

CAPTAIN STRATTON'S FANCY.

5.213

Oh, some are fond o' red wine and some are fond
o' white,
And some are all for courting by the pale moonlight,
But rum alone's the tipples and the heart's delight
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond o' Spanish wines and some are fond
o' French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff—fit only for a
wench—
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are for the lily and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows,
For it's that that makes the bonny drink that warms
my copper nose,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond o' dancing, and some are fond o'
dice,
And some are all for red lips and pretty lasses' eyes,
But a round Jamaica puncheon is a finer prize
To the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond o' fiddles and a song well sung,
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue,
But mouths were made for tankards and for sucking
of the bung,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some that's good and godly ones they say that it's
a sin
To trowl the jolly bowl around and make the dollars
spin.
But I'm for running easy and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are sad and wretched men that dress in
silken suits,
And there's a mort o' wicked knaves that live in good
reputes.
So I'm for drinking honestly and dying in my boots
Like an old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

Speaker, 9 May 1903

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