

# On Board a Ninety-Eight

Anon

Violin

A bold press - gang sur - roun - ded me, Their war - rant they did  
show, And said that I should go to sea; And face the da - ring  
foe. So off they lugged me to the boat, O how I rued my  
fate; 'Twas then I found that I must float on board a Nine - ty - Eight.

When first I put my foot on board,  
How I began to stare,  
Our Admiral he gave the word,  
“There is no time to spare.”  
They weighed their anchor, shook out sail,  
And off they bore me straight,  
To watch the foe in storm and gale,  
On board a Ninety-Eight.

Now as time fled I bolder grew,  
And hardened was to war;  
I'd run aloft with my ships' crew,  
And valued not a scar.  
So well I did my duty do,  
Till I got boatswain's mate  
And then soon got to boatswain too,  
On board a Ninety-Eight.

So years rolled by, at Trafalgar  
Brave Nelson fought and fell;  
As they capsized that hardy tar  
I caught a rap as well.  
To Greenwich College I came back,  
Because I saved my pate;  
They only lost a wing off Jack  
On board a Ninety-Eight.

So now my cocoa I can take,  
My table is well stored,  
With my blue clothes and three-cocked hat  
I'm happy as a lord.  
I've done my duty, served my king,  
And now I bless my fate,  
But really I'm too old to sing,  
I'm nearly ninety-eight!