



## DUKE OF Marlbrough.

You generals all and champions bold,  
Who take delight in the field,  
That knock down palaces and castle wall,  
But now to death must yield,  
I must go and face the foe,  
With sword and with shield,  
I always fought with my merry men,  
But now to death must yield,

I am an Englishman by birth,  
And Marlborough is my name,  
In Devonshire I drew my breath,  
That place of noble fame,  
I was belov'd by all my men,  
King and princes likewise,  
Tho' many towns I often took,  
I did the world surprise.

King Charles the Second I did serve,  
To face our foes in France,  
And at the battle of Ramilies,  
We boldly did advance.  
The sun was down, the earth did shake,  
So loudly did I cry,  
Fight on, my brave boys, for England's joy  
We'll conquer or we'll nobly die.

Now we have gain'd the victory,  
And bravely kept the field,  
We've ta'en a number of prisoners,  
And forced them to yield,  
That very day, my horse was shot,  
All by a musket ball,  
As I was mounting up again,  
My aid-de-camp did fall.

Now on a bed of sickness laid,  
I am resign'd to die.  
Yet generals and champions bold,  
Stand true as well as I,  
Take no bribes, stand true to your men,  
And fight with courage bold,  
I have led my men through smoke and fire,  
But ne'er was brib'd with gold,



## Will Watch.

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church St., Preston.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly,  
When sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main ;  
A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then serenely  
Took the helm, and to sea boldly steer'd out again.  
Will had promis'd his Sue, that this trip if well ended,  
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore ;  
When his pockets were lin'd, why, his life should be mended ;  
The laws he had broken he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,  
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,  
This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,  
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside,  
Will lay to till the night came on darksome and dreary,  
To crowd every sail then he pip'd up each hand ;  
But a signal soon spied, 'twas a prospect uncheery,  
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land,

The Philistines are out, cries Will, we'll take no heed on't,  
Attack'd who's the man that will flinch from his gun ;  
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't  
We'll fight while we can, when we can't boys we'll run,  
Thro' the haze of the night, a bright flash now appearing,  
Oh ! now, cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down ;  
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,  
One broadside pour in, should we swim boys, or drown.

But should I be popp'd off, you, my mates, left behind me.  
Regard my last words, see them kindly obey'd ;  
Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends, do you mind me,  
Near the beach is the grave, where Will Watch would be laid,  
Poor Will's yarn was spun out,—for a bullet next minute,  
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more ;  
His bold crew fought the brig, while a shot remain'd in it,  
Then sheer'd—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night, his last wish was complied with,  
Too few know his grave, and too few know his end ;  
He was bourn to the earth, by the crew that he died with,  
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend,  
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,  
Yon ash, struck with lightning, points out the cold bed,  
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless fellow,  
Once fear'd, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.