

6
The Unhappy Voyage of
CAPTAIN GLEN;

To which are added,

Wellington's Address.

The Birks of Aberfeldy.



STIRLING.

Printed by W. Macnie.

1825.

CAPTAIN GLEN.

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

William Glen was their captain's name,
He was a brisk and tall young man,
As bold a sailor as went to sea,
And he was bound for 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's night you must lodge with me

This wak'd the captain in a fright,
 It being the third watch of the night,
 Then for his boatwain he did call,
 And told to him his secrets all.

When I in England did remain,
 The holy Sabbath I did profane,
 In drunkenness 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 the ghost, I am afraid,
 That hath to me such terror bred;
 Altho' the King hath 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 to give you rest.

We 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 great surpris!

Our mainmast sprung by break of day,
 Which made our rigging all give way,
 And did our seamen sore affright,
 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 aboard was left ;
 Our yards were split and our rigging tore,
 The like you never saw before !

The boatswain then he did declare;
 The captain was a murderer !
 Which so enraged the whole ship's crew,
 The captain overboard they threw !

Our treach'rous captain being gone,
 Immediately there was a calm ;
 The winds did calm, and the raging sea,
 As we went to New Barbary.

Now when we came to the Spanish shore,
 Our goodly ship for to repair,
 The people all were amaz'd to see
 Our dismal case and misery !

So when our ship was in repair,
 To fair England our course did steer ;
 And when we came to London town,
 Our dismal case we then made known !

For many wives their husbands lost,
 Whom they lamented to their cost ;
 Which caused them weep bitterly
 These tidings from New Barbary.

A hundred and fifty brisk young men,
 Did to our goodly ship belong ;
 Of all our whole ship's company,
 There now remain'd 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.

O never more I do intend
 To cross o'er the raging main,
 But live in peace in my own country,
 And so I end my tragedy.

WELLINGTON'S ADDRESS.

Britons bould, though Britons few,
 On the plains o' Waterloo ;

Britons heroes, always true,
 To rights and liberty.
 Fire your blood, my vet'ran boys ;
 Usurpation's yoke despise ;
 Slavery fa's and slavery dies
 Before brave British play.

See the haughty tyrant comes,
 See his darling warlike sums,
 Hear the rattling o' his drums
 To tie sweet Freedom's swry.
 We'll divert him wi' the charms
 O' our swords, and o' our arms ;
 In his ear we'll strike our thairms,
 That Britons shall be free.

Tho' his guns like thunders roar ;
 Fight like lions as before ;
 Conquer o'er or kiss the gore,
 That welcomes bravery,
 See, the lightning's flashing by,
 Darkning black the loursing sky—
 Traitor turn and coward fly,
 March, heroes, on wi' me.

Europe's pest and Europe's foe,
 See his lang decisive blow,

See his deadly overthrow,
 Frae thrones and monarchy.
 Soldiers—heroes o' renown,
 Laurels fresh await our crown,
 Liberty is Britain's owr.
 Then forward, win her plea.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonny lassie will ye go,
 To the birks of Aberfeldy.

Now summer bliks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
 Come let us spend the lightsome days,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
 The little birdies blythely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,

C'eshung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flower
White are the linnas the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

FINIS.