

SONG, on ADMIRAL RODNEY,

The Words by a Correspondent, set to Music by Mr. HUDSON.

Saint George he is our patron boys, And Royal George our king, But
Sir George is the hero now The Muse delights to sing, For a fighting he will go-will
go-will-go, a fight-ing he will go.

II.
Let others praise (for nothing done)
Each fav'rite partizan;
But for heroic enterprise,
Your Rodney is the man.
For a fighting he will go, &c.

III.
The king (God bless him) forward
brought
His latent worth to view;
So long obscur'd (though some oppos'd)
Because he was true blue.
For a fighting, &c.

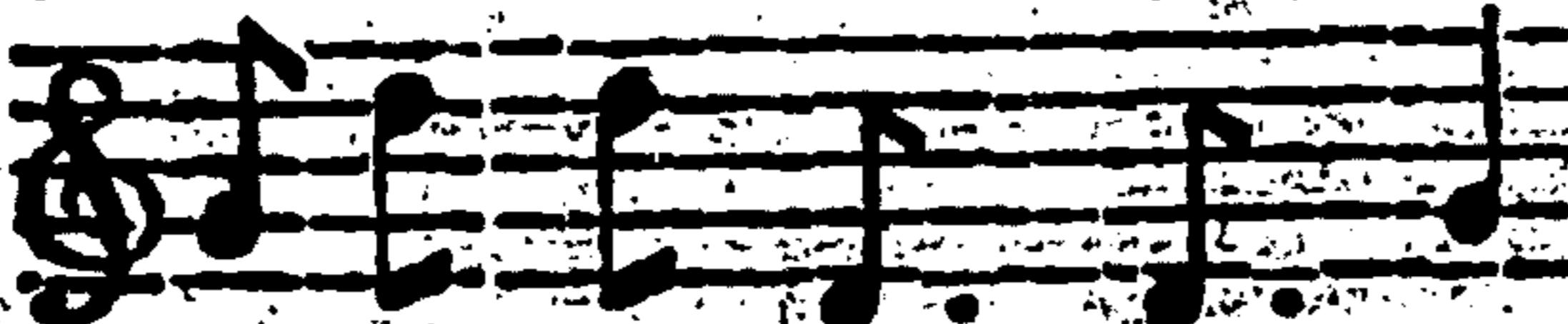
IV.
The Spanish Dons he pepper'd well,
Langara needs must own;
Or sunk them all in brine around,
Old Neptune's coral throne.
For a fighting, &c.

V.
The French West India fleet of fops,
A brushing would begin:
But Rodney handled them so rough,
He brush'd them to the skin,
For a fighting, &c.

VI.

VI.

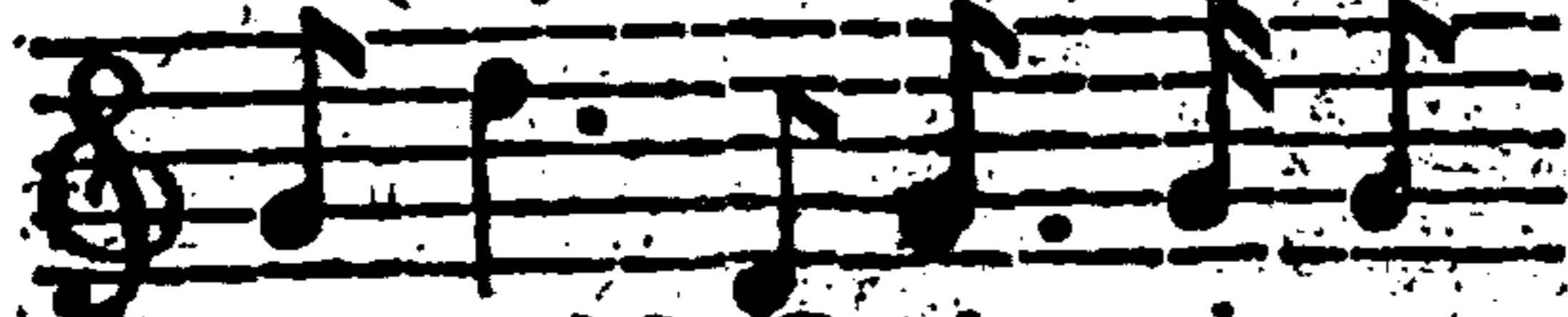
At St. Eustatia Dutchmen false,
His just correction met ;
With Saba and St. Martin too,



He took them in his net.
For a fighting, &c.

VII.

Let Essequibo next in turn,
With Demerary too,
Own Rodney's first-rate fame as well



As French Bartholomew.
For a fighting, &c.

VIII.

Success to him and those brave souls,
Who own his high command ;
And to the Devil employ
On either sea or land,
For a fighting they will go, &c.

IX.

Remember Rodney's cock, my boys,
With all his might and main †,
Stood crowing his applause while He *,
The battle did maintain,
For a fighting he will go, &c.

X.

Both Vaughan and Rodney thus beheld,
The hero with delight ;
While each bold tar (devoid of fear)
Defends his country's right.
For a fighting they will go, &c.

XI.

Let Royal George and Rodney's fame,
Be every Briton's boast ;
And let us but unite again,
Then we shall rule the roast,
For a fighting we will go, &c.

† The cock stood on the poop of the ship, and crowed several times during a very smart engagement between Rodney and the French
yards.

* Rodney.