

T H E

# Old Hulk laid up

O R, T H E

## New Way of Tom Tough.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

The HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE JOVIAL WIDOWER.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1803.



T H E  
O L D H U L K L A I D U P ;  
O R , T H E  
N E W W A Y O F T O M T O U G H .

**M**Y name d'ye see's Tom Tough,  
I've seen a little service,  
Where mighty billows roll

And loud tempests blow !

I've sail'd with valiant Howe,

I've sail'd with noble Jervis,

And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out  
Yo, heave ho !

Yet more shall you be knowing,

I was a Cockswain to Boscawen,

And ever with brave Hawke

I've nobly fac'd the foe,

Then put round the grog,

So we've that and our prog,

We'll laugh in care's face, and sing

Yo, heave ho !

When from my love to part,

I first weigh'd anchor,

And she sniveling seen

On the beach below,

I'd like to hurt my eyes, sniveling too,

D'ye see, to thank her !

But I brought my sorrows up with a

Yo, heave ho !

For sailors, tho' they have their jokes,  
 And love and feel like other folks,  
 Their duty to neglect,  
 Must not come and go,  
 So I seiz'd the capstern bar,  
 Like a true honest tar,  
 And, in spite of tears and sighs, sung out  
 Yo, heave ho!

But the worst on't 'twas the time  
 When the little ones were sickly,  
 Whether they'd live or die  
 The doctor did not know,  
 The word was giv'n to weigh  
 So suddenly and quickly,  
 I thought my heart would break as I sung  
 Yo, heave ho!

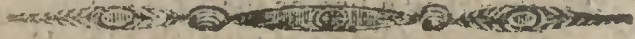
For Poll's like her mother,  
 And as for Jack her brother,  
 The boy when he grows up,  
 Will nobly fight the foe!  
 But in Providence I trust,  
 Whatever must be, must,  
 So my sighs I gave the winds, and sing out  
 Yo, heave ho!

I'm now at last laid up  
 In a decentish condition,  
 For I've only lost an eye,  
 And got a timber toe,  
 But old ships must expect in time  
 To be out of commission,

Nor again the anchor weigh with a  
Yo, heave ho!

So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs,  
For my boy shall revenge my wrongs,  
And my girl shall breed young Sailors  
Nobly for to face the foe!

Then to country and King,  
Foes no danger can bring,  
While the FARS of OLD ENGLAND sing out  
Yo, heave ho!



### THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

**D**ADDY NEPTUNE one day,  
To FREEDOM did say,  
If ever I live upon dry land,  
The spot I should hit on,  
Would be LITTLE BRITAIN;  
Says FREEDOM, why that's my own Island;  
Oh! what a snug little Island,  
A right little tight little Island,  
All the Globe round, none can be found,  
So happy as this LITTLE ISLAND.

JULIAN CÆSAR the Roman,  
Who yielded to no man,  
Came by water, he could not come by land,  
And DANE, PICK, and SAXON,  
Their homes turn'd their backs on,  
And all for the sake of our Island;  
Oh! what a snug little Island,  
They'd all have a touch at the Island,

Some were shot dead,—some of them fled,  
And some staid to live on the Island.

Then a very great War-Man,  
Call'd BILLY the NORMAN,  
Cry'd, damn it, I ne'er liked my land;  
It would be more handy,  
To leave this Normandy,  
And live on yon BEAUTIFUL ISLAND;  
Says he, 'tis a snug little Island,  
Shan't us go visit this Island?  
Hop, skip, and jump—There he was plump,  
And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

Yet party deceit,  
Helped the Normans to beat,  
Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,  
By DANE, SAX, or PIET,  
We ne'er had been kick'd,  
Had they stuck to the King of the Island;  
Poor HAROLD the King of the Island,  
He lost both his life and his Island,  
That's very true—What could he do;  
Like a Briton he dy'd for his Island.

Then the Spanish Armada,  
Set out to invade-a',  
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,  
They cou'd do no less,  
Than tuck up QUEEN BESS,  
And take their full swing in the Island;  
Oh! the poor Queen of the Island,  
The Dons came to plunder the Island;

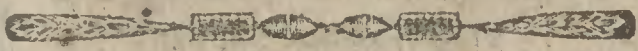
But snug in her hive,—The Queen was alive,  
And buz was the word at the Island.

These proud puff'd up Cakes,  
Thought to make Ducks and Drakes  
Of our wealth; but they hardly could spy land,  
E'er our DRAKE had the luck,  
To make their pride duck.  
And sloop to the lads of the Island;  
Hezza! for the Lads of the Island,  
The good wooden walls of the Island,  
Devil or Don,—Let 'em come on,  
But, how would they come off at the Island?

I don't wonder much,  
That the French and the Dutch,  
Have since been often tempted to try land,  
And I wonder much less,  
They have met no success,  
For why should we give up our Island!  
Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,  
All of them long for the Island,  
Hold a bit there, (let 'em)—Take fire and air,  
But we'll have the Sea and the Island.

Then, since FREEDOM and NEPTUNE,  
Hitherto kept tune,  
In each saying, This shall be my land,  
Should the Army of England,  
Or all they could bring, land,  
We'd show them some play for the Island;  
We'd fight for our right to the Island,  
We'd give them enough of the Island,

Frenchmen should just, — Bite at our dust,  
But not a bit more of the Island.



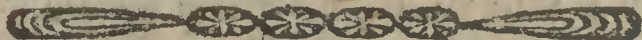
### THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

**N**O more my song shall be ye swains,  
Of purling streams or flow'ry plains,  
More pleasing beauties now inspire,  
And Phoebus deigns the warbling lyre,  
Divinely aided thus I mean,  
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her sweet innocence I find,  
With beauty, truth, and freedom join'd,  
Strict honour fills her senseless soul,  
And gives a lustre to the whole,  
A matchless shape and lovely mein,  
All center in my Highland Queen.

No sudden rush, no trifling joy,  
No sett'led calm of mind destroy;  
From pride and from ambition free,  
Alike she smiles on you and me:  
The brightest nymph that trades the green,  
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth whom gentle Fate,  
Has destin'd to so fair a mate,  
With all those wondrous gifts in store,  
While each returning day brings more;  
No man more happy can be seen,  
Possessing thee my Highland Queen.



# THE JOVIAL WIDOWER.

TUNE—MAGGY LAUDER.

**I** Married with a scolding Wife,  
 the fourteenth of November,  
 She made me weary of my life,  
 by one unruly member.

I long did bear the heavy yoke,  
 and many griefs attended,  
 But to my comfort be it spoke,  
 now, now her life is ended.

We liv'd full one and twenty years,  
 as man and wife together,  
 At length from me her courſe ſhe ſteer'd,  
 and went I know not whether.  
 Would I could gueſs, I do profeſs,  
 I ſpeak and do not flatter,  
 Of all the women in the world,  
 I never would come at her.

Her body is beſtowed well,  
 a handsome grave doth hide her !  
 But ſure her ſoul is not in hell,  
 the de'il would not abide her.

I rather think ſhe is aloft,  
 and imitating thunder,  
 For why ; methinks I hear her voice,  
 rending the clouds aſunder.

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