

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline  
Tom Bowline

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For death has broach'd him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below, he did his duty,  
And now he's gone aloft.

2. Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare,  
His friends were many, and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair:  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,  
Ah, many's the time and oft!  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He, who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,  
For, though his body's under hatches,  
His soul has gone aloft.