

Tom Bowling

TYG 84

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crew; No more he'll hear the temp - est how - ling for
death has broached him to. His form was of the man - li - est beau - ty, his
heart was kind and soft, Faith - ful be - low he did his duty, but
now he's gone a - loft, but now he's gone a - loft

1. Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling, the darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling for death has broached 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.
2. Tom never from his word departed, his virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted, his Poll was kind and fair,
Ah, then he'd sing so blithe and jolly, a-many's the time and oft,
But mirth has changed to melancholy, now Tom has gone aloft, now Tom has gone aloft.
3. 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 dispatches, in vain Tom's life has doffed,
For though his body's under hatches his soul is gone aloft, his soul is gone aloft.