



CAPT. GEORGE A. GILCHRIST, BELFAST.

YOU may tear her tattered ensign down,
 That long has waved on high.
 You may give her to the passing gales
 If the gales are passing by;
 But you make a great mistake, I'm sure,
 If you take such poor advice,
 Since Captain Gilchrist's always here,
 To buy her at a price.
 He takes 'em from the ocean blue
 And hauls 'em up by steam,
 He gives the craft a happy ride
 On the railway that's marine.
 He'll buy or sell or build or mend,
 The ship at any hour,
 And in the pauses of his work,
 He'll go to selling flour.
 He likes the lodge, he likes the horse:—
 There is no more to say,
 Except that there is no annual pass,
 On his marine railway.