



H E A V I N G
O F
The Lead.



For England when with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sale ;
The high blue western land appear'd ;
To heave the lead the seamen 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 tow'r an harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel true ;
While oft the lead the seamen 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 dwells a friend, or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof,
The lead once more the seamen flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung.
" Quarter less---five ! "

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