



Thurot's Defeat.

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ON the 21st of April as I have heard many say,
There came a fleet of French ships to anchor in
our bay,

To anchor in our bay there to take a cruize,
So we bore down to Carrickfergus without any more
dispute.

My heart is so lamenting for Carrickfergus 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 quarter they did call;

As Thurot in his cabin lay he dreamt a strange dream,
A voice that came to him called him by his name,
Saying Thurot you're to blame for lying so long here,
For the English will be here to-night if the wind it
does blow clear.

Thurot from his cabin call'd 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 haste we
And steer in south-west all for the Isle of Man,

It was early the next morning as day-light did appear,
Elliot hove in sight, my boys, and gave them three
cheers, [say,

Elliot hove in sight, my boys, and then to his men did
Yonder is Monsieur Thurot, and we'll show them
British play.

The first ship that engag'd us the Union was her name,
She gave us a broadside and bore away again,

Then up came the other two and gave us fire round,
That's bravely done says Thurot, that is Carrickfergus
town. [made,

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

While the British heroes shot the mast away.

Then Thurot came upon deck, he look'd both pale
and wan,

Saying strike your colours, my brave boys, or they'll
sink us every one,

For the weight of shot came in so hot by weather and
by lee,

Strike strike my colours or they sink us in the sea,
So Thurot he was wounded as I have heard many say,
He was kill'd by one of Elliot's men, and buried in
Ramsay bay,

So here's a health to Elliot's men, and all such warlike
souls,

To them we'll drink and never flinch, out of a flowing
bowl.

