



BATTLE OF BAROSSA.

ON the 21st of February from Cadiz we set sail,
Which many a valiant Britain has cause to be-
wail
And straight to Gibraltar our gallant fleet did steer.
And on the 23d my boys we landed at Algiziers,
Our General explain'd to us the hardships we must
bear,
Still hoping British courage would conquer every care,
Thro' woods and lofty mountains our army marched
along. [strong-
And tho' our number it was small our courage still was
The first place we halted at was called Tariffe,
And waiting for the Spaniards in a convent there we
lay, [night and day.
And when their troops were landed we marched both
Still hoping soon those French to meet and show them
British play [they would free.
The Spaniards took the right and said, their country
And bid bold Bri ons keep the rear that glorious day
to see. [more,
But when Barossa plains appear'd we never saw them
Their troops withdrew behind a wood near to St. Peter's
shore.
But gallant general Graham not knowing their design,
Resolved the British troops should ne'er be too far be-
hind,
Advanc'd into a wood obscure not dreading any snare
When the enemy in ambush lay and closed upon our
rear,
Some watchful eye espied the Foe and unto our Gene-
ral flew [row drew.
Which wounded sore his tender heart and tears of sor-
O cursed is my fate he cry'd, is this the wretched day
That bold Britons must deplore their fate by Spaniard's
led astray,
But to the right about my boys and let us give three
cheers, [flank clear,
Attend your colours my brave boys and keep the right
Let us to Cape Trafalgar, where brave Nelson bled be-
fore, [sweep the shore,
And fame shall soon her trumpet sound that Britons
Like heroes we advanced fresh honours for to gain,
Disdaining every danger tho' thousands there lay slain.
Well done my boys our general said our number is but
small, [roes fall
But worse than that it grieves me sore to see my he-
Then fire and smoke convuls'd the air and thunder
reach'd the sky, [to fly,
And so on we clos'd upon their rear and forced them
Three generals left behind them, their guns and eagles
too, [pursue
While bold Britons cheer'd them oft and boldly did
So fill our bumpers round my boys altho' it gives us pain
Their memory drink, who nobly fell on sad Barossa
plain;
Likewise to every soldier brave who acted in the field,
For tho' we fought them two to one we forced them to
yield,
So now returning home again we will make the alehouse
ring, [sovereign King,
And toast the lass that we love best and George our
And may we ever guard the isle where plenty keeps
her store, [us on shore.
And doubly pay each sweetheart's smiles that welcome

*Prints, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,
6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

