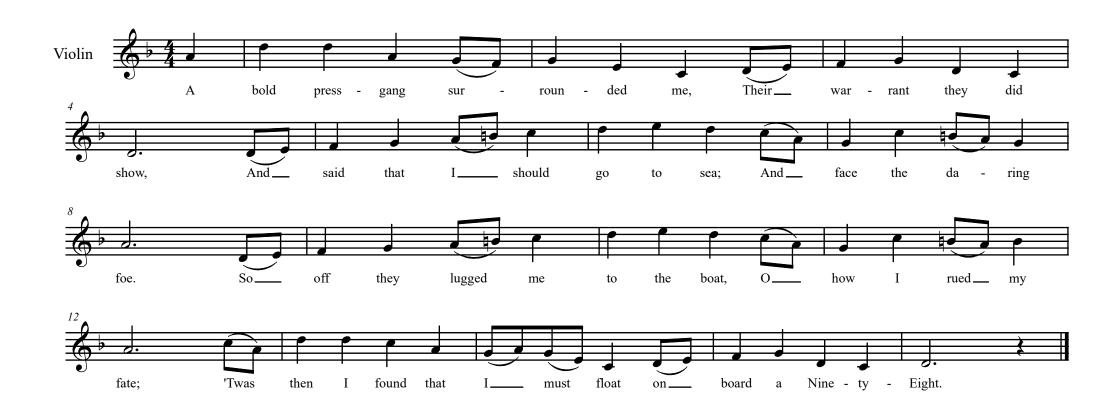
On Board a Ninety-Eight



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, So well I did my duty do, 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. 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!

Anon