

Thundering foam the hits the keel, like powder blazed by flints  
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The figure-head is riding high with his face right to the wind  
The hull that creaks in every joint is hammering the sea  
Determined it will ride the main, it will last eternally  
It rips the wild and stormy sea like a heavy charge of pride  
Book and eye are moved by storm, the ropes are holding tight  
The rudder's beating left and right, the ship in seesaw motion  
The proudness of a majesty is banning all devotion

Like a whirlwind, rushing over the sea  
Like a whirlwind, blowing fast, blowing free  
Like a whirlwind, a raving storm in the night  
Like a whirlwind, going mad, going wild  
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