



BATTLE

ON THE FIRST OF JUNE.

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ON the glorious first of June, early in the forenoon,
Of seventeen hundred and ninety and four,
Our anchors was weigh'd, British colours displayed,
And a cruizing along the French shore,

My brave boys, &c.
Well victual'd, well man'd, all things at command;
We had beef, pork, good butter and peas,
Stout brandy, good beer, our spirits to cheer,
Whilst so boldly we were cruising the seas my brave
boys.

We had on board then six hundred and ten,
Of Britain's sons brave, stout and bold,
Great guns seventy-nine, it was our design
That we would venture for honour and gold my brave
boys, &c.

We soon sail'd away without much more delay,
So manfully our course for to steer,
Towards the coast of proud France, where it happen'd
by chance,

We fell in with all those bold Monsieurs my brave
boys.

They bore down with pride, gave us a broadside,
Without any more to do, Britons bold did not pause
No, nor ask them the cause,

Till we gave them a colle in lieu my brave boys.
We fired our shot as smart and as hot,
Our cannister shot flew like hail,
These Frenchmen would run but it could not be done,
We clap'd such a sting in their tails my brave boys.
We soon jumpt on board with pistols, guns and swords
Saying, where is those heroes? we cried,
That, says they, will kill us all, but now indeed ye shall
Be punished ann paid for your pride my French
boys.

They threat'ned us hard, but still in regard,
We found they had money great store,
Of silver and gold, without leave we made bold,
For to put them all prisoners on shore my brave boys
At Portsmouth we left six sail of them, bereft
Of all their bright silver and gold,
Then we sail'd away without much more delay,
For to meet them again we are bound my brave boys.

MANTZ, FINSBURY.

1794

