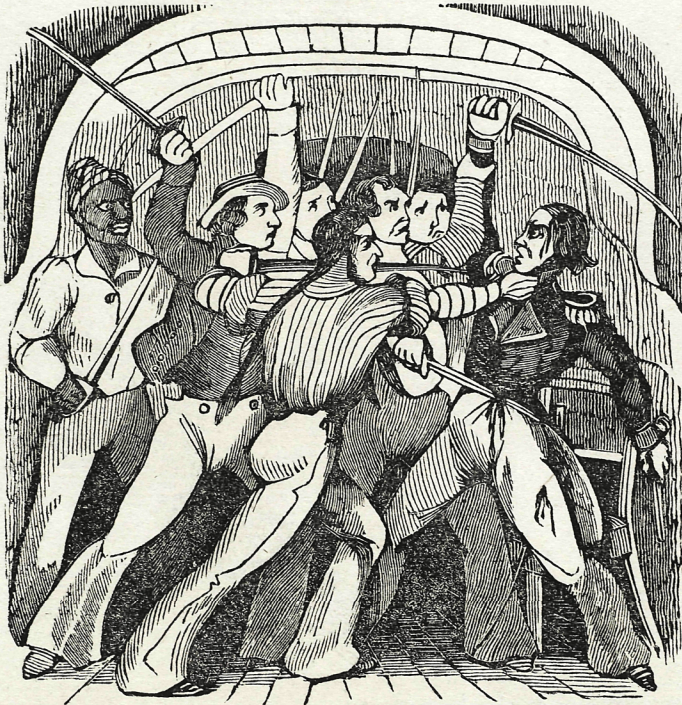


Siege of
ST. JEAN D'ACRE.



and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven Dials,
and 35, Hanover Street, Portsea, where shopkeepers and travellers
may be supplied with upwards of 4000 different sorts of ballads.

COME all you bold and undaunted tars
That to the seas belong,
And give me your attention:
I will not keep you long.
I will not sing soft tales of love,
But one of war's alarms:
My tale shall tell how Acre fell
A prize to British arms.

CHORUS.

you British tars be steady,
And still your rights maintain
While Stopford here, and brave ~~captains~~
Will lead you on the main.

In the second day of November
Off Acre town we lay:
Our Admiral gave a signal out,
For all the fleet to weigh,
To make the haughty Pacha fear,
And his base conduct rue
And show those base Egyptians
What British tars can do.

And weighed our anchors speedily
And stood in for the town
Resolved that day—that very day,
To haul their colours down,

We stood in for the town, my boys,
And when we got in range,
They sent some hard pills on board
We sent them back the change.

We gave them back the change, my boys,
And that most speedily;
Our shot and shell around them fell,
Like hailstones from the skies:
Their ramparts proved but a poor defence
Against our cannon-balls;
We swept their soldiers from their guns,
And battered down the walls.

At four o'clock, by accident,
Which could not be foreseen,
A shell was thrown, by hand unknown,
Into their magazine,
Which blew it up with a loud report:
Twelve hundred men were slain
And many more, all wounded sore,
Lay bleeding on the plain.

That night no hammocks were piped down
But watch and watch were kept;
Each man by his gun laid down,
And there securely slept:
No thought of danger filled their minds
But pleasant were their dreams;
They dreamt of far distant lands,
And all in happy scenes.

Now quite resigned throughout the fleet,
When all was hushed in sleep,
Save those who pace the lonely deck,
The nightly watch to keep;
When from the Turkish Admiral's ship,
A signal out was thrown,
To let our allied forces know
That the foe had left the town.

The Turkish troops were sent on shore
Without an hour's delay,
Who took possession of the town
Before the break of day;
Great was the slaughter we had made:
The scene which met our eyes
Would fill the stoutest warrior's heart
With sorrow and surprise.

To tell you now, each gallant ship
That took part in the fray—
That broke oppression's iron yoke
Upon that glorious day:—
The Princess Charlotte and Revenge
The Thunderer and Benbow;
Likewise the Pinque and Talbot
The Bellerophon too.

It was for full three hours
That the battle it did hold;
And on the briny ocean
Seamen never fought more bold.
We hope our wives and children
Will quickly find relief,
For the loss of those brave heroes
Who were buried in the deep.

1850

