

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Tom Bowling

Tom Bowling
(Charles Dibdin)

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

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 turn'd to melancholy
For Tom is gone aloft
For Tom is gone aloft

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 despatches
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd
For tho' his body's under hatches
His soul is gone aloft
His soul is gone aloft

Charles Dibdin (1745-1814)

Dibdin wrote a great many popular songs in his time
(over 1000, apparantly) and contributed more than most
to the development of the Pantomime.

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