

The Flowing Cannon

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The Flowing Can

By DIBDIN

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Allegretto

A Sailor's life's a life of woe he works now late now early now up now down now

to an' fro what then he takes it chearly blest with a smiling can of grog thoud duty call to

rife or fall to fate last verge hell jog the cadge to weigh e sheet belay he does it with a

with to heave the lead or to cat head the pondrous ancor fish for while the grog goes

round all fenest of dangers drownd we despise it to a man we sing a little and

laugh a little and work a little & swear a little and sing a little & laugh a little and work a little and

I wear a little and fiddle a little and foot it a little and swing the flowing can and

fiddle a little and foot it a little and swing the flowing can and swing the flowing

can and swing the flowing can

2

If howling winds and roaring seas
 Give proof of coming danger
 We view the storm our hearts at ease
 For Jacks to fear a stranger
 Blest with the smiling grog we fly
 Where now below
 We headlong go
 Now rise on mountains high
 Spight of the gale
 We furl the sail
 Or take the needful reef
 Or man the deck
 To clear the wreck
 To give the ship relief
 Tho perils threat around
 All sense of dangers drown'd
 We despise it to a man
 We sing a little &c.

3

But yet think not our lot is hard
 Tho storms at sea thus treat us
 For coming home a sweet reward
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us
 Now too the friendly grog we quaff
 Our amrous toast
 Her we love most
 And gaily sing and laugh
 The sails we furl
 Then for each girl
 The petticoat display
 The deck we clear
 Then three times cheer
 As we their charms survey
 And then the grog goes round
 All sense of danger drown'd
 We despise it to a man
 We sing a little &c.