



THE STORM.

CEASE rude boreas blustering railer, list ye landmen
 all to me, (sea,
 Messmates hear a brother sailor sing the dangers of the
 From bounding billows first in motion when the distant
 whirlwinds rise, (skies.
 To the tempest troubled ocean where the seas contend with
 Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling by top-sail sheets
 and haul-yards stand,
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling, down your stay-sails,
 hand boys hand,
 Now it freshens at the braces, now the top-sail sheets let
 go, (bly clew.
 Luff boys luff, don't make wry faces, up our top-sails nim-
 Now all you at home in safety sheltered from the howling
 storm, (notions form
 Tasting joys by heaven vouchsafe ye of our state faint
 Round us roar the tempest louder think what fear our
 minds enthralls, (calls
 Harder yet it yet blows harder now again the boatswain
 The top-sail yard points to the wind boys see all clear
 to reef each course. (should be worse,
 Let the fore sheet go don't mind boys tho' the weather
 Fore and aft the sprit sail-yard get reef the mizen see all
 clear, (lads cheer.
 Hands up each preventer brace man the fore-yard cheer
 Now the dreadful thunder roaring peal on peal contending
 clash, (lightnings flash,
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring in our eyes blue
 One wide water all around us all above us one black sky,
 Different deaths at once surround us, hark! what means
 that dreadful cry.

The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out o'er the lee
 twelve feet 'bove deck,
 A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out, call all hands
 to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lan-yards cut to pieces, come my hearts be stout
 and bold,
 Plumb the well the leak increases four feet water in the
 hold,
 Whilst 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, (us now.
 Heaven have mercy here upon us, for only that can save
 O'er the lee beam is the land boys let our guns o'er board
 be thrown, (is gone,
 To the pump come every hand boys, see our mizen mast
 The leak we've found it cannot pour fast we've lightened
 her a foot or more,
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast she rights she rights boys we'er
 off shore.
 Now once more peace round us beaming, since kind hea-
 ven hath sav'd our lives.
 From our eyes joy's tears are streaming for our children
 and our wives.
 Grateful hearts now beat in wonder to him who thus pro-
 longs our days.
 Hush'd to rest the mighty thunder every voice breaks forth
 his praise.

