



A SAILOR'S LIFE.

The wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dingy scud drove 'cross the sky.
All was safe lash'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung :

A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily ;
If winds can whistle, he can sing ;
Still faithful to his friend and King ;
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on ;
To strike top gallant yards they run ;
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard :
A sailor's life, &c.

A leak, a leak !—come, lads, be bold,
There's five foot water in the hold ;
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And hark, while working at the pump :
A sailor's life, &c.

And see ! the vessel nought can save,
She strikes, and finds a wat'ry grave !
Yet Ned preserv'd, with a few more,
Sings as he treads a foreign shore :
A sailor's life, &c.

And now—unnumbered perils past,
On land as well as sea—at last
In tatters to his Poll at home
See honest Haulyard singing come :
A sailor's life, &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard what disgrace,
Poll swears she never saw his face ;
He damns her for a faithless she,
And singing goes again to sea :
A sailor's life, &c.

TOM HALLIARD.

Now the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call,
Death no more in smoke or thunder,
Rode upon the vengeful ball.
Yet the brave and loyal heroes,
Saw the sun of morning light,
Ah ! condemn'd by cruel fortune,
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood ;
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
Crawl'd where his brave captain stood.
O my noble captain, tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
Have I done a seaman's duty,
On this great and glorious day ?

Tell a dying sailor truly,
For my life is ebbing fast,
Have I done a seaman's duty
Can there aught my memory blast ?
Ah ! brave Tom the captain answered,
Thou a sailor's part hast done,
I revere thy wounds with sorrow,
Wounds by which our glory's won.

Thanks, my captain, life is ebbing
Fast from this deep wounded heart,
But, oh ! grant one little favour,
Ere I from this world depart.
Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my dear and constant Catharine,
Cut a lock from this poor head—

Bid him to my Catharine give it,
Saying hers alone I die ;
Kate will keep the mournful present,
And embalm it with a sigh.
Bid him too this letter bear her,
Which I've penn'd with parting breath :
Kate may ponder on the writing,
When this hand is cold in death.

That I will replied the captain,
And be ever Catharine's friend ;
Ah, my good and kind commander,
Now my pains and sorrows end.
Mute towards his captain weeping,
Tom uprais'd a thankful eye,
Grateful then his foot embracing,
Sunk with Kate on his last sigh.

Who then saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart,
He must own a savage nature,
Pity never warm'd his heart.
Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By his kind and pensive crew,
As he dropp'd into the ocean,
All burst out, poor Tom, adieu.

(67)

