

## Thurot's Defeat,

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ON the 21st, of April as I've heard many fay,
There came a fleet of French ships to anchor in
our bay,
To anchor in our bay and there to take a cruise,

So we bore down to Carrackfergus without any more dispute,

My heart is fore lamenting for Carrackfergus town, It is so situated, the country all round, There's nothing to defend them for the want of powder and ball,

So loud the French dogs for quarters they did call

As Thurst in his cabin lay he dream; a Grange dream

As Thurot in his cabin lay he dreamt a strange dream A voice that came to him called him by name. Saying Thurot you are to blame for laying to long here-

For the English will be here to night if the wind it doth blow fair,

Thirst from his called all his man

Thurot from his cabin he called all his men,
Saying, weigh your anchors, my brave boys, and let us
all be gone,
(can,

For we'll get up all in the night, & make all the hafte wa And free in fouth west all for the isle of man.

It was early next morning as day light did appear, Elliot hove in fight, my boys, and gave them three cheers Elliot hove in fight, my boys, and to his men did fay, Yonder is Monfieur Thurst, and we'll shew them Bri-

The first ship that engaged us the Union was her She gave to us a broadside, and bore away again. Then come up the other two, and gave us fire round,

That's bravely done, fays Thurot, that is Carrackfergus town (made

Before that they firuck great flaughter there was And many a gallant Frenchman on the deck lay dead, For they came tumbling down to fast and wounded as they lay,

While the British heroes shot their masts away,

Then Thurot came upon the deck he look'd both pale and wan: (firk is every one, Saying: firike your co'ours, my brave boys, or they'll For the weight of thot, came in so hot, by weather, and by lee,

Strike firike my colours or they'll fink us all in the fea
So I hurot he was wounded as I've heard many fay,
Ae was kill'd by Elliot's men, & buried in Ramfey bay,
So here's a health to Elliot's men, and all such warlike
fouls,
(bowl,
To them we'll drink and never flinch out of a flowing