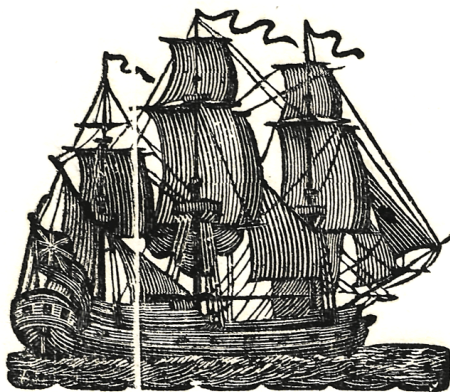


NELSON'S MONUMENT.



Devonport: Printed and Sold by ELIAS KEYS.

Sold also by R. STONE, Exeter;

A. BROWN, General-Dealer, Bristol-bridge, Bristol;

And by S. REED, Newport, Monmouthshire



BRITONS long expected great news from our fleet,
Commanded by Lord Nelson, the French for to meet;
At length the news came over, through the country it was
spread,
That the French were defeated, but Nelson was dead.

Not only brave Nelson, but thousands were slain,
By fighting of the French upon the watery main;
To protect England's glory, its honor, and its wealth,
We fought and would not yield, 'till we yielded unto death.

The merchants of Yarmouth hearing us say so,
Said, come brother sailors to church let us go;
And there we will build a most beautiful pile,
In remembrance of Nelson, the Hero of the Nile.

Your plan, says Britannia, is excellent good,
A monument of Nelson, a sword for Collingwood;
Let it be of polished marble, to perpetuate his name,
And in letters of gold write, 'He died for England's fame.'

All seamen and soldiers, as I have been told,
They've order'd themselves in readiness to hold,
Their rights to maintain, their cause to support,
From any invasion keep each British port.

Both soldiers and sailors mighty deeds they have done,
Their sons in foreign parts many battles have won;
If the Nile could but speak, or Egypt declare,
All the world with Lord Nelson they could not compare.

THE *Blue Bells* OF SCOTLAND.



OH, where, and oh where is my High-
land laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French, for King
George upon the throne,
And its oh in my heart, I wish him safe
at home.

Oh, where, and oh where did your High-
land laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign
of the Blue Bell,
And its oh in my heart I love my laddie
well.

In what clothes, in what clothes, is your
Highland laddie clad?
His Bonnet's of the Saxon green, and his
waistcoat of the plaid;
And its oh in my heart I love my High-
land lad.

Suppose and suppose that your Highland
lad should die?
The bagpipes should play over him, and
I'd sit me down and cry,
And its oh in my heart I wish he may
not die.

1840

