

The Storm

Chris de Burgh

Now the time had come for Elzevir and John,
To be sent from Holland's shore,
And to end their days in pain and misery,
To be slaves so far from home;

Oh - how sweet the salt sea air,
Oh - how bright the sun,
Oh - but little did they know of the storm that was to come,
And the ship that would go down;

Hey boys and listen well and a story I will tell,
Send for the prisoners down below - down below!
Hey boys and wish 'em well and the fate that them befell,
And pray that you will never see the day,
You'll fight for your life on Moonfleet Bay!

Well the storm hit hard and the waves were high,
It was every man for himself;
By a twist of Fate t'was on Moonfleet Bay,
Where the ship would meet its end;

Oh - with a roar of wind and sail,
Oh - the ship was gone,
Oh - in the night, they saw a light,
Twas the candle Grace had shone,
And her boy was coming home;

Hey boys the ship is down,
Every man must swim or drown,
Head for the breakers on the shore - on the shore!
Hey boys for Elzevir, he put John in Fortune's care,
For no man ever was there till that day,
Saved from the sea on Moonfleet Bay!

"What shall we do with the boy who's drowning?
What shall we do with the boy who's drowning?
What shall we do with the boy who's drowning,
early in the morning?"

"Throw him a rope and God go with him,
Throw him a rope and God go with him,
Throw him a rope and God go with him, early in the morning?"

And Elzevir, he gave his life away,
For John was the only man that day,
Saved from the sea on Moonfleet Bay!