

A poem by Lord Byron (regarding his voyage from Falmouth)  
Falmouth Roads – June 30<sup>th</sup>, 1809 [published in 1830]

1

Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,  
Our embargo's off at last  
Favourable breezes blowing  
Bend the canvass oer the mast,  
From aloft the signal's streaming  
Hark! the farewell gun is fired,  
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,  
Tell us that our time's expired  
Here's a rascal  
Come to task all  
Prying from the custom-house;  
Trunks unpacking  
Cases cracking  
Not a corner for a mouse  
Scapes unsearched amid the racket,  
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

2

Now our boatmen quit their mooring  
And all hands must ply the oar;  
Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
We're impatient -- push from shore --  
"Have a care! That Case holds liquor  
Stop the boat--I'm sick--oh Lord!"  
"Sick, Maam! damme, you'll be sicker  
Ere you've been an hour on board."  
Thus are screaming  
Men and Women  
Gemmen, Ladies, servants, Jacks,  
Here entangling  
All are wrangling  
Stuck together close as wax,  
Such the genial noise and racket  
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

3

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the Captain  
Gallant Kidd commands the crew,  
Passengers *now* their berths are clapt in  
Some to grumble, some to spew,  
"Heyday! call you that a Cabin?  
Why 't is hardly three feet square  
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in,  
Who the deuce can harbour there?"

"Who, Sir? plenty  
Nobles twenty  
Did at once my vessel fill."  
"Did they? – Jesus!  
How you squeeze us  
Would to God, they did so still,  
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket  
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet."

4

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?  
Stretch'd along the deck like logs  
Bear a hand -- you jolly tar you!  
Here's a rope's end for the dogs,  
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses  
As the hatchway down he rolls  
Now his breakfast, now his verses  
Vomits forth & damns our souls,  
Here's a stanza  
On Braganza  
Help! -- A couplet --no, a cup  
Of warm water,  
"What's the matter?"  
Zounds! my liver's coming up,  
I shall not survive the racket  
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.

5

Now at length we're off for Turkey,  
Lord knows when we shall come back,  
Breezes foul and tempests murky  
May unship us in a crack,  
But, since life at most a jest is  
As Philosophers allow  
Still to laugh by far the best is,  
Then laugh on -- as I do now.  
Laugh at all things  
Great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore,  
While we're quaffing  
Let's have laughing  
Who the devil cares for more?  
Some good wine, & who would lack it?  
Even on board the Lisbon Packet?