

Captain Aubrey's Love Song

By Tim Gulson

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When you hove in view you took my wind away,
Course made good and beating for the bay,
Hull-up a point abaft my beam,
Clean-lined, spry and weatherly.

So I beat to quarters,
And I cleared fore and aft;
Ran out my larboard battery,
Sent the lobsters to the masts.

Then I put my helm right over
And sent her hard a lee,
And wore down on an intercept
To engage you still at sea.

But instead of making sail
And running for the Mile,
You luffed right up and gave me
A broadside with your smile

And as we closed you raked my deck
With grape-shot from your eyes.
Your carronades and chasers
Flung hot iron at my sides.

My sails all hung in shredded rags,
My rudder shot to splintered scrag,
No headway on,
Mainstays unspun.
Becalmed,
In irons,
I floated there:
a pummelled,
battered,
helpless,
bobbing
Prize.

Then you boarded me.

And carried me by storm.

So I struck my colours.

And I surrendered up my sword.

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