

6<sup>th</sup>.

The last request our Captain asked  
It seemed to give him pain,  
He said preserve my body  
I ask you in Gods name.  
My life is lost upon the deep  
But my body with you shall remain.  
To return to the green hills  
Of America again.

7<sup>th</sup>.

'Twas on the 17<sup>th</sup> of September  
Our gallant Captain he did die,  
And the Colors at our mizzen  
They floated half mast high,  
In honor of Brave Cromwell,  
Whose loss his crew doth moan.  
May the Heavens protect them  
Untill to New Bedford they arrive.

8<sup>th</sup>.

Overwhelmed with grief upon the deep  
We reached the Sandwich Isles,  
The Mate became our Captain,  
And upon us now he smiles,  
Saying weigh your anchor my brave Boys.

And every sail sheet home,  
Once more plough the watery world  
And shoot through sparkling foam.