

The Loss of the Victory Man of War

Source: Real Sailor-Songs Collected and Edited by John Ashton
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Good People all, pray give attention,
To this fatal Tragedy,
Which I am bound to mention,
Of the gallant Victory:
Fourteen hundred Souls did perish,
And to the Bottom gone,
Oh! the dismal Grief and Horror,
Of their Widows left alone.

When we first from *Spithead* sailed,
Convoy unto Lisbon bound,
They with good Flip and Punch regaled,
A brave new Ship both right and Sound :
A hundred and ten Guns she mounted,
All of Brass so smart and clean,
The best Ship in the Navy counted,
But alas! no more is seen.

But the Voyage proved fatal,
As by the Sequel we shall find;
For as she was Home returning,
She was, off *Scilly*, left behind:
In a dreadful Storm of Lightning,
And of Hail and Thunder too;
And has never since been heard of,
The Fatherless have cause to rue.

From *Alderney* we've Information
That they heard that Stormy Night,
At least Ninety Guns to fire,
Which did them something affright:
But as the more the Storm increased,
It gave them more room to guess,
That some Ship upon the Ocean,
Was in sad and deep Distress.

We saw floating, some Day after,
Some spare yards were drove on Shore,
On which was the Name Victory,
This gave us suspicion more:
That the noble Ship was stranded
On the *Gaskets*, was our fear,
Long we waited with Impatience,

But no News of them could hear.
The brave gallant Admiral *Balchin*
With fourteen hundred Men beside,
If she's lost, went to the Bottom
And all at once together died:
Oh! the dismal grief and Horror,
If one had been there to see,
How they all were struck with Horror,
When sunk down the Victory.

O! the sad and dismal Story,
I'm griev'd when I the same relate,
So many blasted in their Glory,
And at once shared the same fate:
Some thinking on their Wives and Children,
And some on their Parents dear,
Sunk to the Bottom in a Moment,
And no Time to say a prayer.

O Victory! thou wast unlucky,
But once before was out at Sea,
In the Night run foul of the Lion,
And her Carved-work took away:
Now thou art gone to the Bottom,
With a jovial Company,
An Admiral, Marines and Sailors,
Most Unhappy Victory!

Oh the Grief of mournful Widows,
And their Children fatherless,
And the Grief of tender Parents,
Is more than what I can express:
Some lamenting for their Sweethearts,
Overwhelm'd with Grief we see,
Each one laments his dear relation,
Oh! the fatal Victory!

Children crying for their Fathers,
Widows weeping in Distress,
God will surely be their Comfort,
And protect the Fatherless.
He'll be a husband to the Widow,
That loves honest Industry,
And does give them his protection,
Farewell, fatal Victory!