

TOM STARBOARD.

J Kendrew, Printer, Colliergate, York.

TOM STARBOARD was'a lover true,
As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
The duties ablest seaman do,
Tom did, and never yet had fail'd.
But wreck'd, as he was homeward bound,
Within a mile of England's coast,
Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
For all the crew but Tom were lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with
speed,
True to his love as e'er was man;
Nought had he sav'd, nought did he need,
Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.
But scarce five miles poor Tom had gain'd
When he was press'd; he heav'd a sigh,
And said, though cruel was his lot,
Ere flinch from duty he would die.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear;
Nay when he'd lost an arm, resign'd,
Said love for Nan, his only dear,
Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.
The war being ended, Tom return'd,
His lost limb serv'd him for a joke,
For still his manly bosom burn'd
With love, his heart was heart of oak.

Ashore in haste Tom nimbly ran,
To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
But false report had brought to Nan,
Six months before, that Tom had died.
With grief she daily pin'd away,
No remedy her life could save,
And Tom arriv'd the very day
They laid his Nancy in her grave.

