

(h) "The Old Navy" - - - - - C. V. Stanford

The captain stood on the carronade :
 "First Lieutenant," says he,
 "Send all my merry men aft here,
 For they must list to me !
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons,
 Because I'm bred to the sea ;
 That ship there is a Frenchman,
 Who means to fight with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs,
 Long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought against every odds,
 But I've won the victory."

"That ship there is a Frenchman,
 And if we don't take she,
 It's a thousand bullets to one
 That she will capture we.
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys,
 So each man to his gun ;
 If she's not mine in half-an-hour,
 I'll flog ev'ry mother's son !

And odds bobs, etc."

We fought for twenty minutes,
 When the Frenchman had enough ;
 "I little thought," said he,
 "That your men were of such stuff."
 Our Captain took the Frenchman's
 sword,
 A low bow made to he ;
 "I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur,
 But polite I wish to be.

And odds, bobs, etc."

Our Captain sent for all of us ;
 "My merry men," said he,
 "I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads,
 But yet I'll thankful be :
 You've done your duty handsomely,
 Each man stood to his gun ;
 If you hadn't you villains, as sure as day
 I'd have flogg'd ev'ry mother's son.

And odds bobs, etc."

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

4. SONGS

- (a) "Parting" - - - - - Rogers
 (b) "You and I" - - - - - Liza Lehmann
 (c) "Ni Jamais, ni Toujours" - - - - - Old French
 (d) "The Danza" - - - - - Chadwick

MRS. DOROTHY HARVEY

5. SONGS - Traditional Irish Melodies - - - - -

MR. PLUNKET GREENE

- (a) "The Gentle Maiden" - - - - - Arranged by Arthur Somervell

There's one that is pure as an angel,
 And fair as the flowers of May,
 They call her the gentle maiden
 Wherever she takes her way.
 Her eyes have the glance of sunlight,
 As it brightens the blue sea wave,
 And more than the deep sea treasure,
 The love of her heart I crave.

Though parted afar from my darling,
 I dream of her everywhere,
 The sound of her voice is about me,
 The spell of her presence there.
 And whether my prayers be granted,
 Or whether she pass me by,
 The face of that gentle maiden
 Will follow me till I die.

HAROLD BOULTON.

- (b) "Little Mary Cassidy" - - - - - Arranged by Arthur Somervell

Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery
 The reason that I am not now the boy I used to be ;
 Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
 Sure half the country-side's as lost for her as me.

Travel Ireland up and down—hill, village, vale and town—
 Girl like my "cailing donn" * you'll be looking for in vain ;
 Oh, I'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy
 Than Emperor, without her, be o'er Germany or Spain.