

Jack Hinks

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v1.0

Ye mus- es, so kind, that are guid- ed by wind, On the
 o- cean as well as on shore, As- sist a poor "bard" how to
 han- dle his "card", With- out ceas- ing where bil- lows do
 roar. Not of Cu- pid he sings, nor of coun- try nor kings, Or of
 an- y such tri- fles he thinks. But of sea- far- ing, sail- mak- ing
 gam- bol- ing, Ca- per- ing, grog- drink- ing he- ros like Hinks.

Part of Southern Cross set: Southern Cross/Jack Hinks/Homeward Bound.

Playing Notes: none.

Jack Hinks (from various Gerald S. Doyle books)

1. Ye muses, so kind, that are guarded by wind,
 On the ocean as well as on shore,
 Assist the poor bard to handle his card,
 Without ceasing where billows do roar;
 Not of Cupids he sings, nor of country nor kings,
 Or of any such trifles he thinks,
 But of seafaring, sailmaking, gamboling,
 Capering, grog-drinking heroes like Hinks.
2. When Jack comes on shore he has money galore,
 And he's seldom cut short of a job,
 He can dress as well as many can tell,
 With a good silver watch in his fob;
 Poor Jack in his life was ne'er plagued with a wife,
 Though sometimes with lasses he links,
 He's a seafaring, sailmaking, gamboling,
 Capering grog-drinking hero, John Hinks.
3. When inclined for to spend he walks in with a friend,
 And with pleasure he sits himself down,
 He tips off his glass as he winks at the lass,
 And he smiles when she happens to frown;
 Like a rattling true blue when the reckoning comes due,
 On the table the money he clinks,
 This seafaring, sailmaking, gamboling,
 Capering grog-drinking hero, Jack Hinks.
4. Bound home the other fall we fell in with a squall,
 Near the northern head of Cape Freels,
 We were cast away without further delay,
 At the thought now my spirit it chills;
 We were cast upon rocks like a hard hunted fox -
 Of death and destruction he thinks,
 That seafaring, sailmaking, gamboling,
 Capering grog-drinking hero, Jack Hinks.
5. Oh, Jack without fail was out in that same gale,
 As the ship on her beam ends did lay,
 Old Neptune did rail while he handled all sail -
 And they had their two spars cut away;
 But Providence kind who so eases the wind,
 And on seamen so constantly thinks,
 Saved that seafaring, sailmaking, gamboling,
 Capering grog-drinking hero, Jack Hinks.
6. Oh, death it will come like the sound of a drum,
 For to summon poor Jack to his grave,
 What more could he do for you all know 'tis true,
 'Tis the fate of both hero and slave;
 His soul soars afloat so doleful and soft,
 While the bell for the funeral clinks,
 Oh, peace to that seafaring, sailmaking, gamboling,
 Capering, grog-drinking hero, John Hinks.

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