

MARKS'S EDITION.

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
JOHNNY  
NEWCOME.



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LONG LANE SMITHFIELD.





# ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME IN THE NAVY.



Young Johnny Newcome from the shore,  
Now leaps into the boat,  
The Seaman ply the ready oar,  
The Boatswain pipes his note,  
The less'ning vessel quits the pebbly strand,  
While the sad Mother's weeping on the land.





Behold young Johnny in a Middy's berth,

Laughs at the merry joke ;

He revels gay 'mid fun and mirth

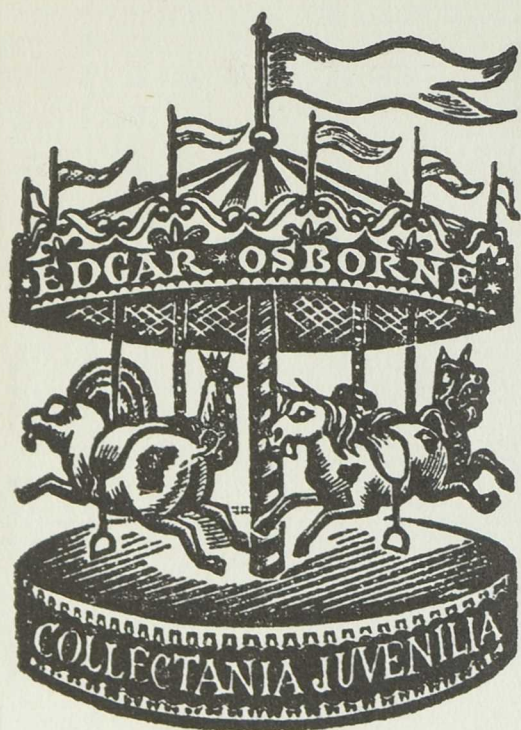
And learns to drink and smoke.

Then as he's scudding o'er the sea

He sings a Sailor's life for me.









But now the vessel broadside too,

Pours in a raking fire,

The deck assumes a sanguine hue,

John burns with brave desire.

The Pirate's deck he essays quick to gain

And cuts the ruffian Renegade in twain.

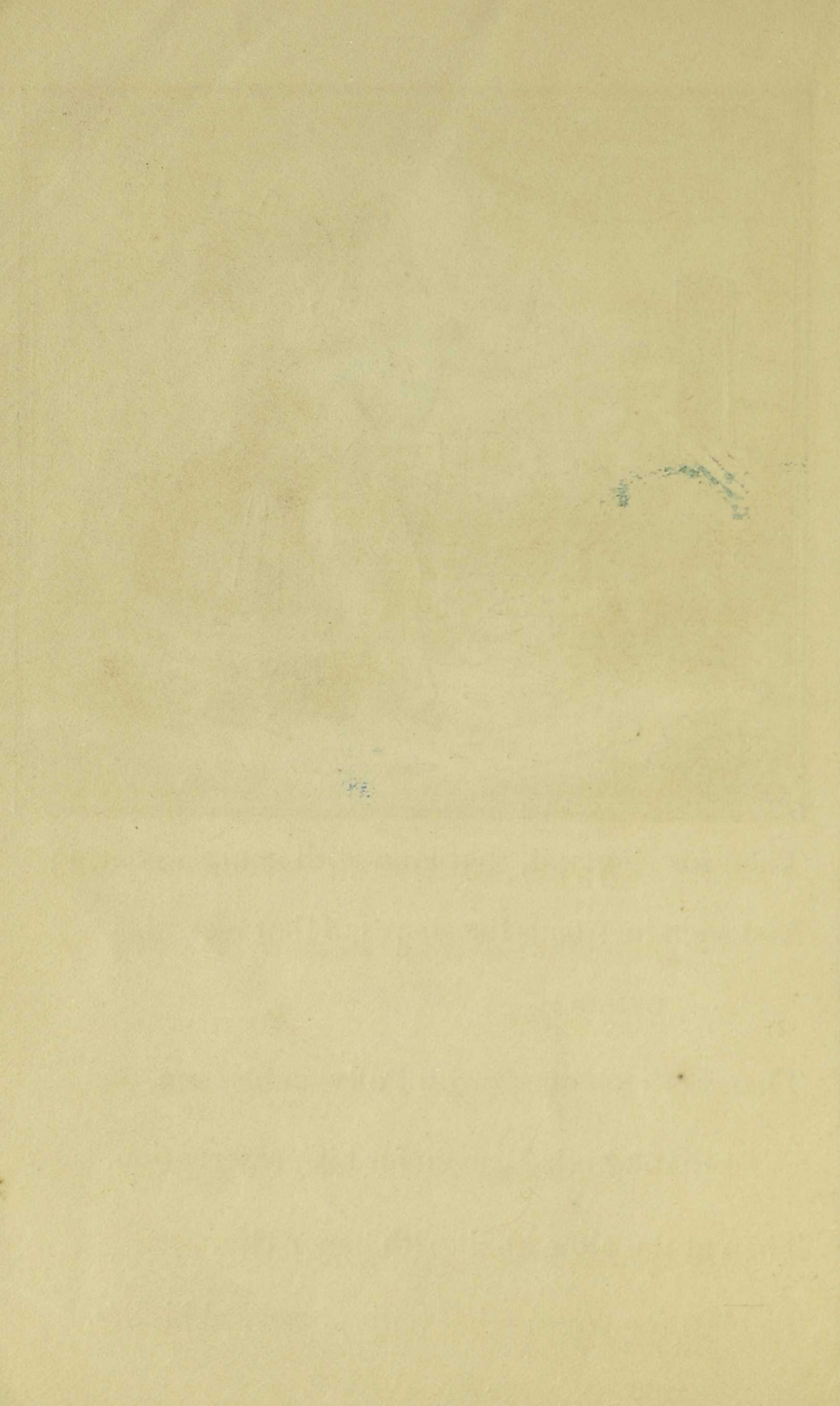




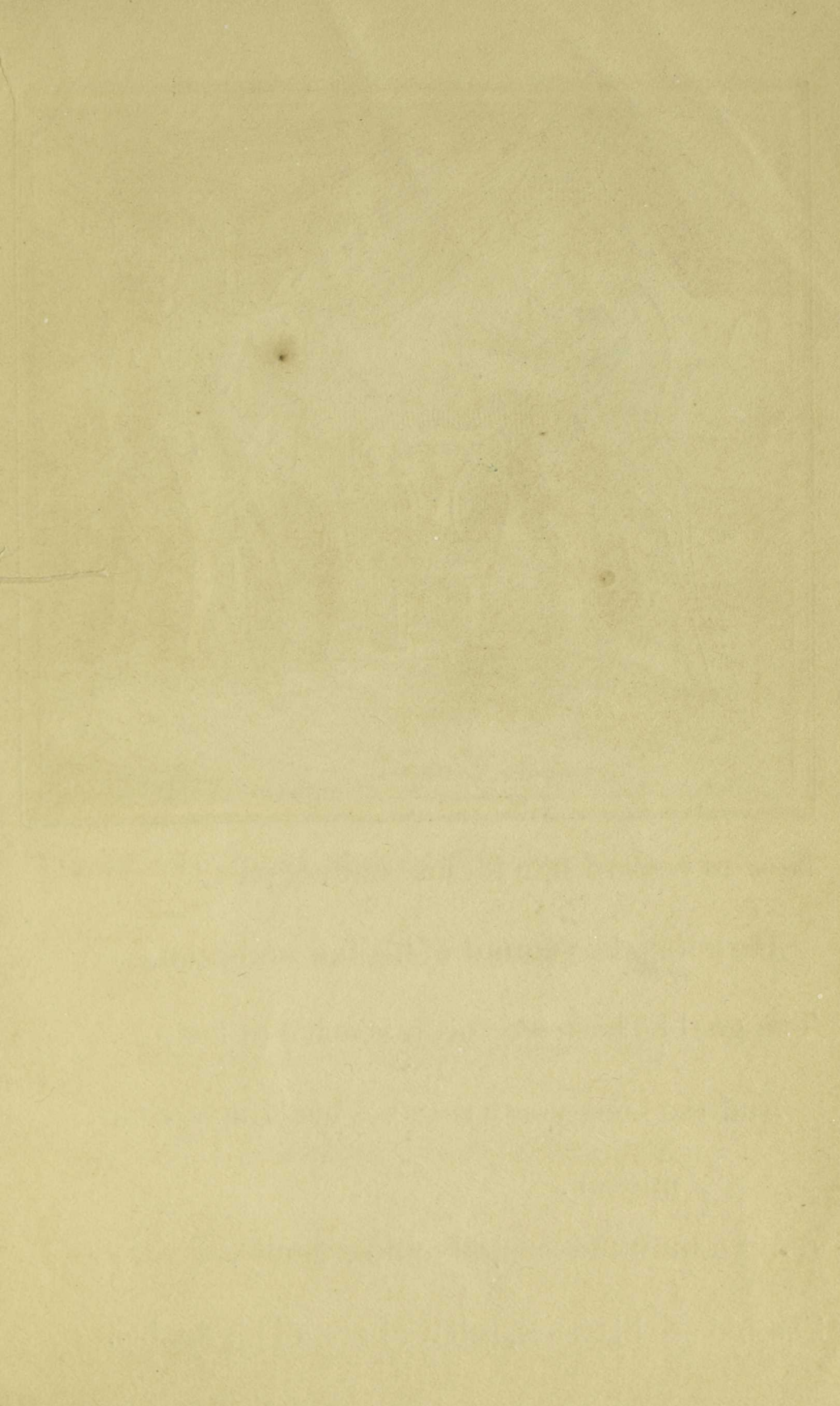
Then for England, that land with many a charm ;  
And soon he treads the shores of that bless'd  
nation ;

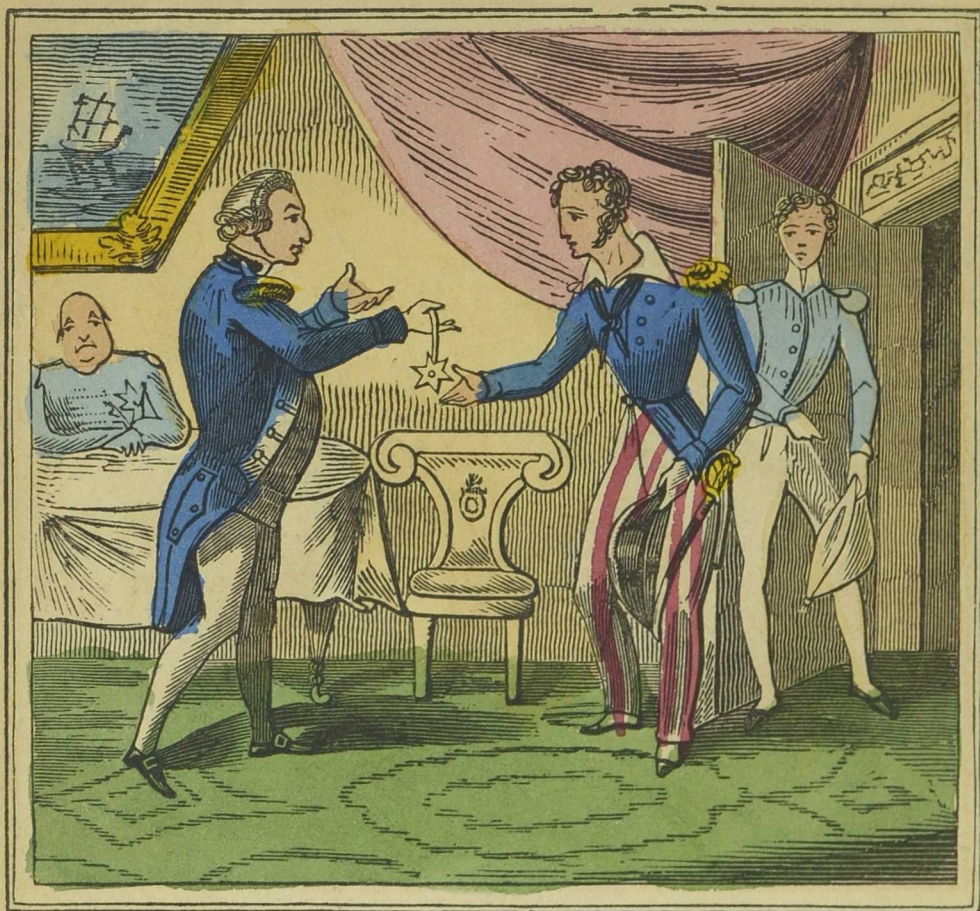
Then goes to church with Polly on his arm,  
To thank high Heaven for his preservation.

Then at the altar knelt with honor rife,  
To bless the powers that hath preserved his life.









Now to reward him for his conduct past,

He gains the summit of his fair ambition,

The goal he hasten'd for, is reach'd at last,

And the blest youth receives his King's com-  
mission.

Amid a multitude's applauding shouts,

Sooth'd are his fears, relieved are all his doubts.





The stormy Petrel sings her boding song,

The sea-beat Boat now breasts the surgy wave,

Under bare poles, she scuds forlorn along,

And many a Seaman finds a watery grave.

And now she founders with a dreadful shock,

And Newcome's thrown upon a sterile rock.









Now in a dungeon pent, he sighs forlorn,

Thinking, alas! on happy days gone by ;

For Wife and Children he doth loudly mourn,

And wails their fate with many a bitter sigh.

Deeply confined in foreign dungeon-keep,

For joys departed vainly doth he weep.





Escaped from peril, and from foes' detention,

How bless'd the Mariner appears to be,

Laid up at Greenwich with a Seaman's pension,

His little pratlers cradled by his knee ;

With timber toe, one eye, he glides through life,

Safe moor'd in harbour with his smiling wife.



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