

WILLIAM and NANCY'S PARTING,

Come all you pretty maidens
That have a mind to go,
Along with your true love,
To face your daring foe,
For I have a mind to venture,
Where cannon balls do fly,
And along with my true love,
My fortune for to try.

He says my dearest Nancy,
I hope you will not repine,
That I must go on board,
Our noble fleet to join,
Our orders are for sea, my dear,
And now I must away,
So make yourself contented,
Till I return from sea.

She says my dearest William,
Pray do not leave me here,
I'll dress myself in sailor's clothes,
Along with you to steer,
So now do let me go with you,
Your mess-mate for to be,
When on board of a man of war,
I'll fight most manfully.

He says my dear lovely maiden,
Great dangers are at sea,
Perhaps we may be shipwrecked,
And the vessel cast away,
Or when in the line of battle,
Taken by the enemy,
So make yourself contented,
Be kind to stay on shore.

With beautiful little fingers,
And hair so long and small,
You would think a very great hardship,
Our cable ropes to haul,
Where the stormy winds do blow high,
And billows loud do roar,
So make yourself contented,
Be kind to stay on shore.

So now my love has gone abroad,
As I may tell you plain,
Kind Heav'n! ever protect him,
While on the raging main—
Protect him from each danger,
Where cannon balls do fly,
And send sweet William back again,
That I may him enjoy.

GENERAL

CAMPBELL.

It was in the month of April, upon the fourteenth day,
This expedition did embark to cross the raging sea;
Our fleet being well prepared, our anchors we did weigh,
To sail against the Burmese to shew them British play.

When we embark'd for Madras, it grieved our hearts full sore,
Our wives and children weeping as they sat on the shore;
Crying art thou gone and left us thy absence for to mourn,
To languish on a foreign land awaiting thy return.

We left the roads of Madras upon the sixteenth day;
Each man being well prepared, and eager for the fray,
Our squadron form'd a brilliant line to shew a grand half-moon,
With British colours flying, we sailed against Rangoon.

When we were three days sailing, three sail appeared in view,
We fired off a signal gun, when quickly they lay too:
Our commodore bore down on them, we followed him in line,
But they proved to be some British troops awaiting us to join.

Next to Port Cornwallis our course we then did steer,
And hoisted all our stinsails without either dread or fear,
The next thing that appear'd in view was the Calcutta fleet,
Was lying there at anchor, all waiting us to meet.

Our fleet being assembled, (the sail was sixty-three,)
A signal gun for sailing was fired instantly;
When out to sea we bore again, and sailed both night and day,
And on the tenth of May, my boys, we anchor'd in their bay.

It was early the next morning, the weather being fair,
We weigh'd our anchors to the bows, and up the river did steer;
The enemy commenced on shore, to put us to the rout;
But we upon the decks did stand, resolved to fight it out.

The Lilly frigate led the way, when clouds of smoke did rise;
The Leander sloop in company, which did our foes surprise;
The Sophia brig and gun-boats, their cannon loud did roar,
Like thunder rent the elements all on the Burmese shore.

All hands prepare for landing! resounded through the fleet.
Let every man have sixty rounds his enemy for to meet,
Like lions bold we rushed on shore at ten o'clock that day:
These cowardly dogs could not us stand, we forced them to give
way.

Now Rangoon we have taken, let us drink unto our king;
May all his loyal subjects fresh laurels to him bring,
Likewise to General Campbell, who commanded on that day,
And pull'd their saucy peacock down, on the eleventh day of
May.

