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Seige of Belisle

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Seige of BELISLE.

J. Pitts, Printer No. 14, Great St. Andrew
Street Seven Dials

ON the fourteenth of March,
Our Squadron looking large,
While a signal for sailing was made,
Through the Straights we did go,
With our ships all in a row,
We were led by a bold Commodore.
Fal de ral la &c.

Far well adieu sweethearts unto you,
Since we're to the Indies bound,
For to see the soldiers wives,
Standing with tears all in their eyes,
Crying alas we are all left alone,

To the westward we sat sail
With a sweet and pleasant gale,
'Till our Commodore a gun he did fire,
For our ships to tack about,
And we gave the other rout,
And so anchor'd in the bay of Belisle.

Next morning we began,
Our long boats for to man,
Soldier's landing without dream or fear,
But the weather proved bad,
Which made our hearts full sad
We lost most of our British grenadiers,

For a fortnight we lay by,
On these French dogs at last we let fly,
Over rocks over mountains so high,
'Till the twenty fourth of June,
We play'd them a merry tune,
Till we forc'd them from their batteries
to fly,

When the smoke began to rise,
Put the French dogs in surprise,
When we enter'd the town of Belisle,
When the news went to France,
Which made proud Louis dance,
When he heard we had taken Belisle.