

POLL

And my partner JOE.

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I WAS d'ye see a waterman,
As tight and spruce as any,
Twixt Richmond town, and Horslydown,
I turn'd an honest penny ;
None could of Fortune's favours brag,
More than could lucky I,
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in my stye ;
With wherry tight, and bosom light,
I cheerfully did row,
And to compleat this princely life,
Sure never one had friend and wife,
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile.
Folks far and near carest me,
Till woe is me, so lubberly,
The vermin came and prest me ;
How could I all these pleasures leave,
How with my wherry part ?
I never so took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart ;
But when on board, they gave the word,
To foreign parts to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born,
That I should ever thus be torn,
From my Poll and my Partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling,
And night or day could find my way,
Blindfold, to the main-top bowling,
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands and gales of wind,
I brav'd in hopes to taste again,
The joys I left behind.
In climes afar, when hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
I hop'd these perils to relate,
As by my side attentive sat,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last, it pleas'd his Majesty,
To give peace to the nation,
And honest hearts from foreign parts,
Come home for consolation ;
Like lightning, for I felt aew life,
Now safe from war's alarms,
I return'd and found my friend and wife,
Lock'd in each other's arms :
Yet fancy not I bore this lot,
From him e lubber, no.
For seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I boldly kick'd,
My Poll and my Partner Joe.

