

The Wonderful Whale.

(J. C. DAVIDSON.)

AIR.—“*The Sea Snake.*”

About a great Sea Snake you've heard,
In a rare astounding tale;
So now I'll tell you what occur'd,
With a thumping South Sea Whale.
'Twas in the Autumn of the year
We left the river's mouth;
And with a spread of sail did steer
Towards the chilly south.
We reach'd our port then by degrees,
And weather'd many a gale;
When all at once, our captain sees
A thumping great big whale.
It crawl'd along like any snail,
In a scorching sun at noon;
Until they sent into its tail
A jolly sharp harpoon.
Right mad with pain it quickly turn'd,
And flew at harpoon Jack,
But he its malice coolly spurn'd,
By striking at its back.
It rush'd on wounded fore and aft,
Determined none to spare;
Then put its tail beneath their craft,
And threw 'em in the air.
By good luck, Jack, with oar in hand,
Soon got upon the boat;
And there he tremblingly did stand,
This sad reverse to note.
The whale enraged then flew at Jack,
While he for aid did bawl;
With gaping mouth, and in a crack,
It swallow'd him boat and all.
Like Jonah in the whale's inside,
Poor Jack was safely stowed;
And when he came to himself, he cried,
“I'm in it, now, I'm blow'd;
But I'll not sink in sight of rocks,
Sours add but to the gripe;”
So out he lugg'd his backey box,
And lighted up his pipe.
As jack his cloud blew in the dark,
The smoke grew pretty thick,
The whale, unused to such a lark,
Soon turn'd uncommon sick.
This brought a thought into his sconce,
To force Jack from below;
But Jack who'd pass'd its teeth safe once,
Held fast and cried, “*No Go.*”
The whale now grew so very ill,
With pain it fairly sigh'd;
And though 'twas much against its will,
Soon gave it up, and died.
Jack cut a hole then through its side,
And quick put out his oar;
And having then a flowing tide,
Safe row'd himself ashore.
Now Jack, when he the sands did reach,
Ashore jump'd with a smile;
He drew the whale upon the beach,
And his carcass sold for oil.
The truth our ship's crew don't deny,
But tell it with a grin;
I only say, if it's all a lie,
We're nicely taken in.



THE GOOD SHIP BRITANNIA.



The good ship Britannia was launched on the sea,
From the firm of old Neptune and Co.
Her timbers were taken from Liberty's tree,
Her thunders from Ætna's fierce glow.

She was Charter'd by Freedom, and rigg'd out by Fame,
Her figure-head Glory's bright form:
Her colours were painted with Victory's name,
As the ship that would weather the storm.

The good ship Britannia was mann'd by the brave,
And her pilots were pick'd from the crew,
By the compass of honour to steer o'er the wave,
And to keep the ship's reckoning true.

She rode out the tempest, she stemm'd the rough tide,
Nor was the trim craft run aground,
But the ark of our liberties floated with pride
O'er the billows that threat'ned around.

The good ship Britannia can ne'er go to wreck,
While all hands to their colours are true,
And the spirit of Liberty pipes from the deck,
The captain to row with the crew.

And mark! at the main-top the helmsman appears,
Unfurling the Flag of Reform;
Then all's right ahead, let the crew give three cheers,
To the good ship that weathers the storm.

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[166]

