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SEA SONGS.

THE

# Tempest.

*The Wat'ry Grave.*

Heaving of the Lead.

Far, far at Sea.

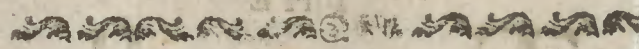


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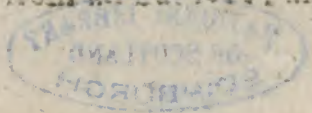


# The Tempest.

**C**EASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,  
 Lift ye landmen all to me;  
 Mates hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea:  
 From bounding billows first in motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise;  
 To the tempest troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
 By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand;  
 Down top-gallants—quick—be hauling  
 Down your stay-falls, hand, boys hand.  
 Now it freshens, set the braces,  
 The lee-top sail-sheets let go;  
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,  
 Up your top-tails nimbly clue.

Now, all you on down beds sporting,  
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;  
 Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,  
 Safe from all but love's alarms.



Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;  
 Harder yet, it still blows harder,  
 Hark! again the boatswain's call,

The top-fail yard point to the wind, boys,  
 See all clear to reef each course;  
 Let the fore-sheet go, dont mind, boys,  
 Tho' the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the sprit fail yard get,  
 Reef the mizen, lee all clear;  
 Hands up, leach preventer-brace set,  
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,  
 Peals on peals contending clash;  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash:  
 One wide water all around us,  
 All above us one black sky;  
 Different deaths at once surround us,  
 Hark! what means yon dreadful cry!

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,  
 O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck;  
 A leak beneath the chéstre's sprung out,  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck;

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Quit the land-yards cut to pieces,  
Come my hearts be stout and bold ;  
Plumb the well, the leak increases,  
Four feet water's in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
We for wives and children mourn ;  
Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,  
Alas ! to them there's no return !  
Still the leak is gaining on us,  
Both chain pumps are choak'd below.  
Heaven have mercy here upon us,  
For only that can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land boys,  
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;  
To the pump come, ev'ry hand, boys,  
See our mizen-mast is gone !  
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,  
We've lighten'd her a foot or more :  
Up, and rig a jury foremast,  
She rights, she rights, boys wear off shore.  
Now once more on joys were thinking,  
Since kind fortune's sav'd our lives ;  
Come—the can, boys—lets be drinking  
To our sweathearts and our wives :

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( 5 )

Fill it up—about ship wheel it,  
Close to the lips the brimmer join;  
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?  
None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

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### The Wat'ry Grave.

**W**OULD you hear a sad story of woe,  
That tears from a stone might  
provoke,

'Tis concerning a tale you must know,  
As honest as e'er buccit broke.

His name was Ben Block, of all men  
The most true, the most kind, the most  
brave,

But harsh treated by fortune, for Ben  
In his prime found a wat'ry grave.

His place no one ever knew more,  
His heart was all kindness and love;

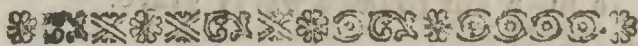
Tho' on duty an eagle he'd soar,  
His nature had most of the dove.

He lov'd a fair maid named Kate;

His father, to interest a slave,  
Sent him far from love, where hard fate  
Plung'd him deep in the wat'ry grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues,  
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd ;  
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,  
 To poison Ben's pleasure, accused :  
 That she never had truly been kind ;  
 That false were the tokens she gave ;  
 That she scorned him, and wish'd he might  
 find  
 In the ocean a wat'ry grave.

Too sure from this rank'rous elf,  
 The venom accomplish'd its end ;  
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,  
 Suspected no fraud in his friend ;  
 On the yard while suspended in air,  
 A loose to his sorrows he gave,  
 Take thy wish cried he, false cruel fair,  
 And plung'd in a wat'ry grave.



### Heaving of the Lead.

**F**OR England when, with fav'ring gale,  
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,  
 And scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appear'd,

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To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
By the deep—nine!

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well known object kept in view  
An abbey-tower, an harbour-fort,  
Or beacon to the vessel true;  
While oft the lead the seamen sung,  
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 seamen sung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
‘ Quarter—leis—five !’

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;  
We shorten sail—she feels the tide—  
‘ Stand clear the cable !’ is the cry—  
The anchor’s gone; we safely ride—  
The watch is fit—and through the night,  
We hear the seamen with delight  
Proclaim, ‘ All’s well !’

Far, far at Sea.

**T**WAS night, when the bell had told  
twelve,  
And poor Susan was laid on her pillow,  
In her ear whisper'd some fleeting eye  
Your love now lies tost on a billow  
Far, far at sea.

All was dark, when she woke out of breath,  
Not an object her fears could discover;  
All was still as the silence of death,  
Save fancy, which painted her lover  
Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a prayer—clos'd her eyes,  
But the phantom still haunted her pillow;  
While in terrors she echoed her cries,  
As struggling he sunk in a billow,  
Far, far at sea.

FINIS.