

# The Battle of ALGIERS,

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**I**T was on the 14th day of August from Gibraltar  
we did steer,  
With our bold gallant Admiral for the city of Algiers  
Our men were British hearts of oak, our officers true  
blue. (true,  
And on the 27th my boys, we made those rascals  
At one o'clock all hands on deck, our Admiral to us  
did say, (day,  
I hope you are all ready boys, for this must be the  
As the cause is for our God, our King; and country,  
For to abolish slavery, and set all Christians free  
Our noble ships to action came on the true British  
plan,  
Nor fired a shot till within hail the action severe began  
Eight hours and twenty minutes under their batteries  
we lay,  
Resolved was every British tar to conquer or to die,  
Our bold and gallant allies we cannot praise to much  
Commanded by a Vice Admiral, belonging to the  
Dutch.  
These bold and gallant Hollanders they joined in the  
fray. (day  
Knowing that British colour'd boys for ever gain the  
Our shipping being damag'd we hauled off in the  
night,  
To get all things in readiness for to renew the fight,  
To make them obey the orders given by the British  
crown. (city down,  
And if they do refuse we'll beat the remains of their  
Next day a flag of truce we sent to see if they would  
agree,  
But getting such a drubbing they dare not to say nay  
Tomorrow, says our Admiral, return all Christian  
slaves to me,  
And from this day for ever abolish slavery,  
According to our orders these proud rascals did agree  
For fear of the like compliment they had the other  
day  
And as the slaves they past our ships they gave to us  
three cheers, (from Algiers  
Saying God protect these British tars that freed us  
May God preserve our Admiral may he with laurels  
shine,  
Likewise our officers and seamen belonging to the line  
Likewise our gallant allies I wish with all my heart,  
Who join'd with our British tars and play'd a noble  
part  
Here's a health unto our Admiral & captains where  
ever they be,  
For pulling down the pride of the great and haughty  
And if he breaks his promises, may Britons call again  
And let these cowardly heathens know we're lords  
of the main,

