Once was a ploughman a sailor am now. No lark that aloft in the

The Lucky Escape
Charles Dibdin
Ever fluttered his wings to give speed to the plough was so gay and so careless as

I, Was so gay and so careless as I. But my friend was a carfin-do a-

board a king's ship, and he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip, And he talked of such things as if
Lucky Escape

sailors were kings, and so teasing did keep, and so teasing did keep, that I left my poor plough to go

ploughing the deep. No longer the horn called me up in the morn, no

longer the horn called me up in the morn. I trusted the car-fin-do and
2.
I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the Jolly tars, I lik'd [bumbo]{rum} & flip,
But I did not like rocking about.
By & by came a hurrican, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a {good} Sailor laid flat;
Ah! cried I who would roam.
That like me had a home,
When I'd sow & I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor [plough] {plow} to go [ploughing] [plowing] the deep,
Where {sweetly the horn call'd me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted the Carfindo & the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go & leave my dear behind.}{&c}

3.
At last safe I landed & in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay,
Ere I found [by] {out} a friend who I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead & my wife ran away:
Ah who but thy self, said I hadst thou to blame,
Wives loosing their husbands oft loose their good name.
Ah why did I roam when so happy at home.
I could sow and could reap,
[ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep,
When so sweetly the horn call'd me up in the morn,
Curse light upon the Carfindo & the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go & leave my dear behind.}{&c &c}

3.
Why if that be the case, said this verry same friend,
and you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
Dads alive & your Wife's safe at home.
Stark staring with joy I lept out of my skin,
Buss'd my wife, mother, sister & all of my kin.
Now cried I let them roam who want a good home,
I am well so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep.
Once more shall the horn [call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any dam'd Carfindo nor the inconstant wind,
E're tempt me for to go & leave my dear behind.}{&c &c &c}

Transcribed by G. Dooley from version published by Carr's Musical Repository, Philadelphia. This arrangement has been transposed from the original key of G, and the last beat of bar 22 and all of bar 23 have been transposed down an octave. The original spelling and most of the original punctuation have been retained.
The manuscript version in Jane Austen's House Museum (3:22) does not contain the words enclosed in square brackets. Where applicable, the words from Austen's MS are included in curly brackets. NB. Austen substitutes 'carpenter' for 'carfindo' in verse 1.