



POWDER MONKEY
PETER.

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BORN aboard a man of war,
Pipe all hands with a yeo! ho!
I have sail'd both near and far,
With a yeo! ho! yeo!
A sailor's life's the life for fame,
So none to me is sweeter;
And what d'ye you think I'm called by name,
Why little saucy Powder Monkey Peter.
[Speaking.]—I'm little, but I'm tough like a ban-
tam cock, and I crow over all the boys in the ship.
With a yeo, &c.

When the waves heave mountains high,
Pipe all hands, &c.
Up the rigging I can fly,
With a yeo, &c.
And in calm can dance and sing,
What pleasure can be sweeter?
And toast the health of George our King,
Can little saucy Powder Monkey Peter!
[Speaking.]—To be sure I got into a little mischief
now and then; I sweetened the purser's slip, t'other
day with a quid of tobacco, so I got a round dozen.
With a yeo, &c.

When the foe in sight appears,
Pipe all hands, &c.
Ev'ry man for fight prepares,
With a yeo, &c.
And then the foe he strikes, d'ye see,
No sight sure can be sweeter;
And what he must strike, you'll agree
With little saucy Powder Monkey Peter.
[Speaking.]—We boarded a Frenchman last voy-
age, and I came along side of a French Powder
Monkey, "Marbleu," says he, "True Blue," says
I, popp'd him into an ammunition barrel, and smo-
thered him in his own gunpowder.
With a yeo, &c.