

THE POLLY HANN MARIAR.

A TRUE STORY OFF MARGATE.

[Dedicated as a warning to those people who are going to teetotalise the launching of ships, and break lemonade-bottles and bottles of zoccone on their bows.]



O bless yer, gent, yer haint got a cent
 To give to a poor old sailor
 Who's got wedged in fast on the sands at last,
 Like an ice-bound, North Sea whaler.
 Seen better days? Lor', I likes your ways ;
 I believe I have never seen worsen.
 Been mate and man in the best as ran—
 Ay, boats, sir, as carried a purser ;
 And bless yer, too, I tells yer true,
 I'd a risen a good bit higher—
 Been a howner, yes ; but I got in a mess
 With the Polly Hann Mariar.

A woman ! ah no, it weren't quite so,
 I ne'er with the girls was a mixin',
 But a werry bad lot of a Gravesend boat
 A sort of a sea-goin' wixen.
 It wasn't just her, yer sees how it were,
 We got into rows o'er a bottle.
 A drop too much? No, sir, not such,
 For I'm sort of a kind teetotal ;
 But a summat for beer, and I'll let you hear
 'Bout that same Gravesend flier,
 Thank you well, I know'd you's a swell
 (Ahem) ! The Polly Hann Mariar.

When I'd been fust mate, I didn't long wait
 Till I passed and was permotted,
 To a fine new ship as lay on the slip
 Which the howners me hallotted.
 She'd a fiddle bow and I can't say how
 Lovely a figger-head on it,

And a face ! oh my ! o'er a figger so spry,
On the top, too, a big brass bonnet ;
She was clinker built, and had lots of gilt,
And didn't I wish I could buy her !
But the She-Shark-Shrew, she did prove untrue,
Did the Polly Hann Mariar.

Well, when down in the yard, I was seein' her sparred
And reevin' the runnin' riggin',
I'd a throat still hot, though nearly a pot,
I had round the corner been swiggin',
All steve and staunch she were ready to launch,
And in horder to be 'andy
In the foreman's house, just under her bows,
There was stowed a bottle of brandy.
The yard was cleared, so I wasn't afeared
Of anyone being nigh her.
"Some water," I says, "is quite good on the ways,"
For the Polly Hann Mariar.

So I burst the door with a spare dog-shore,
And the cork I drew with an auger ;
And with little short nips, then great big sips,
The lot I drank like Laager.
Not a drop I spilled, then the bottle I filled
With the best of good spring water ;
"The bottle she'll break," says I, "by the neck,
Will the howner's lovely daughter.
It's as good,"—but then I stopped and stood.
For there, with an eye of fire,
And a smile and a wink, then a scowl and a blink,
Was the Polly Hann Mariar.

The brandy, you say ! ah, well you may ;
But it weren't just quite that, blow you !—
For from that day long did things go wrong,
All just as I've got for to show you.
The ship all staunch were ready to launch :
From the bows the bottle was hanging ;
And the girl—ahem ! she stood at the stem
While the carpenters' mallets were banging.

The Polly Hann Mariar.

“Down daggers,” was cried, and she raced to the tide
 Like a flash on a tellergram wire ;
 And the bottle was broke, as the girl she spoke,
 The “POLLY HANN MARIAR.”

Alas ! sir, for me, ere right at sea,
 Began the whole of my troubles,
 For my on-shore dreams were nothing it seems
 But sorts of South Sea bubbles.
 She'd buck, and behave o'er the tiniest wave
 Just like a hold wooden tressel,
 And for hangin' in stays in the ugliest ways,
 She were the werriest wessel.
 On her beam ends *too* she'd get, and the *crew*
 Would swear not to stand by her,
 And they'd all of them shirk and refuse for to work
 In the Polly Hann Mariar.

Well, it did come round, we was homeward bound,
 With a cargo from Oporto ;
 When in Biscay Bay she began her old way
 And the same old-fashioned sort o'
 Tricks she'd take, and the water she'd make,
 Till it looked as if she'd founder ;
 And we saw 'twas a case, from the old chip's face,
 As he went to the well for to sound her ;
 And, worst of luck, her pumps wouldn't suck.
 So the water rose higher and higher,
 And we tried to bale, but she sank to the rail,
 Did the Polly Hann Mariar.

Well, to the crews, I says, “ My lads, any ways
 You have got for to wait upon her,”
 But they says, “ Old Salt, it is all your fault,
 You're a regular sort of a Jonahr.”
 So they launched the boat and off they got,
 And left me on board a driftin'
 On a sinkin' craft, so I made a raft,
 As the seas was over me liftin',
 And I got somehow launched under her bow,
 Just as well as one could desire,
 When, blow my gaff, but I heard a laugh,
 From the Polly Hann Mariar.

Well, my hair it riz when I looked in her phiz,
And I saw her ugly pictur.
Says she, " Old chum, my time has come
For to read yer a bit of a lectur.
In my hinfant days when on the ways,
And Archangel tar a-suckin',
My father, good man, a' old ship's husban',
He brought a bottle for luck in.
He says brandy's the thing for a good christening,
And this boat must be a flier.
Some good old Martel, and she's sure to go well,
Will the Polly Hann Mariar.

" Well, many a day it was stowed away,
But I knew the place where it hided,
For I saw it layin' 'neath the window-pane
' East by nor ' o' my starboard eyelid ;
And I kept a watch on that old door-latch,
For fear it should go a-missin' ;
And aye I'd pray for the launchin'-day,
Just to get that father's blessin'.
Yes, I waited hot, with a burnin' throat—
For my mouth it was all a-fire—
Till the bottle they'd smash, and give just a splash,
To the Polly Hann Mariar.

" Well, there came to the yard, jist as I was sparr'd,
An unhang'd son of a sea-cook,
And he broke the door with an old dog-shore,
And out, yes, that brandy *he* took,
Just under my eye. Lor', it made me dry,
For he swallowed all the bottle.
YOU DID ! you swab of an old sea-crab,
For I saw it go down your throttle ;
But I made a vow, and I've got you now
Right unto my heart's desire,
For that water neat (hic) you'll get a treat
From the Polly Hann Mariar.

" Yes (hic), I'm all right here ; I've the best of cheer,
And I feelsh inclined to be merry.
I'm full of port of a right good sort.
And some very (hic) good shorts of sherry.

The Polly Hann Mariar.

But I'm gettin' shick, sho (hic) I'll go (hic) below ;
 (Hic) my voish ish gettin' thicker ;
 For though I knowsh well (hic) I can carry my sail
 I can't just carry my lickier."
 Three jumps then she gave to a passing wave,
 As she tossed her old head higher ;
 Then down stern first she went with a burst,
 Did the Polly Hann Mariar.

Well, I drifted away for a night and a day,
 When somehow I got landed,
 And the Board tried me for losin' at sea
 The ship that I had commanded.
 The liquor, they said, had taken my head—
 Lor' how my eyes they did dilate—
 And that *I* was drunk, *not the ship wot sunk*,
 And suspended my certify-*i*-cate.
 So ne'er now I says send a ship from the ways
 With some stuff as has got no fire,
 For if yer does she'll get wuss, ay, and wuss,
 Like the Polly Hann Mariar.

