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Jack and the Bear Skin

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JOE THE MARINE.

London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Publisher,
177, Union-street, Boro'. S. E.

POOOR Joe the marine was at Portsmouth well known,
No lad in the corps dress'd so smart,
The lasses ne'er looked on the youth with a frown,
His manliness won every heart.
Sweet Polly of Portsea he took for his bride,
And surely there never was seen
A couple so gay—march to church side by side,
As Polly and Joe the marine.

The bright torch of Hymen was scathed in a blaze,
When thundering guns they heard rattle,
And Joe in an instant was forced to the sea,
To give a bold enemy battle.
The action was dreadful, the ship a mere wreck,
Such slaughter few soldiers have seen,
Two hundred brave fellows lay strowed on the deck,
And among them poor Joe the marine.

But victory faithful to brave British tars,
At length put an end to the fight,
Then homeward they steered, full of glory and scars,
And soon had famed Portsmouth in sight:
The ramparts were crowded the heroes to greet,
And foremost poor Polly was seen,
But the very first sailor she chanced for to meet,
Told the fate of poor Joe the marine.

The shock was severe, quick as lightning's forked dart,
Her poor head with wild frenzy fired,
She flew from the crowd, softly cried, "My poor heart,"
Clasped her hands, faintly sighed, and expired.
Her body was laid 'neath a wide spreading yew,
And on a smooth stone may be seen,
"One tear-drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,
For Polly and Joe the marine."



JACK AND THE BEAR SKIN !

Act:—"One Horse Chay."

A SAILOR and his lass sat o'er a parting glass,
For the tar had volunteered to go to sea,
At the sailing signal flying, the lovely lass was sighing,
Saying, I fear you'll never more come back to me.
My heart is cold to fear, that you, my sailor dear,
In the perils of the battle and the sea should be;
O, says he, you'll not be cold, when your own sailor bold,
Will bring you back a bear skin from the Baltic sea.
With glory soon did Jack from the Baltic sea come back,
With such a lot of bear skins, that the proud city
With a gold box did present him, and likewise compliment
him,
With the freedom of the ancient skimmers' company.
Then he went to find the girl that he had left behind,
Won't she be glad to see me, bless her heart, says he,
When she proves her sailor blade, kept the promise that
he made,
To bring her back a bear skin from the Baltic sea.
When Jack to her appeared with a most enormous beard,
And his head of hair transmogrified him so, you see,
That his sweetheart never knew him, till at her feet he
threw him,
All rolling on a bear skin from the Baltic sea.
Says Jack, I see, my eyes! the cause of your surprise,
You wonder that your sailor should so hairy be,
But my hair did thus increase with using of bear's grease
Such a quantity we slaughtered in the Baltic sea.
Then Jack gave her a smack, and the girl she cried,
good lack! (she;
You're rougher than a sweeping-brush, I vow, says
O, says Jack, 'twas rather rougher, how we made the
bears to suffer,
When we were sweeping of the Baltic sea.
Says she, what will they do, for the bears that you
Have exhausted so much? O, says Jack to she,
With hair they won't want rigging, for we gave them
such a wiggling,
As will last them for some time in the Baltic sea.

GO.