

# The Blanch,

Pitts Printer & Toy Warehouse, 6, Great  
St. Andrew street 7 Dials

**Y**OU Frenchmen don't boast of your fighting,  
Nor talk what great deeds you have done.  
Do you think that Old England you'll frighten,  
As easy as Holland or Spain,  
We listen and laugh while you threaten,  
Your boasting and wily advance,  
The boasting Le Picque has been taken,  
By the jolly brave tars of the Blanch.  
We sailed from the Bay Point Peter,  
Four hundred and fifty on board,  
We were all ready to meet them.  
To conquer or die was the word.  
While the cann of good liquor was flowing  
We gave them three cheers to advance,  
And courage in each heart was flowing  
For cowards ne'er sail'd in the Blanch.  
The night then advancing upon us,  
The moon did afford us a light  
Each star then with lustre was shining.  
To keep the French frigates in sight  
While the breeze gently filled our sails.  
Our ship thro the water did launch  
And the grog flew about in full bumpers.  
Among the brave tars of the Blanch.  
The fight made the sea seem on fire  
Each bullet distract'dly flew  
Britannia her sons did inspire  
With courage that damp'd the French crew  
Saying cowards now surely must die  
While over them death turn'd his lance  
Our balls did repeat as they flew  
Fight on my brave tars of the Blanch  
When Falkner resign'd his last breath  
Each gave a deep tear and a sigh  
Such sorrow was found at his death  
With stamping and weeping and died  
Like Wolfe then with victory crown'd  
At his death he cry'd ne'er mind my chance  
But like gallant heroes fight on,  
Or expire by the name of the Blanch  
Stout Wilkins his place soon supplied,  
And like a bold actor engag'd  
And his guns with more judgment to guide  
For the loss of his captain enrag'd  
And who could his fury allay  
When Le Picque alongs de did advance  
For our mast being all shot away  
We grappled her close to the Blanch  
Our foremast and mizzen being gone  
The French thought they'd make us their own  
And with Vive le Republic sung  
I thought they never would have done  
We joined their song with dismay  
And music that made them to dance  
And not a false note their was play'd  
By the harmonious tars of the Blanch  
When they found it in vain for to stand  
They cried out for quarters amain,  
Although the advantage they had  
Still Briton are Lords of the main  
So push round the gog let it pass,  
Since they've found us true hearted and staunch  
Each lad with his favorite lass  
Drink success to the tars of the Blanch

