

# SKIPPER CLARK'S GHOST:

An O D E.

*Written on the ASCENSION DAY.*

**T**HE Barges prefs'd the wat'ry maze,  
Cramm'd with an Aldermanic host,  
And *Sol*, in high meridian blaze,  
Beheld decay of *boil'd* and *roast*,  
When SKIPPER's hungry shade arose to view,  
And thus address'd the beef-consuming crew:—

- “ Have mercy, B——t, on the Beef ;  
“ That Pudding, M——y, do not waste ;—  
“ Such luscious objects raise my grief,  
“ When wretched SKIPPER cannot taste.  
“ Those yellow Grinders, prithee H——y, close,  
“ And take that foaming Porter from thy Nose.
- “ Wipe, B——r, wipe each greasy Lip,  
“ Untuck the Napkin from thy Chin ;  
“ Forbear those copious draughts of Flip,  
“ And cease, Oh ! cease, that *Canine* Grin.  
“ H——y, restrain that *expeditious* Hand,  
“ Nor breed a Famine in th' astonish'd Land.
- “ For G—d-fake, F——r, ease thy Jaw,  
“ Nor tighter wedge that greedy Paunch ,  
“ Full is thy desolating Maw,  
“ Then, prithee, spare that sav'ry Haunch :  
“ Again that two quart Bottle safely cork,  
“ And cease the havock of thy Knife and Fork.
- “ That Leg of tender Lamb, allow  
“ Untouch'd, O S——n ! to remain ;  
“ Nor dart thy Knife, with vengeance, thro'  
“ Those silent nestlers of the Plain :  
“ And, F——t, slice no more that trembling Roast,  
“ But roar a Catch, or give a b——y Toast.”

In vain the famish'd Shade advis'd ;—  
Still eat and drank the glutton Crew,  
Till ev'ry Joint's anatomiz'd,  
And ev'ry Bottle emptied too ;—  
Till o'er the dancing Vessel's painted side,  
From their cloy'd Stomachs rush'd a sav'ry Tide :—  
Sick at the sight, then vanish'd SKIPPER's Ghost,  
As far from mortal eye, as either *boil'd* or *roast*.

