

THE MAN  
AT  
THE NORE.

Oh my father he kept the Eddystone light,  
And married a mermaid one fine night,  
Owing to which came offsprings three,  
Two of them was fish, and the other was me,  
Now when I was only a youngish chip,  
I was put in command of the Nore light ship,  
I could light all the lamps in a first-rate style,  
A game that I played according to 'oil.'

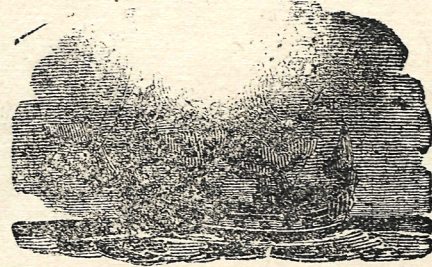
Chorus:—

The jolly Nore, the stormy Nore,  
Where the waves they tumble o'er and o'er:  
But oh, what life is there on shore,  
Like the life that is led by the man at the Nore.

One night when I was lighting the glim,  
A whistling a verse of the evening hymn,  
I saw by the light of the signal lamp,  
Mother looking awfully cold and damp:  
When a voice from the starboard cries out 'ship, a hoy,'  
And there she was a floating on a buoy,  
Meaning a buoy for a ship that sails,  
And not that boy that's a juvenile male.

So I says, hallo, mother, how do you do,  
And how goes on my sisters two?  
And she says, you artful dar,  
You not got no sisters, nor yet no pa;  
Your pa was wrecked with several pals,  
And digested by the canine bells,  
And your sisters—one was cooked in a di-b,  
And the other one is the talking fish.

So now farewell, my boy at the Nore,  
And don't you ever go on shore:  
She vanished from my sight a glittering scale,  
And that was the end of my mother's tale:  
So here I am by maternal wish,  
I can't see my sister, she's the talking fish,  
And if any of you should see her on shore,  
You can give her the love of the Man at the Nore.



JACKS YARN

'Twas on a Monday night,  
And the moon was shining bright,  
Wind had been blowing hard all the day,  
We were sitting in a ring,  
And loudly we did sing,  
I reckon you could have heard us o'er the bay,  
I'd sung of black eyed Sue,  
Who was so fond and true,  
When we heard a sort of splashing in the sea,  
A slave wot then espied,  
Scrambling up the starboard side,

Hilly holly O, hilly holly ah,  
The ship will soon be sailing home,  
And every jolly Jack will soon be coming back,  
Hilly holly, hilly holly, O.

A tear was on his cheek,  
He sobbed, but could'nt speak,  
He showed us where his back was torn & scored  
He clutched us one and all,  
And trembling like to fall,  
When we saw the white faced planter come aboard  
Then our captain he upstood,  
So nobly brave and good,  
And the poor old man was on his knees,  
Every man is free he cried,  
Where the british colours flies,  
And I will never give him up said he.

Then the planter he grew pale,  
And like a cur turned tail,  
As quickly down the side went he,  
For on the british deck,  
He would soon have lost his neck,  
When we found the poor old nigger he  
Then here's good luck and life,  
To our captain and his wife,  
Good bless him for that deed say we,  
For to free the slaves.  
Britannia rules the waves,  
And that is mistress of the sea.

