

The Storm

Seth Lakeman

Make us ready boys all with wonder born,
We'll guide this fair ship and sail towards the morn,
Come on all alas, now here's the master dear,
I fear this deadly storm is coming to us near.
We sailed from Plymouth Sound in a week or three,
with not that far to go boys, some canons to retrieve.
The night it grew much darker and the wind it came in
strong,
And it grew upon us lads and there was nothing to be
done.
The waves grew higher and broke upon our ship,
Then poor old master's taken with nothing left to grip,
Drop the anchor downwards and throw him out a line,
Poor old master's overboard he be swalled by the tide.
So hear my warning that I give to you,
Be careful when your sailing with that lucky few,
Tie up every deck hand tightly `til the morn,
And well go together boys in the belly of the storm.
Don't go sailing out with me, I fear your soul be lost at
sea..