

'We rigged up a tackle, a purchase, a sort of a shift,
To hoist the boats off o' the deck-house and get them
adrift,
When her stern gives a sickenin' settle, her bows give a
lift,

'N' comes a crash of green water as sets me afloat
With freezing fingers clutching the keel of a boat —
The bottom-up whaler — 'n' that was the juice of a
note.

'Well, I clammers acrost o' the keel 'n' I gets me secured,
When I sees a face in the white o' the smother to looard,
So I gives 'im a 'and, 'n' be shot if it wasn't the stooard!

'So he climbs up forrard o' me, 'n' "thanky," a' says,
'N' we sits 'n' shivers 'n' freeze to the bone wi' the sprays,
'N' *I* sings "Abel Brown," 'n' the stooard he prays.

'Wi' never a dollop to sup nor a morsel to bite,
The lips of us blue with the cold 'n' the heads of us
light,
Adrift in a Cape Horn sea for a day 'n' a night.

'N' then the stooard goes dotty 'n' puts a tune to his
lip,
'N' moans about Love like a dern old hen wi' the pip —
(*I* sets no store upon stooards — they ain't no use on a
ship).