

I am **BALTIC CHARLEY** AND NO MISTAKE.



I am a jolly old sailor list awhile,
At danger I did often smile,
I fought with Nelson at the Nile,
I am rare old Baltic Charley,
They insulted me before the mast,
Old postman Jemmy I say avast,
I fear you are going the rig too fast,
But you can't frighten Charley.

CHORUS.

I suppose you all know Charles Napier,
I can box the compass reef and steer,
I'll make the old postman quake for fear
For insulting Baltic Charley.

I have sailed too many miles at sea,
For any land lubber to frighten me,
I fought in Nelson's victory
Like a briton did Baltic Charley.
Said Jemmy to me what have you done
Why did not you unto danger run,
I wopped the Russians at Bomarsund,
And a victory gained did Charley.

Now Jemmy you shall see by and by,
I will make you open your weather eye
And like a pig for quarters cry,
For insulting Baltic Charley.
Boatswain's mate, come quickly jump,
Seize old Jemmy up to the pump,

And give him a dozen over the rump
To the tune of Baltic Charley.

If Jemmy the postman I do catch,
At his tricks with me I will him match
And place him in the starboard watch,
So let him keep clear of Charley.
His Cumberland lingo I will stop.
In a Guernsey he the decks shall mop.
I will send him to the mizen top,
To look a-head for Charley.

The Baltic fleet I won't command,
I will live on shore and till the land,
And be a jolly old farmer's man,
Hurrah for Baltic Charley.
I have the british flag unfurled,
I have sailed and fought all over the
world,
Here's a flowing bowl and a pretty girl,
And a sailor's life for Charley.

I have geese, ganders, pigs, and sows,
I have horses, donkeys, bulls and cows,
I have wheaten ricks and barley maws,
And home brewed ale has Charley.
I have cocks and hens and turkeys fat,
Potatoes and turnips, dogs and cats,
And fields to grow red herrings and sprats,
Now what do you think of Charley.

By a postman Charley won't be beat,
Clear the holbards—mind the sheet,
Here's jolly good luck to the Baltic fleet,
And a health to Baltic Charley.
Tell me how Dundas did mope,—
When he let the russians reach Sinope,
Blood and tunder, fire and smcke,
Do you think to frighten Charley.

CHORUS.

I am a sailor Jemmy every inch,—
From powder and ball did never flinch,
With a stout ropes end I'll make you mince,
How dare you meddle with Charley.

JOHN MORGAN.

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