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For I can Drink and Fight a Little

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FOR I CAN DRINK, AND FIGHT A LITTLE.

1
 MY Father was a sailor
 bold,
 As e'er steer'd ship, or help'd to
 rig it,
 And I myself since nine years
 old,
 Have sail'd aboard the Tartar
 frigate,
 I'm call'd Ben Block, wher'er I
 goes,
 A seaman, and a lad of met-
 tle,
 I loves my friends and bangs my
 foes,
 For I can drink, and fight a
 little.

2
 The last time I com'd home from
 sea,
 I married Sall, of Deptford Broad-
 way;
 As nice a wench as need to
 be,
 But somehow she has got an odd
 way
 Of sniv'ling, 'cause I've lost a
 limb,
 Lord knows, one's timbers are but
 brittle;
 And Mounseer's dous'd my lar-
 board glim;
 What then, I drinks, and fights
 a little.

3
 The French, they says, soon mean to land,
 And with them, Mounseer Bounaparte:
 Then come, my boys, let's bear a hand,
 And give 'em a reception hearty,
 I thinks we'll shew the lubbers Fun,
 Up with your hearts, my lads of mettle,
 A British sailor scorns to run,
 While he can drink, and fight a little.