

<sup>2</sup>COME MY LADS *THE* WAR IS O'ER,

*an Admired*  
**Song,**

*Written & Composed*  
by

*M<sup>R</sup> DIBDIN.*

*Pr. 1<sup>s</sup>*

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Sy

Come come my Lads the War is o'er, The

Ships all off are pay - ing, Sheets Cables Haul-yards us'd no more, Are

Sy  
up in Ord'n'-ry lay - ing, The



fear-ful dan-gers of the Main give way to bowls and glaf-fes and

jol-ly Sai-lors once a-gain are sport-ing with their Laf-fes are

sport-ing with their Laf-fes are sport-ing with their Laf-fes and

jol-ly Sai-lors once a-gain, are sport-ing with their Laf-fes. sym

2

The Boat-swain who so shrilly pipes,  
 No longer are we hearing,  
 In Dock he toffes of the swipes,  
 At Landlord hoarfely fwearing,  
 The Bottle wars not, nor the Main,  
 (Except while o'er our Glaffes,)  
 We count our Dangers once again,  
 To please our pretty Laffes.

3

Come then my Hearts we've prov'd in War,  
 We dare meet ev'ry tryal,  
 In Peace by our demeanour fair,  
 Let's shew we're subjects loyal,  
 And when the duties of the Main,  
 Demand us from our Glaffes,  
 We'll figh as we prepare again,  
 To leave our pretty Laffes.



## For the Guittar

Come come my Lads the War is o'er, the  
 Ships all off are pay-ing, Sheets Ca-bles Haul-yards uf'd no more, are  
 up in Ord'n'-ry lay-ing, Sy The  
 fear-ful dan-gers of the Main, give way to bowls and glaf-fes, and  
 jol-ly Sai-lors once a-gain, are sport-ing with their Laf-fes, are  
 sport-ing with their Laf-fes, are sport-ing with their Laf-fes, and  
 jol-ly Sai-lors once a-gain, are sport-ing with their Laf-fes.

2

The Boat-swain who so shrilly pipes,  
 No longer are we hearing,  
 In Dock he tosses of the swipes,  
 At Landlord hoarsely swearing,  
 The Bottle wars not, nor the Main,  
 (Except while o'er our Glaffes,)  
 We count our dangers once again,  
 To please our pretty Laffes.

3

Come then my hearts we've prov'd in War  
 We dare meet ev'ry tryal,  
 In Peace by our demeanour fair,  
 Let's shew we're Subjects loyal,  
 And when the duties of the Main,  
 Demand us from our glaffes,  
 We'll figh as we prepare again,  
 To leave our pretty Laffes.