

WHEN JACK'S ASHORE.

For the best of friends there's parting,
And for some 'tis woeful sad,
But you never need apply it
To a flirting sailor lad.

Up and down on Charlotte Street, all alone they go,
Soon will come the Winter winds,—raw with
sleet and snow—
Girls, away with Summer togs, and your love affair,
Jack's now in another Port, with a new girl
there.