

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.