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(6)

Thro' dales and allies, thro' shades and
vallyes,
and all around each lovely grove,
Roll'd in sweet flowers, in shadow bowers
we spent soft hours in mutual love.

Now he has left me, I do not blame him,
because my darling was prest away ;
It was for my fortune my greedy parents
contriv'd to have him sent to sea.

Five thousand pounds left by my uncle,
besides four hundred pounds a-year,
It is for that reason they do disdain him,
as he is below them, my Sailor dear.

May every vengeance be their attendance
that caus'd my darling to cross the main ;
For worldly treasure, and my displeasure,
they parted us for the sake of gain.

Could I command all the wealth in India,
and the gold and silver far and near,
I would soon resign even golden mines,
and in marriage join with my Sailor dear.

My hardened parents gave special orders,
that I should close confined be,
Within my chamber, free from all danger,
or lest I should my darling see.

Tom Bowling the Sailor.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew ;
Nor no more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft ;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his worth 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 blythe and jolly ;
Ah, many's the time and oft !
But mirth is turn'd to meascholy,
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,
To word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who Kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has deff'd ;
For, tho' his body's under batches,
His soul is gone aloft.

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