



## *Jack's Fidelity.*

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**I**F ever a sailor was fond of good sport,  
'Mongst the girls, why that sailor was I;  
Of all sizes and sorts I'd a wife at each port,  
But when that I saw'd pretty Polly,  
I hail'd her my lovely, and gave her a kiss,  
And swore to bring up once for all,  
And from that time Black Barnaby splic'd us till this,  
I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And yet now all sorts of temptations I've stood,  
For I afterwards sail'd round the world,  
And a queer set we saw, of the Devil's own brood,  
Wherever our sails were unfurl'd;  
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,  
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul,  
Don't you go to love me, my good girl, said I, walk,  
I've sworn to be constant to Poll.

I met with a squaw out at India beyond,  
All in glass and tobacco pipes drest,  
What a dear pretty monster, so kind and so fond,  
That I ne'er was a moment at rest;  
With her bobs at her ears, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,  
All the world like a Bartlemy doll:  
Says I, you Miss Copperskin, just hold your jaw,  
For I shall be constant to Poll.

Then one near Sumatra, just under the line,  
As fond as a witch in a play,  
I loves you, says she, and just only be mine,  
Or by poison I'll take you away;  
Curse your kindness, says I, but you can't frighten  
me,  
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul,  
If I do take your ratsbane, why then do you see,  
I shall die true and constant to Poll.

But I 'scap'd from 'em all, tawny, lilly, and black,  
And merrily weather'd each storm,  
And my neighbours to please, full of wonders came  
back,

But what's better, I'm grown pretty warm:  
And so now to sea I shall venture no more,  
For you know, being rich, I've no call,  
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty ashore,  
And live and die constant to Poll.

