



Will Watch the Smuggler.

'T'WAS one morn when the wind from the northward
blew keenly,
While sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main,
A fam'd smuggler Will Watch kiss'd his Sue then
serenely,

Took helm and to sea boldly steer'd out again.
Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip if well ended
Should coil up his hopes and he'd anchor on shore
When his pockets were lin'd why his life should be
mended

The laws he had broken he'd never break more.
His sea boat was trim made her port took her lading
Then Will stood for home reached her offing and cried
This night if I've luck furl the sails of my trading,

In dock I can lay serve a friend too beside.
Will lay to till night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail when he piped up all hands,

But a signal soon spied 'twas a prospect uncheery,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land,
The Philistines are out cries Will we'll take no heed on't,
Attack'd who's the man that will flinch from his gun
Should my head be blown off I shall ne'er feel the need
on't,

We'll fight while we can when we can't boys we'll run.

Thro' the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
O now cries Will Watch the Philistines bear down
Bear a hand my right tars e'er we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in should we swim boys or drown.
But should I be popp'd off you my mates left behind me,
Regard my last words see 'em kindly obey'd,

Let no stone mark the spot and you friends do you mind
me
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would
be laid.

Poor Will's yarn was spun out for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck and he never spoke more
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained in it,
Then sheer'd and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was comply'd with,
To few known his grave and to few known his end:

He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the prayers of his Susan and the tears of his friend.

Near the grave dash the billow the wind loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed,

Where Will Watch the bold smuggler that fam'd lawless
fellow,
Once fear'd now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.

Printed and Published by R. Harrild, 20, Great Eastcheap.

