

The Tempest

Cease rude Bo - re - as blus - ter - ing rail - ers List, ye lands - men, all to
5 me. Mess - mates, hear a broth - er sai - lor Sing the dan - gers of the sea. From bound - ing
10 bil - lows first in mo - tion Where the dis - tant whirl - winds rise Un - to the
14 tem - pest - u - ous, troub - led o - cean where the seas con - tend with skies.

Hark! the bos'n's hoarsely bawling,
"By topsail sheets and halyards stand.
Down to 'gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails hand, boys, hand!"
Now she freshes, set the braces,
The lee topsail sheets let go,
Luff, boys, luff. Don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew."

Now, you all on down beds sporting,
Safely locked in beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,
Whilst 'round us roars the tempest louder
Think what fear our mind enthralls;
Harder yet, it still blows harder,
Hark! once more the boatswain calls.

"Your topsail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all's clear to reef each course.
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse."
Fore and aft the spirit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizzen, see all's clear;
Hands up! Each preventer-brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer lads, cheer."

Now don't you hear the thunder roaring
 Peal on peal, contending crash!
 Whilst on our heads fierce rainfall's pouring
 And in our eyes blue lightnings flash!
 Whilst all around us one dark water
 All above us one dark sky
 Different deaths at once surround us.
 Hark! What means that dreadful cry!

"The fore-mast's gone," cried every tongue out,
 Whilst 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 lanyard's cut to pieces,
 Come, my heartys, [sic] stout and bold!
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet [of] water in the hold!

Whilst o'er the ship the 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 choked below,
 Heaven have mercy here upon us!
 For only this can save us now!

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown,
 To the pumps call every hand, boys,
 See, our mizzen mast is gone.
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast;
 We've lightened her a foot or more;
 Up and rig a jury foremast!
 She rights, she rights boys, we're off shore!

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Heaven has spared our lives;
 Come, the can boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweet-hearts and our wives.
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it –
 Close to lips a brimmer join;
 Where's the tempest now? Who feels it?
 None – our dangers drown in wine.