



STEAM-ERY.

O WHAT a row, what a rumpus and a rioting, All those endure, you may be sure, who go to sea.  
 A ship you know, from heel to toe, you never can get quiet in; by wind or sea, 'tis all the same, 'twas so  
 with me. Wife & daughter, on the water, said they'd like to sail a bit; I consented, soon repented, soon  
 began to rail a bit. "Papa now pray, do go to-day, the weather's so inviting lauk! I'm sure 'twill do  
 much good to you they'll feed you like a fighting cock. O what a row &c.

In a boat I got afloat as clumsy as an elephant,  
 So spruce and gay, to spend the day, and make a splash;  
 Gad! it's true, I did it too; for stepping in, I fell off on't,  
 And overboard, upon my word, I went slap dash'ing me.  
 Wife squalling, daughter bawling, every thing provok-  
 Called a' hog, poodle dog, all the sailors joking me;  
 Dripping wet, in a pet, with many more distressibles,  
 The fellow took the longboat-hook and caught my in-  
 expressibles!

*Oh! what a row, &c?*

Such a gig, without a wig, on deck I was exhibited,  
 Ears a whizzing, laughers quizzing, passengers & crew;  
 Raved & swore, that on shore I rather had been gibbeted,  
 Than thus half-drowned, by all around be roasted too.  
 Danger past & dry at last indulging curiosity; [ocity,  
 I stared to see the vessel flee, with such a strange vel-  
 Pray, said I to one hard by, what power can impel us so,  
 The smokie devil goes by steam; at least the sailors  
 tell us so.

*Oh! what a row, &c*

Not a sail to catch a gale yet magically on we went,  
 Gainst wind & tide & all beside in wonder quite; [ment  
 Cast my eye up to the sky, and, tall as London Monu-  
 I saw the kitchen chimney smoke, as black as night.  
 People toiling, roasting, boiling, bless us such a rookry!  
 They'd soup & fish, fowl & flesh, a London tavern cooke-  
 Then the noise of men boys, a din to rival a hubbub'ry  
 I thought the crew were devils too, the master-Cap-  
 tain BelzeBuB.

*Oh! what a row, &c*

Wife drew near, & said, my dear now's your time to pick  
 The dinner's serving up, observe we must fly (a bit.  
 Says I my dear, I'm very queer, I'm going to be sick  
 I'm seized with an all-overness, I faint, I die! [a bit.  
 I cannot eat, I loath my meat, I feel my stomach failing me;  
 Steward hasten get a basin, what the deuce is ailing me;  
 If it's handy, bring some brandy—the malady to qu-  
 Down I lay, for half a day, in pickle [ench unable,  
 quite unmentionable.

*Oh! what a row, &c*

As to dinner, I'm a sinner, if I touched a bit of it; but anchor cast and home at last, we're safe, I see,  
 In the packet such a racket, crowding to get quit of it, and little wonder, blood and thunder! I'm on the quay.  
 With how d'ye do, how are you? I see you're better physically, Zounds be still I'm very ill you're ever talking  
 Some with glee may go to sea; but I shall not be willing, Sirs, for such a day, again to pay just (quizzically,  
 two pound, fifteen shillings, sirs.

O what a row, &c.

