

'N' "mother," the looney cackles, "come 'n' put Willy to bed!"

So I says "Dry up, or I'll fetch you a crack o' the head";
"The ketche's a-bilin'," he answers, "'n' I'll go butter the bread"

'N' he falls to singin' some slush about clinkin' a can,
'N' at last he dies, so he does, 'n' I tells you, Jan,
I was glad when he did, for he weren't no fun for a man.

'So he falls forrard, he does, 'n' he closes his eye,
'N' quiet he lays 'n' quiet I leaves him lie,
'N' I was alone with his corp, 'n' the cold green sea and the sky.

"N' then I dithers, I guess, for the next as I knew
Was the voice of a mate as was sayin' to one of the crew,
"Easy, my son, wi' the brandy, be shot if he ain't comin'-to!"