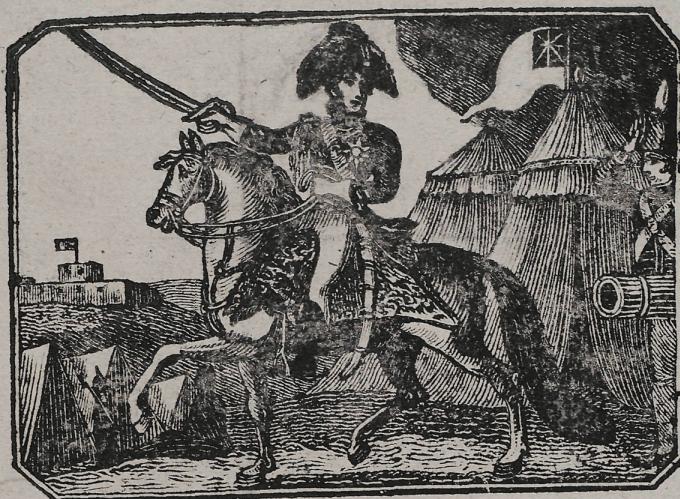


WELLINGTON'S LAURELS.



HUZZA! my brave boys, for the glorious gazette
Lord Wellington's name in our hearts will be set,
And while we remember the French won't forget,
Huzza! for the plains of Vittoria,
Huzza! for Old England's brave boys!

On June 21st the grand battle took place,
The French got all wrong and turned right about face,
And the battle concluded at last in a race
O'er the fam'd plains of Vittoria,
They run from Old England's brave boys.

* A hundred and fifty-one cannon have we, "
Says Mounseer, "and how they'll go off we shall see,"
So his guns all went off, and at last so did he,
Full trot o'er the plains of Vittoria,
While follow'd by England's brave boys!

Four hundred and fifteen great waggons they drew,
Of powder and shot mighty mischief to do,
And a pretty blow up in the end they got too,
Upon the fam'd plains of Vittoria,
And all from Old England's brave boys!

"Now, powder my whiskers," King Joey he cried,
But they sing'd 'em, and took all the powder his pride,
And by cannon-law all his cannon beside,
Upon the fam'd plains of Vittoria,
They fell to Old England's brave boys!

Lord Wellington drove 'em from pillar to post,
All their cattle he pounded, their treasure engross'd,
And o'er their provisions he would rule the roast,
On the fam'd plains of Vittoria,
All were taken by England's brave boys!

Yes, he drove 'em before him like chickens or chaff,
They'd but one gun left which he took with a laugh,
And, to leave 'em no prop, took the poor Marshal's staff,
On the fam'd plains of Vittoria,
So glorious for Old England's brave boys!

King Joey on horseback he sav'd his dear sides,
Tho' after him Wellington took mighty strides,
But, set a beggar on horseback you know how he rides,
Over the plains of Vittoria,
Purs'd by Old England's brave boys!

From Captain Freemantle this news we obtain,
His name's apropos, for this vict'ry may gain,
The mantle of freedom for fashion in Spain,
Gain'd on the plains of Vittoria,
Huzza! for Old England's brave boys!

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF EXETER.

Thrice happy land where WELLINGTON was born,
Blest be the day!—all hail th' auspicious morn,
On which he first drew breath!—May he advance,
And lay in dust the haughty pride of France;
Eternal honors wait upon the main,
For ever sounded by the trump of fame.

Briton's rejoice! 'twas ye that won the day,
When low in dust Napoleon's eagles lay;
Behold! ye Spaniards, catch the heroic flame,
And teach your bards to tune aloud his name,
Bold Britain's banners fam'd VITTORIA saw,
And blush'd so long to yield to Gallia's law,

How soon does Jourdan urge his troops to fly,
Ere night has wav'd her ebon wings on high;
Lo! death and carnage all around are spread,
And many a hero on the field has bled,
Among the number brave Cadogan lies,
The hero falls, he conquers, and he dies.

Fierce waves the sword o'er many a youthful head,
By thirst of glory to the Battle led;
Amid the dire alarm, no fear controul.
The pointed steel ne'er daunts the hero's soul,
The death-wing'd balls around impetuous fly,
But Britons mean to conquer or to die.

Then let each voice to heaven, orisons raise,
And pay the tribute of it's grateful praise;
Implore its blessing on our heroes slain,
Who died for glory on Vittoria's plain;
'Twas God that rul'd; though ARTHUR won the day,
And snatch'd the Spaniards from the Tyrant's sway.

† On the same ground where Marquis Wellington triumphed, Edward the Black Prince, gained a great victory in 1367, which secured the Crown of Castille to its rightful Monarch, Don Pedro, commonly called Peter the Cruel.

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