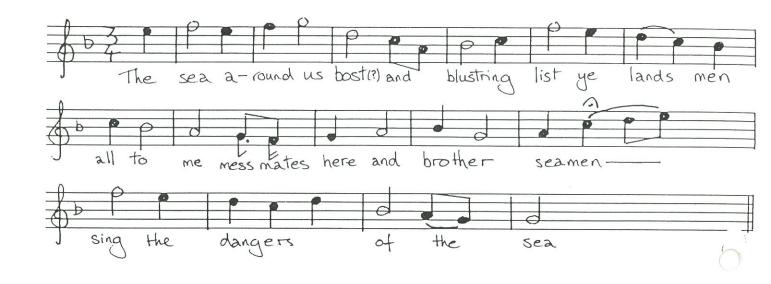
The storm



THE STORM

By comparing the broadside version of this song to the orally transmitted version we have a fine example of how a progression of singers can take a song that was incidentally popularised by G. A. Stevens in 1754 and iron out the flowery phrases leaving a straightforward story without losing any of the action.

Boreas is a classical god of the north wind and is depicted as a bearded deity in the northern latitudes on old charts with wind coming from pursed lips.

The sea around us boist and blustering List ye landsmen all to me Messmate here and brother seamen Sing the dangers of the sea

Mark the boatswain bravely bawling By your top sails and haulyards stand Down top gallants quick be hawling Down your sternsails hand by hand

Whilst over our ship white waves are blustering We for wives and children moan Alas from thence there's no returning Alas from thence there's no retreat

Still the leak is gaining on us Both chain pumps are choked below Heaven here have mercy upon us For only that can save us now

Repeat verse three

Over the lea and this the land boys Let your guns overboard be thrown To the pumps come every hand boys See our mizzen mast is gone

The leak we found it can't pour water
We are eighteen feet or five or more
Up and rig your jury fore mast
She's right she's right for sure

Now once more on joys we are thinking Since kind heaven has saved our lives Fill the can let us be drinking To our sweethearts and our wives

Fill it up about ships wheeling Fill it up a five brimmer fill Since the tempest now is over We will drown it all in wine

THE STORM

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Cease rude Boreas blustering railer
List ye landsman all to me
Messmates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea
From bounding billows first in motion
When the distant whirlwinds rise
To the tempest troubled ocean
Where the seas contend the skys

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling
By topsail sheet and haulyard stand
Down top gallant quick be hauling
Down your stay sails hand boys hand
Now it freshens set the braces
Quick the top sail sheets let go
Luff boys luff don't make wry faces
Up your top sails nimbly clear

Now all you on down beds sporting Fondly locked in beauty's arms Fresh enjoyments wanton courting Free from all but love's alarms Round my roars the tempest louder Think what fears our minds enthralls Harder yet it blows still harder Now again the boatswain calls

The top sail yards point to the wind boys
See all clear to reef each cause
Let the fore sheet go don't mind boys
Tho the weather should be worse
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get
Reef the mizzen see all clear
Hand up each preventer brace set
Man the foreyards cheer lads cheer

Now the dreadful thunders roaring Peal on peal contending clash On our heads fierce rain drops pouring In our eyes blue lightnings flash All above us one black sky Different heads at once surround us Hark! what means that dreadful cry

The foremast gone crys ev'ry tongue out O'er the lea twelve feet above deck A leak beneath the chest tree sprung out Call all hands to clear the wreck Quick the landyards cut to pieces Come my hearts be stout and bold Plumb the well the leak increases Four feet waters in the hold

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating We for wives and children mourn Alas from hence there's no retreating Alas from them there's no return Still the leak is gaining on us Both chain pumps are choked below Hev'n have mercy here upon us For only he can save us now

Over the lea beam is the land boys
Let the guns o'er board be thrown
To the pump come 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 the rig a jury foremast
She rights she rights boys near off shore

Now once more on joys we're thinking Since kind fortune spared our lives Come the can boys let's be thinking To our sweethearts and our wives Fill it up about ship wheel it Close to the lips a brimmer join Where's the tempest now! who feels it None our dangers drow'd in wine