom.

If that you offer for to strike a Moor,
Straightway to the king they will have you
before,
Where they will basternade you till you have
your fill,
If that will not do, your blood they will spill.

So now in Morocco we shall remain,
Untill our ambassador cross[es] the main;
Where our ransom he'll bring, and soon set us
free,
And then to Gibraltar we'll go speedily.

So now, my brave boys, to old England we're
[bound],
We will have store of liquors our sorrow to
drown.
We will drink a good health, success never fall
[*sic*]
[Bad] cess to the bawd and the whores of
Kingsale.

GILCHRIST [AND] HOTHAM'S BRAVERY: A NEW SONG.

On their taking a large French ship of forty guns after a bloody engagement of three hours, and bringing her into Yarmouth.

You heroes of England, I pray you attend
Unto these new verses, which lately were penn'd;
It's of a bloody battle, I tell you plain,
Fought by Captain Hotham on the raging main.

His ship she is called *Melampe* by name,
Of thirty-six guns, a fine frigate of fame;
As he was a cruising one day by great chance,
He espied a frigate belonging to France

Who many rich prizes from England had ta'en,
When Hotham espied her on the raging main.
'I'm glad that I've found her,' he then did reply;
'Thou shalt go to England, or else by thee I'll die.'

The wind being fair, we soon her overtook,
She was full of men, and boldly they look;
She turned then upon us, with abundance of pride,
And instantly gave us a thundering broadside.

We gave them another, as good as they sent;
To take, or be taken, was our full intent.
Their metal was heavy, yet we did not care,
But stood to our quarters, and did them not

fear.

Like true British heroes our guns we did play,
'Fight boldly,' says Hotham, 'we shall win the day.
When as she is ta'en, for your valour so rare,
Ev'ry man in the ship shall have his just share.'

The *Southampton* she then triumphant did ride,
Brave Gilchrist he gave them a warming broadside.
With true British courage our guns we did load,
Which brought down her masts close by the board.

Upon Gilchrist's shoulder a ball did graze;
But the wound was not fatal, the Lord be prais'd;
And tho' he was so wounded, he smiling did say,
'She is so disabled, she can't run away.'

She struck to us quickly, we boarded her then,
We killed her more than an hundred men;
The father and son they both captains were,
And dy'd of their wounds, for truth we do hear.

Sure valianter captains never drew breath,
Than Gilchrist and Hotham, unless it was Death.
God prosper them both unto their lives end;
By a true loyal subject these verses were penn'd.

HAWKE'S ENGAGEMENT.

The fourteenth of [Nov]ember, in Torbay as we lay,
Bold Hawke did hoist his flag, sir, and came on board that day.
Kind Neptune did protect us, with a sweet and pleasant breeze,
We hoisted up our topsails, [to cross] the raging seas.

We had not crossed the raging seas full thirty leagues or more,
We spy'd a sail to windward, and down on us she bore.
O then he hail'd our admiral, and thus to him did say:
'The French fleet's all sailed out, sir, and bound for Quiberon Bay.'

'Can you tell me at what distance, and where about they lay?'
'O yes, kind sir,' he then replied, 'it's thirty leagues to-day.
There's twenty-two sail of the line to leeward of us do lie,
All clean and tight for action as ever you did see.'

Then up bespoke our captain bold, to Edward Hawke did say:
'This is the finest news, sir, that's brought to us this day.'

Then Hawke himself soon mounted upon the
lofty yard;
His wings were spread at large, my boys, and
after them we steer'd.

The fifteenth of [Nov]ember, the morning being
clear,
When twenty-two sail of the line to leeward did
appear.
All hands! all hands! did rattle, a glorious sight
to see;
Unto the fight prepar'd, my boys, like lions bold
and free.

We steer'd unto the French fleet as near as we
could ly,
Till twelve of them engaged us, and that most
speedily.
They made a bloody battle, the like was never
seen;
The first broadside we gave them, boys, we laid
them on their beams.

'Oh! that's a glorious broadside,' our admiral
replies;
'Now give them such another, their ships will
be a prize.'
Like thunder on the French fleet our cannons
they did roar,
We sunk the pride of France, my boys, all on
their native shore.

O! don't you see the pride of France to the
depths is going down,
With many a dismal sigh, sir, and many a
grievous groan.

Conflans was sore affrighted, he could no
longer stay;
The rest of them turn'd tail, my boys, like
cowards ran away.

O, then they steer'd for Corjack Bay, where we
led them a dance,
It proved to be the fatal blow that sunk the
crown of France.
The *Rising Sun* we burn'd, and the poor *Prince*
likewise,
And two of them we sunk, my boys, and one we
made our prize.

So now the fight is over, fill up a flowing bowl;
Whilst we're upon the raging seas there's none
can us controul.
Here's a health to all commanders that are loyal
just and true,
Likewise unto Sir Edward Hawke, and the *Royal*
George's crew.

NEPTUNE'S RESIGNATION.

The wat'ry god, great Neptune, lay
In dalliance soft and amorous play
  On Amphitrite's breast;
When uproar rear'd its horrid head,
The Tritons shrunk, the Nereids fled,
  And all their fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook the vast domain,
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
  The god amazed spoke:
'Ye winds go forth and make it known
Who dares to shake my coral throne,
  And fill my realms with smoke!'

The winds, obsequious at his word,
Sprung strongly up t' obey their lord,
  And saw two fleets a-weigh:
The one, victorious Hawke, was thine;
The other, Conflans' wretched line,
  In terror and dismay.

Appal'd, they view Britannia's sons
Deal death and slaughter from their guns,
  And strike the deadly blow,
Which caused ill-fated Gallic slaves
To find a tomb in briny waves,
  And sink to shades below.

With speed they fly and tell their chief
That France was ruin'd past relief,
  And Hawke triumphant rode.

‘Hawke!’ cry’d the fair, ‘pray who is he
That dare usurp this power at sea,
  And thus insult a god?’

The winds reply: ‘In distant lands
There reigns a king who Hawke commands;
  He scorns all foreign force;
And when his floating castles roll,
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
  Great Hawke directs their course.

‘Or when his winged bullets fly
To punish fraud and perfidy,
  Or scourge a guilty land,
Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,
Tho’ death and horror round him wait,
  Performs his dread command!’

Neptune with wonder heard the story
Of George’s sway and Britain’s glory,
  Which time shall ne’er subdue;
Boscawen’s deeds, and Saunders’ fame,
Join’d with brave Wolfe’s immortal name,
  Then cry’d, ‘Can this be true?

‘A king! he sure must be a god!
Who has such heroes at his nod,
  To govern earth and sea!
I yield my trident and my crown,
A tribute due to such renown!
  Great George shall rule for me!’

HEARTS OF OAK.

(*In Harlequin's Invasion, sung by Champness, 1759*).

The words by David Garrick. The music by Dr. Boyce.

Come cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never see us but they wish us away:
If they run, why we follow, and run them on shore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, etc.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They'll frighten our women, and children, and beaux;
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Hearts of oak, etc.

We'll still make them run and we'll still make
them sweat,
In spite of the Devil and Brussels Gazette.
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us
sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and
King.
Hearts of oak, etc.

THUROT'S DREAM.

The twenty-first of February, as I've heard the people say,
Three French ships of war came and anchored in our bay:
They hoisted English colours and landed at Kilroot,
And marched their men for Carrick without further dispute.

Colonel Jennings being there, at that pretty town,
His heart it was a-breaking while the enemy came down;
He could not defend it for the want of powder and ball,
And aloud to his enemies for 'quarter' did call.

As Thurot in his cabin lay he dreamed a dream:
That his grandsire's voice came to him and called him by his name,
Saying, 'Thurot, your'e to blame for lying so long here,
For the English will be in this night, the wind it bloweth fair.'

Then Thurot started up, and said unto his men:
'Weigh your anchors, my brave lads, and let us begone;
We'll go off this very night, make all the haste you can,
And we'll steer south and south-east, straight

for the Isle of Man.'

Upon the next day the wind it blew north-west,
And Elliot's gallant seamen they sorely were
oppressed;
They could not get in that night, the wind it
blew so high;
And as for Monsieur Thurot, he was forced for
to lie by.

Early the next morning, as daylight did appear,
Brave Elliot he espied them, which gave to him
great cheer.
It gave to him great cheer, and he to his men
did say:
'Boys, yonder's Monsieur Thurot, we'll shew
him warm play.'

The first ship that came up was the *Brilliant*
without doubt,
She gave to them a broadside, and then she
wheeled about;
The other two then followed her, and fired
another round.
'Oh, oh! my lads,' says Thurot; 'this is not
Carrick town.'

Then out cried Monsieur Thurot, with his
visage pale and wan:
'Strike, strike your colours, brave boys, or
they'll sink us—every man;
Their weighty shot comes in so hot on both the
weather and the lee;
Strike your colours, my brave boys, or they'll
sink us in the sea.'

Before they got their colours struck great
slaughter there was made,
And many a gallant Frenchman on Thurot's
decks lay dead;
They came tumbling down the shrouds, upon
his deck they lay,
While our brave Irish heroes cut their booms
and yards away.

And as for Monsieur Thurot, as I've heard
people say,
He was taken up by Elliot's men and buried in
Ramsey Bay.

Now for to conclude, and put an end unto my
song,
To drink a health to Elliot, I hope it is not
wrong;
And may all French invaders be served the
same way;
Let the English beat the French by land, our
Irish boys on sea.

A NEW SONG ON THE GALLANT BEHAVIOUR OF CAPTAIN O'BRIAN AND CAPTAIN TAYLOR.

A new song on the gallant behaviour of Captain O'Brian, commander of his Majesty's ship the *Temple*, and Captain Taylor, commander of the *Griffin*, in destroying three privateers and the fortifications on one of the French West India Islands.

Observe this true relation, and listen unto me;
'Tis of a bloody battle, lately fought upon the sea,
By brave Captain O'Brian and his bold English tars,
Commander of that gallant ship, the *Temple* man-of-war.

The pretty little *Griffin* did bear her company;
And as they were a-sailing by chance they did espy,
Nigh unto Martinico they did espy there fair,
Three privateers belonging to the French, and after them did steer.

O'Brian said, 'My English lads, now is the only time
To cool the lofty Frenchmen's pride as they sail in their prime';
They answered their captain, 'We will the Frenchmen scare,
We'll venture life and limbs with you in the

Temple man-of-war.'

The wind it proved fair, and we after them did steer,
And in a little time, brave boys, we did to them draw near;
A broadside then we gave them, which made the Frenchmen stare,
They little dream'd so nigh they'd got the *Temple* man-of-war.

The pretty little *Griffin* behaved most manfully,
Like showers of hail from our two ships our fiery balls did fly;
The privateers they all three struck to us immediately,
And from their batteries they fir'd, but could not us come nigh.

We turned [unto] their batteries and briskly fired away,
Until their guns and walls, brave boys, came tumbling in the sea;
Their forces they did run for fear, they were so sorely scar'd,
At the pretty little *Griffin* bold and the *Temple* man-of-war.

Then further in the harbour two ships we did espy,
Also a strong grand battery, and at them we let fly.
For four days we did stay there, and every night and morn
We did give them a grand salute, and we fired our evening guns.

Two batteries we did then destroy, and five
ships took away,
And brought them safe to Guadaloupe, where
now they all do stay.
There is but one [man] kill'd, behold, and five
that wounded are,
In the pretty little *Griffin* bold and the *Temple*
man-of-war.

A NEW SONG ON THE TAKING OF HAVANNAH.

Give ear, true Britons to my song, and joyful
acclamations;
'Tis the noble deeds now done by our own
relations.
While Albemarle did command, Pocock and
General Keppel:
Let Moro Fort, and Spaniards vaunt if Britons
be unable.

Against Havannah we set sail, with a fleet of
combination;
Land troops we likewise had on board, to pay
off Spain's aggression.
We moor'd our ships, and landed our troops,
the Spaniards came down raging;
But they found we were true British boys, as we
their fury were swaging.

We chac'd the Spaniards thro' the woods, and
hunted them like mawkin,
And turn'd up hundreds in their fuds, the rest
ran homeward quaking.
For though they came in thousands on, our fire
would make them scatter,
But we true Britons kept our ground, while
blood did run like water.

The Spaniards judg'd the Moro's fort the
Briton's strength would banter,
But when we blew it up i' the air, they tuned

another chanter.
Bold Harvey with three noble ships their walls
by sea did batter,
While we bombarded it on land, and did their
out-works clatter.

But never was heard such woful thuds as the
Cambridge and *Marlborough* [did give
'em]
The *Dragon* fired as brisk as they, but for smoak
none could perceive them.
The *Cambridge* got her captain shot, and a
hundred more beside him,
Brave Harvey then his station quit, for five long
hours he try'd them.

But finding it bomb and cannon proof, we then
did give it over,
And sprung a mine below their walls, which
split the rocks in shivers.
Some Spaniards went up with the blast, which
made their fellows wonder,
Such a hideous roar ne'er heard before, it far
exceeded thunder.

Then we approach'd upon a breach, our
firelocks cock'd and ready,
Where the Spaniards met us for a brush,
imploring on their Lady
To aid Velasco a Spaniard bold, a valiant sea
commander,
Who vow'd for to defend his fort, while Marza
kept up his standard.

O, then began the bloody fray, with bayonets
and broad swords champing,

Through bones and bellies we made our way,
and dying men under us trampling;
Of seven hundred Spaniards here, scarce left
alive was eighty,
Velasco by his standard fell, whose deeds were
counted mighty.

Then to Havannah we did march, and trenches
rais'd like mountains,
Then cut away their water pipes, which
supplied them with fresh fountains,
Our batteries then began to play, with roars
aloud like thunder,
Which dash'd their walls and chimnies down,
yet loath for to knock under.

O, then with bombs and fiery balls, threatened
their utter ruin,
Which rais'd such cries, as pierc'd the skies, for
mercy they were suing.
[Juan] de Prado to British tars was loath to be
subjected,
But brave Albemarle told him his fate was then
to be ransacked,

Or buried in the city's ruin, him and his whole
fraternity;
This made him to subjection yield, and so they
were disarmed;
All stores and treasures of the place are bought
by Briton's glory,
Seven ships; their arms and everything, and
that's a noble story.

O, then with honour we lin'd their gates, and
bravery to our wishing,

And turn'd Don Spaniard from their posts,
which they held by commission;
May our noble King prosper long, and all his
brave commanders,
Who bravely led on Britain's sons, to knock
down popish standards.

LORD ANSON AND HAWKE.

Ye brave *British sailors*, true sons of the main,
Who scorn to submit to the insults of *Spain*,
Leave to landsmen their politick schemes and
their talk,
And enter on board the *Lord Anson* and *Hawke*.

These two noble heroes, whose names our ships
bear,
Made the *Spaniards* to tremble, the *Frenchmen*
to fear;
Secure of success, then, your fortune ne'er balk,
But enter on board the *Lord Anson* and *Hawke*.

Let the wise politicians of *France* and of *Spain*,
Threat to take from *Great Britain* her rule o'er
the main;
Their plate ships shall pay for their arrogant
talk,
If they come but in sight of the *Anson* and
Hawke.

The wages, the ingots, the wealth of Peru,
The Spaniards are getting and hoarding for you;
You shall ride in your coaches, whilst cowards
shall walk,
Who durst not engage in the *Anson* and *Hawke*.

Then aboard, my brave lads, and with hearts
stout and true,
The road unto riches and glory pursue;
That your wives may dress fine, and your

children may talk
Of your noble exploits in the *Anson* and *Hawke*.

Here's a health to King George, and his consort so true,
May their laurels sit pleasing and well on their brow;
To Hutchinson and Dickson, who for courage never baulk,
Then fill up your glasses, boys, to the *Lord Anson* and *Hawke*.
Huzza, brave boys, the Lord Anson and Hawke.

A NEW SONG ON THE BLANDFORD PRIVATEER.

Ye seamen who've a mind to go in pursuit of
new adventures,
Repair on board the *Blandford*, with Captain
Stonehouse enter,
Who cruizing goes to meet his foes, such
pastime sure must please us,
We'll prizes make of all we take; this will to
fortune raise us.

Here is our chief encouragement, our ship
belongs to Bristol,
Poor Londoners when coming home, they
surely will be press'd all:
We've no such fear when home we steer with
prizes under convoy,
We'll frolick round all Bristol town, sweet
liberty we enjoy.

Why should we here our time delay, in London
void of pleasure,
Let's haste away to Biscay Bay, and ransack
there for treasure.
Here we must creep and play bo-peep, to shun
the damn'd press masters,
We live in strife, even die in life, confin'd by
catch-pole bastards.

A health to Captain Stonehouse, success attend
the *Blandford*,
Five guineas is advanced us, come then let us

enter on board;
With the *Blandford's* guns we'll smoak the Dons,
their ragged staff we'll humble,
Jack Frenchmen too shall cry morbleu, we'll
give them cause to grumble.

Come fill your flowing glasses, let us drink and
be merry;
Take leave of all your lasses, we can no longer
tarry;
Girls, never fear, ye soon shall hear of the
Blandford's safe arrival,
To Bristol town then haste ye down, your
sweethearts to revive all.

THE SAILORS' DIALOGUE.

Tune, *Gossip Joan*.

TOM.

How goes it, brother Jack? You are grown such
a beau now,
Had I but seen your back damn me if I had
known you,
Brother
Jack.

JACK.

What cheer, old messmate Tom? You look as if
you'd cry now;
But I have news from home will make you jump
mast high now,
Messmate
Tom.

Since our brave towering Hawke has shown the
French his talons,
'Twill soon be peace they talk; if so we'll drink
off gallons
To
brave Hawke.

TOM.

Huzza! my hearty cock! For this news damn all
sorrow,
I'll pawn my shirt and frock, but I'll get drunk
to-morrow,

Hearty
cock!

JACK.

When all the ship are paid we'll lead a merry
life, boy;
Blood! then how we'll parade with ev'ry one his
wife, boy,
When
we're paid.

TOM.

Nay, some will have their pairs, they'll be so
open-hearted;
And brimstones will have chairs, that rather
should be carted,
All
in pairs,

JACK.

Our proud lieutenants then, those empty
flashing sporters,
May pimps turn to great men, companions to
their porters,
Not
proud then.

TOM.

Our midshipmen now beaux, it makes me laugh
to think, boys,
Will cry about old cloaths, and corporals turn
link-boys
To
those beaux.

JACK.

Amongst the damn'd odd scenes you'll see in
jails and cages
Lieutenants of marines, and doctors' mates on
stages.
Damn'd
odd scenes.

TOM.

The steward, dirty slave, that us'd to cheat us
daily,
Will still remain a knave, and follow some bum-
baily.
Dirty
slave!

BOTH.

That day then, jolly buck, we'll set the taps a-
flowing,
And drink 'rest and great luck' to Pitt, Hawke,
and Boscawen,
Jolly
buck!

DISTRESSED MEN OF WAR.

Says Jack, ‘There is very good news; there is
peace both by land and by sea;
Great guns no more shall be used, for we all
disbanded must be.’

Says the admiral, ‘That’s very bad news;’ says
the captain, ‘My heart it will break;’
The lieutenant cries, ‘What shall I do? for I
know not what course for to take.’

Says the purser, ‘I’m a gentleman born; my coat
is lined with gold,
And my chest is full of the same, by cheating of
sailors so bold.’

Says the doctor, ‘I’m a gentleman too, I’m a
gentleman of the first rank;
I will go to some country fair, and there I’ll set
up mountebank.’

Says the steward, ‘I’m sorry it’s peace, for I love
my ship as my life,
And by cheating of honest Jack Tars I have
plenty of shiners so bright.’

Says the carpenter, ‘I have a chest, a chest of
very good tools;
I will go to some country fair and there I’ll sell
three-legged stools.’

Says the cook, ‘I will go to that fair, and there I

will sell all my fat.'
Says Jack Tar, 'If I should meet you there,
damn me, I'll pay you for that;

'For don't you remember the time our topsail
stuck close to the tack,
And we all stuck fast in the sheet, for want of
some of that fat?'

Says the midshipman, 'I have no trade; I have
got my trade for to chuse:
I will go to St. James Park gate, and there I'll
set blacking of shoes;

'And there I will set all the day, at everybody's
call,
And every one that comes by, "Do you want my
nice shining balls?"'

Says Jack, 'I will take to the road, for I'd better
do that than do worse;
And every one that comes by, I'll cry, "Damn
you, deliver your purse."'

THE SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

'You are welcome to London, dear Jack.
What news have you brought us, I pray?'
'From Portsmouth I have lately come,
And now I am discharg'd from the sea.
I have never a copper, brave boy;
I've wages and prize money due.'
'Damme Jack, truly do say,
You will be hard set to get it, it's true.'

'Dear shipmate, I've been here a month,
And cannot get mine for the truth;
On board a man-of-war I went
When I was a frolicsome youth.
My king and my country to serve
I fought like a sailor so bold.
Now that the wars are all over
I really cannot get my gold.

'To a navy officer each day I did go;
I've been both hungry and dry.
My money I then did demand.
"You cannot have it," they cry.
My life I have ventur'd for gold,
My king and my country to serve.
Now the wars are all over
Brave sailors may perish and starve.

'Suppose that the war should break out,
Then what will Old England do?
Bad usage we plenty receive
By not paying us our due.

They will cavvil from day to day,
  "To-morrow you your answer shall have."'
'Damme Jack, I really do say,
  For I think they are acting the knave.'

'Then truely I don't mean to rebel
  Again[st] my good king and his laws.
Did he then know my distress
  He soon would relieve my just cause;
We should be paid with great speed.
  The taverns we['d] make them to roar,
We['d] spend it like brave jolly tars;
  What else should we do on shore?'

THE SAILOR'S GARLAND; OR, THE TICKET BUYER'S LAMENTATION.

To the Tune of *Chevy Chase.*

God prosper long our noble King, his fleet and sailors all,
And grant that they their pay may have, and pride may have a fall.

Where courage stout and noble blood within the heart doth reign,
There pity soft for others' woes doth pant in every vein.

Our gracious King, by pity moved to do his sailors right,
To Parliament did recommend their sad and woful plight.

A usurer in Lothbury, a Jew of high renown,
Hearing the sailors would be paid strait hasted up to town;

All in his hall the clerks amazed and agents, frighted sore,
'Adieu,' cried out, 'for-ty per cent, Adieu—for evermore.'

The Jew he sighed, 'Alack, my head and heart it acheth much!
But hold,' says he, 'I've got it now. Pray tell me —won't they touch?

‘What, pay the Navy all, d’you say? Sure that
can never be,
For then much greater men must lose their
trades as well as we.

‘A Sanhedrim we straight must call upon a
thing so new.
Go summon all, great Shylock first; he’s trusty
and true blue.’

While yet he spake, lo at the gate, the head of
all the tribe,
Shylock, appear’d, the most expert at counsel or
at bribe.

His chatter and his laugh so loud was heard
quite to the door;
His belly, of enormous size, came strutting in
before.

Soon tawny Shadrach plodded in, whose face
and wig contend
Which in their hue most like shall be to
Belzeebub the fiend.

Shadrach from father circumcis’d a wight
descended sure,
Either from Abraham the Jew or Ismael the
Moor.

‘I stopt,’ quoth he, ‘by precedent the pinch-gut
halfpenny,
Tho’ tars on short allowance starv’d, and better
they than we.’

From Tower Hill with hang-dog look came one

would move your pity.
‘What, no more tickets, sir?’ said he; ‘’twill ruin
our trading city.’

Quoth Shylock with a grin, ‘My friends, when
ships to Greenland sail
They dexterously throw out a tub to fool the
mighty whale.

‘Prompt payment publickly to blame may prove
a dangerous scheme;
Another project we’ll propose for to direct the
stream.

‘Something, be sure, must needs be paid. Let’s
give them two months’ certain:
The other four you friends shall share—with me
behind the curtain.

‘Their wages too we must advance some
shillings augmentation:
What tho’ it freightage should destroy, that
only hurts the nation.

‘As toasted cheese the mouse allures within the
trap to venture,
Such baits as these will surely make the
heedless seamen enter.

‘When once they’re caught we’ll turn ’em o’er
for ever and for ay;
They’ll then be volunteers for life, and we’ll
divide their pay.

‘Whilst cent. per cent. our friends can gain we
are sure of being courted,

Nor can the sailors well complain, for they will
be transported.'

But these their plots we know our liege will all
to nothing bring;
Then sailors may throw up their caps and cry,
'God save the King.'

THE SAYLOR'S COMPLAINT; OR, THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THE PURSER OF A SHIP.

To the Tune of *Iantha*, etc.

Of all the curst plagues that e'er Fate did decree
To vex, plague, and punish poor sailors at sea,
There's none to compare with the purser, that
evil
Who's worse than a jailer, a bum, or a devil,
Sure when he was framed Dame Nature lay
dying;
Hell then took a purge, hell then took a purge,
and Pluto sh—t him flying.

As his name foully stinks, so his butter rank
doth smell,
Both hateful to sailors, scarce good enough for
hell:
The nation allows men what's fitting to eat,
But he, curse attend him, gives to us musty
meat;
With bisket that's mouldy, hard stinking Suffolk
cheese,
And pork cut in pounds, and pork cut in
pounds,
for to eat with our pease.

Because it is cut off the best fatted hogs
He thinks it too good for eternal lowsie dogs.
Then our urine to purge, that the men may piss
clear,
Instead of what's better, his petty-warrant beer

Is by him allowed, which makes us complain;
Which he ne'er regards, which he ne'er regards,
so he gets but the gain.

His oatmeal, or grout, known by the name
burgooe,
Is fitting for nothing but make a sailor spew:
His bruis, no better than common kitchen-
grease,
The sailors are forced to eat with their pease:
Such beef-fat, so nasty, we constantly use,
That's but fit for the mast, that's but fit for the
mast,
or the greasing of shoes.

When a sailor's oblig'd to make use of his store
He then must expect to be miserable poor:
For consider what price for their goods we do
pay;
He has treble worth of each man, I dare say.
Such dealings as these are not just, I am sure;
Yet such hardships as these, yet such hardships
as these
we do daily endure.

Now, since he's so friendly, I'd give, as 'tis due,
By way of requital, a kind wish, or two:
And first, may his brandy run all o'er the deck,
And he end his days in a rope with aking neck;
Or may he still eat, and be never satisfy'd,
Still craving of more, still craving of more,
but be never cloy'd.

And may he have nothing to drink all the year,
When droughth shall attend him, but petty-
warrant beer:

May fate ne’er allow him a candle to his cabbin,
And be in the dark by Old Nick taken napping,
And by him or his agents be bore swiftly away,
To plague, vex, and punish, to plague, vex, and punish,
for ever and aye.

May Charon be careful and ferry him o’re
To Pluto’s grand court on the Stygian shore:
May ten thousand furies still on him attend,
To plague and torment him unto the world’s end:
While each jolly sailor, to make themselves merry,
Shall take a full glass, shall take a full glass,
to his passage o’er the ferry.

THE SAILOR'S RESOLUTION TO FIGHT THE SPANIARDS.

A New Song.

What ship, honest brother sailor? You must stop
and let us know.
If you're entered or protected, you must tell
before you go.
Here's our warrants to impress you. Ne'er
repine, my noble blood;
We don't mean for to oppress you; it's for your
king and country's good.

For to humble the proud Spaniards British
courage must be shown,
Or those haughty proud villains will never
know what is their own.
Their men-of-war we'll make to rattle; Spain
shall tremble at the sight;
Haste, brave boys, away to battle; the French
nor they could never fight.

British courage should never be daunted at the
talk of Spanish war[s];
While that seamen they are want[ed] we'll
freely enter, like jolly tars.
For to humble the proud Spaniards we'll sail
along so brave and true,
And make the Spaniards to knock under and
the French cry out, 'Morbleu.'

So come along, my jolly sailors, enter along
with tars so true;

We are the men that fear no dangers, but soon
will make the Spaniards rue.
Success to all our brave commanders that do
plough the raging main,
Likewise to our jolly sailors, for to conquer
France and Spain.

JACK TAR.

‘Come, brave, honest Jack Tar, once more will
you venture?
Press warrants they are out; I would have you
to enter.
Take some rich Spanish prize, as we’ve done
before, O.’
‘Yes, and be cheated of them all, as we were the
last war, O.’

‘No man that sails with me shall e’er be abused;
So, Jack, come and enter; you shall be well
used.
You shall be boatswain’s mate, Jack; so boldly
come and enter
And not like a dog be haul’d on board of the
tender.’

‘Dear captain,’ he said then, ‘don’t talk of your
pressing;
It’s not long ago since I gave six of them a
dressing.’
‘I know that very well, Jack: the truth I must
grant you;
You are a brave, hearty fellow, and that makes
me want you.

‘Dear captain,’ he said then, ‘if the truth I do
tell you,
I got so much the last war that it quite fill’d my
belly;
For your damn’d rogues of officers they use

men so cruel
That a man-of-war is worse than hell or the devil.

'There is the master a-swearing, the boatswain a-growling,
The midshipman a-howling out, "Take that fore-bowling";
If you speak but one word you're a mutinous rascal,
Both your legs laid in irons and try'd by a court-martial.'

Now, boys, we are press'd away from our habitation,
And we leave wife and children in grief and vexation;
We venture our sweet lives in defence of our nation,
And we get nothing for it but toil and vexation.'

THE JOLLY SAILOR'S TRUE DESCRIPTION OF A MAN-OF-WAR.

When first on board of a man-of-war
We go, whether by press or enter,
And alongside of our ship we come,
We boldly in her venture.
Such twigging then at we fresh men.
'They're clever fellows,' some say,
While the buffers stand with their rattans,
Crying, 'Keep down out of the gangway.'

Then aft upon the quarter-deck
We go, it being common;
Our officers examine us, to know
Who and who are seamen;
There's some are seamen, some are freemen,
Some one thing, some another:
Then we down below on the main deck go,
Boys, after one another.

Next to old Trinculo we go
For an order to get our hammocks,
Then aft again and down amain,
Not forgetting our stomachs.
The steward pens, he takes our names,
And tells us to our messes;
But nipping there they can't forbear,
For the Devil them possesses.

Then up again upon the deck,
So briskly, boys, we bundle;
Since we have secur'd our pack,

We have no cause to grumble.
Then we clap on what we heave upon,
Some piping, others singing:
There's hoist away, likewise belay.
Thus we make a beginning.

When once our ship has got all in,
And nothing now neglected,
To think of sea we do begin,
Our orders soon expected.
Then with a career we get all clear,
In readiness for unmooring,
Boats alongside with wind and tide
To carry the women ashore in.

'All hands, unmoor,' the boatswain calls,
And he pipes at every hatchway;
If you Tom Cockswain's traverse tip him
Take care he don't catch you;
For without a doubt, if he finds you out,
You may be sure within you,
Over face and eyes, to your surprise
He'll arm you without mercy.

The capstan is already mann'd.
Shall we hear the boatswain hollow?
Sometimes he is listening at a stand
To hear the answers follow.
We have not brought to, there's such ado,
While some are calling the swabbers.
Now heave away without delay,
Boys, hold on the nippers.

The boatswain and his mates are piping,
Crying, 'Men, have a rally,'
And often forward they are piking

To have a rout in the galley.
‘What are you about? Away with us out.’
To leave our victuals we abhor it;
With cuffs and knocks leave kettles and pots,
And the Devil cuff them for it.

‘Heave and in sight, men, heave away,’
From forward the boatswain is calling;
‘Heave a turn or two without delay;
Stand by the capstan for pealing.’
Then one and all to the catt do fall;
We haul both strong and able,
Till presently from forward they cry,
‘Below, stick out the cable.’

We cast our anchors then with speed,
And nimbly press the stoppers,
Then next to fish it we proceed,
Our shank-painter so proper,
Which we do pass securely fast,
And lap well on a seizing,
Our anchors, be sure, can’t be too secure;
It stands to sense and reason.

When once our ship she is unmoor’d
Our swelling sails so neatly,
With fore-tack and main-tack also,
Our sheets haul’d aft completely,
Then away we sail with a fresh gale,
On a voyage or on a station.
Like English hearts we’ll play our parts
In defence of the English nation.

The best cry we like to hear
On board, as I’m a sinner,
Is when from the quarter-deck they call

To the boatswain to pipe to dinner.
Such crowding then among the men:
Some grumble, others jangle;
You're nobody there without you swear
And boldly stand the wrangle.

There's green-horn fellows some on board
Before ne'er saw salt water;
When come to sea, upon my word,
The case with them does alter.
They better know how to follow the plow,
With good fat bacon and cabbage;
When sea-sick took like death they look,
Ready to bring up guts and garbage.

When stormy winds begin to blow
Our ship is in great motion;
To carry our victuals safe down below
It requires a good notion.
We often fall down the hatchway with all,
From the top to the bottom sprawling;
Such laughing then among the men,
And loudly the butcher calling.

There are snotty boys of midshipmen
Han't done yet shitting yellow;
As to their age, some hardly ten
Strike many a brave fellow,
Who dare not prate at any rate,
Nor seem in the least to mumble;
They'll frap you still, do what you will;
It is but a folly to grumble.

Now to conclude and make an end
In a full flowing brimmer;
Let every one drink to his friend;

The bowl it seems to look thinner.
We'll drink again, like sons of men,
And drink bad luck to the purser;
He cheats us with ease of our oatmeal and
pease:
Such rogues there can't be worser.

NEW SEA SONG.

Our boatswain calls out for his bold British
heroes;
Come, listen awhile to what I do sing;
Let every man toss off his full bumper
And drink a good health unto George our King,
And drink a good health to Suke, Moll, and
Kitty;
With mirth and good liquor we'll lead merry
[lives];
We will not be afraid to kiss, or to venture,
On Saturday night, to our sweethearts and
wives.

Our ship she is in harbour, brought safe to an
anchor;
The boats are alongside, they begin for to
throng;
The girls that are in them, they are crying for
husbands;
The one sings out 'Jemmy,' the other [calls]
'John,'
Whilst the other bawls out, 'Where is my dear
Harry?
[If] I do not see him, may I never thrive!'
Alongside of those girls you may lie, but not
marry,
On Saturday night, to our sweethearts and
wives.

Our ship she is unrigged, all ready for docking;
Straightway on board of those hulks we repair,

Where we work hard all day, and at night go a-
kissing.
Jack Tar is safe moor'd in the arms of his dear.
Straightway to the town of Venus we will
venture
Our spirits to freshen, our bodies to thrive;
We will not be afraid to kiss, nor yet venture
On Saturday night to our sweethearts and
wives.

Our ship she is all rigg'd and ready for sea,
boys;
The girls that's on board they begin to look
blue;
The boats are alongside to take them on shore,
boys;
Says one to the other, 'Girls, what shall we do?'
Then we put to sea, with a fresh-blowing
breeze, boys,
And through the foaming white billows do
[roar];
We paid off all debts with the flying fore-
topsail.
Bid adieu to these girls and the rogues on the
shore.

Now we are on the seas, like bold hearts of
thunder;
Now we are on the seas we will rant and roar;
We will make all the French and the Spaniards
knock under
When our two-and-thirties begin for to roar.
For to handle their dollars my fingers are
itching;
If I don't be at them may I never thrive;
We will not be like misers, to hoard by our

riches,
But we will spend them on shore with our
sweethearts and wives.

THE HUMOURS OF THE ROYAL BILLY.

Come, all ye young fellows, attend to my song;
It will make you to smile, tho' tis not very long.
I will tell you the truth, how I first went to sea,
And what there befel, if you'll listen to me:
My story will please you, if right understood,
And you surely will laugh at poor Robin Hood.

'Twas late from the smoke of the chimney I
came
On board of a guard-ship, the *Royal Billy* by
name,
Where the first thing I heard when I came
alongside,
'Here's a grasshopper coming,' a hoarse fellow
cry'd.
The windows were crowded, I thought, by the
rood,
They'd have laughed till they cry'd at poor
Robin Hood.

I crawl'd up the side till I came to the top,
When a fellow came to me, catch'd hold of my
frock.
He ask'd me to step to his house down below.
Much kindness unto me I thought he did show;
But soon to my cost all his kindness was prov'd,
And I curst all such friendship for poor Robin
Hood,

His house on the one side was made of a sack,
On the other a blanket near the colour of black.

No sooner this place I did enter in
Than another sings out, ‘Damme, Jack, dowse
the glim!’
They rifled my pockets of all that was good,
Then tore off my frock, so left poor Robin
Hood.

Then to an old fellow I did straightway repair,
To ask him the place where the constables
were.
Up two pair of stairs with him I stept quick,
When he shewed me a man with a whistle and
stick.
I told him my story, but that was no good,
For he told me I ly’d, and left poor Robin Hood.

I sat down on the deck to bemoan for a while,
When a woman came to me, and began for to
smile.
She ask’d me my name, which soon I did tell,
Also the disaster that had me befel.
The best of ill language at them she did fling,
Then ask’d me below, to accept of some gin.

Then with her I consented directly to go,
And straightway together we went down below,
Where she call’d for a bottle of old English gin.
I blest my good stars with such friend to fall in:
But, to my vexation, I soon understood
There was no one to pay it but poor Robin
Hood.

My shirt they stript off, the gin for to pay;
My hat and my shoes both went the same way.
I bawled out, ‘Murder!’ But that was their fun.
I up a long ladder was forced to run

To the officers then, in a terrible mood,
Who all bursted with laughter at poor Robin
Hood.

They sent for a man who'd the look of a prig,
And he took me away for the purser to rig.
A huge pair of breeches he gave me, 'tis true,
That reach'd from the top of my rump to my
shoe.
A coat he next gave me, too short by a rood;
'Twould not cover the backside of poor Robin
Hood.

The next thing I met was a man with a stick,
Who bawl'd out, 'All hands!' and then gave me
a lick.
'You lubberly rascal! 'Tis what brought you
here!
Scud quick, or I'll make you, and hoist up the
beer.'
I gave him a look, which he well understood,
For he bang'd me till tired, and so left Robin
Hood.

No sooner had we done hoisting of beer,
To a place call'd the galley I did straightway
repair.
Such a racket and uproar, and hell of a rout,
Scaldings here, scaldings there. I was glad to
creep out.
You could not have thought they behaved so
rude,
For they scalded the shins of poor Robin Hood.

I next down below to my dinner was brought,
To eat peas with my messmates like pigs in a

trough;
But as for the pork, I thought not amiss
While one turn'd his back, crying, 'Who shall have this?'
I thought it was fair, but I soon understood
The smallest of all fell to poor Robin Hood.

Then a man came unto me with a stick in his hand;
The boatswain he was call'd, if I right understand.
A bucket of grease in my fist he gave fast;
He told me to jump up and grease down the mast.
I scamper'd away then as fast as I could,
But he brought me up standing, ah! poor Robin Hood!

Two ruffians he ordered to strap me amain.
I wish'd myself back with my Jenny again.
My blood it did boil; I was forc'd to obey:
But I show'd them a specimen of West Country play.
Down the hatchway I bundled one rascal so lewd,
But they seiz'd me behind, ah! poor Robin Hood!

When peace is concluded—'twill soon be the news—
I shall see these rapscallions a-blacking of shoes.
With my cudgel of oak I will learn them to skip,
And make them remember on board the guard-ship.
My song it is ended. If right understood,

’Twas from Sussex I came, and my name’s
Robin Hood.

THE DOLPHIN'S RETURN.

(1768).

Tune, *The Lilies of France.*

Ye bold British tars, who to glory are free,
Who dare venture your lives for your fortunes
at sea,
Yourself for a while of your pleasures disrobe,
And attend to a tale of a voyage round the
globe,
For the *Dolphin's* return'd, and such tidings does
bring
As may welcome us home to our country and
king.

The twenty'th of August, the year sixty-six,
By command of our captain the signal we fix;
In the Sound of old Plymouth our ship we
unmoor'd
With our consort the *Swallow*, and transport
well stor'd;
But now we're return'd, and such tidings we
bring
[As may welcome us home to our country and
king].

The wind being far the next day we set sail,
Blest at once with a fresh and prosperous gale;
And straightway our course for Madeira we
steer'd.
No danger we saw, and no hardship we fear'd;
For we sail'd round the world such tidings to

bring
As might welcome us home to our country and
king.

We touch'd at Madeira, St. Jago likewise,
For the sake of fresh water and other supplies;
But at neither of these could we make any stay,
For the course of our voyage would admit no
delay.
We were bound round the world such tidings to
bring
As might welcome us home to our country and
king.

When Magellan's Straits we first enter'd we
found
Such giants of men that in all the world round
None with them could compare or for size or
for height,
For the smallest of these were from six feet to
eight.
Yet these are but trifles of tidings to bring;
We've a present more worthy our country and
king.

In Port Famine we anchor'd, and took in our
store
Of both water and wood, for it yielded no more.
Discharging our store ship, our anchors we
weigh'd,
And we work'd through the Straits; no time we
delay'd;
But now are return'd, and such tidings we bring
As may welcome us home to our country and
king.

A tedious long passage it was for to go,
With our consort so dull that we took her in tow,
But on April the 12th we got clear of the Straits;
Tho' the *Swallow*, we fear, a [much] longer time waits,
Yet we are return'd, and such tidings we bring
As may welcome us home to our country and king.

Then we plow'd the South Ocean, such [land] to discover
As amongst other nations has made such a pother.
We found it, my boys, and with joy be it told,
For beauty such islands you ne'er did behold.
We've the pleasure ourselves the tidings to bring
As may welcome us home to our country and king.

For wood, water, fruit, and provision well stor'd
Such an isle as King George's the world can't afford,
For to each of these islands great Wallis gave name,
Which will e'er be recorded in annals of fame.
We'd the fortune to find them, and homeward to bring
The tidings a tribute to country and king.

THE BRAGS OF WASHINGTON.

Come, all you brave seamen and landsmen
likewise,
That have got an inclination your fortunes to
rise,
That have got an inclination to fight the proud
Bostonians,
And soon we'll let you know that we are the
sons of Britain.
Fal
lal, etc.

As for the brags of Washington, that never can
be;
There is Carlton and Clinton have shewn their
bravery;
There is Darby and Rodney, commanders of the
ocean,
And many a brave fellow is waiting for
promotion.

And if we meet a privateer, or a lofty man of
war,
We never stand to wrangle, to jangle, or to jar;
We give them a broadside, and say, 'My lads,
take care, O,
And keep your proper distance from an English
man-of-war, O.'

And if they will not fight us, but from us run
away,
All with our heavy chain-shot we'll cut their

masts away,
And if they will not yield to us, nor unto us
surrender,
We'll split their ship in pieces and to the
bottom send her.

As for the brags of Washington, we care not a
pin;
We will fire at his breastworks and make him
let us in;
Our bomb-shells and cannons shall roar like
mighty thunder,
And by our constant firing we will make them
to surrender.

And when the wars are over, if fortune saves
our lives,
We will bring great store of riches to our
sweethearts and our wives,
And drink a health unto the lad that has a heart
to enter;
That man can never gain a prize that is afraid
to venture.

ON THE LATE ENGAGEMENT IN CHARLES TOWN RIVER.

Good people of Old England, come, listen unto me,
All you who live at home at ease, and from all dangers free,
What I'm a-going to mention, and to you shall declare,
Concerning part of our fleet as they a-cruising were.

It is of a late action, as for a truth we hear,
As part of our British fleet for Charles Town they did steer;
As we the river sailed along the provincials they begun;
The *Bristol*, most unfortunate, she on the bar did run.

Then from the town and batteries they fired on us amain
With red-hot shot all from the shore, on board of us they came;
And seeing us lie on the bar, their intentions was so,
Our gallant ship for to blow up and prove our overthrow.

But thro' God's Providence so great prevented their desire,
Tho' with their shot, that came so hot, they set us twice on fire;

But soon we out the flames did put, our gallant seamen brave
They did their best endeavours their precious lives to save.

The gallant *Bristol* well behaved, tho' she was in distress,
And all the ships in company kept firing in excess.
Our cannons briskly we dis[charged], our shot like hail did pour,
Amongst the blacks and Indians so numerous on the shore.

We drove them from their batteries, and made them to retreat,
Likewise the town soon shattered with our gallant fleet;
We gave them a warm reception, and that they knew so well,
Because against Old England great they strongly did rebel.

We engaged many hours, for the best part of the day;
Our brave commander he was kill'd all in the bloody fray;
Two hundred more brave men were kill'd, th' engagement prov'd so sore,
Upon the decks, poor souls, they lay, all in their purple gore.

Now to conclude and make an end, Lord, send it was all o'er,
In love and unity to live as we have done before;

Success unto all Britons bold, that's both by
land or sea,
Who now is venturing their lives in North
America.

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

1776.

A New War Song.

My lords, with your leave
An account will I give
That deserves to be written in metre:
For the rebels and I
Have been pretty nigh—
Faith, almost too much for Sir Peter.

With much labour and toil
Unto Sullivan's Isle
I came, firm as Falstaff or Pistol,
But the Yankees ('od rot 'em,
I could not get at 'em)
Most terribly maul'd my poor *Bristol*.

Bold Clinton by land
Did quietly stand
While I made a thundering clatter;
But the channel was deep,
So he only could peep
And not venture over the water.

De'el take 'em; their shot
Came so swift and so hot,
And the cowardly dogs stood so stiff, sirs,
That I put ship about,
And was glad to get out,
Or they would not have left me a skiff, sirs.

Now bold as a Turk
I proceed to New York,
Where with Clinton and Howe you may find
me.
I've the wind in my tail,
And am hoisting my sail,
To leave Sullivan's Island behind me.

But, my lords, do not fear,
For before the next year,
Although a small island could fret us,
The continent whole
We shall take, by my soul,
If the cowardly Yankees will let us.

[*THE CRUISERS.*]

A New Song, Adapted to the Times.

[To the Tune of *A Hunting we will go!* = '*The Dusky Night.*']

Behold, upon the swelling wave, with streaming pendants gay,
Our gallant ship invites the brave, while glory leads the way.
And a-cruising we will go, oho! oho! oho!
A-cruising we will go, oho! and a-cruising we will go!

Ye beauteous maids, your smiles bestow; for if you prove unkind
How can we hope to beat the foe? We leave our hearts behind.
When a-cruising we shall go, oho! oho! oho! etc.

See Keppel's flag once more display'd; upon the deck he stands;
Old England's glory ne'er can fade or tarnish in his hands.
So a-cruising we will go, etc.

Be England to herself but true, to France defiance hurl'd,
Give peace, America, with you, and war with all the world.
And a-cruising we will go, etc.

ON BOARD OF THE 'ARETHUSA.'

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While British glory I unfold
Huzza to the *Arethusa*!
She is a frigate tight and brave
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave:
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch;
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the *Arethusa*.
The fam'd *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie:
The *Arethusa* seem'd to fly;
Not a sheet nor a tack
Or a brace did she slack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men how tough
On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the *Arethusa*.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, 'Ho!'

The Frenchman then cried out, ‘Hallo!’
‘Bear down; d’ye see?
To our admiral’s lee.’
‘No, no,’ says the Frenchman, ‘that can’t be.’
‘Then I must lug you along with me,’
Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman’s land.
We forc’d them back upon the strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant *Arethusa*.
And, now we have driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his favourite lass;
A health to the captain and officers true
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the *Arethusa*.

THE GREENLAND MEN.

A excellent new song, composed by 18 Greenlandmen in the *Swan* Tender hold in Leith Roads, June 2d, 17780 [*sic*].

To the Tune *We'll go no more to Greenland in a ship that has no guns*.

On board the noble *Ann*, 27th. of March, from
Shields to Greenland we set sail,
The wind it blowing fair with a sweet and
pleasant gale.
We had not sailed many days when Fair Isle we
did see,
But on the next day morning in with a privateer
fell we,
We'll go, etc.

She bore down upon us, and upon our quarter
she did come;
She hoisted French colours and to windward
fired a gun;
This greatly did surprize us, and to quarters we
did go.
It never shall be said, my boys, but the noble
Ann will face the foe.
We'll go, etc.

All hands being at quarters to work we did
begin;
The first broadside she gave us down our
topsailyards did come.
Our captain call'd, 'Don't be afraid, but fight

away, like men;
It never shall be said, my boys, that we will run
from them.'
We'll go, etc.

Our guns being few in number, the number
being but five,
To fire them it is needless till we can him espy.
He play'd upon our bow and quarter; the shot it
came like hail:
To get our guns to bear upon him made us both
curse and rail.
We'll go, etc.

Our guns set for the best advantage alongside
they did come.
We said we need not fire till execution [could]
be done;
As soon as they bore upon him we immediately
let drive,
And wounded three of his Irishmen. 'Tis a pity
we left them alive.
We'll go, etc.

Our captain walked the quarterdeck like a lion
stout,
Cry'd, 'Don't let it be said, my boys, we
cowardly give it out.'
Our running ropes, sails, and rigging being all
shot away,
Our ship in this condition could neither wear
nor stay.
We'll go, etc.

We fought them five glasses, but found it all in
vain;

You see she carries 18 guns and we're sure for
to be taken;
Our captain cry'd, 'What must we do? To strike
it will be best;
The cutter never will leave us until they see us
lost.'
We'll go, etc.

Then seeing us an inferior force they unto us
did shout,
Saying, 'You poor English dogs, why don't you
give it out?'
We found it was in vain to fight; down colours
we did hawl;
'Hoist out your boat and come aboard' [unto]
us, they did call.
We'll go, etc.

O then our captain went aboard, and part of
our noble crew.
They beat the captain on the head and swore
they would run him through;
Now into their hold they put us, bound into
irons strong,
And for twelve days they kept us where we
were thick and throng.
We'll go, etc.

The first meal that they gave us was calavances
and salt beef,
Which made us curse fortune and wish for some
relief;
We lying in this condition, for Ireland Captain
Ray in did push
Unto the Irish Channel, where he was bound to
cruise.

We'll go, etc.

They had not cruised many days, but only four
or five,
Until they spied the *Friends* brig and soon made
her a prize;
But cruising two days longer in breast of Boron
Head,
Which proved to our advantage, they took the
Jenny brig.
We'll go, etc.

Ransom being made for her, it being all agreed
For to knock off our irons and put us aboard
with speed,
We're now on board the *Jenny*. To Glasgow she
is bound,
And to secure us from the press we landed in a
Highland sound.
We'll go, etc..

Now to our joy and comfort we're landed all on
shore,
And to Newcastle we are bound, to see our
friends once more.
But travelling thro' the Highlands, the people,
very poor,
They scarce would admit us to come within
their door.
We'll go, etc.

We being in this condition we travelled long
and sore,
But as we came to the southward more pity
they did show,
At last meeting with one John Robson, who

proved very kind,
And for three days he kept us and maintained
us like a friend.
We'll go, etc.

After this refreshment on our journey we do
proceed,
But coming near to Edinburgh we met a rogue
indeed,
Who pretended to be our friend, but [with] an
evil eye,
For then he did deceive us, as we in the barns
did lie.
We'll go, etc.

Next morning after two o'clock 50 of Neper's
gang
Came with sword and pistol to take 10 naked
men.
They finding us able seamen, as we knew very
well,
They gave us such an offer as is a shame to tell.
We'll go, etc.

Now we are all taken, and to Leith we do come
Before Captain Neper to receive our doom.
We were that night in two barns as we were
ne'er before,
Or we had broke some of these ruffians' heads
and made them for to roar.
We'll go, etc.

He told us we might enter if that we would pay
Forty shillings a man to the rogue that did us
betray;
But Neper's high offer we rejected with disdain,

But we'll fight for our King against France and
against Spain.
We'll go, etc.

But I hope in short time sweet peace will be
restor'd,
And the Devil will have Neper tho' we're in the
hold.
When peace is restor'd to Leith we will come,
To pay Neper and his men for what they have
done.
We'll go, etc.

Come, all you jolly seamen that to Greenland
do go,
We wish you good success, alltho' we go no
more,
For we are forced to serve the King on board of
a man-o-war;
But expects to return with gold and silver store.
We'll go, etc.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL TRIUMPHANT; OR, MONSIEURS IN THE SUDS.

Each bold British tar,
Who ne'er dreads wound or scar,
Now to honour and glory advance;
Never let it be told
That Britons so bold
Shall stoop to be conquer'd by France.

This American war
Had ne'er gone on so far
Had they not been supported by France;
But Keppel so brave,
Such music he'll have,
Will teach them the Old English dance.

Tho' railing there's been
'Gainst statesmen and King
And they said, we durst not declare war,
But, whether or not,
Such a navy we've got
That will soon be a scourge to Monsieur.

Bold Keppel, we know,
Was ever their foe,
And his courage no Briton need doubt;
Two French frigates he's ta'en,
That were sailing the main
Our West India fleet for to rout.

Now Keppel, they say,
Off Brest Harbour does lay:

Monsieurs with their fleet can’t come out;
If they do they must fight,
Which was ne’er their delight.
We shall beat them; of that there’s no doubt.

Each true British soul,
Push round can or bowl,
Drink success to his Majesty’s arms
And his navy at sea;
Then we all must agree
We fear no invading alarms.

KEPPEL AND DE CHARTRES.

A New Song.

(1779.)

Come, all ye valiant seamen that plough the
raging main,
And listen to my ditty, ye jovial sons of fame;
It is of the bloody battle between us and
Monsieur,
And if you'll give attention the truth of it you'll
hear.

On the ninth day of July, at St. Hellens where
we lay,
Our admiral hove a signal out for all the fleet to
weigh.
Down Channel we all sail'd, till a Dutchman we
did meet,
Who gave us the intelligence of seeing the
French fleet.

The twenty-third of July was the day we hove
in sight
Of the Duc de Chartres and forty sail so bright.
Our admirals hove the signal out for all the
fleet to chase,
But the French prov'd cowards and run, to their
disgrace.

We continued chasing them till the twenty-
seventh day,
Then about the hour of ten at noon our colours

we did display.
The *Shrewsbury*, Captain Lockhart, was the first
that did engage,
Which made our noble admirals hoist their
bloody flags with rage.

The *Egmont*, Captain Allen, that ship of mighty
fame,
She's worthy to be called the Dread of France
by name,
For boldly she bore down, and twenty-eight
ships engag'd,
While our officers and men, boys, did show
them British play.

The brave Duc de Chartres came rolling in his
pride,
Thinking to send the *Egmont* down with one of
his broadsides;
But he was mistaken, as plainly doth appear,
For we gave him such a drubbing as put their
hearts in fear,

To speak of the *Formidable* and give that ship
her due,
She stood in our behalf, boys, like Englishmen
so true,
The French admiral lying at our stem, thinking
us for to take,
But [she] gave him a broadside, which [made
his heart to ache].

And at the very same time we gave them three
more louder.
Bold Allen cries, 'Luff, my boys, and let us smell
their powder,'

Our ship was so disabled that she would hardly
steer,
Which obliged us for to heave her to, our
damage to repair.

The French they form'd a line again, with a
pretence to fight,
But on purpose to deceive us and steal away by
night.
[Two lines missing.]

Our ship she was very foul, likewise at Lisbon
grounded,
With fourteen brave fellows kill'd, and twenty-
four was wounded,
Which made us cry out, 'Revenge,' and made
our hearts to grieve
To think we could not see them, but they
should us deceive.

So, to conclude and end my song, I do you
kindly greet
To drink to our brave admirals and captains in
the fleet,
Likewise to Captain Allen and his officers so
bold,
And to his ship's company; they're valiant
hearts of gold.

A NEW SONG IN PRAISE OF ADMIRAL KEPPEL'S FLEET.

Come, all young seamen, wherever you be,
That sails with Admiral Keppel to sea,
For we are the boys that are loyal and true,
That fights for King George and our country too.
So, boys, fill your bumpers all round;
Success to the fleet that's outward-bound,
For we are the boys that wears true blue
And belong to Admiral Keppel's crew.

But when he hoists the British flag,
Not France or Spain has room to brag;
He will fight the French and Spaniards too,
And make Monsieur to cry, 'Morbleu!'
So, boys, etc.

Had Keppel but orders for to fight
The French wou'd not have run away at night;
No orders he had for to give them their due,
Which vex'd the admiral and his brave crew.
So, boys, etc.

I wish their heads on Temple Bar,
Who'd hinder bold fighting in time of war,
Or else, like Jack the Painter, to be
Hanged high upon Tyburn tree.
So, boys, etc.

Now drink a health to George our King,
Not forgetting Charlotte, his royal Queen,

And all brave seamen that sail on the main
True blue for ever will never stain.
So, boys, etc.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL TRIUMPHANT.

Ye brave British tars, come, attend to my muse,
Be jovial and hearty, in wine let's carouse;
For Keppel from the accusation is clear,
That was brought against him by Sir Hugh Palliser.

One morning, last July, at break of the day,
The French was descry'd in battle array:
Brave Keppel, impatient to fight proud Monsieur,
Directed his course and unto them drew near.

The French fleet to windward first gave a broadside.
Augustus, undaunted, their great guns defy'd:
His fleet, being mann'd with compleat British tars,
Appal'd the Monsieur with the thunder of Mars.

Aghast the pale French in dismay bore away;
Our ships, being crippl'd, oblig'd us to stay,
Main-sails, gallant royals, stay-sails to repair,
That we might again re-attack the Monsieur.

This done, our commander the signal did make
For the ships to the lee to come to his wake.
Regardless of order, Sir Hugh Palliser
Refus'd to obey, and kept back in the rear.

This gave the French time to retreat into Brest:
But observe the sequel, which is a meer jest.

As guilt is always [the] companion of fear,
So mind the dark plan of Sir Hugh Palliser.

Assisted by Beelzebub, prince of old Styx,
His infernal sire, the weapon he strikes;
Himself to exculpate, the shaft he lets fly,
Intending a sacrifice Keppel should die.

The plan was laid down, then the charge it was
made,
Augustus accused of being afraid
To fight the Monsieurs, and of running away,
And leaving the French fleet triumphant at sea.

But justice and Montague there did preside;
They found out the falsehood, his errors
descry'd;
The jury withdrew, for they all saw the cheat,
Acquitted Augustus, because he was great.

This true son of Neptune, couragious and bold,
Will fight for his king, and by him be
controul'd;
To minions in power he'll not be a slave,
The French he'll chastize with a heart free and
brave.

So now, brother sailors, let us reunite
To serve under Keppel, the French for to fight;
His name, like the gold from the furnace, shall
shine
In Old England's annals to time's latest line.

Then fill up your glasses, and let them not
stand;
A health to the hero that doth us command:

May each British heart and voice say, without
fear,
‘A fig for the French and Sir Hugh Palliser!’

KEPPEL FOR EVER!

Smile, smile, Britannia, smile, on Admiral
Keppel smile,
Thy darling son;
With laurels crown his head; go, Fame, his
glory spread;
His name monsieurs do dread, from him they
run.

Goree, th' Havannah too, where shot in showers
flew,
Keppel so bold,
In the midst of the fray, he to his men did say,
'We'll shew them British play and share their
gold.'

Tho' he's been false-accused, his character
abus'd,
Still he's the thing;
Keppel these forty years has serv'd in the wars,
Fear'd neither wounds nor scars, for George his
king.

But Twitcher and his crew (I mean his dupe Sir
Hugh),
Wicked their scheme!
To try Keppel did call, thro' malice, that was
all.
Lucifer's pride must fall, like Admiral Byng.

Bonfires, bells did ring; Keppel was all the ding,
Music did play;

Windows with candles in, all for to honour him;
People aloud did sing, ‘Keppel! huzza!’

May he draw his sword again in defence of
George his king
And country’s right.
On board the *Victory*, again his flag does fly.
Monsieurs will feel, by-and-by, if he will fight.

Go, go, thou base Sir Hugh, vice-admiral of the
blue,
Prythee be still!
Ah! what a wicked dog, to splice the very log!
Give him, instead of grog, a leaden pill!

A NEW SONG ON ADMIRAL BARRINGTON.

Come, all you jolly sailors of courage stout and bold,
Come, listen to these lines; the truth I will unfold.
Jack, ensign, and pennant in the morning we let fly,
We engag'd the French fleet the 6th of July.

Our drums they did beat and to quarters we went,
And for to engage the French fleet it was our intent;
Our guns they being loaded with round and grape shot,
We beat three ports into one on board the *Languedoc*.

There was Admiral Barrington, Britannia's delight,
With courage undaunted he boldly did fight;
His rigging being shatter'd, and likewise his sails,
He still kept cannonading on board the *Prince of Wales*.

We had one floating battery carry'd guns upon three decks
And in the time of action she left her f a legs [*sic*].
We never back'd our topsails French cannon to

shun,
But boldly ran the gantlet with Admiral
Barrington.

If Royal George of England will give us the
grant
For Admiral Barrington to have the command,
We would conquer the French fleet were they
ever so strong,
We'd hoist the British colours on board the
Count d'Estaing.

There's Captain Fitzherbert was valiant in the
fight,
And in the *Royal Oak* he took great delight,
In the loading their guns and discharging so
free;
It shew'd that they were loyal to King and
country.

Come, my brave boys, this engagement is all
o'er,
And when that we return, my boys, we'll dance,
sing, and roar;
This song it shall be with the old and the
young:
Long life and success unto Admiral Barrington.

Our sweethearts and wives they are not to be
forgot;
The balls they now engage with are softer than
French shot.
When e'er we do return, my boys, we'll make
these culls to run,
We'll make them dread the sailors that fought
with Barrington.

Our bowls they are full, and we have plenty for
to drink,
And that's the thing which causes me to drop
my pen and ink;
Whene'er we meet the French dogs we'll make
their jackets smoak,
Whilst Captain Fitzherbert commands the *Royal
Oak*.

PAUL JONES.

An American frigate, called the *Richard* by
name,
Mounted guns forty-four, out of L'Orient came
For to cruise in the Channel of Old England's
fame,
With a noble commander: Paul Jones was his
name.

We had not long cruised before two sails we
spied,
A large forty-four and a twenty likewise,
With fifty bright shipping well loaded with
store,
And the convoy stood in for the old Yorkshire
shore.

At length the proud Pearson came up alongside
With a long speaking trumpet. 'Whence came
you?' he cried.
Come, answer me quickly—I've hailed you
before—
Or else a broadside into you I will pour.'

Paul Jones he then smiled and to his men did
say,
'Let every man stand to the best of his play.'
We received the broadside from the proud
Englishmen,
But soon our brave Yankees returned it again.

We fought them four glasses, four glasses so

hot,
Till 40 bold seamen lay dead on the spot,
And 55 more lay bleeding in gore,
While the thundering large canons of Paul
Jones did roar.

Our gunner, being frightened, to Paul Jones he
came.
'Our ship she makes water and is likewise in
flame.'
Paul Jones he made answer in the height of his
pride,
'If we can do no better we'll sink alongside.'

Oh, now, my brave boys, we have taken a prize,
A large forty-four with a twenty likewise,
With twenty fine merchantmen laden with
store,
So we'll alter our course to the American shore.

CAPTAIN FARMER.

The muse and the hero together are fir'd,
The same noble views have their bosoms
inspir'd;
As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend;
His name from the jaws of oblivion to save,
The muse shall immortalize Farmer the brave.

His ship was the *Quebec*, fatal, glorious name,
The source to Britannia of sorrow and fame.
We've twice to our cost that name ill-omen'd
found,
But now we've no balsam to heal this fresh
wound,
For then tho' Wolfe's loss to our joy gave a
check,
Whilst we morn'd for the chief we rejoic'd for
Quebec.

At daybreak, ere Phœbus had shed his blest
light,
Three sail he espy'd, and prepar'd for to fight;
October the 6th, anno seventy-nine,
With a forty-gun ship he in battle did join;
At nine in the morning began the fierce fray,
Which without intermission held most of the
day.

Five hours and upwards the action did last;
The shrouds were all torn, and they lost every
mast;

Tho' thicker than hail the dread bullets did fly
Yet still to his men gallant Farmer did cry,
'Fight away, my brave boys; I will spend my
last breath
Ere I'll yield to the foe: give me conquest or
death.'

At length the proud foe was constrain'd to
retire;
They steer'd to some distance and slackened
their fire.
The victory, Hibernia, had then been thy son's,
But the sails of the *Quebec* were fir'd by her
guns.
Then all was distraction, confusion, despair:
The vessel took fire and blew up in the air.

Thus fell gallant Farmer, the generous and
brave;
The *Rambler* in vain strove his life for to save.
Her long boat she hoist out for to take up the
crew,
But the sea rose too high, and too hard the
wind blew.
Seventeen she picked up on the waves that did
float;
The barbarous enemy fir'd at the boat.

Ye sons of Hibernia, for valour renown'd,
The praises of Farmer, your hero, resound;
His name bright shall shine. Then a truce to all
grief;
Vernon, Warren, Tyrrell shall welcome the
chief,
And the brave British Cornwall with pleasure
shall crown

An Hibernian whose exit resembled his own.

Taught by his great example let's danger defy;
For the sake of our country let's conquer or die.
May our navy triumphant ride over the main,
And check the presumption of Gallia and Spain;
And, oh! may some hero rise ere 'tis too late,
Chastise insolent Jones, and revenge Farmer's
fate!

THE BOLD BLADES OF OLD ENGLAND.

Come, rouse up, my lads, let us haste to the
main,
And load home our chests with the dollars of
Spain,
For as we have beat them we'll do so again,
And it's, oh! the bold blades of Old England!

They tell us that sixty fine ships of the line
Of France and of Spain in the ocean do shine;
But let them remember the year fifty-nine;
They were banged by the blades, etc.

Those villains they thought some advantage to
take
On America's land, for to lessen her state;
But they quickly shall know it was all a
mistake,
Convinc'd by the blades, etc.

How proudly they came with a numerous host
To take, sink, and burn, and to land on our
coast;
And when they had done nothing went home
for to boast
Afraid of the blades, etc.

Already we have some of their dollars to shew
At Liverpool, Guernsey, and London also,
And took one of their islands, call'd fam'd
Omoa.
Oh! the bold blades, etc.

Brave Rodney and Parker have done the thing well,
And altho' their admirals made such a swell,
Will soon be sent home the news for to tell;
They've been drub'd by the blades, etc.

Bold Rodney, we hear, is come up with a foe,
Took one man-of-war, and five frigates also,
With about eighteen transports, a very smart blow.
Oh! the bold blades, etc.

Then come, my true Britons, and fill up the glass
To George and his navy; around let it pass,
And he that won't pledge it proclaim him an ass;
And it's, oh! the bold blades, etc.

THE ROYAL SAILOR.

The foes of Old England (France, Holland, and
Spain),
Made bold by indulgence, insulted the main;
The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,
And at England, Old England, their vengence
they hurl'd:
When Neptune arose from his watry throne;
In a coral [red] suit he most beautifully shone;
He call'd for his tritons, and bade them repair
To the Court of great George, for young William
was there.
'*He's royal, he's noble, he's chosen by me*
This isle to protect and reign prince of the sea.'

O'erjoy'd at the message, the youth rear'd his
head.
'I'll fight like a prince,' were the words that he
said;
'The cause of my country I'll boldly espouse;
To the sea I'm wedded, and give her my vows.
With Rodney, with Digby, with Ross I will go,
And die, but I'll conquer each insolent foe.'
The tritons reported the words that he said,
And Spain heard the plaudits by Neptune then
paid:
'*He's royal, he's noble, he's chosen by me*
Britain's isle to protect and reign prince of the sea.'

The Dons they have felt the effects of his rage;
No more with blood royal they'll dare to
engage;

For he stood on the deck with his naked drawn
sword,
And by the bold Digby he passed the word.
Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with base fear,
When one noble ship was blown into the air.
His courage gave rapture to each jolly tar,
Who look on Prince William their bulwark in
war.
He's royal, he's noble, he's chosen to be
The guard of this isle and the prince of the sea.

HOOD'S CONQUEST OVER THE COUNT DE GRASSE.

Come, all you jovial sailors, give ear unto my
song;
Let joy inspire your hearts while glory leads
you on.
The Count de Grasse with all his fleet has
threatened us full sore
That with his great armada he'd scour the
British shore,
Our ships he'd sink, our islands take all under
his command;
But the courage of bold Britons has stopt his
warlike hand.

The proud and lofty hero in Port Royal harbour
lay,
And on the eighth of April from thence he sail'd
away,
And with his floating batteries, in all just thirty-
three,
A large convoy of transports to bear him
company;
With troops and ammunition, as plainly does
appear,
For to besiege Jamaica his course he strait did
steer.
He thought this great attempt was very bold
indeed,
But now I will unfold to you how far he did
succeed.

For Hood soon had tidings the birds had took
their flight
That he with so much diligence had watch'd
both day and night;
Then with the gallant British fleet we sail'd
from St. Lucia,
Resolving the destruction of the daring enemy.
It was on the ninth of April, just at the break of
day,
We spy'd these lofty Frenchmen at Dominica
lay.
There being but little wind, and they to
windward were,
In spite of our best efforts their convoy did get
clear.

The squadron under gallant Hood receiv'd a
gallant breeze,
To bring the French to action the present
moment seiz'd;
The whole French fleet we did engage full eight
glasses or more,
And with our little squadron we well paid their
score;
And like undaunted Britons each man stood to
his gun,
Altho' the French at times were nearly two to
one.
The rest of our fleet coming up, on them began
to play,
Which made them to haul their wind, like
cowards run away.

Those cowards then to windward three days we
did pursue,
Until the twelfth of April the glorious fight

renew'd;
The wind did seem to favour us, our fleet hove in a line,
And for to close our enemy it was our whole design.
Bold Drake led the van, and fully bent was he
To die or else to conquer the daring enemy.
The action it commenced from the van unto the rear,
And we brake their line of battle amidst the smoke of fire.
Their *Glory* was dismasted, our shot so well we plied,
While fury round the enemy did rage on every side.

So closely we pursued them they knew not where to run
To shelter their disabled ships from the fire of English guns.
From morning until evening the battle we maintain'd.
The sea on every side of us seem'd to be in a flame.
The lofty *City of Paris* and haughty Count de Grasse,
The one we took a pris'ner, the other laid avast.
What joy inspir'd each Briton's heart, when the action it did close,
To see the lilly of France strike to the English rose.
Now the lofty *Ville de Paris* to Lewis is no more;
Behold, she trims her lofty sails to deck Britannia's shore,
With three more of their lofty ships to bear her company,

And two, to make the fight compleat, lay buried
in the sea.

So now bold Lewis think no more bold Britons
to ensnare:
Our English tars will curb your pride; your
boasting we don't fear.
So, Britons, now join chorus and sound our
admiral's praise,
Brave gallant Hood, and Drake, the terror of the
seas,
All captains and lieutenants that fought with
courage great,
All officers and seamen throughout the British
fleet,
For we have and will still beat them; so, Britons
bold, advance
To curb the boasting insults of proud and
haughty France.

THE LOSS OF THE CENTAUR.

Ye landsmen all, I pray attend, who live at
home at ease,
To these lines that I've penn'd upon the dangers
of the seas;
Likewise the loss of the *Centaur*, a gallant man-
of-war,
Britons, weep, in the deep lies many a gallant
tar.

This ship set sail from England, was to the
Indies bound,
But at her returning was wind and weather
bound;
Such dreadful storms arising, her rigging tore
away,
And, alas! all her masts went overboard
straightway.

In this dreadful situation she was drove up and
down;
Full three weeks she floated; no assistance
could be found;
Her guns were all thrown over to lighten her
the more:
Night and day they did pray to have a sight of
shore.

But, to add to their sorrow, another storm
arose,
And to the dreadful seas, poor souls, they were
expos'd;

At last they found her sinking; the air was rent
with cries,
Dismal sound, she went down, never more to
rise.

But as she was sinking two boats were hoisted
out,
And some, who got on board them, were sadly
tost about;
And one being overloaded, she sunk and went
down.
Waves beat high, no ship nigh, so that all on
board were drown'd.

The captain and twelve sailors were all who did
survive,
And out of several hundreds these few were left
alive,
Tho' they were almost perish'd with hunger and
fatigues,
No delay, for night and day they did row many
leagues.

Only three days' provisions, which they made
last for nine,
And in this low condition of land could see no
sign;
Full sixteen days drove up and down before
they reached the land,
Such a sight was a fright, so weak they could
not stand.

Ye landsmen, take compassion on those that
plough the main,
For the honour of the nation, its rights for to
maintain.

How they’re exposed to danger these lines do
plainly show;
We [im]plore that no more may such hardships
ever know.

A NEW SEA SONG CALLED THE ROBIN HOOD.

Come, all ye young seamen that plow on the main,
Oh! have you not heard of the valiant ship of fame?
Her name it is the *Robin Hood*, as you have been told;
She's commanded by Little-John, of courage so bold.

I'll tell you of a fight, boys, and how it did begin.
It was in Gibraltar Gut, which is near unto Apes Hill;
It was three privateers that belonged unto Spain,
Who thought our British courage for to stain.

I'll tell you, brother sailors: it was on a calm day,
Then one of the privateers they boarded us straightway:
They hove in their powder flasks and their stink-pots,
But we repaid them with our small shot.

They being in number three hundred and more,
And is not equal, you'll say, unto threescore:
But now I will tell you the courage of our men,
That we valu'd them not, if they had been ten.

Our small arms did rattle, and our great guns
did roar,
Till one of them we sunk, and the other run
ashore;
Such a slaughter we made as you seldom shall
see,
Till an hundred and eighty we drown'd in the
sea.

Our fight being over, and our fray being done,
And every man then scowering his gun,
And every man to a full flowing bowl;
Here's a health to all British loyal souls.

There's one thing more does trouble our mind;
It's for to leave our chief mate, that noble soul,
behind,
But he being wounded most desperate sore,
We were forced for to leave him at Gibraltar.

But now, my brave boys, we are plowing of the
main,
In spite of our enemies France or Spain:
It's all for to gain both honour and gold,
And we'll let them know Little-John won't be
control'd.

My name is George Cook, the author of this,
And he may be hang'd that will take it amiss.

A NEW SONG ON THE BATTLE FOUGHT ON THE 18th JUNE, 1793.

Between the *La Nymphe* Frigate, of thirty-six twelve-pounders, commanded by Captain Pellew, and the *Cleopatra*, a French Ship of forty eighteen-pounders, commanded by Monsieur Jean Mullon, with 350 men.

Come, all you British heroes, listen to what I say;
'Tis of a noble battle that was fought the other day;
And such a sharp engagement we hardly ever knew:
Our officers were valiant and our sailors so true.

The *La Nymphe* was our frigate, and she carried a valiant crew,
With thirty-six twelve-pounders, that made the French to rue.
At daylight in the morning the French hove in sight;
Captain Pellew he commanded us in this fight.

Full forty eighteen-pounders we had for to engage;
The French they thought to confound us, they seemed so much enrag'd.
Our captain cry'd, 'Be steady, boys, and well supply each gun;
We'll take this haughty Frenchman, or force her for to run.'

The action then began, my boys, [with] shot on
every side;
They thought her weight of metal would soon
subdue our pride.
I think the second broadside her captain he was
slain,
And many a valiant Frenchman upon the decks
were lain.

We fought on with such fury, made every shot
to tell,
And thirteen brave seamen in our ship there
fell,
Tho' forty-five minutes was the time this fight
did last,
The French ship lost her tiller and likewise her
mizen mast.

Then yard arm and yard arm we by each other
lay,
And sure such noble courage to each other did
display;
We form'd a resolution to give the French a
check,
And instantly we boarded her off the quarter-
deck.

Her colours being struck, my boys, she then
became our prize,
And our young ship's company subdued our
enemies,
Altho' they were superior in metal and in men.
Of such engagement you may seldom hear
again.

And now in Portsmouth Harbour our prize is

safely moor'd.
Success to all brave sailors that enter now on
board;
A health to Captain Pellew, and all his sailors
bold,
Who value more their honour than misers do
their gold.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

The 28th of May the French fleet hove in sight.
Lord Howe he made a signal; resolv'd he was to fight.
Then his ships in a line he drew,
And cannon balls straight at them flew,
Resolv'd the French dogs to subdue,
Like brave British boys.

On the 29th again our ships in line we drew;
Resolv'd was each man the action to renew.
Admiral Gardiner then the line he broke,
Which in our favour spoke,
Crying, 'Monsieur, we will make you smoke,
Like true British boys.'

At last the glorious day, call'd the first of June —
So well I do remember, it was about noon—
We to windward of them lay,
And down to them we bore away,
Resolv'd our courage to display,
Like brave British boys.

And then the bold *Brunswick* for honour she did try,
Alongside the *Vengeur* two hours she did lie,
Brave Captain Harvey he did cry,
'My lads, we have orders to comply;
We'll make her strike or else we'll die
Like brave Brunswick boys.'

Our officers and our ship's crew so well did
play their part
Nine shot from our guns in her copper we did
dart,
Till down her colours she did haul,
And to be boarded aloud did bawl,
Crying out, 'Monsieur, we'll sink you all,'
Say the brave Brunswick boys.

Another on our larboard side to board us she
came,
And to put us all to death, the *America* by
name;
But with our skill we all did try,
And three broadsides at her let fly,
And her three masts on board did lie,
By the brave Brunswick boys.

Success to Lord Howe, and all his noble fleet;
Such a set of fighting fellows together ne'er did
meet.
May they together still remain,
And brave Lord Howe still rule the main
For to subdue Monsieur again,
Like brave British boys.

Success to King George, likewise our royal
Queen,
And may they be happy throughout their
glorious reign,
And may God forget them quite,
That will not go and fight,
For to maintain great George's right,
Like brave British boys.

A NEW SONG ON THE SEA ENGAGEMENT FOUGHT THE FIRST OF JUNE LAST,

When Lord Howe beat the French fleet, and took seven of their Ships, viz. *La Juste*, *Sans Pareille*, both of 80 guns, *L'America*, *L'Achille*, *Northumberland*, *L'Impétueux*, and the *Vengeur*, all 74-gun ships, but the *Vengeur* sunk very soon after she was taken.

Printed in June 1794.

Come, all ye British hearts of gold,
A glorious tale I will unfold
Of Howe, who fought the French so bold,
  On board the *Queen Charlotte*.
On June the first this fight began:
Our admiral he led the van;
Our shot did play so hot that day
The French they try'd to run away,
  But Howe took care they should not.

The *Charlotte*, with Lord Howe therein,
This fierce encounter did begin,
[And] bravely threw her [broadside] in
  Against the French commander,
Who found it so hot that day
That no longer there could stay,
But, crouding sail, he bore away;
  He was no salamander.

They left us seven ships that day,
So crippl'd, could not get away;
Like logs they on the sea did lay,

So hot was their reception.
Two of them carried eighty guns,
Five seventy-fours were noble ones.
Huzza! huzza! their admiral runs;
He could get no redemption.

Bravo Bowyer, Pasley, Captain Hutt,
Each lost a leg, being sorely hurt;
Their lives they valu'd but as dirt,
When that their country call'd them.
Poor Montague was kill'd that day;
'Twas by their shot, which fierce did play
Before the French they ran away,
When we so sorely maul'd them.

Of French ships there were twenty-six
When first upon them we did fix.
We valu'd not their Gallic tricks,
We had but twenty-five sail;
We being British sailors bold,
Who value honour more than gold,
Our courage has been try'd of old,
We ever will prevail.

So since these French ships are brought in,
In honour of great George, our King,
In praise of sailors let us sing,
And drink to each brave tar, sir;
For they are lads to win the day,
And drive the boasting French away;
To face our shot they will not stay,
Our fame is heard afar, sir.

A NEW SEA SONG.

Written by a lieutenant of the *Bellerophon*, the flag ship of Rear-Admiral Pasley.

The First Part of it was written after the action on the 29th of May, and was sung in full chorus in the wardroom of that ship on the evening of the 31st May, the night previous to the battle, which ended so gloriously for the British Arms.

The Second Part was added immediately after that great event.

To the Tune of *I was, d'ye see? a Waterman.*

'Twas on the twenty-eighth of May, the
morning being clear,
A fleet to windward we espy'd; they Frenchmen
did appear.
The signal for the same being made, the chace
was soon begun;
And then for battle we prepar'd, to shew
monsieurs some fun.
Our ship being clear'd, the foe we near'd, with
expectations high,
That we should show the murd'rous foe, that
British courage still would flow,
To make them strike or die.

The fam'd *Bellerophon* began her cannons first
to play
Upon a three-deck'd ship of theirs, which could
not run away:
Our hearts of gold their shot well told, in
show'rs about her side,

‘Till the *Leviathan* came up, the battle to divide;
Then seeing plain ’twas quite in vain the
contest more to try,
She struck; and this does shew that British
courage still will flow,
To make them strike or die.

Night coming on, the battle ceas’d, till Phœbus
rose again,
When we beheld this trait’rous fleet still
vaunting on the main;
Our line being form’d, and all hearts warm’d,
the fight was soon renew’d;
Determined to hand down that flag, which with
contempt we view’d.
Lord Howe engaged their hottest rage; he broke
their line to try
If such manœuvres would not shew that British
courage still would flow,
To make them strike or die.

The battle warmly was maintain’d, much valour
was display’d,
Till night, with all her sable train, the action
still delay’d.
Now since again all o’er the main these rebels
can’t be found
We’ll toast our admirals in our glass; our girls,
too, shall go round.
Each heart shall sing, ‘Long Live the King!’ and
each again reply.
‘If e’er we’re call’d again we’ll shew that British
courage still shall flow,
To make them strike or die.’

PART II.

We anxiously the Frenchmen sought for two
days o'er the main,
And on the first of June we brought those
rebels to again.
Lord Howe the signal made for each his
opposite to take,
Not doubting then that such brave men would
soon a conquest make.
The fight began, and ev'ry man his utmost
power did try
To make these traitors feel and know that
British courage still would flow,
To make them strike or die.

Two hours or more this battle was with
matchless warmth maintain'd,
When Providence smil'd on our cause and
vict'ry for us gain'd.
Though at one time three of the line upon our
ship did fall
Yet we so well our shot did tell that we beat off
them all.
The masts of one were soon brought down, and
she a log did lie,
To make these 'sans-culottes' all know that
British courage still shall flow,
To make them strike or die.

Our gallant chief commander too, by three was
clos'd around;
He fought so bravely that the foe was forc'd to
quit his ground.
Now nine or ten upon the main dismasted
wrecks they lay;
And all the rest got so well drest they did not

chuse to stay.
Thus o'er the main being left to reign, to
England soon we'll hie
With all our prizes, which will shew that British
courage still will flow,
To make them strike or die.

But one small tribute let me pay, which justice
does demand,
To Admiral Pasley, who this day was ta'en from
his command.
One wicked shot, which they had got, his leg
did sever soon,
Which robb'd the van of this brave man long
e'er the fight was done.
Yet 'midst such play he'd smile and say, 'Fight
on, my lads, and try
To make these rebel Frenchmen know that
British courage still will flow,
To make them strike or die.'

My shipmates, now let's celebrate a day of great
renown,
Which will this victory relate to ages yet
unknown.
Come, let us raise our voice to praise the
gallant name of Howe,
Who by this check the stubborn neck of France
has made to bow.
May peace again, and all her train, with
blessings from on high,
Shine on our Isle! then all shall know that
Britons will such courage shew,
To make them strike or die.

God Save the King!

THE BLANCHE FRIGATE.

You Frenchmen, don't boast of your fighting,
nor talk of great deeds, 'tis in vain;
Do you think that Old England you'll frighten
as easy as Holland and Spain?
We listen and laugh while you threaten, your
boasting the valour of France,
Since your frigate *Le Pique* has been beaten by
the jolly brave tars of the *Blanche*.

She sail'd from the bay of Point Petre, four
hundred and fifty on board,
And we were all ready to meet her: to conquer
or die was the word!
The cans of good liquor were flowing, we gave
them three cheers to advance,
And courage in each heart was glowing, for
cowards ne'er sail'd in the *Blanche*.

The night then upon us declining, the moon did
afford us a light,
Each star with fresh lustre was shining, to keep
the French frigate in sight.
The breeze gently filled all our sails, our ship
through the water did launch,
And the grog flew in bumpers and pails
amongst the brave tars in the *Blanche*.

At midnight we came alongside, each ship
being prepared for the fight;
'Huzza!' then bold Faulkner he cried, 'we'll
conquer or perish this night';

So they gave us a broadside to try our courage
and found us all staunch,
Not a man there but rather would die, than
cowardly yield up the *Blanche*.

The fight made the sea seem on fire; each bullet
destructively flew.
Britannia her sons did inspire with courage that
damp'd the French crew,
Saying, 'Cowards, you surely must die, for over
you Death turns his lance,'
While our balls repeat as they fly, 'Fight on, my
brave tars of the *Blanche*.'

Our mainmast and mizen being gone the
Frenchmen they thought us their own,
And with 'Vive la République!' their song we
thought they would never have done.
We joined in their song undismayed, with
music that made them all dance,
And not a false note was there played by the
harmonious tars of the *Blanche*.

When Faulkner resigned his last breath each tar
gave a tear and a sigh,
Such sorrow was found at his death, but we'll
soon be revenged was the cry,
But, like Wolfe, with victory crowned, at his
death he said 'Ne'er mind my chance;
Fight on, my brave boys, or be drowned on
board of our frigate the *Blanche*.'

Bold Watkins his place soon supplied, and like a
bold Hector engaged
His guns with more judgment to guide, for the
death of his captain enraged;

And who could our fury allay when *Le Pique*
alongside did advance?
The masts being all shot away we grappled her
close to the *Blanche*.

They thought it in vain to withstand; they
called out for quarter amain.
Although the advantage they had still Britons
were lords of the main.
So push the grog round, let it pass, since they
found us true-hearted and staunch;
Every lad with his favourite lass drink success
to the tars of the *Blanche*.

THE AMAZON FRIGATE.

Come, all you British seamen bold, that plow
the raging main,
Come, listen to my tragedy while I relate the
same;
'Tis what we underwent all on the raging main.
Bold Reynolds was our commander in the ship
called the *Amazon*.

On the 30th of December in Falmouth as we lay
Our orders came on board our anchors for to
weigh;
So 'Heave away!' our captain cried; 'we have no
time to spare:
We'll set our canvas to the breeze and through
the ocean steer.'

Our anchors weigh'd, our sails were set, our
ship she seemed to fly;
It was the *Indefatigable* that bore us company.
We must bid adieu to our sweethearts because
we must cross the main,
Hoping in a short time after to see them all
again.

We steered our course to the southward as far
as Cape Finisterre,
Cruising the seas for several days and nothing
could [find there],
Till, running down the coast of Spain, three
merchantmen we took,
And sent them home to England while we for

more did look.

But in bearing up for England an American ship we see,
That gave us good intelligence the French was at sea.
The weather it was thick, and, under an easy sail,
The wind it blew north-north-east and it blew a briskish gale.

On the 28th of January a man sung from aloft
That he spy'd a lofty man-of-war at a distance three leagues off.
She's a very lofty ship, the truth we will declare;
She crowded all sails she could, expecting to get clear.

But we were at the heels of her, and night coming on,
At six o'clock that very night the bloody fight begun.
With broadside to broadside we play'd them two to one,
Till the blood out of the scupper holes all in a gore did run.

Both round, grape, and double-head we poured in so fast,
[That] at eight o'clock that very night down came [her] mizen mast.
We engag'd them five glasses as close as we could lay,
While great guns, small arms, and cutlasses most sweetly they did play.

The Frenchmen all for quarters aloud to us did
cry;
Their colours struck, no more could fight for
love or liberty.
But the remnant of their shattered crew they
unto us tell
That out of fifteen hundred men eight hundred
of them fell.

This ship was call'd the *Droits de l'Homme*; from
Brest she lately came,
With guns mounted ninety-eight on board and
fifteen hundred men.
Her intention was Ireland her troops all there to
land,
But bold Pellew and his ship's crew did stop
their warlike band.

Twas early the next morning the land it did
appear,
And they were so disabled, from it they could
not get clear;
And we were so disabled we could not veer or
tack,
But down alongside our enemy we soon became
a wreck.

So now the *Indefatigable* is bound for England's
shore
To let our suffering country know the *Amazon's*
no more.
Still, we'll drink to George our King, we'll
convince him of the same,
That British tars for evermore rule lords of the
main.

A NEW SONG (THE SEVENTEEN BRIGHT STARS).

Come, all you bold Britons to the seas do
belong,
Of the seventeen bright stars I will sing you a
song.
On the 15th of April, at Spithead as we lay,
Lord Bridport he hove out a signal to weigh:
But we one and all refused to obey.

The reason unto you I now will relate:
We resolved to refuse the purser's short weight;
Our humble petition to Lord Howe we sent,
That he to the Admiralty write to present
Our provisions and wages that they might
augment.

But soon, to our grief, as you shall understand,
They refused to comply with our humble
demand;
Although to the Army they granted more pay,
While we sons of Neptune neglected did lay.
But the 15th of April soon roused them
straightway.

Then each son of Neptune took their oath
without dread,
Until redress was obtained not to sail from
Spithead;
Two tars from each ship of the line did appear
On board the *Queen Charlotte* without dread or
fear,

While the ships manned their yards with a
thundering loud cheer.

Billy Pitt and Dundas soon heard of the news.
They fell in a rage, and the tars did abuse;
They sent for Lord Spencer and unto him did
say:
‘For Portsmouth, my Lord, and make no delay,
For the mutinous tars refuse to obey.’

Lord Spencer unto us these words did express:
‘Your grievance, my lads, shall soon be redress;
Full provisions we have granted and a shilling a
day.’
We trusted their honour, and our anchors did
weigh,
But the wind coming west, at St. Helens we did
lay.

Now Providence, resolved we should not be
oppressed,
For a fortnight or more kept the wind at south-
west;
During which time, to our great surprize,
The Act was not passed to grant us supplies,
But Bedford and Clarence did open our eyes.

When we found from their promise they meant
for to run,
We resolved to force them before we had done.
When the signal was made for sea to repair,
We then did refuse with another loud cheer,
Which made our proud rulers to quake and to
fear.

The murdering Colpoys, Vice-Admiral of the

blue,
Gave order to fire on the *London* ship's crew;
While the enemy of Britain was ploughing the sea,
He, like a base coward, let them get away
When the French and their transports sailed for Bantry Bay.

But at length from our king Lord Howe he was sent
To redress our grievance to our full content;
We received the old hero with joy as our friend,
And the Act being passed we will cheerfully sing
'Confusion to France and long live our King!'

Now, my brave boys, down Channel we steer
'Long with brave Bridport in search of Mounseer.
May Heaven but grant what we crave for a boon,
That these boasting invaders may out to us come,
And the tune that we will play them is the 'First of June.'

So now I must finish these lines that I have penned.
I hope no true Briton at them may be offended,
But remember the 15th of April, I pray,
And our wives and children keep a holiday;
For what April began we finish in May.

Drink a health to Lord Howe in a full flowing glass,
Confusion to Pitt, likewise to Dundas.

The seventeen bright stars in a bumper shall
roar,
Their praises shall sound from shore unto shore,
And they will never be forgot until Britain’s no
more.

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

The Genius of Britain went hovering round,
For she fear'd that fair Freedom was fled;
But she found to her joy that she was not quite
gone,
But remain'd with the fleet at Spithead.
Rejoic'd at the news, to the *Charlotte* she flew,
Where fair Freedom she heard sat enthron'd:
They all man'd the yards as the goddess came
[in],
For Britain and Freedom they own'd.

The fleet hail'd the goddess with three hearty
cheers
As she stood on the *Charlotte's* gangway,
She drop'd a sad tear as she look'd on her sons
Who so long neglected had lay;
She was led to the cabin. Fair Freedom was
there,
True Loyalty sat by her side;
Britannia sat down in a transport of joy:
'All hail to my heroes!' she cry'd.

Every ship in the line sent two seamen so brave,
Whom the goddess receiv'd with a smile:
They assured her that if they were treated like
men
They would still guard her favourite isle.
'Go on, my brave sons, in the steps you now
tread,
Be virtue your guide and your guard,
And God, who rules over the land and the sea,

Will your honest endeavours reward.’

The Genius of Ireland came in with her harp,
She saluted fair Freedom with tears,
They man’d the yards to welcome her o’er,
And every ship gave three cheers.
Success to the seventeen united bright stars,
Let their praise echo round every shore,
And the fifteenth of April will ne’er be forgot
Till Britannia and Freedom’s no more.

BRITISH TARS REWARDED.

The tars of Old England have long toil'd in vain,
From the time of King Charles down to the
present reign;
But their royal master their wages doth raise,
So join, British sailors, in King George's praise.

The fleet of Lord Bridport, the terror of France,
Petition'd the throne that their pay might
advance.
Their petitions were granted, each grievance
redress'd,
In the heart of each seaman great George he is
bless'd.

No longer neglected, no longer forlorn,
Brave seamen will wander, dejected, our scorn;
Their petitions are granted, each grievance
made known
Soon met with redress at the foot of the throne.

Cheer, cheer, British seamen, your sails now
unfurl,
Against our proud foes soon defiance we'll hurl;
Our toils are rewarded, advanc'd is our pay.
Success to those seamen who gain'd us the day!

Adieu, pretty Nancy of Portsmouth, adieu!
When your William is absent, I pray then be
true.
To fight for our king and our country we go;
Our toils are rewarded, we'll face the proud foe.

Farewell to our children; farewell, dearest
wives!
We don’t leave you distress’d, tho’ we venture
our lives:
Our pay is advanced, which you shall receive;
Then dry up each tear, girls, and cease for to
grieve.

Then, my boys, hoist your sails, to Old England
adieu,
No longer oppressed, to you we’ll prove true:
You shall find that a tar is both grateful and
brave—
We’ll die, but our king and our country we’ll
save.

Three cheers, lads! three cheers, lads! we lose
sight of land.
In defence of our country we’ll join heart and
hand;
And when we return, boys, we’ll drink, dance
and sing
With wives and with sweethearts, so God save
the King!

A NEW SONG ON PARKER THE DELEGATE, HEAD OF THE MUTINY AT SHEERNESS.

To the Tune of *The Vicar of Bray*

I will not sing in Parker's praise, disgraceful is
the story,
Nor yet to seamen tune my lays, eclipsed is now
their glory;
Fell Faction's head they proudly rear 'gainst
country and 'gainst king, sir,
And on their land they now do try destruction
for to bring, sir.
*Then Britons all, with one accord, fight for
your Constitution,*
*And let surrounding foes behold we want no
revolution.*

Parker the means has brought about our
seamen to corrupt, sir,
And like a daring traitor bold, our trade doth
interrupt, sir;
The ships at Sheerness rear the flag, the
emblem of defiance,
With sorrow strikes us to reflect, on them we've
no reliance.
Then Britons all, etc.

An admiral he calls himself, takes a
commander's station,
On board the *Sandwich* doth insult, and braves
the English nation;
Gives law, dispenses life and death or

punishment disgraceful,
And by his arbitrary deeds hath made himself
most hateful.
Then Britons all, etc.

A terror to each merchant ship, detains and
doth them plunder,
And if they offer to sail by, his guns at them do
thunder;
Whate'er he likes he from them takes, and
should they dare refuse, sir,
The captain's ordered to be flogged, thus doth
he them ill use, sir.
Then Britons all, etc.

Five hundred pounds is the reward, the traitor
to bring in, sir,
Who thus the bloody flag hath reared 'gainst
country and 'gainst king, sir;
Let's hope the villain quickly will to
punishment be brought, sir,
Who like a daring traitor bold his country's ruin
sought, sir.
*Then Britons all, with one accord, fight for
your Constitution,
And let surrounding foes behold we want no
revolution.*

THE DEATH OF PARKER.

Ye gods above, protect a widow! and with pity
look on me.
Help, O help me out of trouble, out of sad
calamity!
It was by the death of Parker fortune prov'd to
me unkind;
And though hung for mutiny, worse than he
were left behind.

Parker was my lawful husband, my bosom
friend, whom I loved dear;
Yet at the time he was to suffer, alas! I could
not him get near!
Again I ask'd, again I tried them—three times
o'er and o'er, in vain;
They still that one request denied me, and
ordered me on shore again.

The yellow flag I thought was flying, a signal
for my love to die;
The gun they fired, as was required, to hang
him on the yard-arm high.
The boatswain did his best endeavour, and I on
shore was sent straightway,
Where I stood watching, like a mermaid, to
take my husband's corpse away.

At dead of night, when all was silent and many
thousands fast asleep,
I, by two female friends attended, into the
burying ground did creep.

Our trembling hands did serve as shovels with
which the mould we moved away,
And then the body of my husband carried off
without delay.

A mourning coach for him was waiting: we
drove to London with all speed,
Where decently I had him buried and a sermon
o'er him said.
And now his sorrows are all over, and he's free
from guilt and pain;
I hope in heaven his soul is shining, where I
shall meet with him again.

Farewell, Parker, thou bright angel! once thou
wert the Navy's pride;
Since we did not die together, separate we must
abide.
I must wait awhile with patience; on earth I
hope not long to stay,
When we shall meet once more in glory, and all
our sins be wash'd away.

A NEW SONG IN PRAISE OF ADMIRAL DUNCAN.

By J. PRAT.

Tune *Arethusa*

To tame the Dutch, our treacherous foes,
And give Mynheers a bloody nose,
Brave Duncan to the Texel goes,
Expecting they would meet him.
Many boisterous nights and days
We roll'd upon the raging seas,
Enduring hardships various ways;
Wind and cold, in storms we roll'd,
Yet our tars and admirals bold
Resolved they would beat them.

No toils nor storms the Dutch endure,
But snug at home they sleep secure,
And judge it safe not to unmoor
While Duncan keeps his station.
When our brave Admiral saw their plan,
He said, 'We'll 'tice them if we can:
Let it be known that we are gone
To Yarmouth Roads to take on board
Fresh wholesome stores our isles afford—
They'll credit the relation.'

Then we bore off for England's shore,
And moored in Yarmouth Roads once more.
Our anchors soon the deep explore;
We quickly were refitted.
Our Admiral soon a signal 'spies:

‘Prepare, my lads!’ he loudly cries;
‘The proud Mynheer from the Texel steers;
Our anchors weigh—make no delay,
We’ll shew our cowardly enemy
’Tis in vain for to escape us.’

The shore we clear’d, and off we steer’d,
And soon in sight the Dutch appear’d;
The signal rose, the sailors cheer’d,
And quickly rang’d for battle.
All hands then to their quarters run,
Each tar with courage seiz’d his gun;
At twelve the bloody fight begun,
At every fire our foes expire;
We drubbed them to our heart’s desire:
God prosper British sailors!

Dutch ships eleven with fire and rage
Did fiercely three of ours engage,
But we their fury did assuage
And made them to surrender:
De Winter haul’d his colours down,
And their vice-admiral soon did own
That victory British tars must crown;
Of eleven more that struck, but four
Escap’d to tell their friends on shore
That all the rest were taken.

On board the *Ardent*, known so well,
Brave Captain Burgess boldly fell;
His loss we mourn, but fame shall tell
His worth to future ages.
Our efforts they could not evade,
Two admirals we prisoners made;
Ships of the line we captured nine:
In a battered state the rest retreat,

To weep at home their sad defeat
On the glorious eleventh of October.

Let every loyal Briton sing
God save great George our King!
And in her train may Victory bring
Long peace unto our nation;
To Duncan and his tars success,
Who did the Dutch so warmly dress;
And Vincent bold, who Spain controul'd;
With Home also, who aim'd a blow
That brought the fleet of Gallia low.
Success to all true Britons!

A NEW SONG ON THE ENGAGEMENT FOUGHT BETWEEN THE MARS AND LA HERCULE [*sic*] *APRIL 21, 1798.*

Bright honor now calls—each true Briton attend
Unto these few lines which here I have penn'd.
I sing of a battle that was fought at sea,
The *Mars* was the British, the French ship
Herculé.

CHORUS.

Then fill up a glass to each tar stout and
good,
Success to each seaman—a tear for brave
Hood.

We were cruising off Brest when the French we
did spy:
We quickly gave chase, but they from us did
fly;
We crouded each sail and gave them a
broadside,
Fought them more than two hours and lower'd
their pride.

We brought her to England, the flower of
France—
Thus, thus may we serve all who dare to
advance.
She's been built but six weeks, and her guns
were fourscore,
Whilst the brave little *Mars* carry'd seventy-

four.

Yet see, see Britannia with sorrow is fill'd,
For brave Captain Hood in the action was kill'd;
Likewise the Marines lost their captain so bold,
His name it was White, worth his full weight in
gold.

The French lost three hundred, and we lost
threescore,
In kill'd and in wounded. Thank God 'twas no
more!
Here's a health to the crew of the brave jolly
Mars,
With another full bumper to all jolly tars.

VERSES WRITTEN ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE ASTRÆA, BY THE YOUNGER MIDSHIPMEN OF THAT FRIGATE, 1798.

When in the cockpit all was dim,
And not a mid dared show his glim,
A youth was left alone.
He scratched his head, surveyed his clothes,
Then took the other cheering dose,
And thus began his moan:—

'Ah! Cursed be that fatal day
When I from home was led astray,
In this damned place to dwell:
Oh! had I in the country stay'd
I might have learnt some useful trade
And scorn'd the white lapelle.

'When first on board the ship I went,
My belly full, my mind content,—
No sorrows touched my heart:
I view'd my coat, so flash and new,
My gay cockade, my hanger too,
And thought them wondrous smart.

'But now, alas! my coat is rent;
My hanger's pawned; my money spent;
My former friends I've missed;
And when of hardships I complain,
My messmates swear 'tis all in vain,
And cry "What made you list?"

‘But hark! I hear the corp’ral’s tread:
Another dose, and then to bed,
Of every joy bereft:
I shake my bottle with a doubt;
My poor half-pint is quite drained out,
Not one kind drop is left.’

The youth with indignation burns,
Into his hated hammock turns;
Alas! not long to sleep:
The quartermaster, with hoarse tongue,
Awakes him; says ‘The bell has rung!’
He’s roused, his watch to keep.

Shiv’ring he walks the quarter-deck,
Dreading the stern lieutenant’s check,
Who struts the weather-side;
With glass and trumpet in his hand,
He bellows forth his harsh command,
With arrogance and pride.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

[Fragment.]

Come, all you British sailors bold, and listen to
my song:
It's well worth your attention, and I will not
keep you long;
It's of a British squadron that sailed the other
day,
Commanded by Lord Nelson on the 29th of
May.

We had just twelve sail of the line, our fleet it
was no more,
Besides a frigate and a brig, to cruise the Straits
all o'er.
In chasing of those French dogs our intention it
was good,
With the wind at S.S.E., my boys, our course for
Naples stood.

When we came to Naples no French fleet had
been there;
Back to the isle of Sicily our course we then did
steer,
Where we watered all our warlike ships,
likewise refreshed our men.
All things complete, and the wind set fair, we
put to sea again.

We scarce had made the island when a strange
sail we spied,
Gave chase and soon came up with her—she

proved the *Reguli*.
She told us Malta was taken and the French
fleet put to sea
With the whole of their old troops on board,
bound for Alexandrie.

Great was our disappointment; our ships their
winds did haul,
And slowly standing down the coast in a silent
cruise we call.
[*They sight the 'Pharos' and open the bay.*
And there we spied the French fleet about three
leagues or more.
[*They bear down and form line of battle.*
It was the first of August, that being our
glorious day
When we began the action, 'twas in Aboukir
Bay.

[*The next verses name all the ships in their order.*]

The *Zealous* led the way, my boys,...
... the
Bellerophon and *Minotaur*,
All followed by the bold *Vanguard* which made
the French to rue.

.....

We anchored alongside of them like lions bold
and free.
When their masts and shrouds came tumbling
down, what a glorious sight to see!

.....

Then came the bold *Leander*, that noble fifty-

four,
And on the bows of the *Franklin* she caused her
guns to roar;
Gave her a dreadful drubbing, boys, and did
severely maul,
Which caused them loud for quarter cry and
down French colours haul.

Now the glory and the pride of France the
L'Orient was called,
And in the centre of their line she got severely
mauled;
Gave her a dreadful drubbing, boys, took fire
and up she blew,
With fourteen hundred souls on board which
bid this world adieu.

And now we've taken the French fleet—Lord
speed them on their way!—
Besides some more we burnt and sunk before
we left the bay.
May we always prove victorious while we sail
on the seas,
Against the French, the Dutch, the Danes, and
all our enemies.

THE ARROW SLOOP OF WAR.

You Britons bold, that never was controul'd,
come listen unto me,
And a song to you I'll sing, none but the truth
you'll hear:
Concerning of a fight, brave boys, which
happen'd late, you know,
Commanded by bold Portlock, and the ship
call'd the *Arrow*.

The most of people call'd her the *Carpenter's
Mistake*,
Because she had two maintopsail-yards, and
head and stern alike.
They said she'd prove a coffin to all our brave
ship's crew;
But instead of that, my British boys made the
Dutch dogs to rue.

We being new constructed, they said our guns
were leather;
They said we steer'd by sleight of hand, they
could not see our ruther.
They said our sides were gingerbread, and our
shot were made of clay,
But the Dutch they prov'd full sorry on't when
us they felt that day.

On the thirteenth of September we saw a Dutch
ship lay
All at anchor in Hallen's stream: we bore for
her straightway.

In full fifteen minutes raked fore and aft we
were
Before we could come up to her or bring our
guns to bear.

But, when we did come up to her, our anchor
we let go.
Their captain cries, ‘Come, British boys, we will
make sure of you.’
But when we did begin, my boys, the yards and
rigging flew
For raking us we paid them off, both for the old
and new.

The second broadside we gave to them their
ensign staff came down.
‘Well done, my boys!’ our captain cries; ‘they
see us in Hallen stream town
How we do use their shipping so nigh unto
their shore.’
And the people stood a-looking on, and heard
our great guns roar.

For five-and-twenty minutes so swift we sent
them shot,
Our action it was very short, but it was very
hot.
Whilst they sung out for quarter, our captain he
did say,
‘Avast, my boys, with honour, we’ve shown
them British play.

‘The action being over, and the pris’ners safe on
board,
We’ll keep safe below, my boys, and toss a can
of grog.

And when we come to Portsmouth, with a girl
on each knee,
We'll spend our money cheerfully, and then
again to sea.'

It is now for to finish this my warlike song,
I am a saucy foremast Jack, to the *Arrow* do
belong.
In praise of Captain Portlock and his officers
we'll sing,
And not forgetting the *Arrow's* crew, and long
live George our King!

COPENHAGEN.

Of Nelson and the north,
Sing the day,
When, their haughty powers to vex,
He engaged the Danish decks;
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray.

All bright, in April's sun,
Shone the day,
When a British fleet came down
Through the islands of the Crown,
And by Copenhagen town
Took their stay.

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might:
From her battleships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor, to the last
Bade them fight.

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out; but these were nought

To the batteries which they brought
Like Leviathans afloat
In the brine.

It was ten of Thursday morn
By the chime,
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time—

Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood.
Every Dane looked out that day,
Like the red wolt on his prey;
And he swore his flag to sway
O'er our blood.

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame—
For to him 'twas all the same,
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

'Twas the *Edgar* first that smote
Denmark's line;
As her flag the foremost soared,
Murray stamped his foot on board,

And an hundred cannons roared
At the sign.

Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung Huzza!
Then from centre, rear, and van,
Every captain, every man,
With a lion's heart began
To the fray.

Oh, dark grew soon the heavens—
For each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack;
But the fourth, their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

The voice decayed; their shots
Slowly boom.
They ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Oh, death—it was a sight
Filled our eyes!
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue
Ere the Cross of England flew

O'er her prize.

Why cease not here the strife,
O ye brave?
Why bleeds old England's band
By the fire of Danish land,
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save?

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town:
'Proud foes, let vengeance sleep!
If another chain-shot sweep—
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down.

'Then, peace instead of death
Let us bring!
If you'll yield your conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

The Dane returned, a truce
Glad to bring:
He would yield his conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.

Then Death withdrew his pall
From the day;
And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Yet, all amidst her wrecks
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds relief;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore.

All round, outlandish cries
Loudly broke;
But a nobler note was rung
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
'Hearts of Oak!'

Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the King shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!

The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close,
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows.

Yes—yet amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts, to Britain's weal

Once so true!
Though death has quenched your flame,
Yet immortal be your name!
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou.

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven
O'er your grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing—glory to the souls
Of the brave.

ACTION OFF COPENHAGEN.

You undaunted sons of Britannia, lend an ear,
A story concerning a fight you shall hear.
It was on March the 12th, my boys, our fleet did sail
Out of Yarmouth with a sweet and pleasant gale.

Our Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Parker by name,
And Vice-Admiral Nelson, that man of great fame,
And Rear-Admiral Graves which drew up the rear,
While so boldly for Elsenore Castle we steer'd.

On the 13th we so boldly pass'd Elsenore by,
While so many thousand shot and shells they did fly;
Then straight for Copenhagen our fleet they did steer,
And we anchor'd abreast of the town without fear.

On the second of April it was the glorious day
When bold Nelson's division they got under weigh—
Each ship set for action, each man to his gun,
Resolv'd so boldly we was for to run.

It was into the roads where the Danish flag did fly,

Determin'd alongside of their fleet for to lie;
Said we will make them to strike, my boys, or
else we'll send them down,
There for to storm and set fire to their town.

The first was the *Edgar*, she did lead the van,
At eleven o'clock the heavy fire began,
The *Ardent* and *Glatton*, the rest did the same,
The *Defiance* and *Monarch* behaved with great
fame.

Then in came Lord Nelson, in the *Elephant*;
Next *Bellona* and *Ganges*, so boldly they went;
The bold *Polyphemus* run in the same way,
And the brave little *Isis* her part she did play.

The *Amazon*, the *Hermione*, the *Desirée* and
Blanch,
They anchor'd in the line and behav'd so
staunch;
The *Otter* and the *Dart* they anchor'd also,
Until by a signal was forc'd for to go.

Now these four frigates that we have mentioned
here,
And two little sloops that run in without fear,
They all run and anchor'd alongside the fleet,
Their forts the same time they began to defeat.

But so great was their mistake, at about four
o'clock
They found they could no longer stand our
shot;
For their batteries we clear'd, my boys, which
was our own desire
And the town in three places our bombs set on

fire.

Seven of their two-deckers to us they did strike,
And six floating batteries likewise did the like.
'Well done, my brave boys!' said Lord Nelson;
'that's right,
For your courage and mine you have displayed
in this fight.'

So now, my brave boys, let it never be said
That ever Lord Nelson or Graves was afraid.
Success to our officers throughout the whole
fleet,
That encouraged the Britons the Danes to
defeat.

So now [to conclude and to finish my log],
Call up the steward to serve out the grog.
Here's a health to our wives and sweethearts at
home,
For they'll give us a glass when to England we
come.

A NEW SONG ON LORD NELSON'S VICTORY AT COPENHAGEN.

Draw near, ye gallant seamen, while I the truth
unfold
Of as gallant a naval victory as ever yet was
told.
The second day of April last, upon the Baltic
main,
Parker, Nelson, and their brave tars fresh
laurels there did gain.
*With their thundering and roaring,
rattling and roaring,
Thundering and roaring bombs.*

Gallant Nelson volunteer'd himself, with twelve
sail form'd a line,
And in the Road of Copenhagen he began his
grand design;
His tars, with usual courage, their valour did
display,
And destroy'd the Danish navy upon that
glorious day.
With their, etc.

With strong floating batteries in van and rear
we find,
The enemy in centre had six ships of the line—
At ten that glorious morning the fight begun,
it's true;
We Copenhagen set on fire, my boys, before the
clock struck two.
With their, etc.

When this armament we had destroy'd, we
anchor'd near the town,
And with our bombs were fully bent to burn
their city down;
Revenge for poor Matilda's wrongs our seamen
swore they'd have;
But they sent a flag of truce on board, their city
for to save.
With their, etc.

For the loss of his eye and arm, bold Nelson
does declare,
The foes of his country not an inch of them he'll
spare;
The Danes he's made to rue the day that they
ever Paul did join,
Eight ships he burnt, four he sunk, and took six
of the line.
With their, etc.

Now drink a health to gallant Nelson, the
wonder of the world,
Who, in defence of his country, his thunder
loud has hurled;
And to his bold and valiant tars who plough the
raging sea,
And who never were afraid to face the daring
enemy.
With their, etc.

A NEW SONG COMPOSED BY THE WOUNDED TARS AT THE SIEGE OF BOULOGNE.

On the second day of August, eighteen hundred
and one,
We sailed with Lord Nelson to the port of
Boulogne,
For to cut out their shipping, which was all in
vain—
To our great misfortune, they were all moored
with chain.

Our boats being well manned, by eleven at
night,
To cut out their shipping, not expecting they
would fight;
But the grape from their batteries so smartly
did play,
Nine hundred brave seamen killed and
wounded did lay.

We hoisted our colours, and boldly them
spread,
With the British flag flying at the royal mast-
head;
For the honour of England we will always
maintain,
While bold British seamen plough the watery
main.

Exposed to the fire of the enemy we lay,

While ninety bright pieces of cannon did play;
There many brave seamen then lay in their
gore,
And the shot from their batteries most smartly
did pour.

Our noble commander, with his heart full of
grief,
Used every endeavour to afford us relief;
No ship could assist us, as well he did know,
In this wounded condition we were toss'd to
and fro.

All you who relieve us, the Lord you will bless
For relieving poor seamen in times of distress;
May the Lord put an end to all cruel wars,
Send peace and contentment to all British tars.

FRANCE COVER'D WITH GLORY, BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE TAKEN FROM THE REPORT OF THE GALLANT ADMIRAL LINOIS.

Good people all, I pray attend a most surprising
story:
'Tis of an action on the main, that cover'd
France with glory.
'Twas on the ninth day of July, from Cadiz post
away
Six sail o' th' line, and frigates three, to
Algesiras Bay.

For, kept by th' English in blockade, the mighty
Linois lay,
With five large ships, a frigate too, in Algesiras
Bay.
These to relieve Moreno came, not to engage in
fight,
But to the port of Cadiz straight with them
combine in flight.

A fresh east wind rose on the twelfth—the
French and Spaniards go,
For Cadiz swift they sail, and take the *Hannibal*
in tow.
Now this same eastward gale, alas! brought on
the English fleet,
Who seem to wish for nothing more than
enemies to meet.

Five sail o' th' line the English had, a frigate
and a brig—
They came as if they did not care for France
and Spain a fig.
The night came on, and France and Spain were
very much in fear,
As stronger grew the eastern breeze, more
English might appear.

Hence they were puzzled what to do—that is,
which way to fly—
For what, indeed, are France and Spain when
British tars are nigh!
At length th' allies heard cannon three, and
fires saw far behind—
They thought them English signals, so they
push'd before the wind.

Then they congratulate themselves that they
were got together,
And that they sail'd so very well beyond Old
England's tether.
A conflagration soon they saw burst through
the dark of night,
Which seem'd to be their ships on fire—Oh!
then how great their fright!

Such their first thoughts; but soon they fear'd
'twas fire-ships of the foe:
That was enough to urge their speed, and
wondrous fast they go.
No longer there could be a doubt, the foe has
pass'd the Strait;
Nay, they had reach'd the Gallic wake—there
was no time to wait.

The French at their maintop-mast-head had put
the light to rally;
But pull'd it down when th' English came, lest
they too near might sally.
For well the wary Frenchmen knew, if they
hold forth a light,
It must have led the English on, to force them
into fight.

The night the French in anguish pass'd, because
it did not show
Whether some ships that were in sight were
enemies or no.
At length the day dispers'd their fears—a day it
was most sweet;
For why?—the French soon found themselves in
midst of their own fleet.

At five o'clock they heard a sound that did
denote a fray,
Which made the Frenchmen all rejoice they
were so far away.
The wind about eleven rose—four vessels came
in view:
They thought them friends, but found them
foes, and then again they flew.

The *Formidable* then they saw driving before the
wind,
As if she said, 'The Devil take all those that are
behind.'
At length the French with rapture found they
need not fret and chafe,
The foe they had escap'd and then anchor'd in
Cadiz safe.
And now to all our naval lads may Heav'n still

give a blessing—
And if defeat with glory clads, may France ne’er
want a dressing!

LA LOIRE FRIGATE, OR YEO! YEO!

Written by Mr. C. Dibdin, Jun., composed by Mr. Reeve, and sung by Mr. Slader at Sadler's Wells.

Off Cape Finisterre lay the king's ship *La Loire*,
When a privateer foe Captain Maitland he saw.
So a boat's crew he sent with Spaniard to cope,
Who was call'd *L'Esperance*, in plain English the *Hope*,
Tho' but a forlorn hope she prov'd for the foe,
Made a prize by the boat's crew and Lieutenant Yeo.
Sing Yeo! Yeo! for ever! Yeo! Yeo! for ever!
Pull away, pull away, pull pull away,
With a hearty Yeo! Yeo! with a hearty Yeo! Yeo!

'"Tis the birth of your king, boys,' the captain he cried,
'To crown it with victory then be your pride;
Yes, the birth of your sovereign distinguish, in short,
By planting his flag on yon proud Spanish fort.'
So the gallant boat's crew volunteer'd all to go,
To conquer or die with brave Lieutenant Yeo.
Sing Yeo! Yeo! for ever, etc.

Then Lieutenant Yeo, to his lasting renown,
The fort he knock'd up and the Governor down.
The Dons' captur'd ensign wav'd over his head,
And planted the flag of King George in its stead.
Let the trumpet of fame then through all the world blow,
To the glory of Britons and Lieutenant Yeo.

Sing Yeo! Yeo! for ever, etc.

NELSON'S GLORIOUS VICTORY AT TRAFALGAR.

Arise, arise, brave Britons!
  Perform your loudest lays,
And join me in a chorus
  To sing Britannia's praise.
Once more the hero of the Nile
Did seek to make Britannia smile
With another victory on the file—
    O brave Nelson!

October, on the twenty-first,
  It being a glorious day,
The combined fleets of France and Spain
  Were just off Cadiz Bay;
Their ships in number thirty-three—
And Nelson, when he did them see,
Said, 'Twenty then there is for me.'
    O brave Nelson!

The signal made for fighting,
  Cannon began to roar;
Our ships in number twenty-seven,
  We shook the Spanish shore;
And Nelson, on the deck so high,
Aloud unto his men did cry,
'We'll conquer them, my lads, or die.'
    O brave Nelson!

He broke their line of battle,
  And struck the fatal blow;
He blew some up into the air,

And some he sent below.
But then, with victory on his side,
A fatal ball his life destroyed,
He in the midst of glory died.
O brave Nelson!

When the hero brave was dying,
And with his parting breath,
He pray'd for England's glory
Till the moment of his death.
'Farewell, my lads! My glass is run,
This day must be my setting sun;
But, Providence, thy will be done.'
O brave Nelson!

The battle being over,
Which was a bloody fray,
We twenty of their finest ships
From them did take away.
Now, Bonaparte! boast no more
To land upon our native shore,
Lest you in pieces should be tore,
Through brave Nelson.

May Collingwood's and Hardy's
Like Nelson's fame resound,
And all our force by land and sea
With good success be crowned;
May Britain's trade and wealth increase,
And wars and tumults ever cease,
And may we have a lasting peace,
Through brave Nelson.

A NEW SONG COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

Come all you gallant seamen that unite a
meeting,
Attend to these lines I am going to relate,
And when you've heard them 'twill move you
with pity,
To hear how Lord Nelson he met with his
fate;
For he was a bold and undaunted commander,
As ever did sail on the ocean so wide,
He made both the French and the Spaniards
surrender,
By pouring always into them a broadside.
*Mourn, England, mourn, mourn and
complain,*
*For the loss of Lord Nelson who died
on the main.*

One hundred engagements he had been in, sir,
And ne'er in his life was he known to be beat,
Tho' he'd lost an arm, likewise a right eye, sir,
No power on earth ever could him defeat.
His age at his death it was forty and seven,
And as long as I breathe his great praises I'll
sing,
For the whole navigation to him was given,
Because he was loyal and true to his king.
Mourn, England, mourn, etc.

Like an undaunted hero, exposed to the fire,
He gave his command, on the quarter-deck

stood,
To hear of his actions you would much admire,
To see the decks covered all with human blood.
From aloft to below where he was commanding,
All by a French gun he received a ball,
And by the contents he got mortally wounded,
And that was the cause of Lord Nelson's fall.
Mourn, England, mourn, etc.

Then up steps the doctor in a very great hurry,
And unto Lord Nelson these words he did say,
'Indeed then, my lord, I am very sorry
To see you here lying and bleeding this way.'
'No matter, no matter whatever about me,
My time it has come—I am almost at the worst,
But there's my gallant seamen fighting so boldly,
Discharge of your duty unto them all first.'
Mourn, England, mourn, etc.

Then with a loud voice he called out to his captain,
'Pray let me, sir, know how the battle does go,
For I think our great guns continue to rattle,
Though death is approaching I firmly do know.'
'The antagonist's ship is gone to the bottom,
Eighteen we have captur'd and brought them on board,
Four more we have blown clean out of the ocean,
And this is the news I have brought you, my

lord.'
Mourn, England, mourn, etc.

Come all you gallant seamen that unite in a meeting,
Always let Lord Nelson's memory go round,
For it is your duty when you unite in a meeting,
Because he was loyal and true to the crown.
So now to conclude, and to finish these verses,
Here's God bless all seamen that speak for his good,
May the heavens go with you, and ten thousand blessings
Still rest on the fleet and brave Collingwood.
Mourn, England, mourn, etc.

ADMIRAL STRACHAN'S VICTORY.

Tune—*Hearts of Oak*.

Though with tears we lament our great Nelson's
demise,
Let the nation rejoice that more Nelsons arise;
'Twas Collingwood finish'd what the hero
began,
And brave was the conquest accomplished by
Strachan.
Hearts of oak, etc.

The fourth of November, long famous in story,
This year adds a ray to our national glory;
For like Cæsar of old, *our* Cæsar might say,
He came, saw, and conquer'd in the enemy's
bay.
Hearts of oak, etc.

The *Phœnix* transform'd, like a bird to decoy,
Led the foe where she knew they would soon
find employ;
Only three days before, she had quitted her
nest,
To add a fresh *Didon* to her valorous crest.
Hearts of oak, etc.

Her consort *Margarita*, though first in the chase,
Both at once pour'd their broadsides full butt in
their face;
The *Cæsar*, the *Hero*, and brave *Courageux*,
With cannon and grape shot, soon buckled
them to.

Hearts of oak, etc.

To bind the knot firmer, *Namur* had her share,
By Æolus favor'd, and *Revolutionnaire*;
Though brave their resistance, they fought in vain,
For they seem'd, when they struck, mere wrecks on the main.
Hearts of oak, etc.

Safe moor'd at Plymouth, no more shall they wander,
And fit for the line of a British commander;
Then France, Spain, and Holland shall threaten in vain,
While our tars fight and conquer again and again.
Hearts of oak, etc.

NEW SONG ON THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE AMETHYST AND THETIS, ENGLISH AND FRENCH FRIGATES.

(1808)

Come, all you valiant heroes that sail upon the sea,
Awhile give your attention to what I sing to thee:
'Tis of a famous battle that was fought upon the main,
Where our brave British sailors fresh laurels they did gain,

Between the *Amethyst* frigate—thirty-six guns had she,
And as brave a crew, my boys, as ever sail'd the sea—
And the *Thetis*, French frigate of fifty guns; I do declare,
Such a hard engagement has not been known for many a year.

At seven in the evening the battle it begun,
And lasted many hours before that it was done.
Great numbers there was wounded, a many too was slain,
While the blood from off the decks did change the watery main.

Three hours and twenty minutes we held this dreadful fray,

We lasht her fast unto us, she could not get
away;
Many times they tried to board us, but we
drove them back so fast—
Altho' they was so numerous, we made them
yield at last.

Then down she haul'd her colours, no longer
could she fight;
Our British tars they gave three cheers all at
this noble sight.
We took possession of her without any more
delay,
And sent her into Plymouth Sound then, my
boys, straightway.

Great store of artillery, ammunition too
likewise,
One thousand barrels of flour to our tars
became a prize.
She was bound out to Martinico, the truth I do
declare,
But in the night we met her and stopped her
career.

So now to conclude and to finish my song,
Success to our noble tars that to the seas
belong.
Here is a health to Captain Seymour and all his
valiant men!
Whene'er they meet their enemies may they
serve them so again.

A NEW SONG ON THE SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT OF DESTROYING THE FRENCH FLEET IN BASQUE ROADS ON THE 11th APRIL 1809.

Come, all you valiant Britons of every degree,
Attend a few minutes, and listen unto me
Concerning our brave sailors that sailed on the main,
With courage so bold fresh laurels they did gain.
Success to our sailors that sail on the sea,
Who with Cockrane undaunted, whenever they've wanted,
They'll fight till they die, or gain the victory.

It was in Basque Roads the fleet they did lay,
At the sight of our shipping fill'd them with dismay,
They skulk'd near the shore like cowardly curs,
And dare not come out to face our brave British tars
So
success, etc.

In the month of April, mind what I say,
We resolv'd to try this fleet to destroy:
We gave them three cheers before we set to,
And galled them so sorely we made them cry 'Morbleu!'
So
success, etc.

We poured in our shot and our rockets like hail,
Till at length that their courage began for to
fail.
Some were taken and destroy'd, and some got
on shore,
The rest run up the harbour and would fight no
more,
So
success, etc.

This fleet from Brest Harbour some time ago
got clear,
And our brave British heroes soon after them
did steer:
We chas'd them to Basque Roads without fear
or doubt,
Tho' so great was their number they dare not
come out.
So
success, etc.

So now, Master Boneyparte, cease for to brag,
Till you build some more ships for to hoist your
white flag
Which so often has been beat by the lords of
the main;
And if they dare face them they'll serve them so
again.
So
success, etc.

A COPY OF VERSES ON JEFFERYS THE SEAMAN.

You captains and commanders both by land and
sea,
O do not be hard-hearted, refrain from cruelty;
It is of Jefferys the seaman, who, though not
cast away,
Was left upon a dismal rock, by his captain they
say.

CHORUS. *Think of Jefferys the seaman's hard fate.*

For eight days and nights he in misery did
remain,
Without any food or nourishment himself for to
sustain;
Dejected, in a wretched state, his fate he did
deplore,
For some good Christian to convey him to his
native shore.

At length kind Providence gave ear unto his
mournful strain:
An American vessel to his assistance came;
John Dennis's humanity soon set him free,
And very soon released him from his captivity.

It really is surprising he could so cruel be
Unto his fellow creature, lost to humanity
And any Christian feeling; that such corrections
there be,

It is a pity such should have a command, either
by land or sea.

But now he is arrived unto Old England's shore,
And I think he is very much to blame to go to
sea any more.
The gentry pity his fate as his suffering he
explores,
He is glad to have the happy sight of his native
land once more.

His mother, in amazement, almost distracted
run
When she view'd the situation of her dear only
son.
Quite meagre and almost starving, with hunger
and fatigue,
This sight it caused his aged mother's heart
then for to bleed.

YE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND.

Ye Parliament of England, you Lords and
Commons too,
Consider well what you're about, and what
you're going to do;
You're now to fight with Yankees, I'm sure
you'll rue the day
You roused the sons of liberty in North
America.

You first confined our commerce, and said our
ships sha'n't trade;
You next impressed our seamen, and used them
as your slaves;
You then insulted Rogers while ploughing o'er
the main,
And had not we declared war you'd have done
it o'er again.

You thought our frigates were but few and
Yankees could not fight,
Until brave Hull your *Guerrière* took and
banished her from your sight.
The *Wasp* then took your *Frolic*, we'll nothing
say to that—
The *Poictiers* being of the line, of course she
took her back.

The next, your *Macedonian*, no finer ship could
swim,
Decatur took her gilt-work off, and then he sent
her in.

The *Java* by a Yankee ship was sunk, you all must know;
The *Peacock* fine, in all her plume, by Lawrence down did go.

Then next you sent your *Boxer* to box us all about,
But we had an *Enterprising* brig that beat your *Boxer* out;
We boxed her up to Portland and moored her off the town,
To show the sons of liberty the *Boxer* of renown.

The next upon Lake Erie, where Perry had some fun,
You own he beat your naval force, and caused them for to run;
This was to you a sore defeat, the like ne'er known before—
Your British squadron beat complete—some took, some run ashore.

There's Rogers, in the *President*, will burn, sink and destroy;
The *Congress*, on the Brazil coast, your commerce will annoy;
The *Essex*, in the South Seas, will put out all your lights,
The flag she waves at her mast-head—'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights.'

Lament, ye sons of Britain, far distant is the day
When you'll regain by British force what you've lost in America;
Go tell your King and Parliament, by all the

world ’tis known
That British force by sea and land by Yankees is
o’erthrown.

Use every endeavour, and strive to make a
peace,
For Yankee ships are building fast, their navy to
increase;
They will enforce their commerce, the laws by
heaven are made
That Yankee ships in time of peace to any port
may trade.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIÈRE.

Air—*The Landlady of France.*

It oft-times has been told
That the British seamen bold
Could flog the tars of France
So neat and handy, O!
But they never met their match
Till the Yankees did them catch,—
Oh! the Yankee boy for fighting
Is the dandy, O!

The *Guerrière*, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean roll'd,
Commanded by proud Dacres,
All the grandee, O!
With as choice a British crew
As a rammer ever drew,—
They could flog the French men, two to one
So handy, O!

When this frigate bore in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew:
'Come! clear the ship for action
And be handy, O!
To the weather-gage, boys, get her!'—
And to make his men fight better
Gave them gunpowder to drink
Mixed with brandy, O!

Then Dacres loudly cries,
'Make this Yankee ship your prize,—
You can in thirty minutes,

Neat and handy, O!
Twenty-five's enough, I'm sure;
And if you do it in a score
I'll treat you to a double share
Of brandy, O!'

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankee answered not
Till they got within the distance
They call handy, O!
Now says Hull unto his crew:
'Boys, let's see what we can do!—
If we take this boasting Briton
We're the dandy, O!'

The first broadside we poured,
Came her mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate
Look abandoned, O'!
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
'Lord—I didn't think these Yankees
Were so handy, O!'

Our second told so well
That their fore and mizen fell,
Which doused the royal ensign
Neat and handy, O!
'By George!' says he, 'we're done!'—
And then fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up
'Yankee doodle dandy, O!'

Then Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword,
Loth was he to part with it,

'Twas so handy, O!
'Oh! keep your sword,' says Hull,
'For it only makes you dull;
Cheer up,—and take a little drink
Of brandy, O!'

Come! fill your glasses full!
And we'll drink 'To Captain Hull,'
And so merrily we'll push about
The brandy, O!
John Bull may toast his fill!
But let the world say what it will,
The Yankee boy for fighting
Is the dandy, O!

SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

The *Chesapeake* so bold,
Out of Boston, we've been told,
Came to take the British frigate
Neat and handy, O!
All the people of the port
They came out to see the sport,
And the bands were playing
'Yankee doodle dandy, O!'

The British frigate's name,
Which for the purpose came
Of cooling Yankee courage
Neat and handy, O!
Was the *Shannon*—Captain Broke.
All her crew were hearts of oak,
And at fighting they're allowed to be
The dandy, O!

Now before the fight begun,
The Yankees with much fun,
Said they'd take the British frigate
Neat and handy, O!
And after that they'd dine,
Treat their sweethearts all with wine,
And the band should play up
'Yankee doodle dandy, O!'

We no sooner had begun
Than from their guns they run,
Though before they thought they worked 'em
Neat and handy, O!

Brave Broke he waved his sword,
Crying, ‘Now, my lads, we’ll board,
And we’ll stop their playing
“Yankee doodle dandy, O!”’

We no sooner heard the word
Than we all jumped aboard
And tore down the colours
Neat and handy, O!
Notwithstanding all their brag
O’er the glorious British flag,
At the Yankee mizen-peak
It looked the dandy, O!

Here’s a health to Captain Broke,
And all the hearts of oak,
That took the Yankee frigate
Neat and handy, O!
And may we always prove
That in fighting and in love,
The true British sailor
Is the dandy, O!

BATTLE OF THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

On board the *Shannon* frigate in the merry
month of May,
To watch the bold Americans off Boston lights
we lay.
The *Chesapeake* lay in harbour, a frigate stout
and fine,
Four hundred and forty men she had, her guns
were forty-nine.

'Twas Captain Broke commanded us, a
challenge he did write
To the captain of the *Chesapeake* to bring her
out to fight.
Our captain says, 'Brave Lawrence, 'tis not from
enmity,
But 'tis to prove to all the world that we rule on
the sea.

'Don't think, my noble captain, because you
have had success
That British tars are humbled, not even in
distress.
No! we will fight like heroes our glory to
maintain,
In defiance of superior size and the number of
your men.'

The challenge was accepted, the Americans
came down,
A finer frigate ne'er belonged unto the British

crown.
They brought her into action on the true British plan,
Nor fired a shot till within hail—then they the fight began.

Broadside for broadside then did yield a most tremendous roar,
Like thunder it resounded, re-echoed from each shore.
This dreadful firing lasted near a quarter of an hour;
Then the enemy's ship drove right aboard, their yards were locked in ours.

Our captain went to their ship's side to see how she did lie,
When he beheld the enemy's men who from their guns did fly.
'All hands for boarding!' now he cry'd; 'the victory is sure.
Come bear a hand, my gallant boys, our prize we'll soon secure.'

Like lions then we rush'd on board, we fought them hand to hand,
And tho' they overnumbered us they could not us withstand.
They fought in desperation, disorder, and dismay,
And in about three minutes' time were forced to give way.

Their captain and lieutenant with seventy of the crew
Were killed in this sharp action, and an

hundred wounded too.
The ship was taken to Halifax and the captain
buried there,
And the remainder of his crew as his chief
mourners were.

Have courage then, all British tars, and never
be dismay'd,
But put the can of grog about and drink success
to trade,
Likewise to gallant Captain Broke and all his
valiant crew,
Who beat the bold Americans and brought their
courage to.

A NEW SONG, CALLED THE ENDYMION'S TRIUMPH.

Come, all you valiant British tars, attend unto
my theme.
In eighteen hundred and fifteen this fact I will
proclaim:
As we were cruising off New York, the night it
being clear,
Bold *Mars* to us a message sent an enemy was
near.

On January fifteen, just by the dawn of day,
We 'spied a Yankee frigate that just had put to
sea.
To her our squadron soon gave chace, but all
soon dropt behind,
Except the bold *Endymion*, who flew before the
wind.

It was a handsome chace, my boys, as ever yet
was seen,
Each man stood to his quarters, for victory was
keen;
When, about the hour of four o'clock, long tom
began to tell,
With her we soon came up, brave boys, our
ship could sail so well.

Their Commodore Decatur all hands on deck
did call,
Saying, 'Be of good courage, their vessel's very
small;

Besides, we have two men to one—so, boys, be
not asleep,
For in less than ten minutes we'll sink her in
the deep.'

But soon he found his great mistake—at five
o'clock at night
We gave to them three daring cheers, and
began the bloody fight.
This was their boasted frigate, in her they did
confide,
But soon the bold *Endymion* pull'd down their
Yankee pride.

Two hours and forty minutes, with courage
void of fear,
This bloody fight we did maintain and swept
her decks so clear.
When she haul'd down her colours our valiant
captain cries,
'Well done, well done, my brave boys, the
President's our prize!'

We had twenty kill'd and wounded—thank God
we had no more—
Whilst one hundred of those Yankees lay
weltering in their gore,
And more than twenty wounded, most grevious
was their cries,
Their bitter moans and dying groans did rend
the very skies.

The *President* she was well manned, five
hundred was her crew;
Three hundred and forty the *Endymion* were, 'tis
true;

Yet, nurs'd in the lap of victory, those Yankees
did despise,
For we were all bold British tars and stout
courageous boys.

A curious observation, twelve months that day
were spent
Since this proud Yankee commodore a
challenge to us sent.
We joyfully accepted it, British honour to
[de]fend,
But our commodore would not permit, nor yet
the same commend.

Full sore it grieved bold Captain Hope that
contest to decline,
But now he may exult and say, 'Decatur, you
are mine;
I long'd to meet you on this coast and sought
you with much toil,
And since I have you snug on board, I'll shew
you British soil.'

This action we'll record in the annals of British
fame,
Her sixty-three to forty-eight it was unequal
game.
Since we left Plymouth Harbour in eighteen
hundred and thirteen,
All along the Yankee coast we have thirty prizes
ta'en.

Bold Captain Hope commanded us, his praises
we'll proclaim,
To him the greatest honour's due, he merits
British fame.

‘Be silent, men!’ was all his cry. ‘Bring all your
guns to bear,
And do not fire one shot in vain; both round
and grape prepare.’

It would take the quill of Homer or Virgil to
indite
The valour of our officers display’d upon that
night:
Our undaunted first lieutenant, bold Morgan of
renown,
Mr. Garson, Mr. Ormon, bold Fanshaw and
Yeaman.

But on the seventeenth, brave boys, at twelve
o’clock at night
We lost our fore and main mast, to us a doleful
sight;
To see us in this dreadful gale an adamant heart
would weep,
Our quarter-deck and forecastle guns we
plunged in the deep.

But soon we rigged our jurymast when that the
gale was o’er,
The weather it came fine and clear, the billows
ceas’d to roar;
But soon another gale arose, which lasted three
whole days,
In the Gulph Stream we were toss’d about,
tremendous were the seas.

Our prize she was dismasted and much injury
sustain’d;
Thank God she’s now arrived safe, the
anchorage she’s gain’d.

Thus kind Heaven protected us, all dangers we
surviv'd,
For now in sweet Bermuda our ship and she's
arriv'd.

Now let Commodore Decatur and all his Yankee
crew
Write home to cowardly Madison what British
tars can do,
Whilst our trophies we'll bring home unto the
British shore,
And cans of grog we'll pledge, my boys, now
tempests cease to roar.

So fill to me a flowing bowl and let the toast go
round:
God prosper long bold Captain Hope, with
laurels he is crown'd;
Success to our bold officers and all our valiant
crew,
And may all British seamen their victories
pursue.

THE BRITISH TARS.

Come all you thoughtless young men, a
warning take by me,
And never leave your happy homes to sail the
raging sea,
For I have ploughed the raging main this
twenty years or more,
But now I'm turned adrift to starve upon my
native shore.

When war at first assail'd us I quickly left my
trade,
Our country was in danger, I flew to lend my
aid.
And in my country's service, long, long fatigues
I bore,
But now I'm turned adrift to starve upon my
native shore.

By storms and raging tempest shipwreck'd three
times I've been,
And many a bloody battle upon the seas I've
seen;
I've seen the cannon's glaring flash, I've heard
its murderous roar,
Tho' now I'm turned adrift to starve upon my
native shore.

The British seaman's valour to all the world is
known,
We conquer still where'er we go, the action is
our own.

The meteor flag of England triumphantly we
bore;
But now we are turned adrift to starve upon our
native shore.

Should hostile fleets e'er venture upon the
raging main,
True hearts of oak we British Tars we'll push to
sea again;
And bravely bring their ships to port as we
have done before.
So help us now while we're in want upon our
native shore.

Come pity, ye gentle strangers, a luckless
British Tar,
In your defence he yet may hurl the
thunderbolts of war.
Come lend some kind assistance, and heaven
will bless your store,
For now I'm turned adrift to starve upon my
native shore.

THE FANCY FRIGATE.

It is of a fine Frigate, dare not mention her
name;
And in the West Indies she bore great fame,
For cruel hard usage in every degree,
Like slaves in a galley we plough the salt sea.

At four in the morning the game is begun,
To the cock-pit the waisters for buckets must
run;
For fore and main topmen so loud they do
bawl,
For sand and for stones both large and small.

O Master Make-clever, you know very well,
He comes upon deck and cuts a great swell;
It's 'bear a hand here, boys,' and 'bear a hand
there,'
And in the lee gangway he takes a broad sheer.

Half a dozen he starts, and so he goes on;
You're sure of a hiding, boys, every one;
For soldier or sailor he cares not a damn,
But he'll hide you as long as you're able to
stand.

Our decks being wash'd and our sheets being
home,
Stand by your hammocks, boys, every one;
Seven turns with your lashings so equal must
show,
And all of a size, boys, and through the hoop

go.

Our hammocks being stowed, and our breakfast done,
We're ranked in divisions with our white hats all on;
With our speeguls and lashings so black they must shine,
With our white frocks and trousers we must all be a line.

Our division officer then takes his round,
Not a hole nor a spot on your clothes must be found;
For an hour or more in this form we must be,
Our ropes they are flemished either in harbour or at sea.

Our divisions being over, the next thing comes on,
Jack o' Clubs he is calling for swabs in his song;
Three or four dry swabs each cook they must find,
And the bright iron hoops on our mess-kids must shine.

There is pulling and hauling all the four hours round,
On deck or below there's no peace to be found;
Either paint room, or store room, you're sure for to clear,
To find out what blacking or paint is to spare.

Pass the word for the painters, fore and aft is the cry,
Neither booms nor gangway I would have you

draw nigh,
Nor yet in the ports I would have you be found,
For six dozen or more to your name will go
round.

Our boarding pikes and cutlasses are bright as
the sun,
Our shot racks are copper, boys, every one;
Our pumelins and hand spikes and belaying
pins also,
With our bright iron staunchions we cut a fine
show.

Neither combings or hatchway I'd have you go
near,
From the bell or cook's funnel I'd have you
keep clear;
Nor yet in the galley I'd have you to go,
For a black thunder squall will take you in tow.

Now, my brave boys, comes the best of the fun,
All hands to make sail, going large is the song;
From under two reefs in our topsails we lie,
Like a cloud in the air in an instant must fly.

There's topsails, top-gallant sails, staysails also,
There's stunsails on both sides aloft and below,
There's royals, and skysails, stargazers so high,
By the sound of one pipe everything it must fly.

Now, my brave boys, comes the best of the fun,
It's hands about ship and reef topsails in one;
Our hands go aloft when the helm it goes down,
Lower away topsails when the mainyard goes
round.

Trice up and lie out, and take two reefs in one,
In a moment of time all this work must be done;
Man your head braces, your haulyards, and all,
And hoist away topsails when it's let go and haul.

As for the use of tobacco, all thoughts leave behind;
If you spit upon deck then your death warrant's signed
If you spit overboard either gangway or stern,
You are sure of six dozen by the way of no harm.

But worse than all this, I have known them to stop
A week's wine or grog if you spill but one drop;
Either forward or aft I would have you keep clear,
Or the bell, or cook's funnel, will fall to your share.

Come, all brother seamen, wherever you be,
From all fancy frigates I'd have you keep clear;
Take compassion all on us, and never forget,
Those poor pipe-clay rangers so called of late.

THE SAUCY SCYLLA.

Come all you who delight in a frolicksome
song,
Concerning the *Scylla* it will not keep you long;
Concerning the *Scylla*, a ship of great fame,
She had the Bahama station, and bore a great
name.

At four in the morning the work it came on,
For sand and for holy stones loud was the song;
For fore and main topmen loud was the call,
For sand and for holy stones both great and
small.

The next thing to divisions your hammocks you
bring,
You must have them as snug and as round as a
ring;
With your lanyards and lacings, all made up so
neat,
Or to carry them all day on our shoulders was
our fate.

There is someone we know well, a British old
Turk,
Would go creeping and snarling as the men
were at work;
'Hurrah! bear a hand, men, or you I'll report:'
Then he'd walk you on the carpet like a
prisoner at court.

Two bells in the evening—'twas the drummer

once more—
Beat all hands to quarters with your bayonets
and swords.
'Cast loose, clear for action,' our lieutenant
cries,
With the rest of good drilling and much
exercise.

After quarters was over, there was one thing
more,
All hands to reef top sails, which grieved us full
sore;
'Men, man the rigging,' our lieutenant would
cry,
Rise up, and lay out your reef points to tie.

In less than two minutes our top sails must be
reef'd,
All sail set above them so snug and complete;
For black-listing and drilling grieved us to the
heart,
For our six-watered grog it just measured one
quart.

As we lay in Providence so neat and so clean,
With scraping and painting we did take great
pains;
With scraping and scouring from morning 'till
night,
It was swabbing, dum-scraping that was their
delight.

We ranged them Bahamas by night and by day,
Every creek and every island like a lion for his
prey;
In search of those slave ships it was our intent,

'Till at last came to Nassaw, where our relief
was sent.

Very soon for Port Royal we then did make sail,
Favoured by Neptune and a sweet, pleasant
gale;
When we arrived there, what grieved us full
sore,
We were ordered on the Spanish main for two
months or more.

But now we are arrived in England once more,
How our spirits did rise, glad to see our own
shore;
Our friends and relations they came in our
sight,
For fear of them entering, their look-out was
bright.

But now my song is ended, I have no more to
say,
But our saucy little *Scylla* she carried the sway;
For in reefing and furling she was always the
best,
Throughout the West Indies, for we had scarce
any rest.

THE VANGUARD.

Come, all you seamen, stout and bold, and
listen to my song,
It's worth your whole attention, I'll not detain
you long.

CHORUS.

Then let us sing the Vanguard's praise,
proclaim her valiant name,
Cruel usage I have met with since I sail'd in
the same.

Concerning of the *Vanguard*, a ship of noble
fame,
With her r—— commander, Mickey Walker
call'd by name.

At four o'clock you must turn out, the decks to
holystone;
One and all you must go down upon your
marrow bones.

Then Mr. Croycraft comes on deck, and he'll
begin to curse and swear;
Both watches of gunners send up on deck to see
your lashings are all square.

At eight o'clock it's up top-gallant yards, to the
mast-head you must run,
And if you are not the first ship, your name is
taken down.

Then down from the mast-head to the gangway
you must repair,
And there is the gratings rigged ready to punish
you there.

And when on shore by leave you go, if beyond
your time you stay,
Then you are put on the stage party for the
space of sixty days.

Then next you're put in chokey, boys, you get
both thin and white;
And if you break your liberty, scrub copper
from morning till night.

But if you are in the black list, as true as I'm a
sinner,
Then you must polish brass-work while the
crew are at their dinner.

But if a fighting you do go, you'll never get any
rest;
They will drive you off the lower deck, in the
galley for to mess.

And when you are in the galley mess, your
heart is fill'd with woe;
Your monthly money it is stopt, on shore you
must not go.

Now, you seamen of the *Vanguard*, you had
better not get drunk;
You will be laid upon your back, and they'll use
the stomach pump.

If your hammock it is dirty, and you know no

reason why,
Then you must scrub it in the head, carry it on
a boat-hook to dry.

There's a man on our lower deck, he is called
Jondy Cross;
If I had my will of him, I'd overboard him toss.

But when on shore the bully comes, if with him
you should fall in,
The w——e that gives to him a drubbing shall
have a gown and a gallon of gin.

So now to conclude, and finish my song;
I am a saucy mizen-top man, to the *Vanguard*
does belong.

But if to sea I go again, I'd sooner swing in a
halter,
Before I'd sail in any ship commanded by
Mickey Walker.

THE PORT ADMIRAL.

'Twas at the landing place that's just below
Mount Wyse,
Poll leaned against the sentry's box, a tear in
both her eyes:
Her apron twisted round her arms, all for to
keep them warm,
Being a windy Christmas Day, and also a snow-
storm.
And Bet and Sue
Both stood there too,
A-shivering by her side;
They both were dumb,
And both look'd glum
As they watched the ebbing
tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo:
At the admiral's house look'd
she;
To thoughts before in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You have sent the ship in a gale to work,
On a lee-shore to be jammed;
I'll give you a piece of my mind, old Turk:
Port Admiral, you be damned.

CHORUS.

*We'll give you a piece of our mind, old
Turk:
Port Admiral, you be damned.*

Whoever heard in the sarvice of a frigate made
to sail
On Christmas Day, it blowing hard, with sleet,
and snow, and hail?
I wish I had the fishing of your back that is so
bent,
I'd use the galley poker hot, unto your heart's
content.
Here Bet and Sue
Are with me too,
A-shivering by my side;
They both are dumb,
And both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo:
At the admiral's house looked
she;
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
You've got a roaring fire, I'll bet:
In it your toes are jammed;
Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet:
Port Admiral, you be damned!

CHORUS.

Let's give him a piece of our mind, my Bet:
Port Admiral, you be damned.

I had the flour, and plums all picked, and suet
all chopped fine,
To mix into a pudding rich, for all the mess to
dine:
I pawn'd my ear-rings for the beef, it weighed
at least a stone:
Now my fancy man is sent to sea, and I am left
alone.

Here's Bet and Sue
Who stand here too,
A-shivering by my side;
They both are dumb,
They both look glum,
And watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo:
At the admiral's house look'd she;
To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free:
You've got a turkey, I'll be bound,
With which you will be crammed;
I'll give you a bit of my mind, old hound:
Port Admiral, you be damned.

CHORUS.

We'll give you a bit of our mind, old hound:
Port Admiral, you be damned.

I'm sure that in this weather they cannot cook
their meat:
To eat it raw on Christmas Day will be a
pleasant treat;
But let us all go home, girls; it's no use waiting
here:
We'll hope that Christmas Day to come they'll
have a better cheer.
So Bet and Sue,
Don't stand here too,
A-shivering by my side;
Don't keep so dumb,
Don't look so glum,
Nor watch the ebbing tide.
Poll put her arms a-kimbo:
At the admiral's house look'd
she;

To thoughts that were in limbo,
She now a vent gave free.
So while they cut their raw salt junks,
With dainties you'll be cramm'd;
Here's once for all my mind, old hunks:
Port Admiral, you be damned.

CHORUS.

So once for all our mind, old hunks:
Port Admiral, you be damned.

OH! CRUEL.

Oh! cruel were my parents to tear my love from
me,
And cruel were the press-gang that took him off
to sea,
And cruel was the little boat that row'd him
from the strand,
And cruel was the great big ship that sailed
from the land.
Sing too rol lo,
etc.

Oh! cruel was the water that bore her love from
Mary,
And cruel was the fair wind that would not
blow contrary;
And cruel was the captain, the boatswain and
the men,
Who didn't care a farthing if we ever met again.

Oh! cruel was the splinter to break my deary's
leg,
Now he's obliged to fiddle, and I'm obliged to
beg:
A vagabonding vagrant, and a rantipoling wife,
We fiddle, limp, and scrape it, thro' the ups and
downs of life.

Oh! cruel was th' engagement in which my true
love fought,
And cruel was the cannon-ball that knock'd his
right eye out;

He us'd to leer and ogle me with peepers full of
fun,
But now he looks askew at me, because he has
but one.

My love he plays the fiddle, and wanders up
and down,
And I sing at his elbow thro' all the streets in
town.
We spend our days in harmony, and very
seldom fight,
Except when he's his grog aboard, and I get
queer at night.

Then ladies all take warning by my true love
and me,
Tho' cruel fate should cross you, remember
constancy;
Like me you'll be rewarded, and have your
heart's delight,
With fiddling in the morning, and a drop of gin
at night.

THE ANSWER TO OH! CRUEL.

Oh! cruel was thy parents that envied our love,
And cruel was the press-gang that gave me such
a shove,
That took me head and heels and put me in a
sack,
And to the water side one took me on his back.
Singing too rol
loo rol, etc.

I thought I was to die, so I began to pray,
'Why hang your lazy hide,' one unto me did say,
'If you don't hold your clack I'll throw you
overboard.'
I thought to my dear Poll I shall never be
restor'd.

They soon a sailor made me with their cuffs
and whip,
I never lik'd their notions, I so often had to
strip.
The enemy appear'd. Oh! dreadful was the
sight,
The tarry lads so cheerfully preparing for the
fight.

The captain loudly bawling every man to his
gun,
I tried to skulk away, thinking I had none;
But I very soon found out my skulking would
not do,
For an officer with sword in hand would

quickly run me through.

I waddled to the deck, but I rolled like an egg,
When there came a whacking cannon-ball and
took away my leg.
I tumbled on my back and vented forth a sigh,
When a bullet in a twinkling knock'd out my
poor right eye.

So from the cruel wars I am safe at home again,
And by my fiddling a livelyhood obtain,
And now you have proved true how happy shall
we be—
We'll pass the days and nights in love and
harmony.

Tho' cruel was my fortune I haven't lost the
way
Of getting grog at night by fiddling all the day;
And tho' I am depriv'd by a cruel cannon-ball,
She'd rather have me as I am then ne'er a man
at all.

THE FEMALE LIEUTENANT; OR, FAITHLESS LOVER REWARDED.

William was a youthful lover,
William lov'd a lady fair;
Bells did ring and birds did sing,
As to the church they did repair.

Then came twenty brisk young sailors,
Drest in grand and rich array;
Instead of William being married,
Prest he was and sent away.

Soon his true love follow'd after,
By the name of William Carr;
Her soft hands and milk-white fingers,
All were smear'd with pitch and tar.

Now behold the first engagement,
Bold she fought among the rest;
Her jacket open, void of danger,
All expos'd her snow-white breast.

When the captain came to hear it,
He said, 'What wind has brought you here?'
'Kind sir, I came to find my true love,
Him you prest I love so dear.'

'If that you came to find your true love,
Tell to me his name, I pray?'
'Brave sir, they call him William Taylor,
Him you prest and forc'd away.'

‘If William Taylor is your true love
He is both cruel and severe,
For rise up early in the morning
You shall see him and his lady fair.

‘For he some days ago was wedded
And lives upon the Isle of Man,
And with his beauteous bride has bedded
A truth that none deny it can.’

Then she rose early in the morning,
Early by the break of day,
There she saw sweet William Taylor
Walking with his lady gay.

She call’d quickly for a pistol,
It was brought at her command;
Strait she shot sweet William Taylor,
With the same soon out of hand.

When the captain saw the wonder
Which the maiden fair had done,
He instantly made her lieutenant
Of the gallant *Thunder Bomb*.

BILLY TAYLOR.

A Burlesque Ballad.

Sung by Mr. Emery, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Billy Taylor was a gay young fellow,
Full of mirth, and full of glee;
And his heart he did diskiver
To a lady fair and free.
Fol lol etc.

Four-and-twenty stout young fellows,
Clad they were in blue array,
Came and press'd young Billy Taylor,
And forthwith sent him to sea.
Fol lol, etc.

Soon his true love follow'd arter,
Under the name of Richard Carr;
And her lily white hands she daub'd all over
With the nasty pitch and tar.
Fol lol, etc.

When they came to the first engagement,
Bold she fit amongst the rest,
Until a cannon-ball cut her jacket open,
And diskivered her lily white breast.
Fol lol, etc.

When the captain com'd for to hear on't,
Says he 'Vat vind has blown you here?'
Says she 'I come to seek for my true love,
Whom you press'd, and I love so dear.'

Fol lol, etc.

‘If you come to seek for your true love,
Tell unto me his name, I pray?’
‘His name, kind sir, is Billy Taylor,
Whom you press’d, and sent to sea.’
Fol lol, etc.

‘If his name is Billy Taylor,
He’s both cruel and severe;
For rise up early in the morning,
And you’ll see him with a lady fair.’
Fol lol, etc.

With that she ros’d up in the morning,
Early as by break of day;
And she met her Billy Taylor
Walking with a lady gay.
Fol lol, etc.

Forthwith she call’d for sword and pistol,
Which did come at her command,
And she shot her Billy Taylor,
With his fair one in his hand.
Fol lol, etc.

When the captain com’d for to hear on’t,
He werry much applauded her for what she had done;
And quickly he made her the first lieutenant
Of the gallant *Thunder Bomb*.
Fol lol, etc.

CAWSAND BAY.

In Cawsand Bay lying,
The Blue Peter flying,
And all hands turned up for the anchor to weigh;
There came a young lady,
As fresh as a May day,
And modestly hailing, this damsel did say:

'I want my young man, there,
Do you hear! bear a han' there,
To hoist me on board, or to send him to me;
His name's Henry Grady,
And I am a lady
Come off to prevent him from going to sea.'

The captain, his honour,
When he looked upon her,
Ran down the ship's side for to help her aboard;
Says he with emotion,
'What son of the ocean
Can thus be looked after by Helena Ford?'

The lady made answer:
'That there is my man, sir,
I'll make him as fine and as free as a lord;'
'No, no,' says the cap'n,
'That can't very well happen,
I've got sailing orders; you, sir, stay on board.'

'Avast,' says the lady,
'Don't you heed him, Henry Grady,

He once was your captain, but now you're at
large;
You shan't stay aboard here,
For all that man's order;'
Then out of her bosom she hauled his
discharge.

Says the captain, says he now:
'I'm blowed, but he's free now';
Says Jack, 'Let old Weatherface keep all my
clothes;'
On shore then he steered her,
And the lads they all cheered her,
But the captain was jealous, and looked down
his nose.

Then she got a shore tailor
To rig her young sailor
In tight Nankin breeches, and a blue long-tailed
coat;
And he looked like a squire
For all to admire,
With a dimity handkerchief tied round his
throat.

And they had a house greater
Than e'er a first-rater,
With servants in uniform handing the drink;
And a garden to go in
Where the flowers was a-blowin',
The daisy, the buttercup, lily and pink.

And he got education
Quite fit for his station,
For you know we are never too old for to learn;
And his shipmates they found him,

With his young ones around him,
All chips of the old block, from the stem to the
stern.

GENERAL CAMPBELL.

It was in the month of April, upon the
fourteenth day,
This expedition did embark to cross the raging
sea;
Our fleet being well prepared, our anchors we
did weigh,
To sail against the Burmese to show them
British play.

When we embark'd from Madras it grieved our
hearts full sore,
Our wives and children weeping as they sat on
the shore,
Crying, 'Art thou gone and left us thy absence
for to mourn,
To languish on a foreign land awaiting thy
return?'

We left the roads of Madras upon the sixteenth
day;
Each man being well prepared and eager for the
fray,
Our squadron form'd a brilliant line to shew a
grand half-moon:
With British colours flying, we sailed against
Rangoon.

When we were three days sailing, three sails
appear'd in view;
We fir'd off a signal gun, when quickly they lay
to:

Our commodore bore down on them, we
followed him in line,
But they proved to be some British troops
awaiting us to join.

Next to Port Cornwallis our course we then did
steer,
And hoisted all our stunsails without either
dread or fear.
The next thing that appear'd in view was the
Calcutta fleet,
Was lying there at anchor, all waiting us to
meet.

Our fleet being assembled (the sail was sixty-
three)
A signal gun for sailing was fired instantly;
When out to sea we bore again, and sailed both
night and day,
And on the tenth of May, my boys, we anchor'd
in their bay.

It was early the next morning, the weather
being fair,
We weigh'd our anchors to the bows, and up
the river did steer.
The enemy commenced on shore to put us to
the rout;
But we upon the decks did stand, resolved to
fight it out.

The *Lilly* frigate led the way, when clouds of
smoke did rise,
The *Leander* sloop in company, which did our
foes surprise;
The *Sophia* brig and gun boats, their cannon

loud did roar,
Like thunder rent the elements all on the
Burmese shore.

‘All hands prepare for landing!’ resounded
through the fleet;
‘Let every man have sixty rounds his enemy for
to meet.’
Like lions bold we rushed on shore at ten
o’clock that day:
These cowardly dogs could not us stand, we
forced them to give way.

Now Rangoon we have taken, let us drink unto
our king;
May all his loyal subjects fresh laurels to him
bring.
Likewise to General Campbell, who commanded
on that day,
And pull’d their saucy peacock down on the
eleventh day of May.

THE BOLD ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

Air—*Tars of the 'Blanche.'*

Come listen awhile with attention,
You seamen and landsmen likewise,
While I of a hero will mention
Which England, fam'd England, should prize.
Bold Ross was our noble commander,
His equal was ne'er seen before;
But mark what us sailors went under
When we sailed from Old England's shore.

We sail'd to the Pacific Ocean,
Our hearts both undaunted and free,
Bold Ross cheered us all with the notion
That we should all prosperous be;
But our mainmast was soon smashed to pieces
While we hauled in the ship *Fury's* store.
Said Ross, 'Now the tempest increases,
'Tis for honour of Old England's shore.'

Long time in tempestuous weather,
'Midst rocks, ice and water were we;
We were staunch, bold, and vowed to each other
To die or the North Pole to see.
Ross espied from the ship's starboard quarter
The land that did add to their store—
Crying, 'Look out, my boys, for fresh water,
We're far from Old England's shore.'

Our hardships we bore, and were ready

To follow our brave captain's call,
Who was bold, was undaunted but ready,
His study alone was us all;
While we roamed o'er the cold stormy regions,
On wilds that were ne'er trod before,
No cot, house, or church or religion,
Like those upon Old England's shore.

You may talk about Parry and Cook, boys,
Who tried these cold regions to find—
Only a short trip they took, boys,
Then left the bright magnet behind.
Bold Ross left the British flag flying,
Which no one could e'er do before,
Then light-hearted, though nearly dying,
Came with glory to Old England's shore.

'Twas thought that no one since Creation
Would find it until time did end;
But King William's name of this nation
So proud on that magnet does bend.
So build for bold Ross a fine pillar,
And cast it with gold letters o'er;
Bold Ross brav'd the wave, ice, and billow,
In triumph reached Old England's shore.

This hero, the pride of our nation,
Gained honour, likewise his ship's crew;
May they rise into dignity's station
For being undaunted and true.
Bold Ross, as a pledge of honour,
With the Lord Mayor of London did dine,
And they gave him three cheers and a bumper,
Drank to trade and to commerce in wine.

THE CAPTURE OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

Come, all you old warlike liners, who boast of deeds of war
Achieved by famous Nelson in the glorious days of yore,
Hear what has happened lately along the Syrian coast:
The downfall of the Egyptians, of which we made our boast.
So here's a health to brave Napier; to brave Napier huzza!
Who conquered the Egyptians, and made them run away.

On the first day of November, and forty was the year,
The *Wasp* off St. Jean d'Acre arrived, as you may hear.
That night we anchor'd in the bay, and lay there all the night;
At half-past ten the following day, the squadron hove in sight.

As they came in they anchor'd, and furl'd without more ado;
But some of us kept under weigh, the *Castor*, *Wasp*, and Co.
The next forenoon they all did weigh, (it was our admiral's plan)
To close with St. Jean d'Acre; the *Powerful* led the van.

We took up our positions, abreast of Acre town,
Determin'd, if they'd not give in, to knock their ramparts down.
A flag of truce was then sent in, but they refused to treat
Or come to any peaceful terms with this gallant British fleet.

At half-past two that afternoon the action did begin:
Our shot and shell swift flew like hail, the ramparts soon fell in;
The flagship and the *Powerful* showed them smart British play,
Against the noble *Benbow's* fire the Egyptians could not stay.

The *Castor* acted well her part: the foe strove hard to shake her,
But rather hot she sent her shot 'gainst the forts of St. Jean d'Acre.
The *Edinburgh* and *Revenge*, the *Carysfort* and *Pique*,
The *Hazard* and the *Talbot* made them think of quick retreat.

The saucy *Thunderer* that day poured forth her British thunder,
Knowing well it was the surest way to make her foes knock under.
Besides, four steamers fit for war were there, I am proud to tell;
They harassed well our enemy with death-conveying shell.

The warlike brave *Bellerophon* is worthy of her

name;
For as she ranged up to the forts she poured
forth smoke and flame.
Austrian frigates and the Turks, although in
number few,
By Britons led they did their best—great praise
to them is due.

Then comes the little stinging *Wasp*, her weight
in gold she's worth;
For under the walls of Acre she took a liner's
berth:
As close as ever she could get, her captain
strove to take her,
And sprung her broadsides to the forts, and
stung poor St. Jean d'Acre.

That afternoon, at four o'clock, we heard a
dreadful roar:
Each vessel trembled at the shock, each eye was
turned on shore.
One of their magazines blew up, it was an
awful sight;
Death made an awful conquest there, the
heavens were black as night.

The poor Egyptians, paralysed, scarce knew
what course to take,
And after five they all began their quarters to
forsake:
A general terror soon was spread throughout
the shattered town;
They confess'd us British conquerors and haul'd
their colours down.

THE BORNEO HEROES.

Come, all you jolly sailors bold, the truth you soon shall know
Concerning of a glorious fight on the Isle of Borneo.
As we were cruising off the coast we heard the dreadful news
How the pirates they had massacred our merchants' crews.
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! with Captain Talbot, boys, we'll die or win the day!

The news it flew like lightning, from ship to ship it ran:
Admiral Cochrane gave the word, brave Talbot led the van;
And soon we manned all our boats, and down the river flew.
Brave Talbot he commanded us with all the vessel's crew.
Huzza, etc.

When we came up to the boom we found it so secure,
The cannon from their batteries on us poor lads did pour;
But soon we cut our way through, like lions sprang on shore,
And soon five hundred pirates lay bleeding in their gore.
Huzza,

etc.

While they were bleeding in their gore we
rushed into their town,
And there the produce of many a gallant ship
we found;
For plunder and distribution, boys, it was our
whole intent:
In one hour and twenty minutes the town to
ashes sent.

Huzza,

etc.

When we returned to our admiral and told him
the glorious news,
'Three cheers, my boys, for England, and all the
gallant crews!'
So we'll drink to Admiral Cochrane, and gallant
Talbot too,
The officers of the squadron, and all the vessel's
crew.

Huzza,

etc.

Now we have returned to England, to let our
friends all know
How we destroyed the pirates on the coast of
Borneo;
For we left the flag of England by all nations to
be seen:
And for our reward we'll boldly go, boys, to our
gracious Queen.

Huzza,

etc.

THE SLAVE CHASE.

Set every stitch of canvas to woo the fresh'ning
wind;
Our bowsprit points to Cuba, the coast lies far
behind.
Filled to the hatches full, my boys, across the
seas we go;
There's twice five hundred niggers in the
stifling hold below.
'A sail! What say you, boys? Well—let him give
us chase
A British man-of-war you say—well, let him try
the race;
There's not a swifter vessel ever floated on the
waves
Than our tidy little schooner well ballasted
with slaves.'

Now stronger yet and stronger still came down
the fiery breeze,
And ever fast and faster sped the strange ship
on the seas,
Flinging each rude and bursting surge in
glittering haloes back,
And bearing high to heaven aloft the English
Union Jack!
'Now curses on that ensign,' the slaving captain
said;
'There's little luck for slavers when the English
bunting's spread.
But pack on sail and trim the ship; before we'll
captured be

We'll have the niggers up, my boys, and heave
them in the sea.'

Hoarse was the slaving captain's voice, and
deep the oath he swore:
'Haul down the flag; that's shot enough, we
don't want any more.'
Alongside dashed the cruiser's boat to board
and seize the prize.
Hark to that rattling British cheer that's ringing
to the skies!
'Up, up with the negroes speedily; up, up, and
give them breath;
Clear out the hold from stem to stern: that
noisome den is death;
And run aloft St. George's Cross, all wanton let
it wave,
The token proud that under it there never
treads a slave.'

THE RUSSIANS WON'T COME OUT.

Written by a seaman on board the *Cressy*.

What can we luckless sailors do? no fun comes
to our share;
The enemy keeps out of view—to meet us they
won't dare!
In vain our pennants fly so gay, our cruisers
roam about,
We might as well in Portsmouth lay—the
Russians won't come out!

In Helsingfors they lay quite close; 'neath
Cronstadt mole they crowd;
They'll not come out and meet the foes whom
once they dared so loud.
Like to some worn-out batter'd hulk each
gallant ship so stout
Behind the batteries does skulk—the cowards
won't come out!

The *Arrogant* and *Hecla*, too, gave them a lesson
rough;
Tho' fighting to our lads was new they proved
both smart and tough;
They strewed the ground with soldiers gay,
their batteries knocked about,
And brought their merchant ships away, yet
still they won't come out!

While in the Baltic we deplore our idle time at
sea,
Our comrades on the Turkish shore are as badly

off as we.
Though many ships they've made their own,
ta'en many a strong redoubt,
And batter'd half Odessa down, the Russians
won't come out!

That mighty man, Prince Menschikoff, in
harbour still does lie,
And at the Allied Fleets does scoff as they are
sailing by.
'Don't think,' says he, 'that I'm a fool, a valiant,
headstrong lout;
I'm safe and snug in Sebastopol, and be hanged
if I'll come out.'

Oh! would they but their anchors weigh and
boldly put to sea,
With joy to see a sight so gay how full each
heart would be;
But oh! such wishes are in vain: they know
there's little doubt,
They never would get in again if once they
venture out.

DON'T FORGET YOUR OLD SHIPMATE.

We're the boys that fear no noise
  Whilst thundering cannons roar,
And long we've toiled on the rolling wave,
  And now we're safe on shore.
    Don't forget your old shipmate,
      Fol de rol.

Since we sailed from Plymouth Sound,
  Four years gone, to-night, Jack,
Were there ever chummies known,
  Such as you and I, Jack?
    Don't forget, etc.

We have served the self-same gun,
  Quarter-deck division,
Sponger I, and loader you,
  Through the whole commission.
    Don't forget, etc.

Oftentimes have we laid out,
  Toil nor danger fearing,
Hauling out the flapping sail
  To the weather ear-ring.
    Don't forget, etc.

When the middle watch was on,
  And the time went slow, boy,
Who could tune a rousing stave,
  Who like Jack or Joe, boy?
    Don't forget, etc.

There she swings an empty hulk,
  Not a soul below now;
Number seven, starboard mess,
  Misses Jack and Joe now.
    Don't forget, etc.

But the best of friends must part,
  Fair or foul the weather;
Tip us your flipper for a shake,
  Now a drink together;
    And don't forget your old shipmate, etc.

NOTES

P. 1. **The Battle of Sluys.** From Joseph Hall's edition of the *Poems* of Lawrence Minot, p. 14. The following explanations of references and words are from Mr. Hall's notes:—

Line 1. Lithes = listen.

Stanza 1.—Suth = true; sad = serious; salue = greet; bute (bote) = remedy, benefit.

Stanza 2.—Sir Hugh Kyret = Hugues Quiéret, Seigneur de Tours en Vimieu; leve = believe; lare = teaching; brin (bren) = burn; unkind = unnatural; sowed = smarted; lered = taught.

Stanza 3.—Buriase = burgesses; sone = soon; mekill = much, great; grame = hurt.

Stanza 4.—Sergantes = sergeants, soldiers; snell = quick.

Stanza 5.—Dight = ready; kene = bold; byfor = before; Blankebergh = Blanckenberghe, in West Flanders; sary = wretched; waniand = waning (moon).

Stanza 6.—Sir Robard, &c. = Sir Robert Morley, Marshal of Ireland; wonnen = captured; oway = gone, worthless.

Stanza 7.—Erle of Northamton = William de Bohun; wede = armour; Sir Walter the Mawnay =

Sir W. Manny; bede = offer.

Stanza 8.—The duc of Lankaster = Henry of Derby; drive = rush, dash on; mody = courageous, proud; stint = stopped; strive = a conflict; fone = few.

Stanza 9.—Eth = easy; raw = line, order of battle; fer = far; bud = behoved.

Stanza 10.—Earl of Glowcester = Hugh de Audley; glade = gladden; biker = fight; baldely = bravely; brim = sea, flood; at = to.

Stanza 11.—Prest = ready.

Stanza 12.—John of Aile = Jan van Eyle or Heylle; scheltron = squadron; schene = bright; Cagent = Cadzant, in Zeeland; cantly = eagerly; tene = sorrow.

Stanza 13.—Swith = quickly; skrith = escape; kouth = knew; kith = show.

Stanza 14.—Kogges = cogs, or cocks, ships of burden; stound = time, short time.

Stanza 15.—Wall = choice; flude (flode) = sea; confort = cheer.

Stanza 16.—Gert = caused; blin = cease.

P. 3. **Les Espagnols sur Mer.** From Joseph Hall's edition of the *Poems* of Lawrence Minot, p. 33.

Stanza 1.—Spede = cause to prosper; wight = stout; dale = earth, grave; fele = many; fare = brag.

Stanza 2.—Taburns = tabours, small drums; weremen = warriors; holl = hull.

Stanza 3.—Hurdis = bulwark; on here = on high; neghed = approached; snaper = stumble; ferr = farther; fine = come to an end, die; tyne = lose; reved = carried off.

Stanza 4.—Boy with thi blac berd—Barbenoire or Bocca-Negra, pirate of Genoa; rede = advise; blin = cease; were on = fight against; domp = plunge; lout

= bow low to.

P. 4. **The Pilgrims' Sea Voyage.** From a MS. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited by J. F. Furnivall for the Early English Text Society in 1867; also printed in Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads*, p. 1. Date of MS. temp. Henry VI. A translation is given by Clowes, *The Royal Navy*, i. 344.

On p. 5, line 15, 'lyle' is a misprint for 'lyke.'

Stanza 1.—Gramys = troubles.

Stanza 2.—Hissa = hoist away: French 'hissez'; crake = talk.

Stanza 3.—Taylia = haul aft the sheet.

Stanza 4.—No nere = steer no nearer the wind. The note of interrogation is clearly wrong.

Stanza 5.—Trussa = haul on the truss; probably the French 'troussez.'; Wartake = French 'uretacque' (Jal); defined by Falconer as 'the preventer fore tack.' Cf. *Inventories of Henry VII.*, p. 71.

Stanza 6.—Pery = a squall; Thou canst no whery = thou understandest not a ship.

P. 6. **Sir Andrew Barton.** Text in Hales and Furnivall, *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, iii. 399, and in Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, iii. 334. There is also a later broadside version which is printed in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723, i. 159, and in *Roxburghe Ballads*, i. 10. Percy's *Reliques* contains a composite version.

Bishop Percy's MS. is said to belong to the reign of Charles I., but the version of this ballad it contains probably belongs to an earlier period. It apparently attributes to Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, who died in 1624, the exploit of his kinsman, Sir Edward Howard, who died in 1513, a kind of confusion which is not uncommon in ballads handed down by tradition.

Contemporary narratives give no account of Sir

Edward Howard's tactics, and the details given are probably the invention of the author of the ballad. The reference to 'beams' in stanzas 7 and 9 on p. 9 has been explained in many different ways. One explanation is that it refers to some primitive form of ram, such as that described by De la Roncière in his *Histoire de la Marine Française*, i. 256. Another is, that the 'beams,' also termed in the MS. 'beanes' or 'beaves,' were heavy weights designed to be dropped on the enemy's ship. It seems more likely that some apparatus for grappling the enemy's ship was meant. 'He clasped me to his archborde' says the merchant in stanza 3 on p. 9. 'Archborde' is explained by Hales and Furnivall in a note to mean the side of a ship, and to be the same as hatch-bord.' *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, iii. 407.

The two following stanzas from Percy's *Reliques*, i. 335, ed. 1893, will serve to fill the gap on p. 10 of the text:

'And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my ship along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton,
knight.'

THE SECOND PART.

'The merchant sett my lorde a glasse
So well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.
His hachebord it was gilt with gold,

So deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
"Nowe by my faith," lord Howarde sais,
This is a gallant sight to see.'

P. 16. **John Dory.** Text in Ritson, *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ed. 1877, p. 198, and in Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, v. 131. The ballad was first printed in 1609, but is mentioned in 1575. Tune in Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, i. 93, ed. Wooldridge. It refers to no known historical event, but is perhaps a traditional account of some incident in the Hundred Years' War. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, refers to the ballad as 'an old three-man's song' about 'one Nicholas, son to a widow near Foy' (ed. 1602, p. 135).

P. 17. **The Mariner's Song.** From the *Comedy of Common Conditions*, circa 1570. Printed by J. P. Collier, *English Dramatic Poetry*, ed. 1879, ii. 293; also in Stone's *Sea Songs and Ballads*, p. 4.

P. 18. **The Obtaining of the Great Galleazzo.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 384. Also printed in Arber's *Tudor Tracts*, p. 485, and in J. P. Collier's *Broadside Black-Letter Ballads*, 1868, p. 79, which gives some variants. By Thomas Deloney.

P. 21. **The Winning of Cales.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 402. Printed also in Hales and Furnivall, *Bishop Percy's Folio MS.*, iii. 453, which gives some variants. Written by Thomas Deloney, and probably first appeared in his *Garland of Good Will*, about 1596, soon after the capture of Cadiz.

P. 23. **The Sailor's Onely Delight.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 408. A version with variants is given by Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, v. 133. In Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen*, the jailor's daughter sings a fragment of an earlier version:

The George Alow came from the South
From the coast of Barbary-a;
And there he met with brave gallants of war
By one, by two, by three-a.
Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants,
And whither now are you bound-a?
O let me have your company
Till [I]come unto the Sound-a.

The second part of the ballad was licensed in 1611: the first part is not entered, but the tune is that of a ballad registered in March 1611 (Arber, *Stationers' Register*, iii. 206, b.). The ballad may refer to an historical event. 'In 1596 letters of reprisal were granted to Diggory Piper in the Sweepstakes of London.... He was authorised to attack Spanish and Portuguese ships; he commenced with some Flemings, continued with two French traders, and finished with a Dane having goods worth 3,000*l.* on board.' (Oppenheim, *The Administration of the Royal Navy*, p. 180).

P. 25. **The Seaman's Song of Captain Ward.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 784. Date of first publication July 3, 1609 (Arber, *Stationers' Register*, iii. 185, b.).

P. 27. **The Song of Danseker.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 423. Same date as the preceding.

P. 30. **Captain Ward and the Rainbow.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 426. The earliest printed editions of this ballad belong to the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was reprinted as a broadside by J. Pitts in the early part of the nineteenth century. See Logan, *A Pedlar's Pack*, p. 7. The ballad is possibly a legendary version of Rainborow's expedition to Sallee in 1637. Essex is celebrated as a naval commander in *Queen Elizabeth's Champion* (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 405).

P. 31. **The Lamentable Cries of 1,500 Christians.** Text from a MS. in the Bodleian Library (*MS. Rawlinson Poet.* clii. f. 36).

P. 34. **The Honour of Bristol.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 429. A later version, entitled *The Jovial Mariner's Resolution*, is contained in a chapbook, called *The Jovial Mariner's Garland*, in the Bodleian Library (Douce P.P. 183).

P. 36. **Neptune to England.** Printed by Halliwell, *Early Naval Ballads*, p. 68, from *MS. Sloane*, 1514, f. 40, in the British Museum.

P. 36. **On His Majesties Fleet.** Text from *Add. MS.* 29, 975, f. 109, in the British Museum.

P. 37. **Upon the Great Ship.** Text from *MS. Rawlinson Poet.* clx. f. 164, in the Bodleian Library. A poem on the same subject in Latin and English is printed in Sir Richard Fanshawe's *Pastor Fido and Poems*, ed. 1676, p. 228.

P. 40. **Sailors for my Money.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 797. Date somewhere between 1630 and 1655. Mr. Ebsworth dates it 1635. On its author, Martin Parker, see *Dictionary of National Biography*, xliii. 242.

P. 42. **The Jovial Mariner.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 369. Attributed by Mr. Ebsworth to John Playford and dated circa 1670–84.

P. 45. **Neptune's Raging Fury.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 432. Written about 1635, says Mr. Ebsworth. For the tune see Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*, ed. Wooldridge, ii. 47.

P. 47. **The Famous Fight at Malago.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, iv. 412; and Halliwell, *Early Naval Ballads*, p. 64. The fight took place in July 1656. The five frigates were the Lyme, Nantwich, Newbury, Maidstone, and Ruby, with the Fox fireship, so that only one of the names given in verse 2 is correct. See

Thurloe State Papers, v. 195, 233, 257.

P. 48. **Elegy on the Death of Robert Blake.** From a pamphlet in the British Museum (669. f. 20 [21]).

P. 53. **The Valiant Seaman's Congratulation to King Charles II.** From the Euing collection in the Library of the University of Glasgow (No. 368). For the tune see Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, ii. 15.

P. 54. **England's Valour and Holland's Terrour.** From the Euing collection (No. 103).

P. 56. **Song Written at Sea.** By the Earl of Dorset, printed in Rochester's *Works*, ed. 1731, vol. ii. p. 53, and reprinted in Ward's *English Poets*, ii. 412. Tune and words in Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*, ed. Wooldridge, ii. 154. In the last line of verse 3 Chappell reads 'bring' instead of 'waft.' For another version, see *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 168.

P. 58. **The Royal Victory.** Printed in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 435. Dated by Ebsworth, June 9, 1665. Tune given in Chappell, ed. Wooldridge, i. 259.

P. 61. **The English Seaman's Resolution.** From the Euing collection (No. 106).

P. 63. **England's Tryumph and Holland's Downfall.** From the Euing collection (No. 93).

P. 68. **England's Royal Conquest.** From Anthony Wood's collection in the Bodleian Library (Wood, E. 25. f. 55). Printed for Richard Burton, at the Horse-Shoe in West-Smithfield.

P. 69. **Holland turn'd to Tinder.** From the Euing collection (No. 134). Printed by E. Crowch for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

P. 72. **A New Ballad of a Famous German Prince.** From Anthony Wood's collection in the Bodleian Library (Wood, E. 416. f. 111). The Second Part is from the same source (f. 113).

P. 79. **The Dutch Damnified.** From the Euing collection (No. 60).

P. 82. **A Song on the Duke's late Glorious Success.** Printed by Halliwell, *Early Naval Ballads*, p. 62, from a broadside in the possession of Mr. Rimbault. On the battle of Solebay, May 28, 1672.

P. 83. **News from the Coast of Spain.** From the Rawlinson collection in the Bodleian (Rawlinson, 566, p. 82). Action February 13, 1674.

P. 86. **Captain Mansfield's Fight with the Turks.** From the Madden collection in the Cambridge University Library (*Slipsongs*, i. 120, No. 260). Probably based on Kempthorne's repulse of the seven Algerine ships, December 29, 1669. May refer to Captain Michael Mansfield, on whom see Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*, i. 348.

P. 88. **The Algiers Slave's Releasement.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 447.

P. 89. **The Benjamin's Lamentation.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 529.

P. 92. **The Treachery of the Spaniards of Porto Rico.** From the Pepys collection in the Library of Magdalene College, Cambridge, v. 374. The Journal of Ignatius White, the captain of the Dartmouth, gives an interesting account of this incident, dated April 1686 (No. 3819). See also MS., Rawlinson A., clxxxix. f. 337.

P. 95. **The Golden Voyage.** From the Pepys collection (iv. 199). Printed for J. Blare, at the Looking Glass on London Bridge.

P. 97. **The Boatswain's Call.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 463.

P. 99. **The Undaunted Seaman.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 551.

P. 101. **The Seaman's Adieu.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 524.

P. 104. **The Maiden's Frolick.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, iii. 402.

P. 106. **The Courageous Commander.** From the Pepys collection (iv. 219). Printed for R. Kell, at the White Hart, near Pye Corner, in West Smithfield.

P. 108. **The Seaman's Victory.** *Bagford Ballads*, i. 283.

P. 110. **Torringtonia.** From the Pepys collection (v. 377).

P. 112. **England's Triumph at Sea.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 745, and *Poems on State Affairs*, I. ii. 263. The text of the two versions differs. Verses 9 and 10 are added from a manuscript.

P. 113. **England's Great Loss by a Storm of Wind.** Printed in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 40*. Another version is in the Madden collection, entitled *A Copy of Verses made upon the Loss of the Coronation, and eight more Ships of War* (*Slipsongs*, i. 174, No. 372). A third version, printed in Marryat's *Poor Jack*, is headed *The Return from the Baltic of the English Fleet under Admiral Sir Edward Russell*. All are late versions, and full of corruptions. They place the disaster in November, instead of September 1691, and differ in the names of the ships. According to Burchett, the Coronation was lost with most of her crew, the Harwich 'ran on shore and bulged,' the Royal Oak and Northumberland 'tailed on the ground, though afterwards they were luckily got off' (*Transactions at Sea*, p. 102; cf. Clowes, ii. 345). The second line of verse 4 is, in Marryat's version, 'But fiercely to the west did run'; in the Madden copy, 'The sea strong to the west did run.' In verse 5, Marryat's version runs:

'A-shore went the Northumberland,
The Harwich and the Cumberland,

The Lion, and the Warwick too;
But Elizabeth, she had most for to rue,
She came stem on, and her Lion broke,
And she sunk the Gloster at the stroke.'

Marryat's version draws a moral from the disaster:

'They was punished for their misdeeds
For grumbling when they had no needs.'

The Madden copy, on the other hand, says:

'Walking Plymouth streets one day,
I heard some sea captains for to say
"God will reward us for our deeds,
In flogging men when there's no need."'

There are many minor variations in the three versions which are not worth noting.

P. 114. **Naval Warfare of 1692.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 746.

P. 117. **The Royal Triumph.** *Bagford Ballads*, i. 297. 'Fistula master' in verse 10 is an allusion to the fact that Louis XIV. was operated upon for a fistula November 18, 1686. (Martin, *Histoire de France*, 4th ed. xiv. 74).

P. 119. **Admiral Russell's Scowering the French Fleet.** Printed in *Bagford Ballads*, i. 119, from a copy in *The Midshipman's Garland*, published in Queen Anne's reign. The tune and four verses of the ballad are given in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 333. In the second verse D'Urfey reads 'scupper-holes' instead of 'port-holes,' and 'king' instead of 'queen' in verse 4. Verses 5 and 6 are probably later additions to the original. For tune see *The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany*, 1804, p. 270.

P. 120. **A Merry New Ballad.** From the Pepys collection (v. 382). A broadside printed 'for R. Baldwin near the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane,' 1692. In the last verse 'Petres' refers to Edward Petre the Jesuit, confessor of James II.

P. 125. **The Valiant Seaman's Courage.** From the Pepys collection (v. 385). A broadside printed for C. Bates at the White Hart in West Smithfield.

P. 126. **England's Glory in the Behaviour of Brave Killeygrove.** Printed in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 10. Original in British Museum (pressmark l. 20. c. 30 [18]). See Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*, ii. 328. In the last line 'Marseilles' is evidently a misprint for 'Messina.'

P. 128. **The Frighted French.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vi. 446. The original reads 'do tide' in verse 5.

P. 129. **The Cæsar's Victory.** From the Pepys collection (iv. 198). A broadside printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Giltspur Street.

P. 131. **A Copy of Verses by Captain Henry Every.** From the Pepys collection (v. 384). There is an eighteenth-century version in the Madden collection (*Slipsongs* ii. 72, No. 1, 166) entitled *Bold Captain Avery*. The numerous variants in the later version are merely corruptions and not worth noting. The ballad follows very closely the facts set forth at the trial of six of Every's crew in 1696. Henry Every, *alias* Bridgman, on May 30, 1694, seized a merchant ship called The Charles the Second, Charles Gibson master, as she lay at anchor about three leagues from the Groyne (*i.e.* Corunna). Having set Gibson and sixteen honest men ashore and renamed the ship, Every sailed for the coast of Guinea. A proclamation against Captain Henry Every, of the ship Phancy, was issued July 18, 1696 (Luttrell's *Diary*, iv. 86). The reference to the different flags used by pirates in

verses 9–12 is explained by the following extract from the narrative of a captive: ‘About eleven of the clock one night, after the whole crew had been some time assembled in the great cabbin, I heard three huzzas, and then they all came up on deck and hoisted *Jolly Roger* (for so they call their black ensign, in the middle of which is a large white skeleton with a dart in one hand striking a bleeding heart, and in the other an hour-glass).... When they fight under *Jolly Roger* they give quarter, which they do not when they fight under the red or bloody flag.’ (From Captain Richard Hawkins’s account of his capture by Captain Spriggs and his sufferings amongst the pirates of the Spanish Main in the year 1724, reprinted in Boyer’s *Political State of Great Britain*, vol. xxviii. pp. 147–156).

P. 133. **Villany Rewarded.** From the Pepys collection (ii. 99). A broadside printed for Charles Barnes, 1696. See *The Trial of Joseph Dawson &c. for several Piracies and Robberies by them committed in company of Every the Grand Pirate*: London, 1696, folio. The six accused were all condemned and hanged at Execution Dock, November 25, 1696.

P. 134. **Captain Kid’s Farewell.** This ballad is reprinted, for the first time, from the unique example in the collection of Lord Crawford. The trial of William Kid (or Kidd), which took place in 1701, is contained in volume xiv. of the *State Trials*, p. 123. The ballad follows the trial pretty closely. One indictment against Kid was for the murder of his gunner, William Moore. The dialogue which caused the assault is thus related. Captain Kid called Moore ‘a lousy dog.’ ‘Says William Moore, “If I am a lousy dog, you have made me so; you have brought me to ruin, and many more.” Upon his saying this, says Captain Kid, “Have I ruined you, ye dog?” and took a

bucket bound with iron hoops and struck him on the right side of the head, of which he died next day.' Another indictment was for the capture of a merchant ship called The Quedagh Merchant, bound from Bengal to Surat, the property of certain Armenian merchants and Moors, but commanded by an Englishman (see verse 7). This was in January 1698. About June 1696 Kid had taken on his voyage to New York 'a French banker,' as a witness calls it, *i.e.* a French fishing-ship bound for Newfoundland (see verse 8). At Babs Key or Bobs Key, 'a small island at the entrance of the Red Sea,' Kid projected an attack upon 'the Mocca fleet,' fourteen or fifteen merchantmen of various nationalities, but found them too strong for him (verse 9).

Captain Culliford (mentioned in verse 15) was a notorious pirate, commander of the Resolution, formerly the Mocca frigate, whom Kid met at Madagascar. When they met, Culliford thought Kid had come to arrest him. But they became friends at once. 'And on the quarter-deck they made some bomboo and drank together; and Captain Kid said, "Before I would do you any harm I would have my soul fry in hell fire," and wished damnation to himself several times if he did' (*State Trials*, xiv. 153, 167). In the report of the trial Culliford is described as now in custody, and he probably followed Kid to the gallows.

Kid was executed May 23, 1701.

On his case see also *A full Account of the Proceedings in relation to Capt. Kidd*, in *A Collection of State Trials, published during the Reign of King William III.*, vol. iii. p. 230.

A fragment of a traditional version of this ballad is given in Masefield's *A Sailor's Garland*, p. 17.

P. 137. **A Satyr on the Sea Officers.** Printed in

the *Miscellaneous Works* of George Duke of Buckingham, i. p. 90, 1704. Probably written about 1691. The players were at Oxford in July 1691 (*Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1690–1, p. 430).

P. 140. **The Sea Martyrs.** From the Pepys collection (v. 375). The broadside has no printer's name or date. Probably written about January 1691. Luttrell notes, about the middle of December 1690, that 'some seamen belonging to the Suffolk man-of-war, having mutinied for want of their pay, are secured and sent to the Marshalsea in order to their trial' (*Diary*, ii. 144.)

P. 143. **Advice to Young Maidens.** From *The Hampshire Garland* in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library.

P. 145. **The Seamen's Wives' Vindication.** From the Pepys collection (iv. 185). A broadside printed for J. Deacon, at the Angel in Giltspur Street.

P. 146. **Billy the Midshipman's Welcome Home.** *Bagford Ballads*, i. 112. From the *Midshipman's Garland*, published about the beginning of Queen Anne's reign. The tune is given in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 301.

P. 148. **Admiral Benbow.** Printed in Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads*, p. 38. A slightly different version is given in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 19*. A chapbook dated 1784, entitled *Four Excellent New Songs*, in the Bodleian Library (Douce S. 370) seems to be the earliest printed version. From it, with the omission of three or four words, the stanza about Captain Crosbie, which is not in Halliwell's version, has been added. A slipsong printed by Jennings, Water Lane, Fleet Street, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, gives the verse thus:

'And there Captain Kirby proved a coward at

last,
And with Wade played at bo-peep behind the main-mast;
And there they did stand, boys, and quiver and shake,
For fear those French dogs their lives should take.'

This was originally a much longer ballad: in the Jennings and Douce versions there are many variants and some additional lines. The third and fourth stanzas in the former run as follows:

'We took our leave of them, and made quick dispatch,
And we steered our course to the island of Vache;
And turning to the windward as near as we could lie,
On the 14th of August ten sail we did espy.

'They hoisted their pendants and their colours spread,
And they hoisted their bloody flag at the topmast head;
Then we hoisted our jack flag at the mizen peak,
And so brought up our squadron in a line most complete.'

The Douce version has this fourth stanza in slightly different words, but omits the third. It reads 'chance shot' instead of 'chain shot.' No good text can be put together till some older and more authoritative edition of the ballad is discovered. For the tune, see Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*, ii. 92, and also

Sharpe's *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 73.

Historically the first line of the ballad is incorrect. Benbow sailed first to Barbadoes and thence to Port Royal (see Clowes, ii. 368). As to the details of the engagement, the account of the court-martial on Benbow's captains is printed in *State Trials*, xiv. 538–546. The fight was August 19–24, 1702; the trial, October 8–12, 1702. Benbow was wounded at three in the morning of August 24, 'his right leg being broke, but commanded the fight to be vigorously maintained,' after which, says the report, he 'lay wounded in a cradle.'

Crosbie in verse 6 should be Kirkby. Captain Richard Kirkby, commander of the Defiance, was sentenced to be shot. In the report it is alleged 'that during the six days' engagement he never encouraged his men; but by his own example of dodging behind the mizen-mast, and falling down upon the deck on the noise of shot ... the said men were under great discouragement.'

P. 149. **The Death of Admiral Benbow.** Printed by Halliwell, *Early Naval Ballads*, 'from a broadside printed at Salisbury by Fowler, a noted ballad printer of the last century.' A chapbook printed at Edinburgh in 1823 supplies some variants in verses 1–7, and adds verses 8–10. Some of these variants have been adopted in the text, especially in verses 4 and 7, where they supply the rhymes missing in Halliwell's version. The three verses given in brackets are evidently a later addition.

In verse 4 'Noah's Ark' is perhaps a nickname, but more probably a corruption of the name of Benbow's flagship, the Breda. In the report of the trial it is called throughout the 'Bredah,' and the accentuation of the last syllable would account for the appearance of 'Ark.' No doubt the line originally ran '*T*was the

Ruby and Bredah.'

For the tune see Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, ii. 94.

P. 151. **Sailor's Account of the Action at Vigo.** From the collection of the Earl of Crawford. A broadside printed by Sam. Farley of Exeter.

P. 153. **On the Sea Fight between Sir G. R. and Toulouse.** *Poems on Affairs of State*, ed. 1716, iii. 112.

P. 153. **A Song on the Same.** *Ib.*, p. 113.

P. 154. **The Sailor's Tragedy.** From the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library (*The Sea-faring Garland*: Douce P. P. 183).

P. 156. **The Valiant Admiral.** *Ib.*

P. 158. **The Sea-Fight, or the French Prize taken.** From *The Diverting Muse, or the Universal Medley*, part vi., 1707.

P. 159. **The Dismal Lamentation, &c.** From the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library (*The New Portsmouth and Spithead Garland*: Douce P. P. 183). On the accident see Clowes ii. 529.

P. 162. **The Sailor's Complaint.** Text from a volume of songs called *The Nightingale*, printed in 1738. A nineteenth-century version from a broadside is given in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 65*. For the tune see Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, ed. Wooldridge, ii. 165.

P. 163. **Fair Sally.** Text from *A Collection of Diverting Songs*, published about 1740, p. 217. Another version, which substitutes 'seaman' for 'sailor,' may be found at p. 174 of the collection called *The Lark*, published in 1740, and also in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 63.

P. 164. '**How Pleasant a Sailor's Life Passes.**' From *A Collection of Diverting Songs*. Also in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscellany*, p. 168, where it is entitled *The*

Sailor's Rant.

P. 165. **The Boatswain's Whistle.** From the collection entitled *The Lark*, 1740, p. 25. In this version line 4 of the chorus runs 'My boy, let us stir, let us toil,' but Smollett's reading has been adopted as preferable. I have not been able to find a copy of the original or the date of its publication.

P. 166. **The Downfall of Piracy.** From *The Worcestershire Garland* in the British Museum (pressmark, 11621. c. 4 [89]). Reprinted by Ashton, *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 7.

P. 168. **Admiral Cavendish's Distress on Board the Canterbury.** The Canterbury was the flagship of Rear-Admiral Philip Cavendish from July 16, 1728, to January 24, 1730–31. She sailed from Spithead on September 18, 1728, and arrived at Gibraltar on the afternoon of October 14. The log of the Canterbury thus describes the storm. 'Monday, September 23.—About 11 this forenoon we were taken with a violent squall out of the N. W., which carried away our mizen mast and split the main topsail. In this squall we lost sight of the Romney. 24.—For the most part strong gales of wind with violent squalls. Yesterday in the afternoon we lowered down our fore and main yards and got the sails reefed and furled and cut away the main topsail yard, sail and all, as it was split. About nine last night we lost our mainmast, and soon after the foremast, which fell to windward, and took away our best bower anchor stock. In the fall of the mast it stave both barge and pinnace (which we hove overboard) and fell on the outer part of one of our quarterdeck guns, which it carried away overboard with it. Also we likewise lost our two lower stunsail booms. In this disaster we lost seven of our men, and had one man's thigh broke, and another very much bruised.' The name of the

purser referred to in the last verse was Walter Harris. There are two later versions of this ballad in the Madden collection. One is called *The Sailor's Lamentation*, and is dated in ink '1736, Dec. 23' (*Slipsongs*, iii. 92, No. 1661). The other, printed later still, is called *A New Sea Song* (*Slipsongs*, ii. 264, No. 1260). A version in the editor's possession, dated in pencil '1728,' has been made the basis of the text adopted, with one or two corrections supplied by the Madden versions.

P. 170. **The Pacifick Fleet.** From a folio pamphlet in the Bodleian Library, dated 1729 (*Godw. Pamph.* 1667 [19]).

P. 172. **The English Sailor's Resolution.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 254, No. 535).

P. 174. **England's Glory in the Declaration of War.** From a broadside in the possession of the editor.

P. 175. **The Taking of the Princissa.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, iii. 148, No. 1781). The original prints 'Orphan,' instead of 'Orford,' and in verse 3, line 2, 'with courageous skill.'

P. 177. **English Courage Displayed.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 252, No. 531). For the tune, see Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*, p. 109. Vernon's popularity is further attested by two little songbooks—*Vernon's Glory, containing 15 New Songs occasioned by the taking of Porto-Bello and Fort Chagre*. London: printed by W. Webb, 1740, price sixpence. *Vernon's Glory*, Part II., sold by the same publisher, contains not only new songs on the exploits mentioned, but also others on the admiral's birthday. As, for instance:

'Freeborn Britons, fill your glasses,
Give this day to generous mirth;

For the circling bumper passes
To your Vernon's happy birth.'

P. 179. **Hosier's Ghost.** The version of *Hosier's Ghost* given on p. 179 is the usual text, viz. that which is reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*. It no doubt represents the final version of Glover's poem. A version published in 1740, 'printed for Mr. Webb, near St. Paul's (price sixpence),' states that it was to be sung to the tune of 'Come and Listen to my Ditty.' It supplies some various readings. Stanza 1, line 1, instead of 'our,' 'my'; stanza 4, line 7, 'yet to hear of my undoing'; stanza 5, line 7, instead of 'tale,' 'fate'; stanza 6, lines 5–8,

'Oh that, with my wrath complying,
I had cast them in the main,
Then, no more unactive lying,
I had lowered the pride of Spain.'

Stanza 7, line 4, instead of 'hast achieved,' 'didst achieve'; stanza 7, line 8, 'of these gallant men had been,'; stanza 9 runs as follows:

'Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail,
But remember our sad story,
When to Britain back you sail!
All your country's foes subduing,
When your Patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.'

Stanzas 10 and 11 are omitted, and the form of stanza 9 seems to show that the original version of the ballad did not contain these two.

For the tune, see Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, ii. 165.

P. 181. **Vernon's Glory.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, vii. 280. This ballad was probably written in 1741, about May, before the failure to storm Fort San Lazar on April 9 had become known. Vernon's despatch, dated April 1, had just come to hand, giving an account of his forcing the passage through the Bocca Chica, and of having the whole fleet inside the harbour. The capture of Cartagena was a natural, but incorrect, inference. See Clowes, *The Royal Navy*, iii. 67–75. Another contemporary ballad anticipates the capture in the same way—*English Courage Displayed: or Admiral Vernon's taking of Cartagena*. To the tune of Glorious Charles of Sweden (Madden collection, *Slipsongs*, i. 252). It is an imitation of the ballad printed on p. 177.

P. 184. **The Saphirah in Triumph.** From the Madden collection (*Garlands*, iii. 107, No. 699).

P. 186. **Admiral Matthews' Engagement.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 289.

P. 187. **A Song in Praise of Captain Hornsby.** From *The Pretty Milkmaid's Garland*, in the British Museum (pressmark, 11621, c. 2 [59]). Several corrections have been made in the text.

P. 189. **Captain Cobb's Bravery.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 119, No. 258). The text is corrupt, and several corrections have been made.

P. 190. **The Princess Royal's Escape.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, iii. 62, No. 1597).

P. 192. **The Loss of the Victory.** Printed in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 42*.

P. 192. **Disconsolate Judy's Lamentation.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 223, No. 472).

P. 193. **England's Glory.** Ashton, *Real Sailor*

Songs, p. 29; pressmark of the British Museum copy, 1876. e. 7. Date 1745; see Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs*, i. 280.

P. 195. **The Lucky Sailor.** Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii, 156, No. 1034). In verse 6 the original gives 'survive,' instead of 'revive.' On Anson's action with La Jonquière, May 3, 1757, see Clowes, iii. 125.

P. 197. **Tit for Tat.** From a copy in the possession of the editor, without name or date. On the action see Clowes, iii. 127, and Burrows, *Life of Hawke*, ed. 1896, p. 67.

P. 199. **A New Song on Admiral Knowls.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 312). Rear-Admiral Charles Knowles captured Port Louis in Hispaniola, March 8, 1748 (Clowes, iii. 133).

P. 200. **A New Song Sung by Hannah Snell.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 333, No. 1406). The original has a cut of a woman in sailor's dress, with long hair, a cutlass, brace of pistols, and boarding axe. Hannah Snell's narrative of her life, entitled, *The Female Soldier, or the Surprising Adventures of Hannah Snell*, was published in 1750, and reprinted in *Women Adventurers*, 1892. Her life is contained in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, liii. 205,

P. 201. **The Lighterman's Prentice.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 137, No. 993). In line 32 'Portsmouth' is a correction of 'Plymouth.'

P. 203. **Great Britain's Resolution to Fight the French.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 87, No. 199). 'Plods' in verse 8 means 'plaids,' and 'Charley,' Prince Charles Edward.

P. 204. **The Terrible Privateer.** From a slipsong in the possession of the editor. 'Valance,' in verse 3, is a popular rendering of 'Vengeance.' 'Carteel,' in verse 8, means the ship employed to exchange

prisoners. ‘All into a hell’ is the last line in the original.

P. 205. **Captain Death.** From a slipsong in the possession of the editor, with some corrections from Halliwell’s *Early Naval Ballads*, p. 120. Another version is in Logan’s *Pedlar’s Pack*, p. 31. For the facts see *A Faithful Narrative of the Cruel Sufferings of Captain Death and his Crew*. By Samuel Stoaks. For the tune see F. Kidson’s *Traditional Tunes*, Oxford, 1891, p. 105,

P. 206. **A New Song.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 270, No. 1227). The following extracts will explain the reference. ‘Captain Edgcumbe, with his little squadron, had been obliged to return from off Minorca on the appearance of the French. He had left behind him Captain Carr Scrope of the Dolphin, who commanded the naval detachment on shore, to act as signal officer in the event of the appearance of a British squadron before the island.’ When Byng appeared he sent the Phœnix, Chesterfield, and Dolphin ‘to reconnoitre the mouth of Mahon harbour, to pick up intelligence, and to endeavour to send ashore a letter to General Blakeney ... the enemy’s fleet appeared in the S.E., and the detachment had to be recalled’ (Clowes, iii. 147–8). In the absence of Scrope, the Dolphin was commanded by Benjamin Marlow. Scrope, who was on shore all the time, could not have distinguished himself in the way the ballad makes him do, though he did good service during the siege (see Entick, *History of the Late War*, ii. 282, 301). The ballad is a specimen of the fictions circulated to increase the popular hatred of Byng.

P. 207. **The Letter of a Certain Admiral**, printed in *Bungiana* (a collection of poems and letters against Byng, published in 1756), p. 17. It appeared in *The*

Evening Advertiser for July 3, and is a parody of Byng's despatch of May 25.

P. 209. **A Rueful Story.** From a broadside in the possession of the editor. Said to be printed 'at the sign of the Gibbet, near Execution Dock; and sold by all well-wishers to Old England.'

P. 210. **Admiral Byng and Brave West.** Printed with the tune in W. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii. 261, 1881. In the last line 'deen' apparently means 'done.'

P. 211. **Song on the Isle of Aix.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 337, No. 1418). Verse 4 seems to refer to the old ballad on Henry V.'s conquest of France. 'Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire, and Derby hills that are so free,' says that King (see Hales and Furnivall, *Bishop Percy's Folio M.S.* ii. 597).

P. 212. **Bold Sawyer.** From a slipsong in the possession of the editor. Also in the British Museum (pressmark 11621. l. 1 [190]). Printed in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 13. In verse 1 Sawyer = James Sayer, captain of the Nassau. In verse 12, 'Maclome' is possibly a misprint for 'Mahon.' Goree was taken December 28, 1758.

P. 214. **Captain Barton's Distress.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 118). For the shipwreck, see Duncan, *Mariner's Chronicle*, iii. 118.

P. 216. **Gilchrist and Hotham's Bravery.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 322, No. 680). 'And' is omitted in the title of the original. The action took place March 28, 1759 (Entick, iv. 299).

P. 217. **Hawke's Engagement.** Two copies of this are in the British Museum (pressmarks 11621. c. 3 [81] and 11621. c. 6 [29]). Printed in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 14. The original gives the month as September instead of November. The engagement

was on November 20, not November 15.

P. 218. **Neptune's Resignation.** Printed in Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads*, from a broadside, p. 131. Said to be written by J. Wignell.

P. 219. **Hearts of Oak.** It is agreed that this was first sung in the winter of 1759. The version printed here is from *The Choice Spirits Chaplet*, Whitehaven, 1771, p. 251, and is also to be found in *The London Songster*, 1773, p. 232. Tune in Chappell's *Old English Popular Music*, ii. 189. Chappell entitles it 'Heart of Oak,' and gives that phrase in the singular in the chorus also. *The Choice Spirits Chaplet* also gives it in the singular.

P. 220. **Thurot's Dream.** Printed in T. Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs Illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland*, published by the Percy Society, pt. ii. p. 17. Croker obtained it from Mr. Mac Skimin, author of a *History of Carrickfergus*, who got it from oral recitation. In verse 3, l. 2 there is a *varia lectio* 'That a spirit came unto him.' A printed version of the ballad entitled *Thurot's Defeat* is in the *Garlands* in the British Museum (pressmark, 11621. a. 2 [29]). It is excessively corrupt. Croker also prints another ballad called *The Siege of Carrickfergus*, printed in 1801, which barely mentions Thurot's fight with Elliot.

P. 222. **A New Song on Captain O'Brian.** Original in *Captain O'Brian's Garland* in the British Museum (pressmark, 11621, c. 5 [15]). On the action described see Charnock, v. 410.

P. 223. **A New Song on the Taking of Havannah.** Printed in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 15*. Original in a chapbook in the British Museum called *The Havannah's Garland* (pressmark, 11621. c. 5 [14]). The names of the Spanish commanders have been corrected.

P. 225. **Lord Anson and Hawke.** Printed in Ashton's Real Sailor Songs, p. 94. Original in *Lord Anson's Garland* in the British Museum (11621. c. 5 [34]). The original gives the title '*Lords Anson and Hawke*.' As Hawke was not made a peer till 1776, this would lead to the conclusion that the ballad was written about 1779, and, if so, it should have been placed later in the volume. It is also possible that a single ship may have borne the double name. On the other hand, the Anson and Hawke privateers were cruising together about 1757.

P. 226. **A New Song on the Blandford.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 316, No. 1373).

P. 227. **The Sailors' Dialogue.** From a broadside in the possession of the editor, printed by Fowler of Salisbury.

P. 228. **Distressed Men-of-War.** From a broadside in the possession of the editor, printed by J. Davenport, 6 George's Court, St. John's Lane, West Smithfield.

P. 230. **The Sailor's Complaint.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, iii. 87, No, 1649). In verse 3, 'to a navy officer' is possibly a misprint for 'to the Navy Office.'

P. 231. **The Sailor's Garland, or the Ticket Buyer's Lamentation.** From a broadside in the possession of the editor, without date or printer's name.

P. 233. **The Sailor's Complaint, or the True Character of the Purser of a Ship.** From the Douce collection (*Douce Ballads*, iii. 85). A broadside 'printed for W. O., and are to be sold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner and London-bridge.'

P. 234. **The Sailor's Resolution to Fight the Spaniards.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, iii. 93, No. 1663).

P. 235. **Jack Tar.** From the Douce collection; a garland entitled *Tibbie Fowler* (Douce, S. 370).

P. 236. **The Jolly Sailor's True Description of a Man-of-War.** From the Douce collection (*Douce Ballads*, iii. 47). A broadside printed and sold in Aldermary Churchyard, Bow Lane, London.

P. 239. **New Sea Song.** From the Madden collection (*Country Printers*, i. 258 *verso*). In line 5 the original reads 'life,' and in line 30 'roar.'

P. 240. **The Humours of the Royal Billy.** Printed by Ashton, *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 93* (British Museum, pressmark 11621, k. 5 [159]). Probably belongs to the early part of the nineteenth century rather than to the beginning of George III.'s reign.

P. 243. **The Dolphin's Return.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 230, No. 485). On the voyage, see Clowes iv. 119. Samuel Wallis commanded the Dolphin and Philip Carteret the Swallow. The Dolphin arrived at Plymouth May 20, 1768; the Swallow did not return till March 1769.

P. 244. **The Brags of Washington.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 82, No. 181).

P. 245. **On the Late Engagement in Charlestown River.** Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 15. From *The Shepherd's Garland* in the British Museum (pressmark 11621. c. 1 [7]). In verse 5 the original reads 'displayed.' On the attack upon Charleston, June 28, 1776, see Clowes, iii. 372.

P. 246. **Sullivan's Island.** From Frank Moore's *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution*, 1856, p. 135. Sir Peter is Commodore Sir Peter Parker, to whom the American satirist attributed this 'war-song.'

P. 247. **The Cruisers.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 323. Said to be 'written by Frederick Pilon, and sung in *The Liverpool Prize*.'

P. 248. **The Arethusa.** Words by Prince Hoare, music by Shield, in the opera of *The Lock and Key*. In verse 2 some versions substitute ‘old Keppel’ for ‘the spring fleet.’

P. 249. **The Greenlandmen.** From *Portsmouth Jack’s Garland* in the British Museum (pressmark 11261. c. 2 [58]).

P. 252. **Admiral Keppel Triumphant.** From a slipsong in the possession of the editor.

P. 253. **Keppel and de Chartres.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 272, No. 1275). The captain of the Egmont, John Carter Allen, is called Adieu, Allech, or Allen in the original, and in the last line of stanza 7 it reads ‘we gave him a broadside, which put their heart in fear.’

P. 255. **A New Song in Praise of Admiral Keppel’s Fleet.** From a slipsong in the possession of the editor. Jack the Painter was the nickname of an incendiary hanged March 10, 1777, for attempting to set fire to the dockyards at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Bristol. See Lord Mahon’s *History of England*, ed. 1858, pp. 141–145.

P. 255. **Admiral Keppel Triumphant.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 326. From Dr. Burney’s collection of English songs in the British Museum, ix. 110. Words and music by J. Timms, of Dartford, published about February 1779 after Keppel’s acquittal.

P. 257. **Keppel for Ever.** *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii. 325. ‘Sir Hugh’ is printed ‘Sir You,’ in the original. ‘Twitcher’ means Lord Sandwich.

P. 258. **A New Song on Admiral Barrington.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 311, No. 1364). On the battle, July 6, 1779, see Clowes iv. 434.

P. 259. **Paul Jones.** There are many versions of this ballad. One is printed in *Roxburghe Ballads*, viii.

332 (with four others). A more correct version was printed by Such, Forth, and other country printers. The version given in the text is a composite one put together from these different sources by the editor.

P. 260. **Captain Farmer.** From the Madden collection (*London Printers*, ii. 36). On Tyrrell and Cornwall see Clowes iii. 300, and Charnock iv. 131.

P. 261. **The Bold Blades of Old England.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 73, No. 164).

P. 262. **The Royal Sailor.** From a song-book called *The Vocal Companion*, published at Preston, in the Bodleian Library (pressmark 2802. e. 1). In verse 6 'coral-red' is an emendation for 'coral-clad.' *The Royal Sailor* is also printed in *The New Vocal Enchantress*, 1789, p. 180.

P. 263. **Hood's Conquest over the Count de Grasse.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 34, and also *Garlands*, i. 1.)

P. 265. **The Loss of the Centaur.** Ashton, *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 40. See Clowes iv. 88, and Duncan, *The Mariner's Chronicle*, i. 191.

P. 266. **The Robin Hood.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 265). It has proved impossible to identify either the Robin Hood or her captain.

P. 267. **Nymphe and Cleopatra.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 315, No. 1371). The statement of the ballad as to the armament of the two frigates is inaccurate, as such statements frequently are in songs. The Nymphe had on her main-deck twenty-six 12-pounders, the Cléopâtre, twenty-eight; the Nymphe had eight carronades, 24-pounders, the Cléopâtre four 36-pounders. Their force was practically equal.

P. 268. **The Downfall of the French Fleet.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 319, No. 1379).

P. 271. **A New Sea Song.** Bodleian Library (pressmark 2803. f. 4).

P. 274. **The Blanche Frigate.** A composite text put together from three versions in the editor's possession, printed by Pitts, Keys, and Ferraby, and from one in the Madden collection (*Country Printers*, i. 48*b*). The latter is the earliest and best, but some readings have been adopted from the others, and there are several conjectural emendations. An alternative title is *The Tars of the Blanche*.

P. 276. **The Amazon Frigate.** From a slipsong in the possession of the editor, printed by J. Pitts. On the action see James's *Naval History*, ii. 12; on the wreck of the Droits de l'Homme see Duncan, *Mariner's Chronicle*, ii. 300.

P. 277. **A New Song** (**The Seventeen Bright Stars**). Record Office, Admiralty, Secretary. *In Letters* cxi. *Correspondence of Bridport and Others*, August 1798.

P. 279. **The Genius of Britain.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 318).

P. 280. **British Tars Rewarded.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, i. 96, No. 316).

P. 282. **A New Song on Parker.** Printed by Masefield, *A Sailor's Garland*, p. 121.

P. 282. **The Death of Parker.** Printed by W. H. Logan, *A Pedlar's Pack*, p. 62. Other versions with variants are in the possession of the editor.

P. 283. **A New Song in Praise of Admiral Duncan.** From the Madden collection (*Country Printers*, i. 50).

P. 285. **A New Song on the Engagement between the Mars and La Hercule.** From the Madden collection (*Slipsongs*, ii. 318, No. 1378).

P. 286. **Verses Written on Board the Astræa.** Extracted from the *Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux*,

2nd edition, London 1827, p. 57. Stanza 5, l. 5 ‘my poor half-pint.’ Half a pint of rum (or arrack in India) was the ration till about 1825. Officers, and apparently the midshipmen, got it in bottles. To the men, since Vernon’s time, it was served out as grog twice a day.

P. 289. **The Arrow.** Printed in Ashton’s *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 23. Original in the British Museum (pressmark 11621, c. 6 [1]).

P. 290. **Copenhagen.** Printed in Laughton’s *Nelson Memorial*, p. 196, and in Beattie’s *Life of T. Campbell*, ii. 42–6.

P. 295. **Action off Copenhagen.** From the Madden collection (*London Printers*, ii. 7). In the original the first line of the last verse runs, ‘Now, my brave boys, we have beaten the Danes,’ and there is another verse beginning, ‘Now to conclude and to finish my tale.’

P. 296. **A New Song on Lord Nelson’s Victory.** Printed in Ashton’s *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 16. Original in the British Museum (pressmark 1077. g. 47 [18]—a chapbook entitled *Nelson’s Wreath*).

P. 297. **A New Song composed by the Wounded Tars at the Siege of Boulogne.** Versions of this, entitled *The Battle of Boulogne*, were printed by Catnach and Birt, and are reprinted by Ashton, *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 17. The version in the text is from a chapbook in the British Museum (pressmark 1076. l. 2 [45]).

P. 298. **France Covered with Glory.** From Haslewood’s collection of songs in the Bodleian.

P. 300. **La Loire Frigate.** From Fairburn’s *Naval Songster* for 1806, p. 34. The action was June 2, 1805 (Clowes v. 362).

P. 301. **Nelson’s Glorious Victory at Trafalgar.** From Logan’s *Pedlar’s Pack*, 1869, p. 67.

P. 302. **Death of Nelson.** Versions of this, differing slightly in the words, were printed by Pitts, Such, Forth of Pocklington, and other town and country printers during the first half of the nineteenth century. In *The Scouring of the White Horse*, by T. Hughes, p. 153, it is described as sung in a Berkshire public-house about 1859. 'The Doctor walked over to a lower table and spoke to a grisly-headed old man in a velveteen coat and waistcoat and a blue birdseye neckerchief, who seemed pleased, and drew his sleeve across his mouth, and cleared his throat. Then there was a rapping on the table, and the old bargee began in a rumbling bass voice: "Come all you gallant seamen as unites a meeting."'

Four verses only are given, the third in our version being omitted. The last verse ends:

'And now to conclude, and to finish these
verses:
"My time it is come; kiss me, Hardy!" he
cried.
Now thousands go with you, and ten thousand
blessings
For gallant Lord Nelson, in battle who died.'

The text adopted on p. 302 is a composite version from Such's and Forth's: the first four lines are from Such's version, the last four from Forth's, and readings are taken from both. The order of the second and third verses has been changed, and the two halves of stanza 3 transposed. Some verbal emendations have been made—*e.g.* 'rest on,' for 'resting,' in the last line.

P. 304. **Admiral Strachan's Victory.** From Fairburn's *Naval Songster* for 1806, p. 32. The action

was fought November 4, 1805 (Clowes, v. 171).

P. 305. **The Amethyst and Thetis.** From the Madden collection (*London Printers*, ii. 227, No. 451). See Clowes, v. 427; James, iv. 376. The action took place November 10–11, 1808.

P. 306. **The Successful Attempt ... in the Basque Roads.** From the Madden collection (*London Printers*, i. 174). See Clowes, v. 252–270; James, iv. 395–430.

P. 307. **Jefferys the Seaman.** From the Madden collection (*London Printers*, ii. 2). A full account of the case is given by James, *Naval History*, iv. 273, ed. 1886. Captain Warwick Lake was dismissed from the Navy, February 1810, for marooning Robert Jeffery on the desert island of Sombrero, in the West Indies.

P. 308. '**Ye Parliament of England.**' Text from G. C. Eggleston's *American War Ballads and Lyrics*. New York (1889), i. 131. 'It was still a favourite song in many parts of the country as late as 1859,' writes the editor.

P. 309. **The Constitution and Guerriere.** Text from Eggleston's *American War Ballads and Lyrics*, i. 115. Action August 19, 1812. See James, v. 372; Clowes, vi. 34; Mahan, *Sea Power: its Relation to the War of 1812*, i. 330.

I have been unable to discover the date of the tune mentioned in the title, nor is the date of the song itself certain. It is contended on the American side that this song preceded that on the Shannon and Chesapeake, which was imitated from it, and on the other side that *The Constitution and Guerriere* is the later of the two. The evidence alleged for the priority of the American song is, briefly: William Dunlap's *Yankee Chronology* (a spirited musical drama) was produced at the Park Theatre, in New York, September 9, 1812 (Ireland's *New York Stage*, i. 288),

and Mr. Brander Matthews thinks that may be the origin of these verses. An intelligent veteran of the war of 1812, present at the unveiling of the Perry statue at Cleveland on Lake Erie in 1860, told the historian Lossing that he heard them sung at the Park Theatre, in New York, early in the fall of 1812, and that they were much heard at public meetings, in bar-rooms, in work-shops, and in the streets of the city (extract from the *Bulletin of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.*, vol. xx.). These arguments are not very conclusive. The discovery of the original song, *The Landlady of France*, which both imitate, would probably settle the matter. In the meantime it seems best to print the song on the victory of the Constitution first, because the incident it celebrates happened first.

P. 311. **Shannon and Chesapeake.** The text is a traditional version supplied by Sir J. K. Laughton. There is a broadside version, reprinted in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack*, p. 69, which omits the third verse and gives many different readings. The most important differences are the following:—In verse 4, 'The engagement scarce begun, Ere they flinched from their guns, Which at first they thought of working, &c. Then brave Broke he drew his sword,' &c. In verse 5, 'They no sooner heard the word, Ere they quickly jumped on board, And hauled down the Yankee ensign, &c. Notwithstanding all their brag, Now the glorious British flag At the Yankee's mizen peak was quite the dandy O.' The last verse begins, 'Here's a health, brave Broke, to you, To your officers and crew, Who on board the Shannon frigate fought so handy O!' Another version is to be found in the *Harrow School Song-book*.

On the action see James, vi. 50; Clowes, vi. 75; Mahan, *Sea Power in its relations to the War of 1812*,

ii. 131.

P. 312. **Battle of the Shannon and Chesapeake.** Text from two broadsides, one printed by Pitts, the other by Such, both in the editor's collection.

P. 313. **The Endymion's Triumph.** From the Madden collection (*Garlands*, i. 257). Action on January 15, 1815. See James, vi. 238; Clowes, vi. 167; Mahan, *Sea Power in its relations to the War of 1812*, ii. 398.

P. 316. **The British Tars.** Text from the editor's collection. Printed by J. Pitts, 6 St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials. Line 15 reads, 'haughty Gaul,' clearly erroneous.

P. 316. **The Fancy Frigate.** Text from British Museum *Ballads*, 1871, f. 32. Also printed by Ashton, *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 78*.

Another version supplied by Sir J. K. Laughton begins, 'There was a fine frigate, the Pique was her name.' Some corrections of the printed text have been adopted from the traditional version. In line 9 this traditional version gives 'Mr. McCleverty,' which was apparently the real name of the officer whose nickname is given in the text. A third and shorter version, called *The Flash Frigate*, is printed in Mr. Masefield's *Sailor's Garland*, p. 188.

P. 319. **The Saucy Scylla.** From the Madden collection (*Country Printers*, vii. 267).

P. 320. **The Vanguard.** From the Madden collection (*Country Printers*, vii. 163). In the last line, 'Jondy' = Master-at-Arms.

P. 322. **The Port Admiral.** By Captain Marryat, printed in *Snarleyow, or the Dog-Fiend*.

P. 324. **Oh, Cruel.** Text from a broadside printed by Evans, Long Lane, London, in the editor's collection. Another version is headed, 'written and sung by a gentleman in the character of a female

ballad-singer at Liverpool Theatre.'

P. 325. **The Answer to Oh, Cruel.** Text from a broadside in the possession of the editor, printed by J. Pitts, 14 Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

P. 326. **The Female Lieutenant.** From a broadside in the possession of the editor, without printer's name or place. Another version, frequently found, makes the two lovers come from Lichfield, names the lady Sarah Gray or Sarah Dunn, and makes her marry the captain. In Douce's collection in the Bodleian Library there is a much longer version, in three parts, called *The Female Sailor's Garland.*

P. 327. **Billy Taylor.** Printed in Fairburn's *Naval Songster* for 1805, p. 16.

P. 328. **Cawsand Bay.** Version supplied by Sir J. K. Laughton, who writes: 'It was brought into vogue about fifty years ago by a dear friend and brother officer of mine, Richard Creagh Saunders, then Naval Instructor of the Marlborough, the flagship in the Mediterranean. He was a man of poetic feeling, with a pretty turn for versifying, and a good knowledge of music, though no voice to speak of. The account he gave me of it is this: He was staying in the country with an old messmate—I don't think he mentioned the name—who one day gave him some old journals, scrapbooks, &c., to look through; and among them he found this song, which he copied there and then. Of its origin there was no trace. I more than half suspect that he was himself the author of it. The tune to which he always sang it, and which his successors have of course followed, is, he said, an adaptation of an air in *Don Giovanni*.'

Mr. Saunders was born in January 1809, entered the navy in 1839, retired in 1865, and died in March 1886. There was a song called *Cawsand Bay*, popular in the thirties, according to Captain Glascock. See

Introduction, p. cxiv.

P. 330. **General Campbell.** Text from British Museum, 1876 (d. 217). On the events mentioned, see Clowes, vi. The names of the ships in verse 9 should be the Liffey and the Larne. The latter was commanded by Marryat.

P. 331. **Captain Ross.** From the Madden collection (*London Printers*, vii. 16). Date 1833. See Clowes, vi. 514–16.

P. 333. **Capture of St. Jean d'Acre.** From the Madden collection (*Country Printers*, iii. 51). Action November 3, 1840. See Clowes, vi. 318. In verse 6, line 3, the original reads 'Curasford' for 'Carysfort.'

P. 334. **The Borneo Heroes.** Text in British Museum (1876, d. [810]). Also in the editor's collection, printed by Riall & Co., 2 Monmouth Court, Seven Dials. Boat action in Malluda Bay, August 19, 1845. See Clowes, vi. 329.

P. 335. **The Slave Chase.** From a broadside in the possession of the editor, printed by H. Such, 177 Union Street, Borough, S.E.

P. 336. **The Russians Won't Come Out.** Text in *The War Song Book*, 1855, p. 8.

P. 337. **Don't Forget Your Old Shipmate.** By R. C. Saunders. Communicated by Sir J. K. Laughton.

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