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The Tars of the Blanch

Author Unknown

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The TARS of the BLANCH.

Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials.

YOU 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 of Point Peter,
Four hundred and fifty on board,
We were all ready to meet them,
To conquer or die was the word,
While the can of good liquor was flowing,
We gave them three cheers to advance,
And courage in each heart was glowing,
For cowards ne'er sailed 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 through 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 distractedly flew,
Britannia her sons did inspire,
With courage that damped the French crew,
Saying cowards now surely must die,
While ever their death turned his lance,
Our balls did repeat as they flew,
Fight on my brave tars of the Blanch.

When Falkner resigned his last breath,
Each gave a deep tear and a sigh,
Such sorrow was found at his death,
With simpering, read, wept, and died,
Like Wolfe, then with victory crown'd,
At his death, he cried 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 engaged,
And his guns with more judgment to guide,
For the loss of his captain enraged,
And who could his fury allay,
When Le Picque alongside did advance,
For our masts being all shot away,
We grappled her close to the Blanch.

Our foremast and mizen 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 there was played,
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 Britons are lords of the main,
So push round the grog, let it pass,
Since they've found us true hearted and staunch,
Each had with his favorite lass,
Drink success to the tars of the Blanch.



CASTLE HYDE

Printed by J. Catnach, 2, Monmouth-court, 7
Dials.---Sold by Pierce, Southborough; Ben-
net, Brighton; and Sharman, Cambridge,

AS I rode out on a summer's morning,
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
To view the groves and meadows charming
And pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde.
It is there you will hear the thrushes warbling
The Dove and Partridge I now describe,
The lambkins sporting each night and morning
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

If noble Princes from foreign places,
Should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
It is in this valley they could be feasted
As often heroes had done before.
The wholesome air of this habitation,
Would recreate your heart with pride
There is no valley throughout this nation,
With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

There's a church for service in this fine harbour
Where nobles often in their coaches ride
To view the streams and pleasant gardens
That do adorn sweet Castle Hyde,
There is fine horses and stall fed oxen,
And a den for foxes to play and hide,
Fine mares for breeding and foreign sheep-
And snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

The richest groves in this Irish Nation
In fine plantations you'll find them there
The Rose and Tulip and fine Carnation
All vie with the Lily fair.

The Buck, the Doe, the Fox, the Eagle,
Do skip and play by the river side
The Trout and Salmon are always roving
In those clear streams of Castle Hyde.

I rode from Blarney to Castle Earnet,
To Thomastown and sweet Donerail,
To sweet Kilshannock and gay Rathcormick,
Besides Killarney and Abbey-fail.

The river Shannon and pleasant Boyne
The flowing Barrow and rapid bride,
But in all my ranging and serenading,
What's equal to the Castle Hyde.