

THE BARQUE SHIRBURNIA

Through the mists of ages past, o'er the sea of time,
She has sailed upon her course, stately and sublime.
Vessel this of ancient fame,
For a king designed her frame;
Brother, would'st thou learn her name?
'Tis the barque 'Shirburnia.'

Whiter than the foam that flies, did she put to sea;
Years have passed and nought have sullied this her purity.
Strive we all through storm and stress
To maintain her spotlessness!
Heaven will then our service bless
On the barque 'Shirburnia.'

Other vessels move with ours, sisters in one fleet,
Training up their country's sons evil to defeat.
May we sail with them along,
Fight for Right and conquer Wrong,
For the strife may we be strong
On the barque 'Shirburnia.'

God, do Thou direct her course, choose for us her goal,
Safe our barque in sun and storm if Thou her helm control.
Steer her all her dangers through,
Though the tempests round her brew;
Keep her sailors staunch and true
To the barque 'Shirburnia'!

Words by Kenneth Bassett Tindall (1884-1976).
Score by Archibald Frank Tester (1882-1925).