



WILL WATCH,

The Bold Smuggler.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
While sullenly roared the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue, then serenely
Took the helm, and to sea boldly steered out again.
Will had promised his Sue that his trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor ashore ;
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended—
The laws he had broke he'd never break more.

His sea boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reach'd the offing, and cried,
This night, if I've luck, furls the sail's of my trading,
In a dock I can lay—serve a friend, too, beside.
Will lay-to till the night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he pip'd up each hand,
But a signal soon 'spied ('twas a prospect uncheery),
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cried Will, we'll take no heed on't ;
Attacked, 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.
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
Oh ! oh ! cries Will Watch, the Philistines bear down ;
Bear a hand, my tight lads, ere 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,
Regard my last words, see them kindly obeyed ;
Let no stone mark the spot—and, my 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 sheered, and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied 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 tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that fam'd lawless fellow
Once feared—now forgot—sleeps in peace with the dead.

