

TARS OF THE BLANCH.

You Frenchmen don't boast of your fighting
Nor of the great deeds you have done,
Do you think that old England you'll fright
As easy as Holland or Spain.
We listen and laugh while you threaten,
Your boasting and valour advance,
Since your boasting Le Pique has been taken,
By the jolly brave tars of the Blanch.

We sail'd from the bay of Pintpeter,
With four-hundred-and-fifty on board,
And we were ready to meet them,
To conquer or die was the word.
Where the cans of good liquor were flowing
We gave them three cheers to advance,
And courage in each heart was glowing,
For a coward ne'er sail'd in the Blanch.

The night was advancing upon us,
The moon did afford us good light,
Each star with new lustre was shining,
To keep the French frigate in sight.
Whilst the breeze gently filled our sails,
Our ship through the waters did launch,
And our grog flew about in full bumpers,
Amongst the brave tars of the Blanch.

Our fight made the sea seem on fire,
Each bullet directed well flew,
Britannia's sons did inspire,
With courage which daunted their crew.
Saying, cowards now surely must die,
Whilst death over them seem'd to launch,
Our balls did repeat as they flew,
Fight on brave tars of the Blanch.

When Faulkner resign'd his last breath,
Each tar gave a sigh and a tear,
Saying sorrow hath wounded our hearts;
When he saw his death was near,
Like Nelson with victory crowned,
At his death crying ne'er mind my chance,
But like gallant heroes fight on,
Or expire on board of the Blanch.

Bold Wilkins supplied his place,
And here a bold hero engaged,
His guns with great judgment he placed,
For the death of his captain engaged,
But how were the Frenchmen alarm'd,
When the Paque alongside us did launch,
Our masts being all shot away,
We grappled her close to the Blanch.

They found it in vain to withstand us,
They called for quarter amain.
It was all the advantage they had,
For Britons are Lords of the main.
Push round the grog, let it pass,
Whilst we are true-hearted and staunch,
Every lad with his favourite lass,
Drink success to the tars of the Blanch.



KATTY DARLING.

W. M'Call, printer, Cartwright Place, Byrom
Street, Liverpool.—Shops & hawkers supplied

The flowers are blooming Katty darling,
And the birds are singing on each tree,
Never mind your mother's cruel snarling,
My love you know I'm waiting for thee.
The sun is sweetly smiling,
With his face so clear and bright,
Haste to your lover, Katty darling,
Ere the morning will change to night.
Katty, Katty,
The flowers are blooming, &c.

Meet me in the valley, Katty darling,
When the moon is shining o'er the sea,
Oh, meet me near the stream, Katty darling,
And tales of love I'll tell to thee
When the twinkling stars are peeping,
Sure those eyes shine far more bright,
Oh, meet me in the valley, Katty darling,
And our vows of love we'll pledge to-night.
Katty, Katty,
The flowers are blooming, &c.

Faith, I'm smiling at your fears, Katty darling
Then you say you ne'er can be mine!
I've sworn by heavens, Katty darling,
That this heart, love, alone was thine.
The sun is sweetly shining,
With his face so clear and bright,
Oh, come to your lover, Katty darling,
Ere the morning will change to night.
Katty, Katty,
The flowers are blooming, &c.

