



Tom Tough.

My name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little sarvice,
Where mighty billows roll, and loud tempests blow ;
I've sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jervis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out, Yo, heave,
ho !

Yet more shall ye be knowing,
I was cox'in to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke have I nobly fac'd the foe ;
Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing out, Yo, heave, ho !

When from my love to part, I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seen, on the beach below,
I'd like to catch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see, to thank
her,
But I brought my sorrow up with a Yo, heave, ho !

For sailors, tho' they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must come for to go ;
So I seiz'd the capstern bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out, Yo, heave, ho !

But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were
sickly,
And if they'd live or die, the doctor did not know ;
The word was gov'd to weigh so suddenly and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung, Yo, heave, ho !

For Poll so like her mother,
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe ;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see what must be must,
So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out, Yo, heave, ho !

And now at last laid up in decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye, and got a timber toe ;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh, with a Yo, heave, ho !

So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
For my boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my girl shall breed young sailors, nobly for to face the
foe ;
Then to country and king,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out, Yo, heave, ho !



THE HANDSOME MAN.

My nose is very acquiline,
My eyes are very grand ;
My teeth are very beautiful,
And five feet eight I stand.
My whiskers and mustachies all,
My waist a child could span ;
My dark hair curls, my foot is small,
I am a Handsome Man !

Indeed, I am a Handsome Man,
A very, very, Handsome Man ;
In truth, I am a Handsome Man,
A very Handsome Man !

I wish my flat'ring nonsense were,
Not told with such delight ;
I wish my smiling gave no joy,
My calling gave no fright.
And would that I might be excused,
From picking up each fan ;
That every smiling lady drops,
To be pick'd up by such a Handsome Man !
Indeed I am a Handsome Man, &c.

I wish that I was very plain,
I wish my eyes were green ;
I wish my hair was red and straight,
My figure short and mean.
To shun these female plagues, I'd be
Deform'd, and wide as span ;
I wish they would say, " get out you brute,"
You are not a Handsome Man !
You are not a Handsome man, &c.

They take my portrait on the sly,
I don't know what to do ;
Letters in scores come every day,
From lovers, old and young.
Each article of dress I wear,
Most lovingly they scan ;
All clothes they look so well on me
For I am a Handsome Man !
For I am a Handsome Man, &c.,

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