



## DEATH OF LORD NELSON

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-court,  
7 Dials.

**C**OME all you gallant seamen that unite a meeting,  
Attend to these lines I am going to relate,  
And when you have heard them 'twill move you with pity,  
To hear how Lord Nelson he met with his fate;  
For he was a bold and undaunted commander,  
As ever did sail on the ocean so wide,  
He made both the French and the Spaniards surrender,  
By always potting into them a broadside.  
Mourn, England, mourn, mourn and complain,  
For the loss of Lord Nelson, that died on the main.

From aloft to aloft, where he was commanding,  
All by a French gun he received a ball,  
And by the contents he got mortally wounded.  
And that was the cause of Lord Nelson's fall,  
Like an undaunted hero exposed to the fight,  
And he gave the command, on the quarter-deck stood  
To hear of his actions you would much admire,  
To see the decks covered all with human blood.

One hundred engagements he had been into,  
And ne'er in his life was he known to be beat,  
Tho' he'd lost an arm, likewise a right eye, sir,  
No power upon earth ever could him defeat.  
His age at his death it was forty and seven,  
And as long as I breathe his great praises I'll sing  
The whole navigation was given up to him,  
Because he was loyal and true to his King.

Then up steps the Doctor in a very great hurry,  
And unto Lord Nelson these words he did say—  
Indeed then, my Lord, I am very sorry,  
To see you here lying and bleeding this way,  
No matter, no matter whatever about me,  
My time it is come—I'm almost at the worst,  
But there's my gallant seamen a fighting so boldly,  
Discharge off your duty unto all them first.

Then with a loud voice he call'd out for his Captain,  
'Pray let me, sir, know how the battle does go,  
For I think our great guns continue to rattle,  
Though Death is approaching I firmly do know.  
The antagonist's ship has gone down to the bottom,  
Eighteen we have captive and brought them on board,  
For more we have blown quite out of the ocean,  
And this is the news I have brought you, my Lord.

Come all you gallant seamen that unite a meeting,  
Always let Lord Nelson's memory go round;  
For it is your duty, when you unite a meeting,  
Because he was loyal and true to the Crown  
And now to conclude and finish these verses a  
My time it is come—I am quite at the worst,  
Our souls go with you and ten thousand souls,  
For gallant Nelson and brave



## UNDAUNTED MARY

Or, the Banks of Sweet Dundee.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, & 3, Monmouth-co  
7 Dials.

**I**T of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,  
Her parents died and left her 500 pounds in gold,  
She lived with her uncle the cause of all her woe,  
And you soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove it  
overthrow.

Her uncle had a plough-boy young Mary loved full well,  
And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell,  
But there was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,  
But still shd lov'd her plough-boy on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

It was one summer's morning her Uncle went straight way  
He knocked at her bed-room door, & unto her did say—  
Come rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be, (dec)  
The Squire is waiting for you, on the banks of sweet Dun  
A fig for all your squires, your lords, & dukes likewise,  
My William's hand appears to me worth diamonds in m  
Begone unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be (eyes  
For I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,  
Young William is in favour—her uncle he did say;  
Indeed 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree, (dec)  
Or else to bribe the pressgang on the banks of sweet Dun  
The pressgang came to William when he was all alone—  
He boldly fought for liberty—but they were six to one  
The blood did flow in torrents—pray kill me now said he  
'd would rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love  
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove,  
He put his arms around her, stand off base man said st  
You sent the only lad I love from the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

He clasp'd his arms around her, and tried to throw her  
down, (gown—  
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his mornin  
Young Mary took the weapons, his sword he used so free  
But she did fire & shot the squire on the banks of sweet  
Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, he hasten'd to the ground  
Since you have kill'd the squire, I'll give you yo  
death wounds,  
Staud off! then said young Mary—undaunted I will  
She the trigger drew, and her uncle slew on the bank  
sweet Dundee.

The doctor soon was sent for—a man of noted skill,  
Likewise came his lawyer for him to sign his will,  
He filled his gold to Mary who tough omanfully A  
And now she lives qui happy on the banks of sweet Dundee



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