



DICK DOCK, OR THE LOBSTER & CRAB.

*Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwich moor,
 One Day had got his beer on board,
 When he a poor main'd pensioner from Chelsea saw;
 And for to have his beer and stout —
 For the poor case in, the wick soon out,
 O'er the, good Master Lobster did you tip your chin;
 Was't that night in a drunken try?
 Or Lobber, when you run away?
 But hold you Dick, the poor Joe has one foot in the grave,
 For stamper's mind too fast you fly,
 Do you think it fun? you swab you lie,
 Mistresses ever claim the pity of the brave.*

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*Old Humblitt in words as grov,
 For he the Dick had got his dose,
 So to have his heart at grumblings took a spell;
 If tis a lobster, Master Gub,
 By the information on your nab,
 In some slight or other they have crack'd your shell;
 And then how you hobbling go,
 On that jazy-mat, your stunder-tee
 I'm sure you to find fault, with one foot in the grave;
 But halt! old Humblitt, halt! halt!
 Diavol's was never yet a fault,
 Mistresses ever claim the pity of the brave.*

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*If Humblitt's your name a'ye see,
 As sure as they Dick Dock call me,
 As once it did fall out, I o'w'd my life to you;
 Split from my house once when 'twas dark,
 And nearly a well-will'd by a shark,
 Who hissing plough'd in, set me and plow'd it all the way.
 If that's the case then, ever your vera,
 When wounded by the same Monsieur,
 You like a true English Tom, snatch'd me from the grave.
 Crying, Comrades! the Men we harm;
 Damn'd, don't you see he's lost his arm;
 Mistresses ever claim the pity of the brave.*

*Let's broach a can before we part,
 A friendly one with all my heart,
 And as we push the grey about, we'll cheerily sing,
 On Land and sea my Bravos fight;
 The World's example and delight;
 And singe every manny of George our King:
 'Tis he who proves the hero's friend,
 His beauty waits us in our end,
 The original and laid up with one foot in the grave,
 Then, face and soldiers never fear,
 You shall not want compassion's tear,
 Mistresses ever claim the pity of the brave.*

