

THE BATTLE

OF

The Nile.

ARISE, arise, Britannia's sons, arise,
And join in the shouts of the patriotic throng,
Arise, arise, Britannia's sons, arise,
And let the heavens echo with your song.
For the genius of Albion victory proclaiming,
Flies through the world our rights and deeds main-
And the battle of the Nile, (taining,
Shall be foremost on the file, (be,
And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name applauded shall

CHORUS.

Theu huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, oays, [gain,
Mars guards for us what freedom did by charter
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza boys,
Britannia, still Britannia rules the main.

The proud sons of France with insulting haughty
scorn, [pendency,
Had too long oppress'd the neighbouring inde-
And vainly did hope their conquest would be borne
In harmony triumphant o'er the sea,
But Nelson soon taught them in peals of British
thunder, [knock under,
To the flag of Royal George 'twas their duty to
And the battle of the Nile,
Was decisive of their spoil,
And laurels grace the bosom of each loyal British fair.

In council above rose the deity of war,
Determined to give true valour due renown,
And soon on the brow of each hardy British tar,
Was planted a resplendent Royal crown.
While the loud trump of Fame o'er earth and ocean
sounded, [resounded,
With Howe, Jarvis, Duncan, and Nelson's name
And the battle of the Nile,
Was the foremost of the file,
And all the angelic choirs sung the glories of the day.

Then arouse, arouse, ye sons of mirthful sport,
And receive your protectors with open arms re-
turning, [bought,
And view the spoils they with their blood have
For the glory of this happy, happy Isle.
A British Seaman's name henceforward shall be
penn'd,
A terror to his foe, an honour to his friend,
At the battle of the Nile,
Our children shall smile,
And ages yet unborn transmit what Nelson had done.

[No. 102.]



MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND

OF friendship I have heard much talk,
But you'll find in the end,
That if distressed at any time,
Then money is your friend.

Yes, money is your friend—is it not?
Yes, money is your friend—is it not?
Is it not?—is it not?—pray tell me now,
Yes, money! money! is your friend.

If you are sick and like to die,
And for the doctor send,
To him you must advance a fee,
Then money is your friend.

If you should have a suit at law,
On which you much depend,
You must pay the lawyer and brief,
Then money is your friend.

Then let me have but store of gold,
From ills it will defend;
In every exigence of life,
Dear money is your friend.

Yes, money, &c.

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