



POOR JOE

OR,

HE'S HAPPY.

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I SING of a seafaring lad,
Who sail'd with me on board the Nancy;
No father he, nor mother had,
So went to sea to please his fancy;
But Joe had got an honest heart,
He lov'd his Poll, and swigg'd his nappy,
In many a brush he bore a part,
But now—God rest his soul he's happy.

When o'er the grog, the jovial can,
And funny Joe, popp'd in the middle,
Drank to the health of Poll and Nan;
Lord; how he'd sing, and play the fiddle;
For Joe, he was a seaman true,
As ever swigg'd a a jug of nappy,
And well belov'd by all the crew;
But now—God rest his soul, he's happy.

At last it chanc'd the daring foe,
We chac'd three hours and over,
An eighteen-pounder laid him low,
And now Joe hurried lies, in Dover;
His messmates to this very day,
When o'er the smiling grog or nappy,
With tearful eyes, oft sighing, say,
God rest his honest soul he's happy.

