



The Child of a Tar.

IN a little blue garment all ragged and torn,
 With scarce any shoes to his feet,
 His head quite uncover'd, a look quite forlorn,
 And a cold stony step for his seat :
 A boy cheerless sat, and as passengers pass'd,
 With a voice that might avarice bar,
 Have pity he cried, let your bounty be cast,
 To the poor little child of a tar.

No mother I have, and no friend I can claim,
 Deserted and cheerless I roam,
 My father has fought for his country and fame,
 But, alas ! he may never come home !
 Pinch'd by cold and by hunger, how hapless my
 fate,
 Distress must all happiness mar,
 Look down on my sorrows, and pity the fate,
 Of a poor little child of a tar.

By cruelty drove from a neat little cot,
 Where once with contentment we dwelt,
 No friend to protect us, my poor mother's lot,
 Alas ! too severely she felt ! (own,
 Bow'd down by misfortune, death made her his
 And snatch'd her to regions afar, (moan.
 Distress'd and quite friendless, she left me to
 A poor little child of a tar.

Thus plaintive he mourn'd when a sailor that
 pass'd,
 Stopp'd a moment to give him relief,
 He stretch'd out his hand, and a look on him cast.
 A look full of wonder and grief;
 What ! my William, he cried, my poor little boy,
 With wealth I've return'd from the war,
 Thy sorrow shall cease, nor shall grief more annoy,
 The poor little child of a tar.

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