

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Little Fighting Chance

The Little Fighting Chance

On the fourteenth of July once so clear was the sky
(A tall and lofty ship) came bearing down so nigh;
Came bearing down upon us as we sailed out of France
The name she was called was the Little Fighting Chance.

cho: So cheer up, my lively boys, let it be never said
That the sons of old Britannia would ever be afraid.

We gave to them a gun and the battle had begun;
The cannons they did roar and the bullets they did fly
It was broadside for broadside, we showed them gallant sport
And to see the lofty masts and topyards they came rolling overboard.

We fought them four hours, the battle was so hot
Till four of our foremost men lay dead on the spot,
Sixteen were wounded, maybe twenty in all
And down with the French lily, boys, the Frenchmen one and all!

O now, my brave boys, since the prize is our own,
What shall we do for jury-masts, for spars we have none?
So we tore in with a sweet and pleasant gale
And early the next morning at the head of (our king sail) (old Kinsale)

O now, brave boys, since we have gotten safe to shore
We'll make the ale-houses and taverns for to roar.
Hears a health unto King George and all his gallant fleet
We'll smother all the Yankee dogs that ever we do meet!

note: original (published in England) had "smother all the Frenchmen" RG
From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie

DT #551

Laws J19

RG

oct96