

# THE BATTLE OF Trafalgar.

Come all you British heroes come listen to my song,  
Its of a noble battle by our brave seamen won,  
The twentieth of October that was the very day,  
The combin'd fleet from Cadiz my boys did put to sea.  
The Eurylas made the signal the Defence she did repeat  
The Mars and the Colossus convey'd it to our fleet,  
It was off Cape St. Mary nine leagues from the shore,  
When the signal they saw down from Cadiz they bore.

On Sunday the twentieth so early in the morn,  
We espied our enemy my boys four leagues astern,  
But the day it being foggy we lost them all again,  
And on the twenty-first my lads we met them on the main,  
But that day closed in a temple of fame,  
Emblazoned with glory was our Admiral's name,  
For the ships of the line they had thirty-three,  
In number my boys they had six more than we.

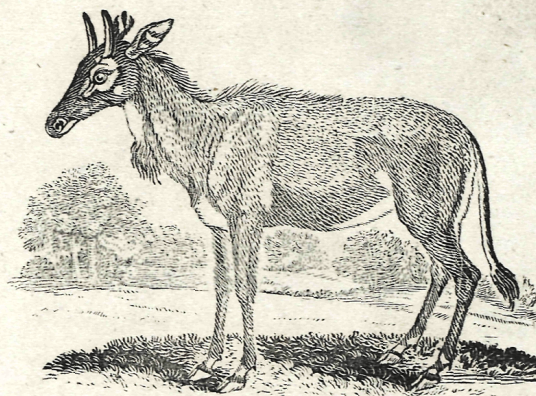
Come Britons all to glory bold Nelson did say,  
And I will be first my lads that will lead the way,  
The victory, Belesle. Tamerare and Pennant too,  
Among the French and Spaniards they made a noble show,  
The Monitor and the Conquerer, Mars and Colossus also,  
The Achilles and the Ajax gave a dreadful blow  
Then the Africa and the Neptune soon opened their eyes,  
For twenty-one ships on that day to us became a prize.

Next the Britannia and the Revenge, Dreadnought, Orion  
too,  
The Defiance and Belerophon, soon made the French to rue,  
Then the Spartiate and Thunder so sweetly play'd a tune,  
The bold Defence, Leviathan, made them haul their colours  
down,  
Now our shot did fly like hail, and our great guns did roar,  
Many thousands stood viewing us upon the Spanish shore,  
They thought us for to conquer but our British tars said nay  
Your national colours we will pull down upon that day.

But to brave British seamen I have one sad tale to tell  
We have lost brave Admiral Nelson he in this battle fell,  
And many more brave seamen was in this battle slain,  
That now lays buried in the deep all in the briny main,  
O quarters, O quarters so loud they did roar,  
Saying bold Britons we can fight no more,  
Twenty-one sail of the line we did take that day,  
And one of them we there did burn, the rest did run away.

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

To all the captains of the Fleet we toast them every one,  
Unto officers and seamen that ne'er refuse to stand,  
For to fight for England's good at the word of command,  
Now may the widows and children that's left behind to weep  
For the loss of their husbands that's buried in the deep,  
May God be their protector, husband and father too,  
Let us hope that they will find relief no more sorrows for  
to know.



## THE ROSE IN JUNE.

Some idly throughout spend their time  
Not to enjoy their rose in prime.

### CHORUS.

Let it be late or soon,  
I will enjoy their rose in June.

The violets make the meadows smell sweet,  
None with my roses are complete,

Primroses make the meadows look neat,  
None with my roses are complete.

Cowslips make the meadows look fair,  
None with my roses can compare,

Of every sweet flower that grows,  
None can compare to my blooming rose.

Let it be early, late or soon,  
I will enjoy my rose in June.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

(8)

