



Battle of Algiers.

Come all you Britons stout and bold, that love your native land,
Rejoicing in our victory, Lord Exmouth gave command?
Lord Exmouth will your rights maintain, as you shall plainly
see,
How we all fought like lions bold, to set the Christians free.

CHORUS.

You British tars, be steady, and maintain your glorious name
You will ever find Lord Exmouth to lead you unto fame.

On the twenty-seventh of July in Plymouth sound we lay,
Lord Exmouth made a signal our anchor for to weigh;
We exercis'd our great guns, believe me what I say,
That we might do the best we could on that glorious day.

When we came to Gibraltar, for three days there we lay,
Our cabins there we all knock'd down, our decks we clear'd
away,
That nothing in our way might be, for we their batteries saw,
Prepar'd to send the burning shot upon our decks below.

On the twenty-seventh of August, just by the break of day,
We 'spied the city of Algiers, to windward of us lay:
All hands, all hands to quarters, it was the general cry,
Come load your guns with round and grape, ere we get nigh.

The first was Queen Charlotte so nobly led the van,
She was followed by the Superb, Capt. Atkins gave command,
The next was the Leander, with all her warlike crew,
She was follow'd by the Impregnable, rear-admiral of the blue.

Now next it was the Albion, what I relate is true,
The Minden and the Sovereign, they fought with courage true,
The Hebrew, Gravin, and Glasgow, so well their parts did
play,
The Algerines from their batteries they made them run away.

Now it is of six Dutch frigates, they did our fleet combine,
Their admiral a signal made for them to form a line,
They anchor'd by our batteries, their admiral to them did say,
Take pattern by those British boys, they shew you gallant play.

Now there's one thing more I relate, which is to be admir'd,
At five o'clock that afternoon, we set the ships on fire,
Our rocket ships and fire ships so well their parts did play,
The Algerines from their batteries were forc'd to run away.

Now this glorious action's over, and Christians are set free,
The Algerines are bound down—there's here no slavery;
But if they break the terms of peace, Lord Exmouth doth
declare
If he should visit them again, not one of them he'll spare.

Now with a verse I'll finish, and completely end my song,
Here's a health to Lord Exmouth, and may his days be long;
We will honour Capt. Atkin and his officers so true,
The honest tars and stout marines that fought under true blue.



Wandering Boy.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands in his comfortless eye,
Oh how hard is the fate of the wandering boy.

The winter is cold, I have no place of rest,
My heart is as cold as it beats in my breast,
No father, no mother, no kindred have I,
For I am a penniless wandering boy.

I once had a home, and I once had a sire,
And a mother that granted each infant desire;
Our cottage it stood in a wood bower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,
And left me to hard hearted strangers a prey;
I fled from their rigour, with many a sigh,
And now I am left a poor wandering boy.

For the wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list to my innocent tale;
I'll go to the grave where my parents do lie,
And death shall befriend the poor wandering boy.

I lay myself down I'm benumbed with cold,
My cry is not heard by the young nor the old,
All the days of my life have been clouded from joy
There's neither friends nor home for the wandering boy.

The door by which he lay belong'd to a squire,
Whose house might have shelter'd his limbs by the fire,
But when the door open'd they beheld with their eye,
Lie lifeless and pale the poor wand'ring boy.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

