

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN

by

John Townley

White Stone, Virginia

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The 1970's and '80's has seen an enormous revival of popular interest in the so-called Tall Ship era of naval history worldwide, heavily sparked by the repeated Tall Ship gatherings begun during the American Bicentennial. Along with the ships themselves, the music that was sung aboard and about them has enjoyed a popular comeback, as evidenced by the rash of sea song records and sea chantey groups that have made their appearance.

Yet the music that is now popularly associated with the sea and generally touted by its perpetrators as the "real" music of "Real Sailors" is simply the work and leisure folk songs of the economically and educationally lowest class of persons that participated in maritime endeavors during the last several centuries. Not everyone in the trade exercised their vocal chords bellowing "Haul On The Bowline" or singing soulful forebitters with or without the somewhat disputed free reed accompaniment that is the current rage. In fact, what is generally thought to be the faithful recreation of the "music of the sea" is the result of a modern folk phenomenon itself: the channelling of the folk material collected by a handful of folklorists (Colcord, Villiers, Hugill, Doerflinger, etc.) through the popular recordings and performances of a few British collector/performers (A.L. Lloyd, Ewan MacColl, Louis Killen) and into an explosion of mainly American performers and groups that represent themselves as bringing to life the traditional songs of the sea, a half-truth at best.

Over the past nearly five hundred years since global navigation began, virtually every economic and social group which had any significant trade on or contact with the sea has composed music and lyrics on the subject in greater or lesser quantity. The subject of the sea, by its very rhythmic and pictorial qualities, lends itself to music and poetry. And of all the social strata involved with the sea, one might expect that the middle and upper classes -- possessing the greatest skill and literacy in music and poetry -- would have produced the greater bulk of artistic work on the subject.

That, of course, is in fact the case, despite the virtual stranglehold the folk "sea chantey" has on the popular mind at the moment. Chanteys and forebitters were the product of a relatively short period of history (the middle half of the 19th century) and produced by the largely illiterate British-and-American (mostly) deckhand. Before

and since, from Shakespeare(rife with sea songs) to the U.S. Naval Academy there have been vastly more songs about the sea by those involved with it than there ever were work songs or forebitters during their brief period of flowering during the 19th century.

And within the English language, one composer alone wrote more songs and saw greater and longer-lasting popularity than any other source within the area of sea music: that was Charles Dibdin(1745-1814), whose works are now virtually unknown to all but the most erudite sea audiences. How has such a long-rekowned fountain of musical sea material become so utterly eclipsed? It has been, I believe, the result of the still ongoing Industrial Revolution and the resulting anti-intellectual "common man" notions espoused by the middle class(Dibdin's original audience) of England and America precisely as it was becoming the wealthiest(and least "common") group of individuals in the world. Where once the middle class naively and(to some) condescendingly idealised Jack Tar, now it even more naïvely believes it can sing along with him and so share and partake of his now-envied commonness. Times have indeed changed, though the degree(if not the type) of perceived reality has probably not! Technology, and our social responses to it, has been the culprit and has relegated(and probably will continue to) Dibdin's remarkable works to obscurity.

Charles Dibdin was born on March 15th, 1745 in Southampton, England, the eighteenth of his middle-class parents' progeny. At the College of Winchester he began musical instruction at the tender age of nine, where he showed bright promise as a music student and organist. His disinclination to toe the line of traditional harmony plus his not inconsiderable opinion of himself scotched his premature attempts to find a place as organist at Waltham, Hampshire, and moved him to strike out for London and carve a niche for himself in that city's popular music business.

Talent and fortune combined to find him employment at Covent Garden, and by the age of 17(in 1762) his pastoral music drama The Shepherd's Artifice was produced in that rekowned theater. The following fifteen years saw him write and perform in numerous musical plays and operettas for London audiences, and in the process he always managed to get into one dispute or another with other actors, performers, and producers, and established a life-long pattern of popular notoriety crippled by an inability to hang on to the money he made.

Dibdin's talent as a lyricist and melodist (though a mediocre harmonist) was matched by his self-inspiration (most called it self-opinion), as his explanation of his youthful revelation of the workings of musical harmony attests:

"I had always delighted in Corelli, whose harmonies are an assemblage of melodies. I therefore got his concertos in single parts, and put them into score, by which means I saw all the workings of his mind at the time he composed them. I so managed, that I not only comprehended in what manner the parts had been worked, but how, in every way, they might have been worked. From this severe, but profitable exercise, I drew all the best properties of harmony; and, among the rest, I learned the valuable secret, that men of strong minds may violate to advantage many of those rules of composition which are dogmatically imposed."

A man of strong mind he was, and though most sources hardly consider him to be the great harmonist he believed he must be, yet his pocket-sized harmony instructor "Music Epitomized: in which the whole Science of Music is completely explained" was in its 12th edition twenty years after his death and was still popular in England at the turn of the 20th century.

Dibdin's works were in style very similar to the other late Classical period theater composers, his most noticeable influence being Arne (the only other composer to whom he ever gave praise), and he would probably have been no more than another talented theater light were it not for a fortuitous, if uncomfortable, 43-hour sea voyage from Calais during a gale. The event inspired Dibdin's first sea song, "Blow High, Blow Low," inserted in his comic opera The Seraglio, first performed at Covent Garden on November 14, 1776.

The song's subsequent popularity turned Dibdin to penning more tunes about the sea, and the following year's "While Up The Shrouds" from the Saddler's Wells production of Yo, Yea, or The Friendly Tars found its way into nearly every popular songster in Britain and America for the next rest of the century and it may be found in the popular seamen's "sailor's companions" (pocket-sized books of songs, stories, and sea lore) into the 1860's. It marked a general turn toward sea material for Dibdin that in a few years was to make him world-famous.

"While Up The Shrouds," while one of Dibdin's earlier and simpler efforts, had such a singable tune and gentle, self-mocking lyrics that it recommended itself to middle-class landlubber and genuine tar alike:

For the next ten years, while his fame as a composer and performer increased, Dibdin's personal and financial life continued to be in chaos. He fought bitterly with his contemporaries and accused his publishers of cheating him out of fortunes (which, in many an instance, they did, aided by his importune business sense), and even lost the backing of Garrick himself over some considerable mismanaging of his love life (he abandoned a favorite of Garrick's).

By 1787, Dibdin threw up his hands and abandoned writing for the theater entirely. Instead, he resolved to give it all up and try his fortunes in India, where he also hoped to collect some of the debts of his deceased brother Thomas (the captain of an East Indiaman and later subject of Dibdin's most famous song "Tom Bowling"). In order to raise money for the trip, he embarked on a singing tour of England and published a witty, comical travelogue about it before departing. Most troublesome on the tour, oddly enough, was audiences' reluctance -- and sometimes outright refusal -- to believe he was the celebrated Mr. Dibdin from London!

His retirement from public life was short-lived -- again interrupted by a freak of fortune. His ship was caught in a lengthy set of gales upon embarkation for India and eventually pulled into Torbay, on the southern coast of England, to recover. There Dibdin abruptly changed his mind about going to India and embarked. The reason for the sudden switch is obscure, but most sources intimate that the famous author of sea songs became so violently seasick during the storms that he had to give up all thoughts of a lengthy voyage such as to India!

Not slow to recover, Dibdin immediately launched upon a series of lecture/singing "entertainments" -- the form for which had evolved on his solo tour -- and performed the first, called appropriately The Whim of the Moment, on the spot at Torbay. The form consisted of brief lectures on music, witty dialogue, pantomime and imitations (he was brilliant; for instance, at accents such as African Negro or French, scathingly parodying both), all mixed with songs that told stories with philosophical morals, mostly on the subject of sailors and the sea.

Dibdin's new formula, which he called the "Entertainments Sans Souci," became an immediate smash success and for the next several years guaranteed him a constant hit show on the Strand and resulted in the sales of a fabulous amount of sheet music of individual songs from his performances, the royalties for which, for once, found their way back to him.

Dibdin had finally hit his stride, twenty-six years after his entry into the music business, and music editor George Hogarth, writing in the 1840's in his two-volume collection of the author's works, describes the blossoming middle-aged songwriter thusly:

"Dibdin was then a handsome man, of middle size, with an open pleasing countenance, and a very gentlemanlike appearance and address. His costume was a blue coat, white waistcoat, and black silk breeches and stockings: and he wore his hair, in the fashion of the day, full dressed and profusely powdered. His manner of speaking was easy and colloquial: and his air was more that of a person entertaining a party of friends in a private drawing-room, than of a performer exhibiting to a public audience. He was near-sighted; and, when seated at his instrument, he would bend his head close to his book for a few moments, and then, laying it down, throw himself back in his chair, and deliver his song without further reference to book or music. His voice was a barytone(a medium between the tenor and the bass) of no great power or compass, but of a sweet and mellow quality. He sang with simplicity, without any attempt at ambitious ornament, but with a great deal of taste and expression; and being a poet as well as a musician, he was particularly attentive to a clear and emphatic utterance of the words: in which respect his performance might have afforded a valuable lesson to many singers of much higher pretensions. In singing, he accompanied himself with facility and neatness, on an instrument of a peculiar kind, combining the properties of the pianoforte and the chamber organ, and so constructed that the performer could produce the tones of either instrument separately, or of both in combination. To this instrument were attached a set of bells, a side drum, a tambourine, and a gong, which he could bring into play by various mechanical contrivances, so as to give a pleasing variety to his accompaniments."

The 1790's saw Dibdin's entertainments a continual success, as his swift pen turned out one after another, each better than the last. Although the songs most often were about Jack Tar and the sea, he turned his gifts of praise and parody to many other walks of life -- wig-makers, cartsmen, doctors, politicians, lawyers, huntsmen, tavern-keepers, housewives, farmers, barbers -- the spectrum of British life at the time. As the Napoleonic Wars heated up, his sailor tunes were taken up as patriotic melodies, praising the prime defender of the Crown against the French, and sent their popularity spiraling upward. Inspired by his popular ditties, many a landsmen joined the navy to fight for

his King in emulation of the boldness and purity of Dibdin's idealized Jack Tar. The reality of the miseries of navy life at the time must have come as quite a shock.

In times of war art is always turned to the uses of propaganda, and the British government was not blind to the effects of Dibdin's popular image of the noble Jack Tar. Neither was the enemy, as Napoleon himself is supposed to have commented that more sailors were recruited by Dibdin's songs than by the press gangs. To reward and encourage the trend, the British government gave Dibdin a pension in 1803 and commissioned him to write songs praising the nation's war efforts and exhorting the populus on to even greater strides to overcome the evil Bonaparte.

In 1805, as a result, the aging author retired from active performing, continuing to write until 1808, when the Grenville administration decided to discontinue his pension, arousing a storm of criticism and forcing Dibdin back to public life. The result was another spate of songs and entertainments that Dibdin physically and creatively, and the public financially, could not support. Dibdin went bankrupt, surviving only on money raised by other performers at benefits for him and his family. In 1813 he suffered a paralytic stroke, and on July 25th, 1814 he died, survived only by an impoverished wife and daughter and over 1200 songs.

If the man was gone, his music certainly was not. His songs, particularly his sailor songs (most of the rest were quickly forgotten), became an established part of British and American popular song for the rest of the century and, in Britain at least, well into this century. During his lifetime he had, within the popular music scene of the day, been as hot as the Beatles and Bob Dylan put together, and his songs trailed on seemingly forever, just as theirs have done (a lot longer, in the case of Dibdin).

What is of special note -- and is critical when viewing his songs and the times that spawned them -- is that it was his sailor songs only that continued on. Although certainly he produced more of them than other kinds in later life, spurred on by the war and the government, his later songs are not the ones which survived. It was the material from the early entertainments which survived longest, written in the early 1790's before the Napoleonic Wars had gotten into gear. This period produced his best songs, nautical and non-nautical, but it is the sailor songs that were picked up by the public and lasted.

Why?

Why would the public of two generations later be regaling itself with his sea songs ("Tom Bowling," for instance, was a favorite of Thoreau, who sang it every chance he got) when equally brilliant compositions such as "High-Mettled Racer" and "The Last Shilling" had faded to obscurity, simply gone out of style?

The answer lies in the philosophy put forth by Dibdin's songs, the changing social philosophy of the Industrial Revolution, and the fact that the former set of beliefs was put forth out of the mouths of sailors.

Dibdin's philosophy, which is imbued in nearly every song he wrote, was typically Classical. Its fundamentals were the Greek philosophy of pure essences: Destiny, Fortune, Fate, Truth, Honor, Love, Beauty, and other godlike principles which found varying qualities of reflection in the real world where they were stacked up against Malice, Despair, Treachery, Slander, Vanity, Vexation and a host of other nasties. All these combined to comprise the material world, the shadows on Plato's cave which so ill-represented the principle realities behind them.

This was a philosophy drenched in a sense of world-changing Destiny which propelled the changes of the tumultuous 18th century from a society which was rural and home production oriented to an industrialized factory-centered nation, particularly in Britain and America. The Classical philosophy which had been largely upper class was enthusiastically taken up by the burgeoning middle class which with the help of the exploding technology -- iron bridges and canals, factory-made goods, steam-powered everything, and the ubiquitous and mega-talented machine -- could conquer the world.

Conquer the world it did, but at a price -- the price of its own philosophy and beliefs. The individuality inspired by the Muse, driven by destiny, and fueled by freedom made great inventors but lousy factory workers. It was a philosophy to give birth to an age, but not to run it once it was established. Consider the principle themes that run through all of Dibdin's songs:

Destiny and Fate -- whatever happened, whatever the individual did, it was part of the Greater Plan. Pope's "Whatever Is, Is Right" was a manifesto to do your own thing and let others do theirs with a will.

Faith and Loyalty to friend, wife, and country.
Honor and trueness to self were the highest virtues.

Non-materialism -- the world was a plaything, and

money had no intrinsic value except to succour a friend. And anyway, the Greed, Malice, and Vanity of others tended to keep the stuff out of your hands.

Communion Of Drink -- Wine, and for the sailor grog, reigned supreme as the restorer, inspirer, the stuff of communion with your fellow man, the Muse, and Destiny. It was, indeed, the stuff of the gods.

The philosophy is pagan, and Dibdin rarely mentions Christianity or Christians except as hypocrites and folks that ought to better practice what they preach. It was outgoing, confident, generous, and joyous. Just right for ~~an~~ agrarian society that was quickly moving on to unimaginably changing and better things.

The changes, and their results, were unimaginable indeed. As the 19th century dawned, traditional social roles established for hundreds of years were suddenly traded for the new structure of the factory and its squalid life and inhuman pace. Technology brought on a future shock effect more than comparable to today's, and the level of inner uncertainty and anxiety skyrocketed.

One of the first, most noticeable failings of the old philosophy as time progressed was in the use of strong drink. The sale and consumption of liquor increased enormously to the greatest levels in recorded history by the 1820's and 1830's. Previously drink might have been an inspirant, but now it was a drug to drown your anxieties in, and your life along with it. And the factory, despite being one of the causes of the anxiety that brought it on, was no place for drinking.

As goods became more and more standardized, money itself became far more important -- some large British factories had to print their own coinage as the government was too slow to mint enough to keep the steamroller economy of change moving. Honorable or not, this was no place for an inspired profligate such as Dibdin!

In response to a need for a new view of the world which would hold all this new technology and keep society functioning beneath it, a worldwide wave of Christian evangelism struck in the 1830's and 1840's, and by the 1870's, with much backing from the great industrialists and led by firebrands such as Anthony Comstock (in America, for instance), a new philosophy had taken over: what might be called Industrial Capitalist Christianity. Sheer Victorianism, some might call it, but its roots went farther back than that and its tenets the exact opposite of the Classical philosophy that preceded it:

God's Will -- you no longer did as you felt, trusting it to be part of the Plan. You did as you were told, God's word as interpreted by the clergy and funded by the capitalists who backed them.

Loyalty to Purpose -- faith to friend, wife, and country were still necessary, but not good enough in themselves -- they were part of God's Plan as set down in Scripture and interpreted, of course, by you know who.

Materialism -- Money was very important, having become the core of the economy. You worked hard for it, stinting not, because you would then build with it and make more of it. The fact that your superiors got most of it and you very little was immaterial, as it was all going to build God's works on earth. We even converted the heathen all over the world so their goods (under our -- or, rather God's -- direction) could do the same. Generous.

Sobriety -- You just can't do this kind of thing drunk, and since doing it makes you want to do just that, it's forbidden. Prayer and hard work are the substitute.

That's a pretty rough philosophy to live with unless you're on top, but it kept expansionist society in gear for nearly a century, because expansion was its necessary fuel and its reward, which is why it failed after World War II.

But in a climate as philosophically hostile as this, how did Dibdin's sailor songs manage to hang on for so long and remain so popular when all others had been washed away by the new outlook?

The key is socio-mythological and lies both in the nature of the sailor himself and the Nature-based Romantic beliefs of the early 19th century. As technology developed in the 18th century, it became clear that all of the phenomena of the world being studied and developed by rapidly advancing science had one extremely desirable thing in common: energy or power. Once this principle was recognized, the goal was to harness and control as much of this as possible.

The artistic community of the period -- poets, painters, and composers -- recognized this, too, and their main theme became the glorification of the boundless power and majesty of Nature. And anyone who professionally communed with nature -- the sailor, the bucolic farmer or goat-herd -- was caught up by association with the untameable, godlike powers of nature. This was not the first time, either, as in Homeric times and in most cultures since the sailor has

achieved a demi-godlike image, set apart from the rest of mankind because he is spiritually married to the sea and sky and always returns there, rather than to the more humble mortal dwellings of ordinary men.

This historical image of the sailor was isolated and heightened by the developments of the Industrial Revolution as each trade was overtaken by technology and subsequently vanquished its own segment of Nature's realm (and with coal and steam in a very dirty, self-evidently degrading fashion). When every other tradesman had fallen to earth by conquering Nature, the sailor was still high in his special realm under sail cohabiting with Mer. Not really Christian, but not something you mess with, either, as Nature is God's own and therefore her cohabitor especially blessed and protected. And because the sailor had special, set-apart emotional and socio-mythic status, he is forgiven for foibles (as all demi-gods through history are) that would be inexcusable in mortal man, such as drinking, womanizing, and the like.

Thus, while Dibdin's philosophy had become intolerable in all other areas to the general public's beliefs, it was still O.K. when it was about sailors -- and the sheer quality of the writing and the music could thus carry it on for an extended lifetime, exempted for its sins by society at large.

All good things (and bad) come to an end, and even the sailor could not escape the claw of technology and its mythical degradation. Once the network of imperialism (carried, innocently, by the sailor himself) established reliable fuel supply stations for its ships around the world, coal and steam quickly supplanted sail and the clean ~~image of~~ iron men in wooden ships soon became grubby coal-shovelers in iron ships. The mystique of the sailor, which had thrived since the days of Homer, was for the moment dead, and with it Jack Tar's own special bard, Charles Dibdin.

For a brief while, the soldier of Kipling glorification tried to take the place of honor Jack Tar had been driven from -- and the stubborn footman of imperialism did his best to deserve the limelight until World War I sank him in a quagmire of honorless death and battle without glory.

As oil and the turbine engine brought clean power and control back to the navy, the sailor's image was again to rise, during the 1930's and '40's, back to its romanticized, demi-godlike status, but by then sail was gone forever, and the Classical philosophes of a Dibdin were lost in history along with his songs.

There is one thing yet to speculate about concerning the fall into obscurity of so many fine songs about the sailor and the sea. Now that there is such a sea song revival going on, why has Dibdin been avoided -- or has he not yet been rediscovered?

I fear it has been the former, and again a matter of philosophy, that has and will keep this great writer's songs buried for some time to come. As I mentioned earlier, the current philosophy of the pop and folk music listener is to attempt to identify with the song and its singer, rather than enjoy the tune and be stimulated by the words (despite a brief period of that at the end of the 1960's, late Beatles specifically). In order to enjoy Dibdin under these circumstances one would have to identify with the upper class of England and its concepts, something which British and Americans are generally loath to do, and be willing to look on the sailor not as someone to be identified with but as a living allegory after which to pattern one's behavior.

No one is likely to do that, I'm afraid. It is far more the rage to imagine oneself as gutsily heaving and hauling on the line with a bunch of rowdy sailors, singing as you go, and then stash your Martin into the back of your Volvo to return home to the safety the sailor never knew and sip your commercially made British Watney's or unblended Scotch as images of grog lull you to sleep. Aye, that's the pleasure folk festivals are made of: and accompanied by fine Wheatstone concertinas which, *ironically*, doubtless backed more Dibdin tunes than chanteys.

The British folksinger has even more reason to avoid Dibdin, as in public school even this last generation (or so I have it from singer/collector Martin Carthy) the kids were forced to sing Dibdin pieces in choir -- the kiss of death if ever there were!

There are indeed few revivals of middle class popular music (as opposed to classical and folk), and I suppose you must find inspiration in the philosophy expressed as well as the supple and hummable tunes in order to truly enjoy the whole. As being a major part^{of} and influence on ~~the~~ recent sea music (that of the last 200 years), Dibdin should be lent a careful ear, but I find it lamentable that the popular presentiment should prevent him from finding his rightful place in history and in performance.

Some exemplary songs by Dibdin:

Poor Jack -- From Whim Of The Moment, the first of the entertainments, written and performed in Torbay in 1788. It typifies the fatalistic approach to life expressed by all of Dibdin's heroes, most particularly the sailor.

Smiling Grog -- From the same entertainment, it reflects the 18th-century view of alcohol, the complete opposite of the more current view of all drugs as debilitating, immoral, and unChristian.

Tom Bowling -- From The Oddities, produced at the Lyceum in the Strand in 1790. Certainly Dibdin's most famous song and a particular favorite of Henry David Thoreau, among others, long after Dibdin's death. This is as spiritual as this philosophy got, with the other world modeled on the Greek and Roman mold, a rather unspecified place of rest for all, but nothing to reconstruct your life in order to obtain as opposed to the "earned" (as in money) Christian Heaven.

Tom Tackle -- From Castles In The Air, first performed at The Royal Polygraphic Rooms in the Strand in 1793. The quintessential Dibdin attitude towards money -- which is probably why he could never hang onto it for long. It's strictly for enjoying yourself with and helping out your friends, despite the opinions of others more greedy.

Lovely Nan -- From Great News, first produced at The Royal Polygraphic Rooms in the Strand in 1794. This, not Heaven, is what life is played out for. And for the principles themselves, not Nan herself. Should sweethearts prove untrue -- as they often do in Dibdin's songs -- Jack Tar swigs his grog and goes back to Sea with a song.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

heart to glow— 'Tis the tear that be - dews a sol - dier's
grave— the tear that be - dews a sol - dier's grave.

p

For hard and painful is his lot—
Let dangers come, he braves them all;
Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or unobscured doom'd to fall!
Yet, wrapp'd in conscious worth secure,
The world, that now forgets his toil,

He leaves for a retreat obscure,
And quits it with a willing smile,
Then, trave'ler, one kind drop bestow,
'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
Naught ever taught the heart to glow
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

POOR JACK.

ALLEGRETTO.

Go - set - ter to lub - bers and
swabs, d' ye see, 'bout das - ger, and fear, and the like!

POOR JACK.

tight - wa - ter boat and good sea - room give me, And

The first system of musical notation for 'POOR JACK.' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'tight - wa - ter boat and good sea - room give me, And' and features a melodic line with various note values and rests. The piano accompaniment is written in a lower register, providing harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

t'ent to a lit - tle / I'll strike; Though the tem - pest top - gal - lant masts

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics 't'ent to a lit - tle / I'll strike; Though the tem - pest top - gal - lant masts'. The notation includes dynamic markings such as 'f' and 'ff' to indicate volume changes.

smack smooch should smite, And abl - ver each splin - ter of wood, And

The third system of musical notation features the lyrics 'smack smooch should smite, And abl - ver each splin - ter of wood, And'. The vocal melody continues with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the piano accompaniment maintains a steady rhythmic pattern.

abl - ver each splin - ter of wood, Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bows

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page contains the lyrics 'abl - ver each splin - ter of wood, Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bows'. The piece concludes with a final cadence in both the vocal and piano parts.

POOR JACK.

er - ry thing tight, And wa - der reef'd fore - sail we'll scud! A -

The first system of musical notation on the second page begins with the lyrics 'er - ry thing tight, And wa - der reef'd fore - sail we'll scud! A -'. The notation continues from the previous page, showing the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

vast! nor don't think me a milk - sop so soft, To be ta - ken for tri - fies a -

The second system of musical notation has the lyrics 'vast! nor don't think me a milk - sop so soft, To be ta - ken for tri - fies a -'. The vocal line features a prominent melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic foundation.

back! For they say there's a Pro - vi - dence sits up a - loft, - They

The third system of musical notation contains the lyrics 'back! For they say there's a Pro - vi - dence sits up a - loft, - They'. The vocal melody is characterized by a series of descending notes, and the piano accompaniment features a more active rhythmic pattern.

say there's a Pro - vi - dence sits up a - loft, To keep watch for the life of poor

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page has the lyrics 'say there's a Pro - vi - dence sits up a - loft, To keep watch for the life of poor'. The piece ends with a final chord and a fermata over the final note.

POOR JACK.

Musical notation for the song 'Poor Jack'. It consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, beaver, merrry, and such;
 And, my timbers! what liago he'd coil and belay,—
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below;
 And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
 - That Providence takes us in tow:
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll,—for you see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,—
 What argufes sail'ring and piping your eye?
 Why, what a dam'd fool you must be!
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
 Both for scames and lubbers ashore?
 And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 Why you werrer will bear of me more:
 What then?—All's a hazard; come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch
 All as one as a picos of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without off'ring to slash,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Naught's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhimo's my friend's,
 And as for my life, 'tis the King's;
 Even when my time comes, so'er believe me so soft
 As for grief to be taken aback,
 For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

SMILING GROG. OR THE SAILOR'S SHEET-ANCHOR.

Musical notation for the song 'Smiling Grog'. It consists of two staves: a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CON SPIRITO.

S mf

Smil-ling Grog is the Sal - - lor's best

hope, his sheet as - chor, His com - pass, his ca - ble, his log.

That gives him a heart which life's cares can - not can - ker; Though

SMILING GROG.

das - gers a - round him U - nite to con - found him, Though dan - gers a -

round him U - nite to con - found him. He braves them, and tips off his

grog. The grog, on - ly grog, is his rad - der, his com - pass, his

ca - se, No, Ma lo! The sal - ler's sheet an - chor is grog. *Fine.*

SMILING GROG.

What though he to a friend in trust His pris - me -

... key con - ... very, Who to his bond of faith us -

... Just, Cheats him, and runs a - - way! - - What's to be

done? He vents a curse 'gainst all false heart's a

SMILING GOG.

above, Of the re - main . . . der clears his
purse, And then to sea for more, And then to sea for
more. What though his girl, who of - - sea swore To
know no oth - - er charms, He finds, when he re - . .

SMILING GOG.

turns a - - shore, Chapp'd in a ri - - val's arms: - -
What's to be done? - He vents a curse And seeks a kind - er
she; Dun - - ces, gets grog-gy, clears his
purse, Dun - ces, gets grog-gy, clears his purse, And

SMILING GOG.

goes a - - gals to sea. To cross - es
 born, still trust - ing there, The waves less faith - less than the
 fair; There is - to tolls to rush a
 - gals, And stor - - - my per - - - na brave - what then?
 D.C.S.

THE PORTRAIT.

Andantino
 p
 mf
 Cresc.
 pain - ter, with thy hap - pest delight, Per - tray no er - er

TOM BOWLING, POOR TOM, OR THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

MAFST050

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling, The darling of our crew! No more he'll bear the tempests howling, For death has brooch'd him to His form was of the man-licest bean-ty, His heart was kind and soft!

TOM BOWLING.

Faith-ful be-low he did his de-ty, But now he's gone a-loft, But now he's gone a-loft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,—
Ah! many 's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melaancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands!
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd!
For, though his body's woder batchet,
His soul is gone aloft.

TOM TACKLE.

ANDANTE.

Tom

was no - ble, was true to his word,-- If

was - rit bought ti - tles Tom might be my lord; How gal - ly his

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'was no - ble, was true to his word,-- If' and 'was - rit bought ti - tles Tom might be my lord; How gal - ly his'. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes with some rests.

TOM TACKLE.

back through Life's o - cean would sail! Truth fur - nish'd the rig - ging and

Honour the gale. Yet Tom had a sail - lag, W ev - er man

had, That, good as he was, made him all that was bad; He was

pal - try and pi - ti - ful, scur - vy and mean, And the Sir - lag - cut

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'back through Life's o - cean would sail! Truth fur - nish'd the rig - ging and', 'Honour the gale. Yet Tom had a sail - lag, W ev - er man', 'had, That, good as he was, made him all that was bad; He was', and 'pal - try and pi - ti - ful, scur - vy and mean, And the Sir - lag - cut'. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes some dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'.

TOM TACKLE.

acous-drel that ev-er was seen: For so said the girls and the
 lead-boards 'long shore; Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tac-
 kle was poor,—Tom Tac-kle was poor,—Tom Tac-kle was
 poor,—Tom Tac-kle was poor,—Tom Tac-kle was poor,—
 Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tac-kle was poor.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

TOM TACKLE.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word,—
 If merit bought titles, Tom might be my lord;
 How guilty his back through Life's ocean would sail!
 Truth furnish'd the rigging, and Honour the gale,
 Yet Tom had a falling, if ever man had,
 That, good as he was, made him all that was bad;
 He was pelted and pitiful, scurvy and mean,
 And the air's lightest accident that ever was seen;
 For so said the girls, and the landlords 'long shore;
 Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tackle
 was poor!

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galloon,
 And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some
 tunc,
 Tom a trip took to gaol, an old mesmate to free,
 And four thankful printers soon sat on his knee;
 Then Tom was an angel, down-right from heav'n
 sent!

While they'd hands, he his goodness should never
 repeat;—
 Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad
 case,

To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!
 'Why d'ye wonder?' cried one; 'you're serv'd
 right, to be sure;—'
 Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is
 poor!

I bent, you see, vers'd in high maxims and stich;
 But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
 If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see where
 from;

And if'er tar had a good heart, dam'ne! 'twas Tom.
 Yet, some how or 'nother, Tom never did right;
 None knew better the time when to spare or to fight;
 He, by failing a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,
 Sav'd the Commodore's life—then he made such
 rare flip!

And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure;
 I fancy as how 'twas—because he was poor!
 At last an nill abimate, that Tom might hall lead,
 Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
 In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find,
 Rec'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that abook in
 the wind;

He gave him enough through Life's ocean to steer,
 Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no near;
 His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
 What he can to his friends—and may all honest
 hearts,

Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from
 the door,
 Just enough to be gen'rous—too much to be poor!

THE MERRY ARCHERS.

There's in Pleasure's sweet communion,
 Put around the sparkling wine,—

Glory's laurel, charming union,
 With Love's myrtle shall intertwine;
 Spread around the archer's fame;
 Catch th' enthusiastic spark;
 Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
 Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
 The King! and may each Briton aim
 To hit fair Duty's loyal mark!

Our sport's a type of life's condition;
 True archers are the supple bow,
 That takes Truth's ev'ry, round position,
 But bends to nothing mean and low;
 Then bend the bow—that merit claim
 Impell'd by Honour's fervid spark;
 Again the toast—come, fill a brimmer;
 Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
 May knave, that would at Virtue aim,
 Disgrac'd, hit Shame's reproachful mark.

The bowstring is that due subjection
 Which our various passions reins,
 And guides the bent of our affection,
 Till Worth the prize of Virtue gains.
 Draw the string—the bowman's fame
 Acquire, through Emulation's spark;
 Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
 Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
 May Mirth at Honour's target aim,
 And hit fair Pleasure's golden mark!

Our various fortunes are the arrow,
 Which let careful Providence hold
 In even mean, not wide nor narrow,
 And hit the target in the gold;
 Let fly,—deserve the bowman's fame,
 Impell'd by 'Perseverance' spark;
 Round with the toast,—fill up a brimmer;
 Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
 May Industry at Honour aim,
 And hit fair Fortune's golden mark!

Then careful brace the bow, and bend it;
 Prudent draw the string, and wise!
 The arrow pois'd, like lightning send it,
 Hit Honour's mark, and gain Life's prize.
 Spread around the archer's fame;
 Catch th' enthusiastic spark;
 Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
 Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
 The Fair! and may each bowman aim
 To hit, in love, fair Honour's mark!

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

As dulcet sound on ether floats,
 In soft melodious measure,
 Smoothly glide the even notes
 That hush the soul to pleasure.
 Play'd in Care, beset with Pain,
 Haunted by Misery's fell train,

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

The smiling rood to human bliss
Thou court'st your steps,—the myst'ry's this—
He that's content, &c.

Then, custom's blinks, do not say
Fortune can blindly err;
If to her face you miss the way,
'Tis you are blind,—not her.
The even path before us lies
To where her gifts await us;
And he, contentment hath made wise,
Is the true Fortunatus.

The smiling rood to human bliss
Come, then, and tread,—the myst'ry's this—
He that's content, &c.

THE SPORTSMAN IN STYLE.

Don't you see that as how I'm a sportsman in style,
All so klickish, so slim, and so tall;
Why, I've search'd after game, and that many's the
side,

And need no bit of nothing at all;
My license I pocket, my poney I strides,
And I pelts through the wind and the ralls,
And if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the sables,
Leaves the bridle, and holds by the mane;
To be sure, dad at home klicks up so little strife;
But, dabby! what's that? en't it fashion and life?

At sporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the first;
When at Epson last Easter they turn'd out the
stag,

I'm the lad that was roll'd in the dust;
Then they calls me a Ninnon; why? over the fields
There, a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I a chick and a goose tumbled head over heels,
And two mudlarks besides an old woman;
Then let mibery dad klick up sorrow and strife;
I'm the lad that's grateel, and knows fashion and
Ma.

But don't go for to think I serjerts number one;
Often, when my companions with ardour
Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,
I goes and I kints in the larder!
There I sprigs me a woodcock, or flashes a quail,
Or finds pens, as she sits under cover,—
Then so ho! to the barrel, to start me some ale;
And when I have din'd and fed Rover,
Pays my landlord his shot as I ogles his wife,
While the daughter cries out, 'Lord! what fashion
and Ma.'

Then I buys me some game, all as homeward we jog;
And when the folks as how I got 'em,
Though I shotted but once, and then kill'd the poor
dog,
I returns, and then stands to 't, I shot 'em.

So come round me, ye sportsmen that's smart and
what not,

All stylish and cutting a flash,—
When your piece won't kill game, charg'd with
powder and shot,
To bring 'em down, down with your cash;
And if with their jokers and their jerry folks are rife,
Why, dabby! says you, en't it fashion and life?

LIFE'S MASQUERADE.

See! see! to join the revel rout,
All hopping, skipping, prancing,
With squeak and squall, and shriek and shout,
All sorts and sizes prancing—
As old as poles and big as tuns
Three graces lead the revels;
Then devils tame as lambs, and nuns
As impudent as devils.

['Do you know me?—'Oh! yes, excellent
well—you are a fishmonger!—'No, I en't; I am
a Methodist preacher.—'Then I would you were
so honest a man.')

Thus leaving ev'ry care behind,
The pack, staid reason scornin',
Chase pleasures of the night to find
The head-ache of the morning.

See all conditions, sexes, years,
'Tis time to keep the farce on;
A sweating quaker next appears,
And next a drunken parson;

Beaus chatt'ring nonsense loud in peals,
Tumblers and dancers without heels,
And lawyers without nappers.

['Do you know me?—'Oh! yes, very well—
you are Venus.—'Will you be my Mars?—'With
all my soul.—'Come, unmask, and let me behold
the beauties of the Cyprian queen.—'Let us un-
mask together.—'Agreed.—'Oh! plague and
mi-fortune, my husband!—'Oh! hell and the
devil, my wife!')

Thus leaving ev'ry care behind, &c.

At last, to close their noisy mirth,
As fairs to this klick-up,
From the supper-room they issue forth,
And roar, and rant, and klickup!

'My angel!—'What—sounds! pull his nose,—
'I've lost my wig.—'He's spoil'd my clothes!—
'A ring, boo, scoundrel, damine!

['An old clothes-man to call the grand Turk a
scoundrel!—Satisfaction!—'A ring!—'Dabby! I
never boxes.—'Kick him out.—'Yes, I will,
'I was never see any thing so droll in my life.'
'Ah! there'll be murder.—'Arrah, fair that's
right—addresses.—'I'll not miss up
alive—I'll maul the villain.—'Hark forward—
Oh! it's a fine row—dabby! I love a row!')

The pack thus leaving care behind, &c.

LOVELY NAN.

Andantino

Sweet is the ship, that, wa - der sail, spreads

her while bo - som to the gale; Sweet, oh! sweet's the

LOVELY NAN.

slow-ing can,- Sweet, oh! sweet's the slow-ing can;

Sweet to poise the lab'-ring oar, That tugs us to our

na-tive shore, When the boat-swain pipes the barge in man,-When the boat-swain pipes the

barge to man; Sweet, sail-ing with a fav'-rog breeze! But

LOVELY NAN.

oh! much sweet-er than all these,-But oh! much sweet-er

than all these, is Jack's de-light-his love-ly Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle time may rust,-a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall bighten rise!
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was pen'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran,
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted scene,-

None half'd me, woman, child, nor man;
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,-
To moan their loss who hazard naught;
I love to take an honest part,-
Love beauty, with a spotless heart,-
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze!-
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

From the *Victrola Records.*

[A Pastime used at Sadler's Wells, 1777.]

CHORUS OF BACCHANALS.

Come away, come away, come away!
Fons of rapture! come away!
Love and laugh, and sport and play,—
This is Bacchus' holiday.

Now, ere yet the golden sun
All his fiery course hath run,
Ere from the Atlantic steep
His steeds have plung'd into the deep,
I'm waiting, with revelling reel,
A blush about his wat'ry head,—
Festive satyrs, symphs, and fawns,
Through the woods and o'er the lawns
Dance the fleeting hours away,
And carol the departing day!

HOPPICKERS' SONG.

Come, neighbours, away to the hopgrounds, away!
Behold the bright season invite,
Where pleasure attends on the toils of the day,
And labour is crown'd with delight.
Haste, haste, then, and strip, as it befits from the pole,
The fruit that gives vigour and strength to the soul;
Our hearts and our spirits to cheer.
It warms and enlivens the true British beer.
Let innocent mirth to loud harmony raise,
And rapture pour forth all our songs in its praise,—
'Tis the liquor we love—'tis the juice we reverse;
'Tis the spring of our courage—the true British beer.
Content with the riches of Britain's fair ale,
Let the subjects of Britain rejoice!
May no foreign vintage our senses beguile,
No stream of the grape have our voice.
Rich harvests of corn shall their full measure yield,
And the flavour of hops crown the juice of the field!
Sport, pleasure, and love, banish sorrow and fear,
While we toss off our cans of the true British beer!

AWAKE! AWAKE!

EVEN BANISH'D TILL TO-MORROW.

Even banish'd till to-morrow
Be the thought of pain and sorrow;
Bacchus! child of Jove, to thee
All the present I decree—
In thy still, replenish'd bowl
Let me lave my thirsty soul!
Bid thy wreaths my temple twine!
Give me sters—oods of wine!

CARCUS—WHAT IS WINE.

What is wine?—O tell us!
Name its pow'rs, its jovial fellows,
Wine's a great, a mighty treasure,—
'Tis riches, contrage, pleasure!

From *the* is *Mad* for a *husband*.

[Written for Sadler's Wells, 1777.]

THE CHINK.

O! money! thou master of all things below,
(If each chain thout'rt the principal link;
What can purchase a friend, or can buy off a foe,
Or make black appear white, like the chink?)
Your lawyers, physicians—in short, ev'ry tribe,
Who to eat dip the pen in their ink,
Would they write, or advise, or consult, or prescribe,
Were it not for the sake of the chink?
Of men and of women, high, low, great, and small,
'Tis the life, 'tis the victuals, the drink;
'Tis a good universal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the sound of the chink.
No more talk of Cupid,—for thine, far above,
His power to nothing can sink!
I doat to distraction, could have her I love,
Alas! if I had but the chink.

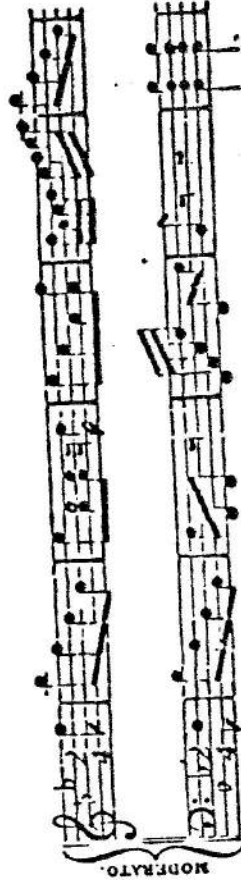
MAD WOMEN.

To be mad for a husband is not a thing new!
The widow who swore to her first to be true,
And the moment he's dead at a rout goes to cards,
And a week after marries Dick Trim, of the Guards,
Because truly Dick was a lusty young lad;—
What a plague! do you call such a woman but mad?
The young lady, brim full of the last new romance,
Who ogles the footman, as if 'twere by chance,
Who gets out of her room by a ladder of ropes,
And at last, with her John, who to Scotland elopes,
Leaving, sore in affliction, her worthy old dad;—
What a plague! do you call such a woman but mad?
She, because he is rich, and because she is poor,
Who weds with a batter'd old rake of fourscore;
She at seventy-seven who marries a boy;
For title and rank, she who barbers all joy;
Those who marry for motives like these, or as bad,—
What a plague! do you call all such women but mad?

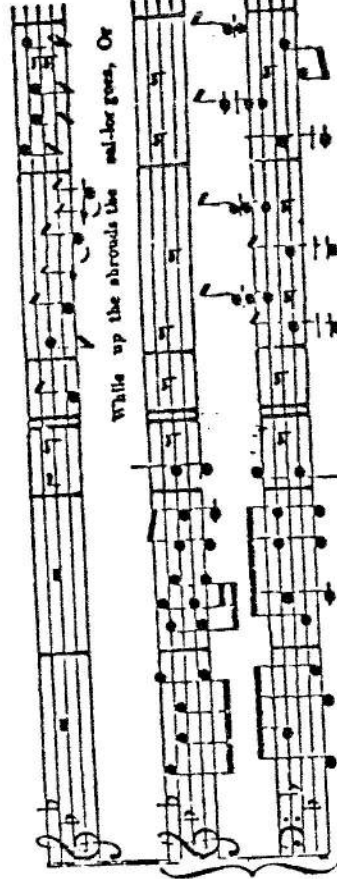
YOUNG DOLL.

Young Doll, a comely village girl,
Was courted by a huge rich 'quire,
Who offer'd diamonds, gold, and peach,
Or gossip Fanie's a wounded liar!
But to honour Doll
Virtue was all,
So he could ne'er get nothing by her!
And for all his gear,
With a flea in his ear,
She pecking seat this huge rich 'quire.
One day, as he had knoling been,
Came 'cross the fields this huge rich 'quire,
On the finest horse that e'er was seen,
And, springing Doll, was all on fire.

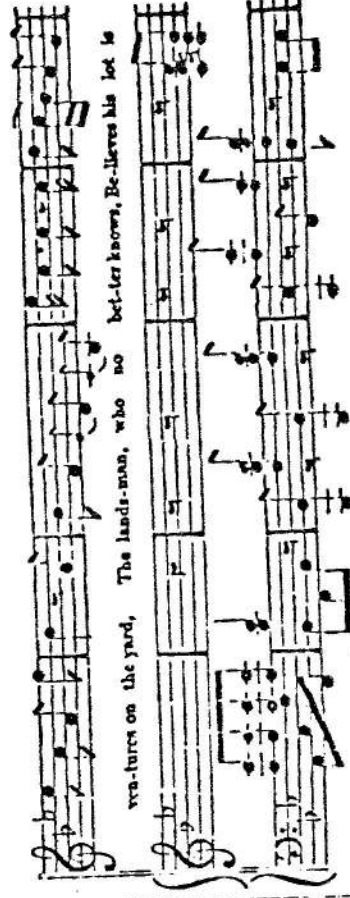
WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.



MODERATO.



Walks up the shrouds the sal-ter goes, Or



va-tures on the yard, The land-man, who no bet-ter knows, Be-lieves his lot is



hard-be- lieves his lot is hard; But Jack with smiles each dan-ger meets, Cauts

Poll, in a fright,
 Saw him alight,
 And ran o'er bramble and o'er briar;
 But in the nick,
 What a cunning trick
 The sly play'd! this huge rich 'squire!
 Flound'ring herself quite overtook,
 She cried out to this huge rich 'squire,
 I fear my father sees us—look
 Over the hedge—a little higher.
 While he upon
 This work was gone,
 Doll mounts his horse, and in the mire
 Of hope bereft,
 She fairly left,
 To curse his stars, this huge rich 'squire.

ALAS! WHERE IS MY LOVER?
 Alas! where is my lover gone?
 In all the world I have but one,—
 Near to my heart his image sits,
 And 'twas for him I lost my wits.
 Where art thou fled, my only dear?
 To find thee they have sent me here!
 Thou'lt cure, they say, these love-sick fits,
 And give me back again my wits.
 Haste, then: to pleasure show the way,
 For now in doubt and fear I stray,—
 My brain with dubious torment splits!
 Haste, then, and give me back my wits.

HYDROPHOBIA.

He ran to the farmyard, and there hit a hog,
 That, in less than ten minutes, bark'd just like a dog!
 The hog bit a horse that was just come from hunting,
 And presently after the horse fell a grunting.
 Such grunting and barking, and barking and
 grunting,
 And grunting and barking, and barking and grunting!
 The village will never have done with the talk on 't,
 Though the wisest man there cannot make bog or
 dog on 't.
 A sue brindle cow near a bystuck was straying,
 Which, bit by the horse, was soon after heard
 neighing!
 The cow bit a man, who was driving a plough,
 When he walk'd on all-fours, and bow'd just like
 the cow.
 Such howling and neighing, and barking and grunting,
 And grunting and barking, and neighing and howling!
 The village will never have done with the talk on 't,
 Though the wisest man there cannot make bog or
 dog on 't.
 The man bit a jackass, that soon after ran
 Half a mile on two legs, and talk'd just like the man!
 The jackass encounter'd a sheep in his way,
 And 'tis not to be mention'd how loud he did bay.

Such baying and talking, and talking and baying,
 And barking and grunting, and howling and neighing!
 The village will never have done with the talk on 't,
 Though the wisest man there cannot make bog or
 dog on 't.
 The sheep bit a wolf, which was soon heard to bleed,
 The wolf more dead things than I've time to repeat!
 But the worst that was bit was, alas! my poor wench!
 Hear 's keep us, say, from mad dogs and the French!
 Such bleating and talking, and barking and baying,
 And grunting and bleating, and howling and neighing!
 The village will never have done with the talk on 't,
 Though the wisest man there cannot make bog or
 dog on 't.

From Ye, Yea, or thy Friendly Carr.
 [Another of the numerous Medical Dialogues written
 for Sadder's Pills during the season 1777. It is still
 in good and deservedly popular vogue.]

WHILE UP THE SHROUDA.

Wintz up the shrouds the sailor goes,
 Or ventures on the yard,
 The landlubber, who no better knows,
 Believes his lot is hard;
 But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
 Costs anchor, heaves the log,
 Trims all the sails, be-lays the sheets,
 And drinks his can of grog.
 When mountains high the waves that swell
 The vessel rudely beat,
 Now sinking in a hollow dell,
 Now qu'ring in the air—
 Bold Jack, he.
 When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar
 You o'er hear him repeat:
 Precizing near Greendale's bay above,
 Or burling near the lee—
 Bold Jack, he.

If to engage they give the word,
 To quarters all repair,
 While splinter'd masts go by the board,
 And sheets sling through the air—
 Bold Jack, he.

YO, YEA.

I sail 's in the good ship, the Kitty,
 With a smart blowing gale and rough sea;
 Left my Puddy, the lads call so pretty,
 Safe here at an anchor, Ye Yeas!
 She Nubber'd salt brans when we parted,
 And cried, 'Now be constant to me!'
 I told her not to be down-hearted,
 So up went the anchor, Ye Yeas!