



JACK JIGGER.

JACK JIGGER, a curious and whimsical tar,
 For a sort of a geno was Jack,
 One day with the French in a bit of a spar
 By a small-shot was driven aback;
 It swivell'd his fingers, and splinter'd the bone,
 And his arm about pretty well knock'd;
 "Now," cry'd he, with a damme, instead of a groan,
 "I suppose I must go and be dock'd."
The surgeon, with feeling, made Jack understand
 "The arm must come off: "Why then, brother,
 Man the knippers and knife, for all tars bear a hand,
 Just only to serve one another."

As he saw, in his birth, in the cock-pit below,
 That blood which his mess-mates had spilt.
 Of the doctor poor Jack was willing to know
 In what manner a seamen was built.
 The surgeon held forth about arteries and veins,
 And muscles, and sinews, and limbs;
 While Jack all his lingo took in with great pains,
 His mouth open, and staring his glims:
 And as he reply'd to each curious demand,
 Called the doctor a friend and a brother,
 And swore that all weathers true tars bear a hand,
 Just only to serve one another.

"Why, if this be the maxim, by all that I sees,
 A man's built just the same as a ship;
 From the keel, the back-bone, to the tops and cross-trees,
 To take in life's ocean a trip.
 A muscle and sinew's a brace and a stay,
 And as for men's fears and their hopes,

They're the masts and the fibres his frame that belay,
 Running rigging and all the small ropes;
 And as all in their station to fall understand,
 Take a part of a friend or a brother,
 To their duty turn in, and like tars lend a hand,
 Just only to serve one another.

"His senses and feeling, his lingo and wit,
 The complement make of his crew;
 And ships knock'd about must come in to refit,
 All one as I come now to you.
 Then as ships by the wind, if a breeze or a gale,
 Venture either for life or for death;
 So a man thro' the ocean of life could not sail,
 Were he not kept alive by his breath.
 And as men who sail under Ma'am Fortune's command,
 Are all kind like a friend or a brother,
 So from cables to ratlines the ropes lend a hand,
 Just only to serve one another.

"The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the head,
 Ship and man at fair weather rejoice;
 Man struggles thro' life, just like heaving the lead,
 The bold speaking trumpet's the voice.
 And when wore to a hulk, or by storms took aback,
 To the dregs Fate has emptied his can,
 The lot of all vessels as well as poor Jack—
 The ship founders, and so does the man.
 Let each man, then, that sails under Heav'n's command,
 Still turn out a friend and a brother,
 And, faithful to honour, like tars lend a hand,
 Just only to serve one another."

