

# THREE SONGS

Captain Glen's u  
Voyage.

The Blanch Fie

The Cheering Bowl

Captain Glen's unhappy voyage to New  
Barbary.

**T**HERE was a ship and a ship of fame,  
Launch'd off the stocks bound to the main,  
With an hundred and fifty brisk young men,  
Were pick'd and chosen every one.

William Glen was our Captain's name,  
He was a brisk and a tall young man,  
As bold a sailor as e'er went to sea,  
And he was bound for New Barbary.

The first of April we did set sail,  
Blest with a sweet and a pleasant gale,  
For we we were bound to New Barbary,  
With all our whole ship's company.

We had not sailed a day but two,  
Till 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 and said to him,  
Prepare you and your company,  
To-morrow night you'll lodge with me.

This wak'd the captain in a fright,  
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 drunkennes I took delight,  
 Which doth my trembling soul affright.

There is one thing more I shall rehearse,  
 Which I shall mention in this verse,  
 A 'Squire I flew in Staffordshire:  
 All for the sake of a lady fair.

Now 'tis his ghost I am afraid,  
 That hath to me such terror bred,  
 Although the king has pardoned me,  
 He is daily in my company.

O worthy captain since it's so,  
 No mortal of it e'er shall know:  
 So keep your secret in your breast,  
 And pray to God to give you rest.

They had not failed a league but three,  
 Till raging grew the roaring sea  
 There rose a tempest in the skies,  
 Which fill'd our hearts with great surprise.

Our mainmast sprung by the break of day  
 Which made our rigging all give way,  
 This did our seamen sore affright,  
 The terrors of that fatal night.

Up then spoke the foremast man,  
 As he did by the fore-mast stand,  
 He, cried Lord have mercy on my soul,  
 So to the bottom he did fall.

The sea did wash both fore and aft,  
 Till scarce one soul on board was left,  
 Our yards were split and our rigging tore,  
 The like was never seen before.

The boatswain then he did declare,  
 The captain was a murderer,  
 Which did enrage the whole ship's crew,  
 Our captain over board we threw.

Our treacherous captain being gone,  
 Immediately there was a calm,  
 The winds 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,  
 The people were amaz'd to see,  
 Our dismal case and misery.

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

Now many wives their husbands lost,  
 Which they lamented to to their cost,  
 And caused them to weep and cry,  
 These tidings from New Barbary.

An hundred and fifty brisk young men,  
 Did to our goodly ship belong,  
 Of all our whole ship's company,  
 Our number was but seventy-three,

Now seamen all where'er you be,  
 I pray a warning take by me.  
 As you love your lives still have a care,  
 That you never sail with a murder.  
 'Tis never more I do intend,  
 For to cross over the raging main,  
 But I'll live in peace in my own country,  
 And so I end my Tragedy.

The BLANCH Frigate.

You Frenchmen don't talk of your fighting,  
 Nor talk of great deeds you have done,  
 Do you think that old England you'll fright-  
 As easy as Holland and Spain. (ten.)  
 We listen and laugh at your threaten;  
 Your boasting and valour advance  
 Since your boasting Le Picque has been taken,  
 By the brave jolly tars of the Blanch.  
 They sail'd from the Bay of Point Peter,  
 Four hundred and fifty on board,  
 And we were all ready to fight them,  
 To conquer or die was the word.  
 Then the cans of good liquor was flowing,  
 We gave them three cheers to advance,  
 And courage in each heart was glowing,  
 For cowards ne'er sail'd in the Blanch.

The night then advancing upon us,  
 The moon did afford us some light,  
 Each star with lustre was shining,  
 To keep the French frigate in sight,  
 All hands keep close by their quarters,  
 And our ship through the water did launch  
 While the grog flew about in full bumper  
 Among the brave tars of the Blanch.  
 The fight made the sea seem on fire,  
 Each bullet distractedly flew,  
 Britannia her sons did inspire  
 With courage that damp'd the French crew  
 Saying cowards now surely must die,  
 Whilst over them death turns the lance  
 And our balls repeat as they fly,  
 Fight on my brave tars of the Blanch.  
 When Faulkner resign'd his last breath,  
 Each gave a tear and a sigh,  
 Saying sorrow was found at his death,  
 With hurrying he read deep and died.  
 But like Wolf then with victory crown'd,  
 At his death he cried ne'er mind my chance  
 Put like gallant heroes fight on,  
 Or expire by the name of the Blanch.  
 Bold Wilkins his place soon supplied,  
 And like a bold actor engag'd,  
 His guns with more judgment to guide,  
 For the death of his captain engag'd:

And how could he his fury allay,  
 While the LePicque alongside did advance  
 For our three mast being shot away,

When we rapp'd her close to the blanch  
 Our foremast and mizen being gone.

The Frenchmen they thought us their own  
 And with Vvie Republic they sung

We thought they would never have done,  
 And we join'd in their song of dismay,

With a song that made them all dance,  
 And not a false note was there play'd.

By the jolly brave tars of the Blanch.

When they found 'twas in vain for to stand,

They cried out for quarter again,  
 Although the advantage they had,

Still Britons are lords of the main.

So pass round the grog let it pass,

Since they found us true hearted & staunch  
 And each lad with his favourite lass,

Drink success to the tars of the Blanch,

*The cheering Bowl.*

COME, join me, iika social soul,

Wha tastes o' cheering pleasures,

Behold the reaming nappy bowl,

An' hearken to its treasures.

The cauld unctling heart it warms,

The wisest head it brightens;

It makes us bear affliction's storms,  
 And ilka joy it heightens  
 When lads an' lassies chance to meet,  
 At bridal, fair, or dancing,  
 The smile o' love is ne'er fae sweet,  
 Till Nappy's well advancing.  
 But then ilk billy grasps his lass,  
 The pliable and grunting,  
 Aa' tooming out the tither glass,  
 They're roaring an' they're ranting.  
 An' when the glow o' youth is gane,  
 An' sober sense re-plac'd it,  
 In time o' need folk's unco fain,  
 For friendly aid to taste it.  
 An' winter gay wi' frosty scoul,  
 An' ev'ry power distending,  
 Is melted by the kindly bowl,  
 An' looks like simmer shining.  
 There's some will cant an' mak a wark,  
 An' canna pree a drap o't;  
 But when alane, or in the dark,  
 Can sweetly toom a cap o't.  
 But we in love and friendship free,  
 Will round the table hand it,  
 I'll drink to you, and you to me,  
 As lang's we're fit to stand it.