



## THE OLD COMMODORE.

*The Words by Mr. LONSDALE.—Sung with unbounded Applause by Mr. TAYLOR, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden:*

Oh's blood! what a time for a seaman to skulk  
Under gingerbread hatches ashore!  
What a damn'd bad job! that this batter'd old hulk  
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more:  
For the puppies, as they pass,  
Cocking up a squinting glass,  
Thus run down the old commodore:  
That's the old commodore,  
The old rum commodore,  
The gouty old commodore—he! he! he!  
Why the bullets and the gout,  
Have so knock'd his hull about,  
That he'll never more be fit for sea.

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,  
Not a tow-rop at hand, or an oar;  
I'm left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,  
But the doctor's a son of a whore.  
While I'm swallowing his slops,  
How nimble are his chops,  
Thus queering the old commodore:  
Bad case, commodore,  
Can't say, commodore,  
Mustn't flatter, commodore, says he:  
For the bullets and the gout  
Have so knock'd your hull about,  
That you'll never more be fit for sea.

What, no more be afloat? blood and fury they lie,  
I'm a seaman, and only threescore;  
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,  
Odzooks! let me not die ashore:  
As to death, 'tis all a joke,  
Sailors live in fire and smoke,  
So, at least, says the old commodore,  
The old rum commodore,  
The tough old commodore,  
The fighting old commodore,  
Who the bullets, nor the gout,  
Nor the French dogs to boot,  
Shall kill till they grappled him at sea.

