

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We with two hundred did advance,

On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchmen then cried out, hallo!

"Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee;"

"No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be:"
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the sauc' Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand.
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.

And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,

Let each fill a glass
To his favourite lass!

A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, Ah lit-tle do ye

Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, Ah lit-tle do ye

think up-on the dan-gers of the seas, Give ear un-to the ma-riners, And

think up-on the dan-gers of the seas, Give ear un-to the ma-riners, And

they will plainly show. All the cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears, all the

they will plainly show, All the cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears, all the

cares and the fears, When the stormy winds do blow - when the stormy winds do
 cares and the fears, When the stormy winds do blow - when the stormy winds do

Repeat in chorus.
 blow - when the stormy winds do blow - when the stor - my winds do blow.
 blow - when the stormy winds do blow - when the stor - my winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at wars
 With any foreign nation, we fear not wounds nor scars,
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for to
 know,
 Whilst they reel on their keel when the stormy winds
 do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want a
 trade, we know,
 Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth
 Then be bold, work for gold, when the stormy winds
 do blow.

HARK! THE HOLLOW WOODS RESOUNDING.

DUET.

J. S. Smith.

Hark, the hol - low woods resounding, E - cho to the hunter's cry, Hark, how all the

vales surrounding to his cheer - ing voice re - ply. Now so swift o'er hills as - piring,