

ROUND THE MOUSE AND HOME.



WAS off Gravesend, one day, three gallant yachts did lay,
 Three gallant yachts as e'er yet sailed the sea,
 Formosa's feather blue, at her masthead gaily flew,
 Cuckoo and Vanduara on her lee,
 We'd the gun from Commodore, and then five minutes more
 Until our stems were tearing up the foam.
 And our boat sprang to the gale, as she bent down to the rail,
 When sailing round the Mouse, my boys, and Home.

Our mast is strong and tried, loudly our Captain cried,
 And we need not be frightened for the stay,
 So do not let her lag, but carry it or drag
 Now, topsail, boys ! come, quickly hoist away !
 First halyards, then the tack, then sheet well home the slack,
 While waves ahead their silv'ry manes do comb,
 She raised her weather side, while bursting through the tide,
 When sailing round the Mouse, my boys, and Home.

With jib topsail on the stay, 'mid clouds of flying spray,
 We reached like eager greyhounds down the shore,
 Until a creeping sound told us that we'd smelt the ground,
 And the pilot cried "No more ! away ! no more !"
 So luff, good captain, luff ! you've borne away enough,
 No longer now on this tack must we roam,
 Till the tide begins to flow, you must not risk her so,
 When sailing round the Mouse, my boys, and Home.

Rounding the weather-mark the cry was "Homeward Hark,"
 As racing with a ripple at our stem,
 The shrimpers stood amazed, and the bargees wildly gazed,
 Such racing they had never seen on Thames.
 Like water-horses brave, we bounded o'er each wave
 As hunters bound o'er pasture and o'er loam.
 Then, hip-hooray ! well done ! we draw the winning gun,
 When sailing round the Mouse, my boys, and Home.