

Admiral Nelson's

V I C T O R Y

Over the Combin'd Fleet of

FRANCE & SPAIN,

Off TRAFALGAR, Oct. 21. 1805.

With His Elegy.

To which are added,

The Ranting Highlandman.

The Birks of Aberfeldy,

And Lovely Johnnie.





ADMIRAL NELSON'S VICTORY.

(AIR,—*Tight Little Island.*)

Sung at Covent Garden Theatre (with great Applause.)

By MR. FAWCETT.



OF our Island we'll sing, till hills and dales
ring,

We'll sing of brave Nelson's exertion!
How of Fr. salgar our brave valiant Tar
Beat the Fleet of the Great boasting Nation!

O it's a very Great Nation!
Inspiring with such trip'dation!
Our Island they scorn, and all folks that were born
independent of such a Great Nation.

Their King they destroy'd, and all Europe annoy'd
About freedom and equalization;
Yet the farce was scarce done, when, Behold!
they all run

To the show of a new Coronation!
'Tis as true as I hope approbation,
They're so fond of each fresh variation,
That I'm really perplex'd, to think what they'll do
next,

Printed by D. Colclough, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Now, as to Invasion, there's little occasion
 For us to indulge speculation,
 Unless we send over, and fetch them to Dover,
 We never shall meet the Great Nation.
 Then while we've here true Civilization,
 And Laws which apply to each Nation,
 We'll stand by our King, heart and hand, and
 still sing,
 Great Britain against the Great Nation.

If this Bonaparte fret, we've a little more yet,
 Just received from the Rochfort station;
 To those taken before, we've added four more,
 Which will throw him in deep desperation!
 O Bona'! what trump'd up narration
 Will you now make unto the Great Nation?
 Pray say that your Ships have all taken a trip
 To England, to learn Navigation.

The following Lines were encored at Covent Garden Theatre on the arrival of the news of Nelson's last Victory over the combin'd Fleets of France and Spain, of Trafalgar, on the Spanish coast, 21st, Oct. 1805. which was highly gratifying to the feelings of all present.

A GAIN the loud ton'd Trump of Fame,
 Proclaims, "BRITANNIA rules the main!"
 But sorrow whispers NELSON'S name,
 And mourns the gallant Victor slain!
 Rule brave Britons
 Brave Britons rule the main!
 Avenge the god-like hero slain.

Rest, rest in peace, bright honour's Son,
 Thy Sires above will smile on thee;

Glorious on earth thy race was run,
Who dar'd to die, to keep us free!
Then mourn BRITANNIA!
BRITANNIA'S Sons so brave,
Your laurels strew o'er Nelson's grave.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S ELEGY. *

IS there a man who this great triumph hears,
And with his transports does not mingle tears?
For whilst BRITANNIA'S flag victorious flies,
Who can express his grief when NELSON dies?
Stretch'd on his deck, amidst surrounding fires,
There Phoenix-like, the gallant chief expires!
Cover'd with trophies, let his ashes rest;
His mem'ry lives in every British breast
His dirge our groans, his monument our praise;
And whilst each tongue this grateful tribute pays,
His Soul ascends to Heaven in glory's brightest
blaze!

THE

RANTING HIGHLANDMAN.

AE morn, last ook, as I gaed out,
to slit a tether'd Ewe an' Lam',

* N. B. Admiral Nelson was born 29th Sept, 1758. He was the fourth son of the Rev. Edward Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, County of Norfolk, East coast of England. His last order to the Fleet was, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

I met one skipping o'er the green,
 a jolly ranting Highlandman.
 His shape was neat, his features sweet;
 and ilka smile my favour wan:
 I ne'er had seen, sae braw a lad,
 as this young ranting Highlandman!
 Says he, my dear, how came you here,
 so early thro' the fields to gang?
 Will ye but gae along wi' me,
 and wed a ranting Highlandman?

In summer days, when flowery braes,
 and frisky is the Ewe and Lamb,
 I'd row you in my tartan p'aid,
 syne be your ranting Highlandman.
 With heather bells that finely smells,
 I'll deck your hair so fair and lang,
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent
 wi' me a ranting Highlandman.
 We'll big a cote, syne buy a stock,
 and do the best that e'er we can;
 Then come, my dear, you need not fear
 to wed a ranting Highlandman.

BONNY LASSIE WILL YE GO.

Written by R. BURNS.

[AIR.—*The Birks of Abergeldie.*]

BONNY Lassie, will ye go,
 will ye go, will ye go;
 Bonny Lassie, will ye go
 to the Birks of Abergeldy?

Now summer blinks on flow'ry braes,
 And o'er the chrystal streamlets plays;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 'Mang the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonny Lassie, &c.

The little birdies blythly sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazel hing,
 Or lightly fit on wanton wing
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy
 Bonny Lassie. &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's;
 The foamy stream deep roaring fa's;
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 'Mang the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonny Lassie, &c.

The hoary clefts are crown'd wi' flow'rs,
 While o'er the linn the burnie pours,
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
 A' the Birks of Aberfeldy?
 Bonny Lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a with frae me;
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 'Mang the Birks of Aberfeldy,
 Bonny Lassie, &c.

LOVELY JOHNNIE:

SINCE my Uncle's dead, I've lads anew,
 That never came before to woo,
 But to the Laddie I'll prove true,
 That lo'ed me first of ony O,

I've Lads anew since I got gear,
 Before my price would hardy speer,
 But there's nane to me is half so dear
 As my sweet lovely Johnnie O.

Well do I mind o' auld langsyne,
 When they did laugh at me and mine;
 But I'll pay them back in their ain coin,
 I'll shew them I lo'e Johnnie O.

I'll ne'er forget the youthfu' days
 When aft I ha'e been gath'ring flaes,
 Or rowin' on the Brakin Braes,
 Wi' the pride of Caledonia.

The Laird comes o'er and tells my dad,
 That surely I am turning mad;
 And tells my Mam I lo'e a Lad
 That's neither rich nor bonnie O.

The Laird he's but a filly gowk,
 Altho' my Laddie has nae flock,
 Yet he's the flower of a' the flock,
 He's the pride of Caledonia.

When to the Laird I wrought for fee,
 He woud'na deign to speak to me,
 But now at breakfast, dine or tea,
 He'd fain mak me his cronnie O.

But sure as Goud cur's the heartach,
 It's only for my siller's sake;
 But the mair o' me they a' do make,
 The mair I like my Johnnie O.

But now my wedding day is fet,
 When I'll be married to my pet,
 Then sweetly's I will pay the debt
 I've aum'lae lang to Johnnie O.

Now Fiddlers a' cast aff your coats,
 And gies a reel upon the spot,
 Play, "J hnnie s made a wedding o't,
 I've pledg'd my cockernony O.

Now, Laddies, keep your Lasses til't
 And Lasses a' your cotties kilt;
 Come let us ha'e a canty lilt,
 Since now I've got my Johnnie O.
 I've got my heart's desire at last,
 Tho' mony a frown has 'tween us past,
 But now we're baith ty'd hard and fast,
 May peace crown Caledonia.

FINIS.