

THE
LOYAL SAILOR,
OR, NO MUTINEERING,

BEING A

SONG FIT TO BE SUNG ON BOARD OF ALL
HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS,

Giving an account of the late very awkward affair at Portsmouth, with the Increase of Pay then agreed to on all sides, by a sailor supposed to be board; and also of that most melancholy and dreadful mutiny which happened afterwards at the Nore, and which caused so much astonishment throughout this Loyal Nation: In which song it is further represented how this honest sailor was giving away half his Ration to his wife Nell, and was also promising Part of his pay to her and the Children, when a strange Fleet bore in sight, and he instantly prepared for Action.



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THE
OF

TO BE



THE
OF

THE
LOYAL SAILOR,
&c. &c.

YE Britons brave,
Who ride the wave,
And make the cannon rattle,
When winds do roar,
Who quit the shore,
To fight your country's battle!
I'll sing you now,
If you'll allow,
A song well worth your hearing,
And we'll agree,
Each end shall be,
Beware of Mutineering.
Now should perchance,
The sons of France,
Those chaps we deem so skittish,
By day or night,
Come forth to fight,
Us seamen all so British,
Oh! how we'll fly,
To fight or die,
No French or Dutchmen fearing,
And while we sing,
God save the King,
Beware of Mutineering.

(4)
Yet though we rush,
Our foe to crush,
We're not like brutish cattle ;
Our duty's clear,
Hence, freed from fear,
We'll trust the God of Battle :
'Tis for our laws,
And country's cause.
The thought, my lads, is cheering ;
'Tis for our King,
We'll fight and sing,
Down, down, with Mutineering.

About some pay,
I'll grant one day,
Our fleet did grow loquacious ;
What then besel,
Methinks I'll tell,
'Twill prove our King so gracious,
'Twill prove beside,
Though some may chide,
And think perhaps of sneering ;
Yet on the whole,
I from my soul,
Do hate your Mutineering.

'Twas on one night,
'Twixt dark and light,
When some, you see, were drinking,
All down below,
While none did know,
I spy'd some fellows Cinking :
Then up came Jack,
And slapt my back,
(The thump it seem'd endearing)
And dropt a word,
That scarce was heard ;
Could this be Mutineering ?

But next of pay,
He talk'd away,
And hop'd we'd be united!
I hung my head,
And merely said,
I wished the thing was righted.
Come, come, said he,
Since all agree,
We'll claim an instant hearing.
I'd like, says, I,
To share your pie,
But hate your Mutineering ;—

Our noble crew,
Were good and true,
Yet now they fell a prating ;
And though so mild,
They all turned wild,
And got to delegating,
Now here again,
I told the men,
Be careful how you're steering ;
Avast : I said,
You'll risk your head,
Beware of Mutineering.

Well next you see,
They did agree,
To tell their whole condition :
The King he sent,
To parliament,
Who granted our petition ;
'Twas promised then,
By all our men,
('Twas done within my hearing,)
We'd ask no more,
But shut the door,
Against your Mutineering.

The time wou'd fail,
To tell the tale,
Of all that follow'd after ;
In part I'm clear,
'Twould fetch a tear,
In part 'twould raise your laughter ;
For in the close,
Rebellion rose,
Her dreadful forehead rearing ;
And Oh ! how queer,
Did things appear,
Amidst the Mutineering !

Some rais'd to power,
Were flog'd next hour,
All which was vastly funny ;
And some, they say,
To mend their pay,
Subscribed away their money.
Then round the Nore,
To guard the shore,
What crouds came Volunteering !
For like one Man,
The nation ran,
To crush the Mutineering.

Out burst the flame,
To blows they came,
What prospect could be darker !
' King George I say,
Huzza ! huzza !
King George and no King Parker !'
Come take your stand,
Foul treason's plann'd,
Come, come, Sir, don't be reering.
See here's the try'd
Old English side,
And there's the Mutineering.

Fire, fire's the cry ;
 They fall they die ;
 The mutineers are routed ;
 Some lose their head,
 Some beg their bread,
 By all the Nation scouted : *
 Some fly to France,
 Who led the dance,
 Which prov'd a happy clearing,
 And for their pains,
 Are clapt in chains,
 To cure their Mutineering.

Now let us sing,
 To George our King,
 Here's health to all the Nation ;
 And let each wife,
 Now take her Knife,
 And share her husband's ration,
 With you each day,
 We'll part our pay,
 Our children while you're rearing ;
 But mind you, Nell,
 Now don't rebel,
 Beware of Mutineering.

But while I tell,
 Of gentle Nell,
 And all that frightful faction,
 —. A fleet !—a fleet !—
 O now we meet,
 My lads prepare for action ;
 Let every Ship,
 Her cables Slip,
 And while the Decks are clearing,
 Sing, Britons, sing,
 God save the King !
 Down, down, with Mutineering.'—

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