

*A SONG, by Mr. ESCOURT, To a Tune of Mr. WELDON'S.*



The Ordinance a-board,  
 Such Joys does afford,  
 As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no  
 mortal e'er more can desire;  
 Each Member repairs,  
 From the *Tower* to the stairs,  
 And by water, by water, by water, they all go to fire.

Of each Piece that's a-shore,  
 They search from the bore,  
 And to proving, to proving, to proving, to proving, to  
 proving, they go in fair Weather;  
 Their Glasses are large,  
 And whene'er they discharge,  
 There's a boo huzza, a boo huzza, a boo huzza, Guns  
 and Bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,  
 Fitted Tools for his Wars,  
 To enable him, enable him, enable him, enable him,  
 enable him to conquer the faster;  
 But had *Mars* ever been  
 Upon our *Wolwich* Green,  
 To have heard boo, huzza, boo, huzza, boo, huzza,  
 he'd have own'd Great *Marlborough* his Master.