

Tom Bowling.

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poor Tom Bowl - ing, The dar - ling of our crew; No
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tem - pest howl - ing, For death has broached him to. His
form was of the man - liest beau - ty, His heart was kind and soft;
Faith - - ful be - low he did his du - - ty, But
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loft, _____ but now he's gone a - - loft.
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling
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,
But now he's gone aloft.
But 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 has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatches
His soul has gone aloft.
His soul has gone aloft.