



# Heaving the **LEAD.**

Pitts Printer Wholesale toy and Marble  
Warehouse Great St. Andrew street 7 dials

**F**OR England when with favouring gale  
Our gallant ship up channel steered  
And scudding 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

And 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 she feels the tide,  
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

