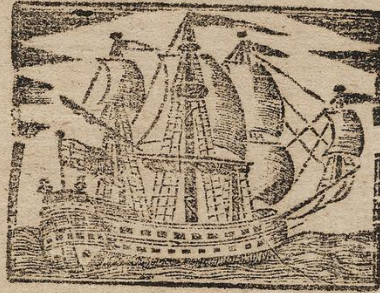


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THE
Faithful Sailor.

Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH, at
VAUXHALL.

THE topmasts shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea,
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For tho' thy sailer's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Shou'd landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O! doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailer ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales,
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we find,
More fatal than the rocks or waves;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers and not slaves.
No foes can ever us subdue,
A:tho' we leave our hearts with you.

These are the cares, but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main;
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
'Till we return again.
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu.