A Song. *The Words by Mr. Escourt.*

You tell me *Dick* you've late - ly read That we are bea - ten in

Spain; But pri - thee Boy hold up thy Head, We'll beat 'em twice for it a - gain
With a Fal la la la la la la.

Is this the Courage you us'd to boast,
  Why thou art quite cast down;
You can reflect on what we've lost,
  But ne'er think what we've won,
    With a Fal, &c.

What tho' *Jack Spaniard* crack and bounce,
  He ne'er shall do so again;
We took last Year as many Towns,
  As they have now took Men,
    With a Fal, &c.

In War and Gaming it is the same,
  According to the old Saying;
Who's sure to conquer ev'ry Game,
  Quite loses the Pleasure of playing:
    With a Fal, &c.

I think we have a Man of our own,
  A Man if I may call him so;
For after those great Deeds he has done,
  I may question if he's so or no,
    With a Fal, &c.

But now if you wou'd know his Name,
  'Tis *Johnny Marlborough*;
The beaten *French* has felt his Fame,
  And so shall the Spaniards too,
    With a Fal, &c.

And since we cannot Justice do,
  To ev'ry Victory;
In a full Glass our Zeal let's show,
  To our General's Family,
    With a Fal, &c.

For he has Eight fair Daughters,
  And each of them is a Charmer;
There's Lady *Railton*, *Bridgwater*,
  Fine *Sunderland*, Lady *Mount-Hermer*,
    With a Fal, &c.

The other Four so Charming are,
  They will with Raptures fill ye;
There's Lady *Hochstet*, *Schellenburgh*,
  Bright *Blenheim*, and Lady *Ramillie*,
    With a Fal, &c.

The last were got so fair and strong,
  As in Story ne'er was told;
The first Four always will be Young,
  And the last will never be Old,
    With a Fal, &c.

At ev'ry Feast, e'er we are all deceas'd,
  And the Service begins to be hard;
'Tis surely your Duty, to Toast a young Beauty,
  Call'd Madamosel *Audenard*,
    With a Fal, &c.

All Joy to his Grace, for the ninth of his Race,
  She's as fair as most of the former;
But where is that he, dare so impudent be,
  To compare her to Lady *Mount-Hermer*,
    With a Fal, &c.

And now to make thy Hopes more strong,
  And make you look like a Man;
Remember that all these belong,
  To the Queen of Great *Britain*,
    With a Fal, &c.

Then prithee *Dick* hold up thy Head,
  Altho' we were beaten in *Spain*;
As sure as Scarlet Colour is Red,
  We'll beat them twice for it again:
    With a Fal, &c.