

THE  
**BRITISH**  
**Man of War**



It was down in yonder meadow I carelessly did stray,  
 And I beheld a lady fair, with some young sailor gay,  
 He said my lovely Susan, I soon must leave the shore  
 And cross the briny ocean in a British man of war.

Pretty Susan fell to weeping, oh, young sailor she did say,

How can you be so venturesome to throw yourself away  
 Its when that I am twenty-one I shall receive my store  
 Jolly sailor do not venture in a British man-of-war.

O, Susan, lovely Susan, the truth to you I'll tell,  
 The British flag insulted is old England knows it well,  
 I may be crowned with laurels, so like a jolly tar,  
 I will face the walls of China in a British man of war.

O, sailor do not venture for to face the proud Chinese,  
 For they will prove as treacherous as any Portuguese,  
 And by some deadly dagger you may receive a scar,  
 So its turn your inclination from a British man of war.

Susan, lovely Susan, the time will quickly pass,  
 So come down to the ferry house, and take a parting  
 glass,

My shipmates they are waiting to row me from the  
 shore,  
 And its for old England's glory in a British man of war

Then the sailor took his handkerchief and cut it fair  
 in two,

Oh Susan keep one half for me, and I'll do the same by  
 you,

The bullets may surround me and cannons loudly rear,  
 I will fight for fame & Susan in a British man-of-war.

Then a few more words together when her love let go  
 her hand,

A jovial crew they launch'd the boat and merrily from  
 the land,

The sailor waved his handkerchief when far away from  
 shore,

Pretty Susan blest her Sailor in a British man-of-war.

A seaman's life is a life I love, and one I'll live and die,  
 With the sea below, and the sky above, and the billows  
 mountains high, [around,

I love to hear the breakers dash and wild winds roar  
 The thunder roll, and the lightning flash, and the sea  
 birds welcome sound,

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the deep, the briny deep, the bound-  
 less glorious sea.

In a calm or storm, in every form, a seaman's life for me

Some men may boast of the grand and distant land,  
 and the joys of a peaceful home,

I envy not their chosen lot, O give me the crested foam  
 The gondolier in his bark may steer, e'er the rippling  
 moonlight wave,

I laugh at his joys, here's a toast my boys, may the  
 sea be our welcome grave,

Then hurrah for the deep, &c.

**THE FLAUNTING**  
**FLAG OF LIBERTY.**

The flaunting flag of liberty,  
 Of Gallia's sons the boast,  
 Oh, never may a Briton see,  
 Upon the British coast,  
 The only flag that freedom rears,  
 Her emblem on the sea,  
 Is the flag that's braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze.

To aid the trampled rights of man,  
 And break oppression's chain,  
 The foremost in the battles vain,  
 It never floats in vain,  
 The mariner where'er he steers,  
 In every clime he sees,  
 The flag that's braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze.

If all unite, as once we did,  
 To keep her flag unfurled,  
 Old England still may fearless bid  
 Defiance to the world,  
 But fast will flow the nation's tears  
 If lawless hands should seize,  
 The flag that's braved a thousand years  
 The battle and the breeze.

GG.

