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To which is added,

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The Battle of Toulouse,

AND

THE STORM.



GLASSGOW:

Published, and Sold Wholesale and Retail, by

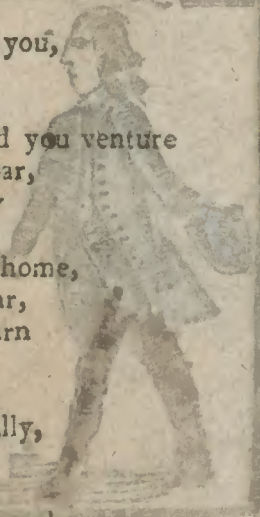
R. HUTCHISON & Co. 10, Saltmarket. — 1816.

The Tradesman's Farewell.

Fare you well, dear wife and children,
For now I'm going to sea;
It grieves me for to part with you,
But here I cannot stay;
Provisions are so very dear,
And trading is so low,
It grieves me for to part with you,
But now it must be so.

My dear, said she, why should you venture
Your life where cannons roar,
To leave your wife and family
Lamenting here on shore?
Pray do not rove, but stay at home,
Content your mind, my dear,
The times my take a better turn
In the ensuing year.

Molly, said he, believe me really,
I tell you as a friend,
There is no sign or likelihood
These pinching times will mend;
The market's been so very high,
And the farmers still complain,
That they cannot pay their rents
But by high prices for the grain.



Many a good mechanic,
 Through mere necessity,
 Is gone on board a man of war,
 And left his family;
 There's scarce any encouragement
 For man's industry,
 'Tis better to serve the King,
 Than live in poverty.

Great numbers of our tradesmen
 Have nothing for to do;
 The weaver's loom is idle,
 Which does his grief renew:
 What can surpass their great distress!
 Their comfort is but small;
 Instead of having a free trade,
 They have no trade at all.

Likewise those crafty meal-men
 Great profit they do make,
 And those cunning little bakers
 Advantages do take;
 The loaf is small, yet, after all,
 They crib an ounce or two;
 Poor people, by experience,
 They know it to be true.

The widows and their orphans,
 Alas! are in great need;
 To hear their lamentation
 Would make your heart to bleed.

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Their hunger's great, none can relate
What hardships they endure;
Few ever think upon them,
And take pity on the poor.

Now to conclude, and end my song,
May war's effects decay,
And the British manufactories
Still flourish every day
Dear Molly I am going
To plough the raging main,
May all happiness attend you
Till I return again.

BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

COME, all ye sons of Britain, and hear my loyal lay,
I'll sing the tenth of April, that very glorious day,
When Britons boldly did advance, with justice for their guide;
To gain fresh laurels to the cause which forms their nation's pride.

On the seventeenth of February, our army did advance,
Commanded by Lord Wellington, the dread of foes in France,
And boldly we pursued their for many weary leagues;
Our country's cause enabled us to conquer all fatigues.

Near Orthes we o'ertook them, and there hop'd they would have
stay'd,
As Marshal Soult would fain have done, yet he was sore afraid,
They made a stand for battle, but their efforts were in vain,
They got their jackets dusted well, and ran away again.

Though sorely vex'd our army was, to see their courage fail'd,
 Again we did pursue them, and many days we toil'd;
 Till coming to Grenada, we there did understand
 The welcome news, that near Toulouse, they were to make a stand.

'Twas on the morning of the 6th we cross'd the fam'd Garonne,
 Upon whose limpid streams our arms in radiant splendour shone;
 And burning with impatience, we waited many a day,
 Expecting there to meet our foes, and shew them British play.

Now, on the following morning, the sun resplendent rose,
 As if to be a witness of the downfall of our foes;
 Scarce pass'd an hour, when up we came, began the bloody fight;
 We fought all day, and made not end, till Phoebus set at night.

Assist me now, ye Muses, apoligize my lay,
 For weak's the power of human tongue, to sing that glorious day!
 Such great achievements were perform'd, such noble deeds of fame,
 It will our country's annals grace, while Britain bears a name.

The third division manfully begun the bloody work,
 And drove them up to their redoubts, like cowards there to lurk;
 The Spaniards most furiously attacked them again,
 Until the verdant plains were drench'd with blood of hundreds slain.

The battle rag'd most dreadfully, and many a hero lies!
 The fire and smoke obscur'd the sun, and thunder reach'd the skies!
 Their positions being so strong, they thought we there should yield,
 Which cost us many a gallant heat to drive them from the field.

The sixth division next came up, within the range of shot;
 And shot and shells mow'd down our ranks, they play'd so dreadful
 hot;
 But still we march'd undauntedly, although our men did fall,
 Resolv'd when we came up to them to pay them once for all.

The Portuguese and Spaniards, both fought with courage bold,
 While our artillery proclaim'd their worth by weight in gold;
 But when the Rocket boys came up, and they their skill did try,
 The English devils whiz'd so thick, the French began to fly.

The Rockets hot among them flew, and dreadful havock made,
 Both men and horses tumbled down, and heaps on heaps were laid;

No longer could they stand our fire, it play'd so very hot;
They ran, and left in their redoubts two hundred on the spot.

The 42d and 79th they play'd, their part like men;
Tho' several times they were repuls'd, they charg'd the hill again;
We lost most of our Officers, our men in heaps were laid;
But still we scorn'd to quit the field, where'er a Frenchman staid.

The 88th the Irish boys, must not be here forgot;
Where'er they went they fought like men, oppos'd to shell and shot;
And every regiment play'd its part;—I will not mention more;
Its known to all what Britons are, they have been try'd before.

But now the war is ended, and Boney's reign is o'er,
And we shall all be welcome upon our native shore,
In praise of Wellington and Hill, let none their glass refuse;
Likewise to every British Boy, that fought before Toulouse.

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,

list ye landsmen all to me,

Messmates, hear a brother sailor

sing the dangers of the sea,

From bounding billows first in motion,

when the distant whirlwinds rise,

To the tempest-troubled ocean,

where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,—

by top-sail sheets and haulyards stand

Down top-gallants quick be hauling,

down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand.

Now it freshens, set the braces;

quick the top-sail sheets let go;

up your top-sails nimbly clew.

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Now all you on down-beds sporting,
fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
free from all but love's alarms,—
Round us roars the tempest louder;
think what fear our mind enthral:
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
now again the boatswain calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
see all clear to reef each course;
Let the foresheets go; don't mind, boys,
though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get;
reef the mizen; see all clear:
Hand up, each preven-er-brace set;
man the fore-yard; cheer lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
peals on peals contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
in our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
all above us one black sky,
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
hark, what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
o'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck:
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out;
call all hands to clear the wreck.

come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
four feet water in the hold.

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While o'er the ship wild waves are beating;
we for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
alas! from hence there's no return;
Still the leak is gaining on us,
both chain-pumps are cho'ld below,
Heav'n have mercy now upon us,
for only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys;
let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come every hand, boys;
see our mizen-mast is gone;
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast:
we've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast;
she rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking;
since kind fortune spar'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking;
to our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
close to th' lips a brimmer join;
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
none; our danger's drown'd in wine.

FINIS