



The Wooden Walls of Old England.

IN the model I'm bringing before ye,
If here you'll be taking a trip ;
I'll just shew you Britian's own glory
Made out in the shape of a ship.
'Tis the thing that preserves all our treasure,
Makes all our opposers afraid,
Brings riches and honours and pleasure,
And swimmingly carries on trade.
Wid my smalliloo, &c.

The lad who first set them a going,
Deserv'd all the world for his pains,
His stomach wid sense it was flowing,
His hat cover'd plenty of brains.
For before these same ships were invented,
The water was all at a stand,
And islands at sea were contented
To visit each other by land.
Wid my smalliloo, &c.

When England began to be building,
And likewise dear Ireland also,
Such pitching and painting and gilding,
No mortal fure never did know.
By my soul, it made great alteration,
'To see the folks how they did sail
Upon ships between each of the nations,
I'm told it quite knock'd up the mail.
Wid my smalliloe, &c.

Then the Frenchmen, the devil receive 'em,
Built ships, rafts, and flat-bottom'd boats,
And swore tho' no foul would believe 'em,
They'd come and be cutting our throats.
Howe, Duncan, St. Vincent, and Nelson,
Went over to quiet the fufs,
And convinc'd the Mounseers pretty well soon,
They were only a building for us.
Wid my smalliloo, &c.