The Sailor's Delight.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling
To top-sail sheets and halyards fling,
Down your stay-fails quick be hauling,
Your top-sails quickly hand, boys, hand,
Quick let the braces, don't make wry faces,
Your top-sail sheets let go, let go,
Starboard here, tol de ra,
Larboard there, tol de ra,
Turn your quid, take a swear,
Then Yoe, Yoe, Yoe.

As the ship goes so time pass'd,
Life's too short to looke a day;
Charge your guns, boys, fill your glaft's,
For the ship is under weigh.
See how she rolls, heave the lead,
Sound the bowl, mark above water how she goes
Starboard, &c.

Damn fear, 'tis all a notion,
When our time's come we must go;
Ne'er mind the billow's motion,
Tho' the ship heaves too and fro.
See how she rolls, heave the lead,
Sound the bowl, mark above water how she goes
Starboard, &c.

I do as a sailor should do,
When a bit of a song's in the way,
But now 'tis time for me to leave off,
For I can no longer stay.
The French and the Spaniards may please us
With their music and such sort of stuff,
But we Britons have tipe them loud thunder
Which the French have thought music too rough,
See how she rolls, &c.