

CAPTAIN

# GLEN'S

Unhappy Voyage to  
New Barbary;

To Which is added, the excellent Song of

*The Tempest.*



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# THE SHIP OF FAME:

OR,

## *Captain Glen's Unhappy Voyage.*

There was a ship and a ship of fame,  
Launch'd off the stocks, bound to the main  
With a hundred & fifty brisk young men  
Was pick'd and chosen every one.

William Glen was our Captain's name  
he was a bold and a brisk young man;  
as bold a sailer as e'er went to sea,  
and he was bound to New Barbary.

The first of april we did set sail,  
blest with a pleasant and prosperous gale,  
for we were bound to New Barbary,  
with all our whole ship's company.

We had not sailed a league but two,  
till all our whole ship's jovial crew,  
they all fell sick but sixty-three,  
as we went to New Barbary.

One night the Captain he did dream,  
there came a voice which said to him,  
prepare you and your company  
to-morrow night you must lodge with me.

This wak'd our Captain in a fright,  
It being the third watch of the night;  
Then for his boatswain he did call,  
and told to him his secrets all.

When I in England did remain,  
the holy Sabbath I did profane;  
in drunkness I took delight,  
which does my trembling soul affright!

There's one thing more I do rehearse,  
which I shall mention in this verse,  
a squire I slew in Staffordshire,  
all for the love of a Lady fair.

Now 'tis his ghost I am afraid,  
that hath me so much terror bred;  
altho' the King has pardon'd me,  
he's daily in my company.

O worthy Captain, since 'tis so,  
no mortal of it e'er shall know;  
so keep this secret in your breast,  
and pray to God for to give you rest.

They had not sailed a league but three  
till raging grew the roaring sea;  
there rose a tempest in the skies  
which fill'd our hearts with ~~terror~~ ~~horror~~

Our main-mast sprung by break of day,  
 which made our rigging all give way,  
 which did our seamen fore afright,  
 the terrors of that fatal night.

Up then spoke our foremast man,  
 as he did by the foreyard stand,  
 he cried, the Lord receive my soul,  
 so to the bottom he did fall.

The sea did wash both fore and aft,  
 till scarce one sail on board was left;  
 our yards were split and our rigging tore,  
 the like we never saw before.

The boatswain then he did declare  
 the Captain was a murderer;  
 which did enrage our whole ship's crew,  
 our Captain over board we threw.

Our treacherous Captain being gone,  
 immediatly there was a calm,  
 the winde did cease and the raging sea,  
 as we went to New Barbary.

Now when we came to the Spanish shore  
 our goodly ship for to repair,  
 prepartle all were amaz'd to see  
 to-morrow night you'll see,

But when our ship was in repair  
 to fair England our course did steer;  
 but when we came to London town,  
 our dismal case we then made known.

Now many wives their husbands lost,  
 whom they lamented to their cost,  
 which caus'd them to weep bitterly,  
 these tidings from New Barbary.

A hundred and fifty brisk young men,  
 did to our goodly ship belong;  
 of all our whole ships company  
 our number was but sixty-three.

Now seamen all where'er you be  
 I pray a warning take by me,  
 as you love your life still have a care,  
 you never sail with a murderer.

'Tis never more I do intend  
 for to cross o'er the raging main;  
 but I'll live at peace in own country,  
 and so I end my tragedy.

## THE TEMPEST.

**C**EASE, rude boreas, blust'ring railes,  
 List ye landsmen all to me;  
 Messmates hear a brother sailor,  
 sing the dangers of the sea.  
 From bounding billows first in motion,  
 when the distant whirlwinds rise;  
 To the tempest troubled ocean,  
 where the seas contend with skies.

Mark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
 by top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand;  
 Down top-gallants—quick—be hauling,  
 down your stay sails, hand boys hand.  
 Now it freshens, set the braces,  
 the lee-top-sail-sheets let go;  
 Luff, boys luff, dont make wry faces,  
 up your top-sails nimbly chie.

Now, all you on down-beds sporting,  
 tonaly lock'd in beauty's arms;  
 Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,  
 safe from all but love's alarms:  
 Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 think what fears our minds enthrall;  
 Harder yet, it still blows harsher,  
 hark, again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yard point to the wind boys,  
 set all clear to reef each course;  
 Let the fore-sheet go, dont mind boys,  
 tho' the weather should be worse;  
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,  
 reef the mizen, see all clear;  
 Hands aloft, each preventer-brace set,  
 man the fore-yard, cheer, lads cheer.

Now the dreadful thunders roaring,  
 peals on peals contending clash;  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash:  
 One wide water all around us,  
 all above us one black sky;  
 Different deaths at once surround us,  
 hark, what means yon dismal cry!

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out  
 o'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck;  
 A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,  
 call all hands to clear the wreck:  
 Quick the kinnards cut to pieces,  
 come my hearts be stout and bold;  
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,  
 Four feet water's in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating  
 we for wives or children mourn;  
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,  
 alas! to them there's no return!  
 Still the leak is gaining on us,  
 both chain-pumps are choak'd below;  
 Heaven have mercy here upon us,  
 for only that can save us now!

On the lee-beam is the land boys;  
 let the guns o'er board be thrown;  
 To the pump come every hand boys,  
 see, our mizen-mast is gone.  
 The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,  
 we've lightned her a foot or more:  
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,  
 the rights, the rights boys wear off shore!

Now once more on joys we're thinking,  
 since kind fortune's fav'd our lives;  
 Come, the can boys let's be drinking,  
 to our sweethearts and our wives:  
 Fill it up—about ship wheel it,  
 close to the lips the brimmer join;  
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it?  
 none—our danger's drown'd in wine.

*FINIS.*