

The Captain's Apprentice



Come all you men throughout this nation
I will have you warning take by me
Don't be like me ill-treat your servants
When you sail on the raging sea.

This boy was bound to me apprentice
This boy was bound to me, I say,
From Saint Giles's Workhouse I hailed him
For this poor boy was motherless.

One day this boy he did offend me
But little to him I did say,
To the mizzen-top I hauled him
And kept him there all that long day.

His hands, his feet they were exhausted.
His arms, his legs, they were likewise.
With my marlin-spike I cruelly gagged him
Because I could not bear to hear his cries.

With my log-line I cruelly beat him,
So cruelly I can't deny.
Through my cruel and bad ill-treatment
The very next morning this poor boy died.

So now my men, they do eject me,
To think that I have done so wrong.
In my cabin they closely confin-ed me
And brought me to London in an iron strong.

So now my trial do come over
And here lay I condemned to die.
If I had 'a' been my manners been ruly
I might have saved the poor boy's life and mine.