

THE BRONCHO OF THE SEAS

By WILLIAM HALE

LUFF an' reef, my bloomin' lan'sman,
Here's a shot acrost your bows,
Whilst I stan's an' tells ye civil
O' the properest thing in scows.

Ye may jaw, you loony lubber,
'Bout your bronze yachts trig an' tight,
An' your little tom-fool raters
As what gives a chump delight.

But heave to, my poor lan'lubber!
It's God's truth, 'twixt you an' me,
Ye knows nothin' about vessels,
An' still less about the sea.

Take your very stiffest sea-bo'ts
That blue water ever finned,
They ain't in it with a dory
In a livin' gale o' wind;

An' the gamest, narviest hosses
That is raised upon the land
Can't compare with ontamed dories
Full o' mettle, sarse, an' sand.

Honest, when it comes to business,
An' the combers 'round ye flow,
There ain't nothin' like a dory,
Ridin' out a 'tarnal blow.

If so be ye pulls to wind'ard
With a blizzard 'gin your back,
An' a hundred thousan' hell dogs
Frothin', growlin' in your track,

It's the dev'lish, duckin' dory
Buried in the flyin' foam
As what fills a man with ginger,
An' what makes him feel to home.

So the properest bo't, you lubber—
If ye 're pleased, or if ye ain't—
Is the one that saves a sinner
From becomin' of a saint.

An' I 'lows tha ablest critter
In a screechin', slewin' breeze
Is the bouncin', buckin' dory,
Tricky broncho o' the seas!