

# ENGLAND'S GLORY.

Being an excellent new Ballad on the Fleet at Spithead.

To the Tune of, *The Cut-Purse.*

Come you Lovers of Peace, who are said to have Sold  
*Your Votes*, that the War of Queen Anna might cease;  
Come ye Lovers of War, who 'tis certain of old  
Would have Hang'd, if you cou'd, *all the Lovers of Peace* :

Come you *Whig* and you *Tory*,  
Attend to my Story,  
For you ne'er heard the like, nor your Fathers before you;  
How *Britain, Great Britain* is Queen of the Main;  
And her Navies in Port are the Terror of *Spain*.

## II.

Come you Country so gentle, that pay all the Charge,  
And you *Statesmen* so simple, that Squander for nought;  
Come and see for Diversion a Squadron so large,  
'Twould *Jack Spaniard* have Beat, if it durst but have Fought :  
How the Streamers so high  
Are Insulting the Sky;  
Ay, and fright little Birds too, if they dare to come nigh ;  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## III.

With Bomb and with Fireship, with Powder and Ball,  
These stout Men of War, they were furnish'd with speed,  
And had plenty of Guns, tho' they us'd none at all,  
And full gallant they Sail'd 'till they came to Spithead :  
But then *Floury* cry'd Boh !  
So no farther they go,  
Tho' the Tide it did Serve, and the Wind it did Blow :  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## IV.

What a stately Appearance They make when they're Join'd,  
In a fierce Line of Battle with Trusty *Myn-heer* ?  
What a wond'rous Incitement to Valour, to find  
They're as safe in the Front, as they are in the Rear ?  
They that count Them all o'er,  
Reckon Forty and more,  
Which is all out as good, as if they made up Four-score :  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## V.

Their Commander, Sir *Charles*, would believe his own Eyes,  
Nor Commission would take, like a Pig in a Poke ;  
To be sent on Fools Errand he wisely Denies,  
And to lose both his Fleet and his Life for a Joak ;  
And if Admiral *Ho-*  
*ffer* had but done so,  
Neither he nor his Thousands had Perish'd, I trow :  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## VI.

Tho' the *Frenchman*, a Friend, need not strike to our Flag,  
And the Man who wou'd force Him Discarded has been ;  
Let not Enemies hence take occasion to Brag,  
We shan't humble the Pride of the *Catholick Queen* :

If that Vixen on Throne,  
Won't give Us our Own,  
Then this Navy shall teach Her, to let it alone :  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## VII.

Our Ships have been order'd, *Unwisely* 'tis thought,  
In the *Indies* to Fry, on the *Baltick* to Freeze ;  
But our Governors. Now, have avoid'd that fault;  
And have Station'd Them better by many degrees ;  
Whether safely may go,  
Both the Bell and the Beau,  
Both the Ladies and Lords to the *New Raree Show* :  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## VIII.

The Admiral prudently comes up to Town,  
Because in the Fleet there is nothing to do ;  
And the Holiday Gentry, by Sh'als they go down,  
While the Seamen their 'baviour full mannerly shew ;  
Tho' they must not Advance,  
Upon Deck they may Dance,  
Without any Offence to our Brother of *France* :  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## IX.

The Courtiers now say, *We no longer must Rail*  
At the Taxes, because they so wisely are Spent ;  
For our Vessels are Light, tho' they're not fit to Sa'e  
And of Landmen and Women w<sup>h</sup> have full Compliment :  
Even *Hampden* they vow,  
Were he living 'till now,  
Would not grudge them Ship-Money for such a fine Sho  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## X.

Rather give up *Gibraltar*, than let your *Shut* fly,  
Quoth *Mor-sieur*, 'tis in vain for Engagement to wish ;  
Quoth our other Good Friend, *Hogan Mogan* so fly,  
You may Cruise on your Coast, but must catch no Fish ;  
But no Anger shall rise  
In our Gracious Allies,  
Tho' We Man out a Fleet e'ery Year to catch Flies :  
For *Britain, Great Britain, &c.*

## XI.

Our Merry-Men *Feasted*, 'twas all that they did,  
While Time stay'd for no Man; and Summer d'd wast  
But as soon as the Letter came Post from *Madrid*,  
And the great Brazen-head blunder'd out, Time is past  
Then our Squadron so Stout  
Without Triumph or Rout,  
Sail'd in, to as good Purpose as e'er it Sail'd out :  
For *Britain, Great Britain* is Queen of the Main  
And her Navies in Port are the Terror of *Spain*.

F I N I S.

