

A
GARLAND
OF
NEW SONGS.

The Battle of the Nile
Tom Starboard
The Sailor's Adieu
Tom Bowling
True Courage
The Sea Boy



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of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

The Battle of the Nile.

ARISE, arise, Britannia's sons, arise!
And join the shouts of the patriotic throng:
Arise, arise, Britannia's sons, arise,
And let heaven's walls re-echo with your song;
The genius of Albion victory proclaiming,
Forth to the world her heroic deeds are naming;
And the battle of the Nile
Shall be foremost on the file,
And brave Nelson, gallant Nelson's name applauded
shall be.
Then huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys!
Mars was to us that by Mercury the charter gain'd,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, boys!
Britannia, still Britannia rules the waves.

The proud sons of France insulting us with scorn,
Had long been a pest to neighb'ring independencies;
And vainly they hoped the conquests would be borne
In armament triumphant o'er the seas.
But Nelson soon taught them, with peals of British
thunder,
To the flag of royal George 'was their duty to knock
under:
And the battle of the Nile
Was decisive, and the spoil
Shall bedeck the lovely bosoms of the loyal British fair.
Then huzza, &c.

In congress above the deities of war,
Searching to give true valour to renown,
And soon exalted on a British seaman's brow,
Was implanted every splendid crown;

The loud trump of Fame thro' the vaulted arch re-
bounded,

And Howe, Jervis, Duncan, and Nelson's name's
And the battle of the Nile [refounded,
Was recorded, and the while

Th' angelic host responsive sung the glories of the day.
Then huzza, &c.

Arouse, arouse, ye sons of sportive mirth,
And receive your protectors with open arms re-
turning,

And view the spoils they with their blood have bought,
As a conquest to this happy, happy isle.

A British seaman's name shall be henceforth sacred
penn'd,

A terror to his foes, and an honour to his friend ;
And the battle of the Nile

With our children shall smile,

And to ages yet unborn shall tell what Nelson has
perform'd. Then huzza, &c.

Tom Starboard.

TOM Starboard was a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever fail'd ;
The duties ablest seamen do

Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.

But wreck'd as he was homeward bound,

Within a league of England's coast,

Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,

For more than half the crew were lost.

4

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear ;
Nay, when he lost an arm—reign'd
Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.
And now, tho' wreck'd yet Tom return'd;
Of all past hardships made a joke ;
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love—his heart was heart of oak †

His strength restor'd, Tom nobly ran
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride ;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before that Tom had dy'd.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life cou'd save ;
And Tom arriv'd—the very day
They laid his Nancy in the grave.

The Sailor's Adieu.

THE topails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea ;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're fail'd;
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If Love breath'd constant gales.
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers and not slaves.
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The power of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

Tom Bowling.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom
 Bowling
 The darling of our crew;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death hath broach'd him too.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft ;
 Faithful below, he did his duty,
 But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare :
 His friends were many and true hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair :
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah ! many's the time and oft ;
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When He, who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word—to pipe all hands.
 Thus Death, who tars and kings dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doft,
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul has gone aloft.

True Courage.

WHY what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping
 A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way ;
 'Tis nonsense for trifles, I own, to be piping,
 But they that ha'n't pity—why I pities they.

Says the Captain, says he, (I shall never forget it)
 " If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from
 "'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it, [the sham,
 " But, duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb."

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the Old One
 not caring,

Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
 Swearing he for his part had no notion of sparing,
 And as for a foe, why he'd eat him alive.

But when that he found an old prisoner he'd wounded,
 That once sav'd his life as near drowning he swam;
 The lion was tam'd, and with pity confounded,
 He cried over him just the same as a lamb.

That my friend Jack or Tom, I should rescue from
 danger,

Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
 Is nothing at all, 'tis the poor wounded stranger,
 And the poorer the more shall I succour distress
 For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
 And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam;
 Though the lion may feel furly pleasure in fighting.
 He'll feel more by compassion, when turn'd to a
 lamb.

The heart and the eyes you see feel the same motion,
 And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end:
 And thus 'tis that every tight lad of the ocean
 Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his
 friend.

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,
 You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
 In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
 But, the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

The Sea-Boy.

TO England's towers of oak farewell,
No more for me shall be unfurl'd
The canvas in the gale to swell,
The ocean is no more my world;
Yet there life's earliest years I fearless pass'd
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

There, oft to cheer the midnight hour,
The helmsman, with a fancy free,
His ditty to the waves would pour,
Of love on shore, or storms at sea;
And how the sea-boy, midst the rattling
blast,
Keeps station on the high and bending mast.

Dear were the sounds tho' rude and hoarse,
Of Helm a-lee! or Helm a-weather!
To bring the vessel to her course,
And keep the sails well fill'd together;
While on the look-out far my eyes were cast,
A sea-boy on the high and giddy mast.

FINIS.

