

# BATTLE OF NAVARIN.



COME all you British Seamen and listen to my song,  
And if you pay attention, I will not keep you long;  
Concerning of a combin'd fleet, a cruising on the main,  
A watching of those bloody Turks, that lay in Navarin.

As they were going to Hidra, as you shall understand,  
All to commit a massacre, by water and by land,  
As they had done at Scio not many years before,  
And they left many thousands lay bleeding in their gore.

It was the 18th of October, all on that very day,  
Our Admiral made a signal, our guns to clear away;  
We clear'd away for Action and quickly did prepare,  
All for to fight those bloody Turks without either dread or fear.

On the 20th of October, just by the break of day,  
Our Admiral made a signal, that we should close the Bay;  
So boldly we advanced our courage for to show,  
We crowded all the sail we could, aloft and below.

We crowded all the sail we could, and for the Bay did steer,  
And followed by the French, my boys, with the Russians in the rear;  
The force of our combin'd fleet in number twenty-seven,  
And the Turkish in number one hundred and eleven.

Our bold and chief Commander, Sir Edward Codrington by name,  
Was followed by a Commodore, Walter Bathurst of great fame;  
They led us to a victory, all on that glorious day,  
And the Glorious British Union at each Mast Head did fly.

The Asia brave, she led the Van, with all her jovial crew,  
She was follow'd by the bold Genoa, who made those Turks to rue;  
And then advanc'd the Albion, that ship of noble fame,  
And followed by the Dartmouth, the Glasgow, and Cambrian.

The Talbot and the Rose, and the Philomel and the Hind,  
The Musquito and the Brisk advanc'd so neatly in the line;  
Then in comes the French, my boys, and the Russians in the rear,  
All for to sink and burn those Turks, and blow them in the air.

We anchor'd a-long-side of them, like Lions bold and free,  
Their masts and yards came tumbling down, it was a glorious sight to see,  
And some we burnt, and some we sunk, and blew them in the air,  
As we anchor'd a-long-side of them I solemnly declare.

Four hours and ten minutes our cannons loud did roar,  
Which made those Turks to quake and fear all on the Grecian shore;  
And in the height of victory, our Commodore did fall,  
He then received his deadly wound, all by a cannon ball.

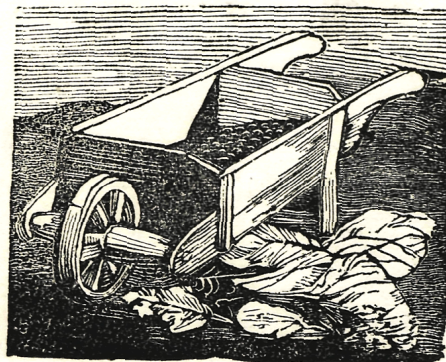
Then said this valiant Hero, as he on deck did lie,  
'My sons of old Britannia, we will conquer them or die;'  
Then stood up Captain Dickinson, in his place for to remain,  
He was the bold Commander of the second Ship in the line.

'Fight on, fight on, my hearts of Oak,' this Hero he did say,  
'Fight on, fight on, my British Tars, and we shall gain the day;'  
And all our valiant Officers undaunted they did stand,  
Cheer up, cheer up, my hearts of Oak, we'll join both heart and hand.

All for to quell those disturbances which has existed long,  
In suffering of humanity, we'll fight both bold and strong;  
Now to conclude and make an end, and finishing of my song,  
I am a Jelly Foremost-Jack, to the Genoa did belong.

We will drink a health to George our King, and Sir Edward Codrington,  
Unto the united Sovereigns the victory has won,  
And to each valiant Officer belonging to the fleet,  
And to each Jack Tar and Royal Marine that did their Enemy beat.

# THE PLOUGHBOY.



Devonport: Printed and Sold by E. KEYS.

Sold also by R. STONE, Exeter;

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

And by S. REED, Newport, Monmouthshire.

OF all the sounds, give me my choice,  
There's none to be compared to the Plough-  
boy's voice,  
The pretty little quavering notes he will sing,  
Makes all the groves and valley's for to ring.

CHORUS.

'Tis of a pretty Ploughboy gets up in the morn,  
With his hip along, jib along, here lies my pretty  
Lass,

Morgan, good luck, speedwell, cherry, and its jip  
along,  
For we are lads that can follow the Plough.

In the heat of the day then little do we do,  
We turn out to work for an hour or two,  
On the banks of sweet violets we lie, and take  
our rest,  
While the cold breeze blows over us so fresh.

If the Plough stands still then for a little while,  
I'm sure all the tradesmen will certainly run wild,  
The millers they will have no corn for to grind,  
So the little Ploughboy runs all on behind.

Here's hail, here's rain, and cold frost and snow,  
Here's lightning, that flies from the powers to the  
bow,  
And when that the storm is over, past, and gone,  
You'll hear the little Ploughboy sing jibbering  
along.

So now to conclude, my song I will end,  
I hope that the Ploughboy will never want a friend,  
The pretty little quavering notes he will sing,  
Here's a health unto the Ploughboy, and God  
save the Queen.

1827

