

## Tom Bowling

T. DIBDIN

*Andante*

1. Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew, No  
 2. Tom nev-er from his word de-part-ed, His vir-tues were so rare, His  
 3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleas-ant weath-er, When He who all com-mands Shall

more he'll hear the tem-pest howling, For death has broach'd him to. His form was of the  
 friends were ma-n-y and true-heart-ed, His Poll was kind and fair; And then he'd sing so  
 give, to call life's crew to-geth-er, The word to pipe all hands; Thus Death who kings and

man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and soft, . . . Faith-ful be-low he  
 blithe and jol-ly, Ah! many's the time and oft; . . . But mirth is turn'd to  
 tars dis-patches, In vain Tom's life has doff'd; . . . For tho' his bod-y's

*cres.*

did his du - ty, And now he's gone a - loft, . . And now he's gone a - loft.  
mel - an - cho - ly, For Tom has gone a - loft, . . For Tom has gone a - loft.  
un - der hatch - es, His soul has gone a - loft, . . His soul has gone a - loft.

*cres.*

Pirates' Chorus

*Moderato* BALFE

*p* Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's heart!

Long be thy reign, O'er land and main, By the glaive, by the chart, Queen

of the Pirate's heart! Queen! Ev - er be hap - py and light as thou art, Pride of the Pi - rate's

*f* heart! Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart! *ff* Pride, pride of the Pi - rate's heart.