

THE SHERIFF'S LIFE AT SEA:

BEING PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A MARITIME SHERIFF.

[See Music in the Appendix.]

HOW gay is the Sheriff's roving life,
 Who from East to West can roam, boys :
 How pleasant, with, or without, his wife,
 To sail for his Island home, boys. (*bis*)
 Roaming here,
 Foaming there,
 Merrily, cheerily,
 Readily, steadily ;
 Many an hour of mirth and glee
 Has the Sheriff's life at sea, my boys.

When the steam is up and the goods are stored,
 And 'tis time to leave the Forth, boys,
 The Sheriff gaily steps on board
 And steers away for the North, boys. (*bis*)

Steering here,
Veering there,
Merrily, cheerily,
Readily, steadily ;
Quite from care and business free
Is the Sheriff's life at sea, my boys.

But the vessel breasts the eastern breeze,
And St Andrews Bay is near, boys ;
And the Sheriff tries to look at his ease,
Though he feels a little queer, boys. (*bis*)
Pitching here,
Twitching there,
Cheerily, wearily, '
Ruefully, woefully ;
Much inclined to make Dundee
Is the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

Then the vessel nears to Aberdeen,
And the plot is growing thick, boys :
On dinner bent the rest are seen,
But the Sheriff's fairly sick, boys. (*bis*)
Cooking here,
Puking there,
Drearily, wearily,
Groaningly, moaningly ;

Plain it is he don't agree
With a Sheriff's life at sea, my boys.

Yet afloat once more, when the waves are calm,
He tempts the treacherous main, boys ;
And the Sheriff cures the coming qualm
With a glass of good champagne, boys. (*bis*)
 Quaffing here,
 Laughing there,
 Cheerily, merrily,
 Readily, steadily ;
Quite intent upon a spree,
Is the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

But the zephyr soon becomes a gale,
And the straining vessel groans, boys ;
And the Sheriff's face grows deadly pale,
As he thinks of Davy Jones, boys. (*bis*)
 Thinking here,
 Sinking there,
 Wearily, drearily,
 Shakingly, quakingly ;
Not from fear or sickness free
Is the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

So the Sheriff here must needs resign,
For his inside's fairly gone, boys :

And he calls for a glass of brandy-wine,
And to bed with his gaiters on, boys. (*bis*)
Lying here,
Dying there,
Drearily, wearily,
Groaningly, moaningly ;
Prostrate laid by fate's decree
Seems the Sheriff now at sea, my boys.

But a joyful strain awakes the Muse,
Which will quite efface the past, boys ;
For the Mail-boat brings the joyful news
That promotion's come at last, boys. (*bis*)
Cheering here,
Jeering there,
Merrily, cheerily,
Readily, steadily :
Fear and sickness far may flee,
For the Sheriff quits the sea, my boys.

NOTE.—This song, describing the imaginary voyage of a Scotch Sheriff to his maritime dominions, was written as a parody on the song of "The Sailor's Life at Sea," which was one of the lyrics so delightfully sung by Professor Wilson. Another parody, in a different style, and by a different but certainly not an inferior hand, appeared in the Magazine under the title of "The Bagman's Life on Shore," May 1838.