

2
THREE EXCELKANT

NEW SONGS

The Battle of Trafalgar.

TO WHICH ADDED

The Unco Bit Want.

With the Answer,



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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,
A NEW SONG.

Written by Joseph Dixon, of Harrington, on board
His Majesty's ship Defence,

COME all you bold Britons, attend with a cheer
To the lines I have pen'd I pray lend an ear
The 18th of October, early in the day,
The combin'd fleets from Cadiz did boldly put to
sea,

The Euryalus made signal, the Defence did repeat
And Mars and Colossus convey'd to our fleet.
It was off St Mary's nine leagues from the shore,
When the signal they saw down for Cadiz they bore
On Sunday the 20th' in the morn,
We espy'd our enemies four leagues a stern.
Our ships we were immediately, like lions bold and
free,

The day being foggy we lost sight of our enemy
But on Monday the 21st. 1805,
The combined lubbers brought to eat us alive :
Ere the day closed, in the Temple of Fame,
Emblazon'd with glory was our Admiral's name:
Of line of battle ships they had just thirty three,
Which was of the line just six sail more than we
We had but twenty seven, and bold Nelson did say,
Haste Britons to glory, and I will lead the way
Royal Sovereign was the first that broke the line
of the foe,

The Victory, Belleisle, and the Temeraire also.
Up came the Tonnant with a thundering noise,
And wellplay'd her part with her gave Britisha boys

the Minotaur thundered on, and the Conqueror
 also;

the Mars and Colossus struck a decisive blow,

the Achille, the Ajax, and Africa likewise.

the Neptune and Britannia soon opened their eyes

the Revenge must not be forgot, the Dreadnought
 and Orion too;

the Desiance and Bellephron soon made the French
 to rue:

the Spartiate and Thunderer so sweetly play'd a
 tune.

The bold Defence and Leviathan made them haul
 their colours down

How our shot flew like hail while the guns did roar,

And thousands stood viewing us on the Spanish shore;

They thought us to conquer, but our tars said nay,

For your national colours shall be pull'd down this
 day.

Come listen bold Britons, and quickly I'll unfold

A terrible story as ever yet was told,

Gallant Nelson so brave, for his achievements re-
 nown'd,

Fell a victim that day, but with glory was crown'd:

Now their ships so inclosed by the bold British fleet,

Who always went like lions their enemies to meet,

They could no. withstand, and for quarters did roar,

Saying Britons we have struck for to fight no more,

Then twenty one sail of the line we took that day,

And one more we burnt, and the rest got a way,

Being close in with their shore and beginning to
 blow

Our ships were so disabled we could not chase the foe.

Now our fleet one and all away they did sail,

With twenty one of the enemy's ships at our tail,

The king of Spain and Bonaparte together may
 weep

For the flower of both nations we sunk in the deed
 Then on the 22d the gale increased fast,
 Our prizes were not able to rigg out jury masts ;
 Besides they were so leaky we could not keep them
 free,

So our Admiral made a signal to sink them in the sea
 Then the prisoners we took out, and five sail we
 sunk that day,

The rest we kept in town for to bring them away
 But after all our trouble, it griev'd our hearts full sore
 Three of our captur'd ships lying on the Spanissh
 shore

Then on the 23d about three in the afternoon,
 We saw the remainder of our enemy, and on their
 we bore down

To bring them to action, but they seem'd to fall
 from afar,

We think we just got enough while of Trafalgar,
 Then the wind being fair, they soon put into port
 Or our tars soon again would have shown them
 British sport.

They run under batteries, and there they brought to
 Loudly crying, British devils, we're clear of you now
 Then we stood off all night, and part of the next day
 When most of our captured to leeward of us lay
 Then even of our shipping upon them bore down
 Says our Captain, my brave boys, we'll make sure
 of our own.

Then we brought them to an anchor, and our own
 likewise.

We after bore up to the northward, each had charge
 of a prize, (desire

But the weather had continued, it was our Admiral's
 The prisoners to save, and their ships to set on fire.
 Then three we burnt, and six more sunk, which just
 made up eighteen,

and four we carried to Gibiallar to lie there until
the spring,

We moor'd them in the Mole, my boys, and there
they quietly lay, (away,

When most of our disabled ships for England sail'd
to now we are bound for England after this victory.

Next sail we left off Cadiz for to watch our enemy:
The Prince, Spencer and Canops, Tyger, Donegal,
and Queen,

Who swear that if they once come out they shall
ne'er go in again.

Here's a health to Admiral Collingwood, for he's a
valiant man.

And to the Captains of the fleet, we will toast them
every one; (stand,

To his officers and seamen, who ne'er refus'd to
and fight for their country which Nelson did command
at now Lord Nelson is no more, which grieves
my soul to say

and he always liv'd victorious until that very day:
For on that great and glorious day it was his lot to
fall (all

But his memory shall be ever dear to British sailors.
So now to conclude and finish my new song,

'Tis but a fancy foremast Jack and to the Defence
belong: (his officers too,

Here's a health. I'll drink to Captain Hope, and all
Likewise to all his seamen, ever loyal, bold, and true.

So now my song is finished I hope each tar will smile.
And pray for peace and plenty to bless the British isle

Here's a health to George our King, and long may
he reign,

While the hardy tars of Britain are master, of the
main.

The Unco Bit Want

I am a young Lass in my prime,
 My age it is just twenty one;
 I think it a véry fit time
 To buckle myself to a man,
 I've baith bread and kitchen nae scant,
 I gang i' the fashion fu' braw;
 Yet still I've an unco bit want,
 That fashes me mair than them a'

CHORUS.

For I'm ripe, an' ready an' a',
 Ready, an' ripe an' a',
 I wish I may get a bit man,
 Before that my beauty gae wa'.

A' day as I spin wi' my mither,
 An' hilts o'er mysel' a bit sang,
 How Lassies an' Lads gang the gither,
 O sirs but it gars me think lang
 In bed I am like to gang crazy;
 I dream, I row, an' I gaunt,
 Where I might be lying fu' easy,
 Were't no for this unco bit want,
 For I'm ripe, &c

Young Andrew comes whiles in the glomin
 An' draws in a stool by my side,
 But he's ay sae flead for a woman,
 That aften his face he maun hide,
 I steer up my temper string gayly,
 An' whiles a bit verse I will rant,
 Young women you ken mann be wylie,
 mak up that unco bit want.
 For a'm ripe, &c,

n' thinki' sometime whea he's rising,
 To make a bit step to the door,
 n' raise a wee crack that's entising,
 Perhaps that he kent nae afore.
 n' O if the Laddie wad tak me.
 An' raise a bit canty wee rant;
 here's naething mair pleasure wad gi' me.
 For that's just my unco bit want.
 For I'm ripe, &c.

Andrew's Reply.

SWEET Lass, I approve o' your pian,
 I think that you're wise for to knit,
 n' buckle yoursel' to a man,
 For kissing it's now you are sit,
 What tho' you've silks for to dress you,
 An' plenty o' baith roast an' raw.
 Yet you want a bit man for to kifs you,
 An' keep your cauld back frae the wa'.
 We'll kifs, an, cuddle, an' a',
 Cuddle, an' kifs, an' a',
 An' aucc we were backl'd the gither,
 Our joys they sha' nae be sma'l

To hear how that ithers get marri'd,
 An' ye sit an' rive at your tow,
 Pw' sure it's of life you are weari'd,
 Wish wheel an' it a' in a low!
 The pain you endure thro' the night,
 It makes you to tumble an' gaunt,
 Bat young Andrew is baith blyth an' able,
 An' weel can supply your bit want.
 We'll kifs, &c.

At e'en when ye came wi' your stocking,
 You thought I was wond'rous slack,
 Tho' aften ay jeering an' jocking,
 An' whiles your bit mou' I did smack,
 As on the green grass we did tumble,
 O how thy bit heart it did pant !
 Tho' ne'er gie'd a peep, nor a grum'le,
 While I did supply your bit want.
 We'll kifs, &c.

At e'en when I rise to gang hame,
 Were ye to gi'e me a convoy,
 As sure as young Andrew's my ame,
 In love we'll each other enjoy.
 Then Lassie I'll ay be thy ain,
 Of me you may loftily vaunt ;
 I'll ease thee o' thy grief an' pain,
 An, always suppl' hy bit want.
 We'll kifs, &c.

Wi' joy it's she ban'd out her ban',
 Your offer, dear ove, I accept ;
 I vow that young Andrew's the man
 I always will dant like a pat.
 Thou joys of joys I'll taste,
 For which I've gien mony a gaunt ;
 By young Andrew it's now I'm embrac'd,
 An' weel he supplies my bit want.
 We'll kifs, an' cuddle, an' a',
 Cuddle, an' kifs, an' a',
 It's now we're firm buckl'd the gither
 Sbare joys the largest o' a'.

F I N I S.