

About the hour of ten o'clock,
 a Danish ship we spied,
 Stand to your guns my hearts of oak,
 our noble captain cried.

Each man unto his quarters,
 so quickly did repair,

We knocked down our cabins,
 and sweep our decks quite clear,

Then we engaged that privateer,
 till once she bore away.

That's bravely done our captain cried,
 for soon we'll make them stay.

When our bold captain found
 the enemy's ship was gone,

We crowded all our sail, brave boys,
 and after her did run;

So closely we bore after her,
 till early the next day.

When a lofty bold French Privateer,
 came bearing down that way.

She hailed us in French, my boys,
 and boldly bid us stand,

Saying, where is your country,
 where doth your ship belong?

But the answer we returned them,
 it was a quick reply,

if you are our foe, we'll let you know
 we are true British boys.

But when this bold French privateer,
 found we were British boys,

She hoisted up her colours,
 and at us she let fly;
 Then broadside for broadside,
 where thundering cannons roar,
 And we sunk this bold French privateer,
 all on our native shore.

All in that gallant action,
 our captain he was slain;
 Likewise our second mate,
 and twenty of our men.
 While the rest of our bold seamen,
 they were bedeck'd in blood,
 But like bold Alexander,
 through fire and smoke we stood

But now the battle's over,
 and fit for sea no more,
 For the loss of legs and arms,
 we poor seamen now doth mourn.
 No benefit we have,
 from the mercy of the waves,
 But still true British seamen,
 we doth our country save.

THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

Come all you gallant seamen,
 landsmen listen unto me,
 Whilst I relate a bloody fight,
 was lately fought at sea.
 So fierce and hot upon each side,
 as plainly did appear,

There's not been such a battle fought,
no not this many a year.

The eighteenth day of May, brave boys,
from Halifax we set sail,
And up the American coast we did steer,
with a sweet and pleasant gale.
And standing off New York river,
on the twenty second day,
a loop of war round Sandy Hook,
a man from our mast head did spy.

We gave her three broadsides,
her colours soon came down,
We sent on board our Master's mate
with a number of our men.
Standing further to the northward,
being ordered for to go;
And cruising off Boston Bay,
our captain commanded so.

On the twenty-eighth day of May,
off Boston Bay we lay,
We sent a challenge to the Chesapeake,
to engage us in the bay.
Our commander of the Shannon,
gallant Brooks was his name,
Chear up your hearts my seamen bold,
for now she's bearing down.

And on the first of June, my boys,
the weather being clear,
Bold Lawrence, he soon hove in sight,
as plainly you shall hear.

And in the space of twenty one minutes,
 the action hot begun,
 And after two or three broadsides,
 foul of yard and yard we came.

Being broadside to broadside,
 our cannons loud did roar,
 While ninety five seamen and marines,
 lay bleeding in their gore
 Which causes many a widow
 in Scotia for to mourn,
 And many desolate mothers,
 lamenting the first of June.

For the space of fifteen minutes,
 this action it did hold,
 All on the brimy ocean,
 men never fought more bold.
 The Americans we must confess
 they did their valor shew,
 But, the remainder of our ship's company,
 soon brought their colours low.

Great rejoicings were made in Boston,
 their bells did loudly ring,
 Expecting our commander and crew,
 prisoners to be brought in.
 But unto their misfortune,
 we soon did let them know,
 That the Chesapeake to the Shannon,
 her colours had laid low.

FINIS.



