



THE BOMBARDMENT OF
ALGIERS,
 OR, DOWNFALL OF
S L A V E R Y,

Printed Sold by J. PITTs No 14 Great St. Andrew
 Street, Seven Dials

COME all you british Seamen bold, wherever
 you may be.
 I pray now give attention and listen unto me,
 It's of a glorious victory so soon you shall hear,
 Obtained by Lord Exmouth over haughty proud
 Algiers,
 'Twas on the 14th day of August from Gibraltar
 we set sail, (sant gale,
 Kind Neptune favoured us with a sweet and plea
 With courage bold and daring to the S. E. we did
 steer (fear.
 Our gallant fleet was so complete, no danger did we
 'Twas on the 27th of August, just at the break of
 day, (bay,
 We hove in sight of Algiers, and stood in for the
 A flag of Truce we sent on shore, to know their
 full intent, (terms consent,
 Whether they were resolved to fight or to finish
 Our flag of Truce being refus'd, the signal then
 was made, (mast head,
 For to prepare for Action, was answered at each
 For to abolish Slavery it was our whole design,
 And fortune seem'd prosperous and to us did incline
 The first was the Queen Charlotte, that gallant
 ship of fame,
 And well she is deserving to bear that noble name
 The first broadside she gave to them she made them
 indeed wonder, (like thunder,
 The next was the Leander bold, she poured in like
 Next was the Superb down to the Batteries she
 bore, did pour.
 Her british shot like hailstones, all on them she
 Resolved to die or conquer Britain's rights for to
 maintain. (rules the main
 and crowns each glorious Victory, while Britain
 Next ship was the Impregnable, not one did her
 excell (well.
 Likewise the bold Albion she played her part right
 The Hebrus and Granicus, xevern and Glasgow,
 Did their best endeavours, the Infidels to overthrow
 The rest of our squadron, too tedious for to name,
 They poured in their broadsides, with fire, smoke,
 and flame (ternoon
 both shell and shot it flew so hot, all on that after
 The like was not ever on the glorious first of June.
 Our Rockets they began to play, which put them
 in amaze. (a blaze,
 Their Magazine blew up, their shipping was in
 For full nine hours or more, we had a constant fire
 Resolving to gain the Victory or every man expire
 So now my Brother Sailors; the Victory we have
 won.
 Whilst Britannia sat smiling viewing of her son,
 Let every man fill up his glass and then loudly sing
 Here's a health to brave Lord Exmouth and long
 live the King.

1816

