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A
NEW SONG

ON THE
DEATH of General ABERCROMBIE.

To which are added,

The Turtle Dove.

Father and I.



Printed & Sold by A. Keith, Aberdeen.



A

NEW SONG

On the Death of General Abercrombie:

OF many great generals,
Britannia she can boast ;
And many too, if it be true,
For her their lives have lost ;
Amongst them, Abercrombie,
He may be ranked now,
Who lost his life in Egypt,
While fighting with Menou.

It's of this bloody battle,
I have these few lines wrote,
To shew how he that morning
Receiv'd his fatal stroke,
Which in a few days after,
Made him his life resign ;
And now we hope in glory,
He will for ever shine.

On the twenty-first of March,
Eighteen hundred and one,
As we were standing by our arms,
Before day-light came on ;

The French came stealing on us,
 To catch us by surprize;
 But we gave them a volley,
 Which quickly open'd their eyes.

Upon our left, they did engage,
 The grand attack to make;
 Thinking, if it were possible,
 Our front-lines for to break;
 But our bold British heroes,
 To flinch they did disdain,
 While numbers great, both horse and foot,
 Lay dead upon the plain.

Both armies engag'd each other,
 To fly they did disdain,
 And with each other's blood
 They did their bayonets stain.
 But how can I make mention!
 It doth my senses drown;
 Brave general Abercrombie,
 Receiv'd his mortal wound!

What man possess'd of British blood,
 Could ever given way,
 Whilst Abercrombie well belov'd
 Amidst of us did stay?
 Seeking no place of safety;
 Fighting with sword in hand;
 Whilst ev'ry man from right to left,
 Obey'd his brave command.

At length he faintish turning,
 The blood came trickling down,
 Yet no man could persuade him,
 To go and quit his ground:
 Tho' by two men supported,
 His spy-glass in his hand,
 'Mongst clouds of smoke, both shell & shot,
 Still giving the command

The French beat off now from our left,
 Did march with furious rage;
 Whilst every man from right to left,
 Was closely now engag'd.
 The skies with smoke were darken'd,
 No slackness there was found,
 Whilst many tender mothers sons,
 Lay bleeding on the ground.

Four hundred prisoners of the French,
 They did with us remain;
 Besides a greater number,
 Lay dead upon the plain.
 Three thousand kill'd and wounded
 Including prisoners too,
 The French behind left in our lines,
 And horses not a few.

The French of their great victory,
 Began now to despair;
 The thoughts of their great plunder too,
 Was banish'd in the air;
 They turn'd their backs upon us,

They could no longer stay,
 And never after would come out,
 To fight us by fair play.

For Sidney Smith was wounded,
 In this most bloody fray,
 Whilst many of his seamen bold,
 Upon the plain there lay :
 They were detached from the fleet,
 Under his brave command ;
 And firm in all engagements,
 They unto him did stand.

But now the battle's over :
 Our greatest loss has been,
 Of general Abercrombie.
 He was so great a man ;
 He was lov'd and adored,
 By all his soldiers bold,
 Far better by them was esteem'd,
 Than sums of yellow gold.

Britannia does lament her loss,
 As very well she may,
 He many battles for her fought,
 To make her gain the sway :
 He was a man of honour ;
 His life was glorious too ;
 He died amidst of victory,
 When fighting with Menou.

THE TURTLE DOVE,

O Farewell my own true love,
 and fare you well for a while,
 But I will be sure to return back again,
 if I go ten thousand miles.
 Ten thousand miles 'tis a long way,
 when you are from me gone,
 You will leave me here to lament and cry
 but you never can hear me mourn.
 To hear you mourn love I cannot bear,
 nor cure you of your disease ;
 But I will be sure to return back again,
 when all your friends are pleas'd.
 Supposing your friends they never will be
 pleas'd,
 they are growing so lofty and high ;
 But I never will prove false to the girl that
 till the stars fall from the sky. (I love
 Supposing the stars never fall from the sky
 and the rocks never melt with the sun ;
 Yet I never will prove false to the girl that
 till all these things be done. (I love
 Supposing these things should never be done,
 while you and I do live ; (I love,
 Yet I never will prove false to the girl that
 till we both go to one grave.
 O dont you see yon little turtie dove,
 that sits on yonder tree,
 Making its lament for its own true love,
 and so will I for thee.

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FATHER AND I.

MOTHER were dead, and sister were married,

And nobody at home but father and I;

I thought before I longer tarried,

To get a good wife my fortune I'd try:

But I swore she the moral should be of my mother,

For ne'er was a better wife under the sky;

So we mounted our nags to find out such another,

And set out a courting, father I.

Farmer Chaff have a darter that's famous for breeding; (and do write;

She do dance, and do play, and do sing,

But she never wou'd talk, she were always a reading (white:

About ravishments, devils, and ghosts in

Woods, says I, at that fun you won't find me a good one, (must fry;

To be mine, girl, far other guests fish you

The wife for my money must make a good pudding, (and I.

So we'll wish you good morning, father

As to Lunnun, to manage like other folks scorning, (to sup;

They sat down to breakfast when we went

At midnight they din'd, they supp'd in the morning,

