

THE POWDER MONKEY.

A yarn I've got to spin as how I've heard my lod
dad tell,
Of a gallant little hero who aboard the victory fell;
He was brimming full of courage, and was just the
sort of lad,
To make the sort of sailor that our Navy's always had
powder-monkey, little Jim was pet of all the crew
With his flaxen hair so curly, and his pretty eyes
so blue,
And the bos'un always said as how what got over him
Was the chorus of a sailor's song as sung by little Jim

Chorus

we'll be in Loudon Town, sing, my lad, yo ho!
see the king in a golden crown—sing, my lads,
yo, ho!
ave ho! on we go, sing, my lads, yo, ho!
Who's a-feared to meet the foe? sing, my lads, yo, ho

In ninety-eight we chased the foe right into "Bourky
Bay,"
And we fought away like nigger's, all the night till
break of day,
The foeman's flag-ship "Orient," was blowed away
sky-high,
With the Admiral an' all his crew an' sare 'em right
says I.
Now little Jim was in the thick of fall the fire and
smoke
And he seemed to think that fighting hard was
nothing but a joke,
For he handed up the powder from the magazines
below,
And all the while a singing, as if his pluck to show.

But little Jim was booked as the fight was just on
won,
A musket bullet pick'd him off, afore his song was
done,
They took him to the cock-pit, where a smiling he
did lie,
And the sailors—Well, there warn't a man but
somehow piped his eye,
Says Jim, "my lad, don't fret for me, but if the shore
ye see,
Give a kiss to dear old mother, and say it comes from
me,
And there never was a braver heart, that served our
gracious Queen.
Than the little powder monkey, who so gallantly used
to sing

Little TINY TIM.

Dear mother said our tiny Tim, pray do not cry,
I have no fear, yet I begin to think that I shall die,
I had a dream the other night, and in that dream I
saw,

Two lovely angels robed in white, who bade me weep
no more.
'Tis true I am no use on earth, deformed in every
limb,
But surely you who gave me birth, will miss your
Tiny Tim.

Dear mother it is hard to die, and leave you here
behind,
Say would you know the reason why, it's because
you've been so kind,
I've watched you sighing day by day, I know your
love for me,
Oh, mother, I can't go away, I'm better now you see
Oh, listen mother, can't you hear the angels sing a
hymn.
And now they're stretching out their hands, to take
your Tiny Tim.

I'm better now, I have no pain, come mother sit by
me,
I will not go to sleep again, look the the angels see
Oh, hold me mother, hold me tight, from you how
can I part
It points out to realms of light—oh, mother how y
start,
Oh, listen mother, there it stands, hark how it sin
a hymn,
And now it stretches out its hands to take your Tiny
Tim.

