



## Laid up in Port.

Pitts, printer, Toy and Marble Warehouse, 6 Great  
st. Andrew street, seven Dials

**T**HOU' I'm laid up in port, I'm not outward bound,  
In my upper works there's nothing ailing;  
My rudder and compass are both safe and sound  
And when call'd upon I'm ready for sailing;  
I'm pretty well sto'd with the comfort of life,  
Have of friends just what number I fancy,  
And what's more I have a birth in the heart of my  
My lovely and valuable Nancy. (wife,

I well know that vels and rats play me pranks,  
At my cost who are eating and drinking,  
This nibbles my biscuit—that gnaws at my planks  
And would fly off at once were I sinking,  
Lord help the poor thing, they can't hurt my good  
Let them fish away to their fancy, (name  
They may pilfer my money—may injure my fame, —  
But they never can rob me of Nancy,

As well may the French kick against Dover rocks  
That keeps every threat at a distance,  
Alas! tolly I pity—at slander I mock;  
And I envy no one in existence,  
And when I am boarded by grim Captain Death  
No sorrow shall trouble my fancy,  
I'll strike like a man and yield up my breath  
In a prayer for the health of my Nancy

## The Girl I Adore,

**T**HOU' summoned by honour to far distant plains,  
Where destruction and conquest alternately  
reigns,  
Then let not my Emma my absence deplore,  
For soon I'll return to the girl I adore,

'Tis honour demands that I bid thee adieu,  
'Tis honour my Emma that calls me from you  
Tho' yon waves will soon bear me from this happy  
shore. (adore.  
Yet they'll soon waft me back to the girl that I

Then dry up those tears and no more be distressed  
Those arms will soon clasp thee again to this breast  
When the drum beats to arms and cannon's loud roar  
Like a Briton I'll fight for the girl I adore

Then crowned with laurel shall Albert return  
With love's brightest fire his bosom shall burn  
From thy arms my dear Emma I'll wander no more  
But live happy and blest with the girl I adore



## Golden Vanity,

Or the

## Low Lands-Low.

Pitts printer Toy and Marble Warehouse  
6 Great st. Andrew street 7 Dials

**I** HAVE a ship in the North Country,  
And she goes by the name of the Golden Vanity  
I am afraid she will be taken by some Turkish Gallies  
As she sails on the Low Lands Low,

Then up starts our little Cabin Boy,  
saying, Master what will you give me, if I do them de  
I will give you gold. I will give you store, (screw  
You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,  
If you sink them in the Low Lands Low,

The boy bent his breast and away he jump't in  
He swam till he come to this Turkish Gallies  
As she laid on the Low Lands Low.

The Boy he had an anger to bore holes two at once  
While some where playing cards, and some where  
playing Dice,  
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes  
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low

The boy he bent his breast and away he swam  
saying, Master, take me up, or I shall be slain  
For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low,

I'll not take you up the Master he cried,  
I'll not take you up the Master replied.  
I will kill you I will shoot you I will send with the  
I will sink you in the Low lands low, (screw

The boy he swam he swam round all by the star-  
board side,  
saying, Messmates take me up, for I surely shall be  
slain,  
For I have sunk them in the Low Land Low

His Messmates took him up all by the starboard side  
They laid him on the deck, and it there he soon died  
They sewed him up in an old Cow's hide  
And they throw'd him overboard, to go down with  
tide,  
And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

