

The SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Composed by Mr DIBDIN.

Andantino



Next morn a storm came on at four,
 At Six, the Elements in motion,
 Plunged me and three poor Sailors mere
 Headlong within the foaming ocean.
 Poor wretches! they soon found their graves,
 For me, it may be only fancy,
 But, love seem'd to forbid the waves
 To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,
 Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
 When a bold enemy appeared,
 And, dauntless we prepared for battle.
 And now while some lov'd friend or Wife
 Like lightning rush'd on every fancy,
 To Providence I trust'd life,
 Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, 'twas in the month of May,
 The crew it being lovely weather,
 At 3 A.M. discover'd day
 And England's chalky Cliffs together.
 At Seven, up channel how we bore,
 While hopes and fears rush'd on our fancy,
 At twelve, I gaily jump'd ashore,
 And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy.

26 • PATRICK'S DAY WITH VARIATIONS.



VAR. 1.



VAR. 2.





BLANCHARD'S HORNPIPE

