

NELSON'S LAMENT.

To which are added


The Boast Of Old Gaul.

The Praises Of Wine.

BONAPARTE IN LOVE.



Stirling, Printed by C. RANDALL 1805



NELSON'S LAMENT.

COME my lads, let's join the core,
Highland laddie, foger laddie,
That rally round our native shore,
My bonny Highland laddie.
Since Britain's sons were born free!! &c.
Then wha' wad sell his libertie? &c.
Our fathers bought it wi' their blude!!
To shew their sons the cause was gude!!
I et France an Spain unite their force,
Gudefaith the dub they darna cross.
But, Hark!!—what news—I hear the horn,
Some seem to smile, some seem to mourn:
The Cadiz fleet, have hoisted sail,
But Nelson soon their ships did hail!!
Near Trafalgar the fray began,
Brave Nelson first led on the van!!
The British thunder then did roar,
From thirty-three, he dash'd a score!!!
Thus British valour was display'd,
Altho' but twenty seven he led!!
But,—see—the tale, ha'e to tell,
The brave!!—The gallant!! Nelson fell,
But ere he fell, the day was won!!
And victory hail'd him for her son!!
The fatal ball had pierc'd his breast,

When like brave Wolfe he sunk to rest,
 I die in peace the hero cry'd !!
 Since Britains foes are still defy'd !
 Now haughty Gaul in sables mourns,
 Since Neptune all her projects spurns,
 And poor Castile in grief may greet,
 Betray'd by fame she's lost her fleet.
 Tho' Britain wails her hero's fate,
 Her Wooden Walls defend the state:
 Then drink a health, to Nelson's Crew,
 Brave British Fars, are stunch and true,
 The palm of victory they'll maintain !!
 And ride triumphant o'er the main : !
 My dauntiefs sailör Laddie.



THE BOAST OF OLD GAUL.

NOW Frenchmen do threat,
 Us Britons to meet,
 With presumption upon our own coast ;
 Our Land to invade,
 Our masters to be made,
 Is blood thirty Gallia's proud boast.

CHORUS,

Then Britons, to arms ;
 Shield your country from all harms
 And pour vengeance tenfold on the foe:

Britannia's tubes in order,
 Then shall th'under round her border,
 And keep all her enemies in awe.
 For Britain's just cause,
 Our Liberty and Laws,
 For our King and our Country we'll fight ;
 To arms we will fly ;
 to the coast we will hie,
 Whenever a French heel heaves in fight.
 Then, Britons, to arms, &c.

What of their Gun-Boats !
 They are fit enough for moats !
 But not on our wide ocean to steer :
 Their ships they can't get out,
 Then let them vaunt and flout,
 For Britons have never ought to fear.
 Then, Britons, to arms, &c.

But should they by chance,
 Be wafted from France,
 And their troops on our beaches collect ;
 They will find more
 Difficulties ashore,
 Then they, when at sea, did expect !
 Then, Britons, to arms, &c.

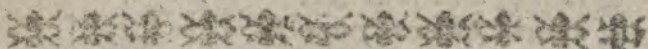
If Britons take heed,
 The French can't succeed,
 In their desperate attempt to invade :

If they with our fleet
 on the Ocean do meet,
 No doubt their proud spirit will be laid.
 Then, Britons, to arms, &c

But if in our land,
 They do make a fair stand,
 And with powder and shot act their part,
 Let Britons prove true,
 And we'll soon them subdue,
 And humble the proud Buonaparte!
 Then, Britons, to arms, &c

In disgrace from our ground,
 We will drive the bloody hound ;
 As from Egypt in disgrace he did fly ;
 But if he get o'er,
 Again to the French shore,
 He will not have to brag of victory.
 Then, Britons, to arms, &c,

For why, d'ye see,
 Every Briton is free !
 And his rights with his life he'll defend ;
 His Country and King,
 These two are the thing,
 And not on French Freedom to depend.
 Then, Britons, to arms, &c



THE PRAISES OF WINE.

LET a set of sober asses
 rail against the joys of drinking,
 While water, tea, and milk agree,
 to set cold brains a-thinking :
 Pow'r and wealth beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd ;
 Joys abound, pleasure's found,
 Only where the glass goes round.

The ancient sects on happiness,
 all differ'd in opinion ;
 But wiser rules of modern schools,
 in wine fix their dominion.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 makes glow the checks of beauty,
 Makes poets write, and soldiers fight,
 and friendship do its duty.

Wine was the only Helicon,
 whence poets are long liv'd so ;
 'Twas no other main then brisk champaign
 whence Venus was deriv'd too.

When heaven in Pandora's box,
 all kinds of ill had sent us,
 In a merrv mood, a bottle of good
 was cork'd up to content us.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
 of ev'ry vice destroyer.
 Gives dullard's wit. makes just the cit,
 truth forces from the lawyer.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,
 our care and sorrow drowning :
 Who rails at the bowl, is a Turk in's soul,
 and a Christian ne'er should own him.

BONAPARTE IN LOVE!

EVERY movement (Casuists sing),
 Has, tho' often hid, its spring,
 Now controlling, now impelling'
 Raising sinking, soothing, swelling,
 As prevails the different passion,
 Love, fear, envy, avarice' fassion,
 Anger, pleasure, lust, grief, hate,
 Or ambition to be great
 Musing on this mental mover,
 Now, methinks, I can discover,
 The true motive and occasion
 Of the boalted French invasion :

And^d that credit I may gain,
 Thus the matter I explain.
 All his motions lately prove
 His on^o parte deep in love.
 Love inspires his daily scheme;
 Love supplies his nightly dream;
 Love, at Paris, is his boast;
 Love attends him to our coast,
 Love along the Rhine's meanders,
 Swamps of Holland, bogs of Flanders,
 Ramble when and where he will,
 Love is his companion still,
 And will never let him rest,
 With enjoyment while unblest,
 Now perhaps Conjecture stupid,
 Thinks his love the flame of Cupid
 For some Venus, theme of wonder—
 No such thing!—'tis Love of Plunder.

F I N I S.