

Sailor's Epitaph;

O R,

Tom Bowling under the Hatches.

To which are added,

T H E P H O E N I X.

'T W A S Y E S, K I N D S I R.

P O O R G A F F E R G R A Y.

T H E P A R A D O X.



Entered according to Order.

THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH;
Or, JACK UNDER THE HATCHES.

Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death hath brought him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

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 the time and oft,
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
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 Fars dispatches,
Tom's life has vainly doft,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

THE PHOENIX.

ONCE more kind Muses it is your duty,
for to infuse me with verse sublime,
My subject surely is now amusing,
as you have choos'd me for to define.

Ye mangling Poets don't dare oppose me,
for now my notions are rais'd on high,
Kind gods support me thro' these my poesies,
in you I glory and still rely.

One pleasant evening for recreation,
as I was ranging down by the shore,
I spied a maiden, a lovely fair one,
I thought her Venus sprung from the foam.

In admiration on her I gazed,
in deep amazement I stood to view,
This second Phoenix exceeding nature,
and for to praise her it is my due.

To you fair Sabra in all her charms,
or chaste Diana can't equalize,
Nor she whom Paris as is recorded,
was pleas'd to order the Golden Prize.

The bright Aurora in all her glory,
or goddess Flora you far outvie,
My brain is roving in sad emotions,
I must adore you until I die.

You are an angel, you're good and pleasing,
your fine behaviour enchanted me,
Your chains are heavy, I'm doom'd to wear
I wish sincerely for liberty. (them,

These wounds you gave me say will you heal me,
you have enslav'd me, now set me free,
It's you can ease me, from bonds release me,
and let me gain my tranquility.

My jewel and darling more fair than morning,
or orient radiant you far outshine,
Your eyes transparent have me alarmed,
I wish my charmer that you were mine.

Your swan-like bosom, your neck including,
your cheeks are blooming vermilion red,
Sure every feature new beauty graces,
and auburn tresses flow from your head.

My breast is loaded with discomposure,
in love-sick motion I now complain,
Sly Cupid sporting at my corrodings,
that brat he glories in giving pain.

Will you relieve me from death reprieve me,
your captive bleeder I now remain,
I'm always weeping and still am grieving,
but its when sleeping of you I dream.

All recreations I'll now resign them,
in silent places I mean to rove.

My prayers completely I'll offer daily,
in adoration near Willow-grove.

Oe supreme Deities, say, will I gain her!
will I obtain her, can I intrude

On you my fairest, what shall I say love,
but that I'm almost crazy for Mary Booth.

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'T WAS YES, KIND SIR.

THE ruddy morn blinks o'er the brae,
As blithe I gade to milk my kine,
When near the winding burn of Fay,
Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een;
A highland lad sae kind me tent,
Saying, Sousey lass, how's a' wi' you?
Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?

'twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

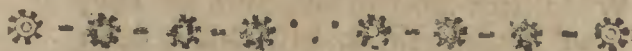
Again he met me i' the e'en,
As I was linken o'er the lee,
To join the dance upo' the green,
And said, blithe lass, I'll gang wi' thee;
Sae braw he look'd in the highland gear,
His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
My heart straight whisper'd in my ear,
Say yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

We danc'd until the gleaming moon,
Ga'e notice that it was time to part,
I thought the reel was done o'er soon,
For ah! the lad had stown my heart;
He saw me hame across the plain.

then kist sae sweet, I vow 'tis true,
That when he ask'd to kifs again,
'twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Grown bold, he prest to stay a' night,
Then gript me close unto his breast,
Hout lad! my mither sair wou'd flyte,
Gif that I grant without the priest;

Sae gang for him, gif ye be leel,
I ken then right what I maun do,
For ask to kifs me when you will,
'twill be, yes, love, and I thank you too.



P O O R G A F F E R G R A Y .

HO! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?

And why does thy nose look so blue?

“ 'Tis the weather that's cold,

'Tis I'm grown very old,

And my doublet is not very new,

Well-a-day &c.

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,

Gaffer Gray,

And warm thy old heart with a glass:

“ Nay, but credit I've none,

And my money's all gone,

Then say how may this come to pass,

Well-a-day!”

Hie away to the house on the brow,

Gaffer Gray,

And knock at the jolly priest's door;

“ The priest oiten preaches,

Against worldly riches.

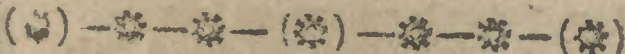
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,

Well-a-day!”

The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Gray,
 Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front,
 " He'll fasten the locks,
 And will threaten the stocks,
 Should he ever more find me in want,
 Well-a-day !"

The 'Squire has good beef and brown ale,
 Gaffer Gray,
 And the season will welcome you there ;
 " The fat beef and his beer,
 And his merry New Year,
 Are all for the flush and the fair,
 Well-a-day !"

My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffer Gray,
 What then, while it lasts man, we'll live ;
 " The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
 Of his morsel a morsel will give,
 Well-a-day !"



T H E P A R A D O X .

WE bipeds made up of frail clay,
 Alas ! we the children of sorrow,
 And though brisk and merry to-day,
 We all may be wretched to-morrow.

For sunshine's succeeded by sorrow,
 Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.

I grant, the best blessings we know,
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
 And lest that your friend prove a foe,
 O taste not the dangerous pleasure.

Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
 And riches and health are a bubble,
 There's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing charming but trouble.

If a man he would point out that life,
 Which appears to him nearest to heaven,
 Let him thank his stars, chuse a wife,
 To whom truth and honour is given.

But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns when they're cutting so single,
 With all due respect to the fair,
 I advise them to sigh and live single.

It appears from these premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly.
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And joy is your true melancholy

Then those who do laugh ought to cry,
 'Tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
 And since we must all of us die,
 We'll taste no enjoyment while living.