Heaving the LEAD.

Pitts Printer Wholesale toy and Marble Warehouse Great s, andrew street 7 dials

FOR England when with favoring gale
Our gallant ship up channel steered
And faudding under easy sail,
The high blew western land appeared,
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, tower, or harbour fort,
Or beacon to the vessel crew,
While oft the Lead the seamen flung
And to the Pilot cheerly sung
By the mark seven

As the much lov'd shore we're near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwell a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and matchless proof,
The Lead once more the seamen flung
Unto the Pilot cheerly sung,
Quarter less five,

Now to the birth the ship draws nigh,
We take in sails, the vessel the ride,
Stand clear the cable is the cry
The anchor gone we safely ride,
The watch is set and thro' the night,
We hear the seamen with delight,
Proclaim ALL's WELL.