



THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when with fav'ring gale, Our gal...lant ship up chan...nel  
 steer'd, And scudding under ea...sy sail, The high blue west...ern land appear'd;  
 To heave the lead, the seaman sprung, And to the pi...lot cheer...ly sung, "By the  
 deep, Nine! By the deep, Nine!" To heave the lead the sea...man sprung, And  
 to the pi...lot cheer...ly sung, "By the deep, Nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port  
 Some well-known object kept in view  
 An abbey tow'r, a harbour-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true;  
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 "By the mark, Seven!"

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof;  
 The lead once more the seaman flung  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 "Quarter less five?"

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh,  
 With slacken'd sail — she feels the tide —  
 "Stand! clear the cable!" is the cry;  
 The anchors gone — we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and through the night  
 We hear the seamen with delight  
 Proclaim — "All's well!"

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