





Night came, and now eight bells had rung, While careless Sailors ever cheary, On the mid watch so jovial sung, With emperalabours cannot weary. falittle to their mirth inclind, while tender thoughts rushed on my fancy, And my warm sighs increased the wind, Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial Night When every true bred Tar carouses, When der the grog, all hands delight To toust their Sweethearts & their Spouses; Round went the Cannothe jest, the glos, While tender wishes fill'd each fancy, And, when in turn it came to me, I heaved a sigh and toasted Nancy.

At Six, the Elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor Sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches they soon found their graves,
For me, it may be only fancy,
But, love seemed to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the four hurricane was cleard,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,
When a bold enemy appeared,
And, dauntless we prepared for battle.
And now while some lovd friend or Wife
Like lightning rushd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought on Nancy.

At last, twas in the month of May,
The orew it being lovely weather,
At 3 A.M. discovered day.
And Englands chalky Cliffs together.
At Seven, up channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rushed on our fancy,
At twelve, I gaily jumped ashore,
And to my throlbing heart pressed Nancy.

· PATRICK'S DAY WITH VARIATIONS



