



# The Lancashire Heros.

*Printed for W. Armstrong, Banastre-st. Liverpool.*

My father is a squire and I am his heir,  
And I fell in love with his footman so fair,  
They sent him to sea, where the waters roll along  
The Lancashire heros play Britons strike home.

Then I was resolv'd to follow my dear,  
Straightway I did go and list for a volunteer,  
We soon went to sea where the weaves roll along,  
The Lancashire heros, &c.

The ship that we sail'd in was call'd the Neptune,  
We landed at Spithead, the 14th day of June,  
Not a finer ship on the sea sail'd along,  
The Lancashire heros, &c.

Our ship she set sail with nine hundred men,  
And out of the number five hundred got slain,  
Like lions we fought, while the blood down  
did run,  
The Lancashire heros, &c.

There came a large bullet right over our main,  
Which took off her left breast, so great was her  
pain,  
Resolved to conquer she fir'd a gun,  
The Lancashire heros, &c.

Our captain was kill'd, and lieutenant likewise,  
And so was my sweetheart to my great surprise,  
But I never seem'd afraid but fir'd off my gun,  
The Lancashire heros, &c.

From broadside to broadside we fir'd away,  
Those French beaten cowards from us drove  
away,  
But now I'm got cured to old England I come,  
The Lancashire heros, &c.

Come all you young virgins attend to my song,  
See how boldly I venture my life for a man,  
I took up arms and a soldier did become.  
The Lancashire heros, &c.

