



The Orphan Boy.

AN orphan boy at sea when I,
Aloft was forc'd to hie up,
Ben Boatswain bawl'd, My lad, don't cry,
But keep your weather eye up.
The captain too, and all the crew,
My sorrow for to dry up,
They gave me grog till was blue,
And clos'd my weather eye up.

The voyage o'er, I went ashore,
Fresh slops and grog to buy up;
The cash flew out, and Ben once more
Cried, "Keep your weather eye up."
The girls who knew well what to do,
My comeliness wou'd cry up;
They stole my heart and money too,
And clos'd my weather eye up.

Return'd once more, and wiser grown,
Says I, my fate I'll tie up;
I'll take a wife; when she's my own,
I'll keep my weather eye up.
No sooner said, but Poll I wed,
And snug awhile did lie up;
Nor shall I live to see her dead,
For grief wou'd close my eye up.

