



The Topsails Shiver.

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THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea ;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee ;
For though thy sailer's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we've
fail'd,
C doubt their artful tales,
No gallant sailer ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales ;
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to
pole.

Syrens in every port we find,
More fell than rocks or waves,
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves ;
No foes can ever us subdue,
Although we leave our hearts with
you.

These are our cares, but if you're
kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
Till we return again ;
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girl, adieu.

