



## POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwell heard me first impart  
Our brave commander's story,  
With ardent zeal his youthful heart  
Swell'd high for naval glory;  
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,  
For bold adventures eager,  
When first a little cabin-boy on board the Fame,  
He would hold on the jigger,  
While ten jolly tars, with their musical Joe,  
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing yeo heave yeo;  
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, heave yeo.  
While ten jolly tars, &c.

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd  
With quickness, care, and spirit,  
Whose generous master soon discern'd  
And priz'd his dawning merit:  
He taught him soon to reef and steer,  
When storms convuls'd the ocean,  
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,  
Which marked him for promotion:  
As none to pilot c'er answer'd like he,  
When he gave the command, hard a port! helm's  
a lee!  
Luff, boys, luff, keep her near!  
Clear the buoy, make the pier!  
As none to the pilot, &c.

For valor, skill, and worth, renown'd,  
The foe he oft defeated,  
And now with fame and fortune crown'd,  
Post-Captain he is rated;  
Why should our injur'd country bleed,  
Still bravely would defend her,  
And bless'd with peace, should beauty plead  
He'll prove his heart as tender;  
Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,  
To poor or wealthy, friend or foe:  
Wounded tars share his health,  
All the fleet drink his health,  
Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,  
Which always are ready compassion to shew  
To a brave conquer'd foe.  
Priz'd be such hearts, &c.

## The Vicar and Moses.

At the sign of the horse old Spintext of course  
Each night took his pipe and his pot;  
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and bappy;  
Was plac'd this canonical sot.

The evening was dark, when in came the Clerk  
With reverence due and submission;  
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,  
And bowing prefer'd his petition.

'I'm come, sir,' says he, 'to beg, look d'ye see,  
'Of your reverence's worship and glory,  
'To inter a poor babe, with as much speed as may be,  
'And I'll walk with the lantern before ye.'

'The babe we will bury, but pray where's the hurry?'  
'Why, Lord, sir, the corpse it doth stay!'  
'You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease!  
'A corpse, Moses, can't run away.'

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, 'sir, a small child,  
'Cannot long, sure, delay your intentions,'  
'Why, that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small  
'Can never enlarge its dimensions.

'Bring Moses some beer, and me some d'ye hear?  
'I hate to be called from my liquor;  
'Come Moses the King! what a scandalous thing,  
'Such a subject should be but a Vicar.'

Then Moses, he spoke, 'sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,  
'Besides there's a terrible show'r,'  
'Why Moses you elf since the clock has struck twelve,  
'I'm sure it can never strike more.

'Besides, my dear child, to this lesson attend,  
'Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,  
'That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger that's plain,  
'But perhaps you or I may take cold.'

At length hat and cloak old orthodox took,  
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid;  
Each tipt off a gill for fear they should go chill,  
Then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave the clerk hummed a stave,  
While the surplice was wrapp'd round the priest;  
So droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,  
That the parish still laugh at the jest.

'Good people let's pray—put the corpse t'other way,  
'Or perchance I shall over it stumble;  
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare  
'A mortuum caput can't tremble.

'Woman that's born of man—that's wrong, the leaf's torn,  
'A man that is born of a woman,  
'Can't continue one hour but's cut down like a flow'r,  
'You see, Moses, death spareth no man!

'Here, Moses do look, what a confounded book!  
'Sure the letters are turned upside down;  
'Such a scandalous print! why, the devil's in't,  
'That a blockhead should print for the Crown!

'Prithee, Moses, you read for I cannot proceed,  
'And bury the corpse in my stead;  
(Amen. Amen.)

'Why, Moses, you're wrong, pray still hold your tongue,  
'You've taken the tale for the head.'

'Oh! where's thy sting death?—put the corpse into the earth  
'For believe me, 'tis terrible weather,'  
So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,  
And away they both stagger'd together.

Singing tol lol de rol, &c.

Walker, Printer, Durham.

