Mr Ashley Montreal

no 5

THE STORM,

Sung by Mr. Incledon,

— at the —

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

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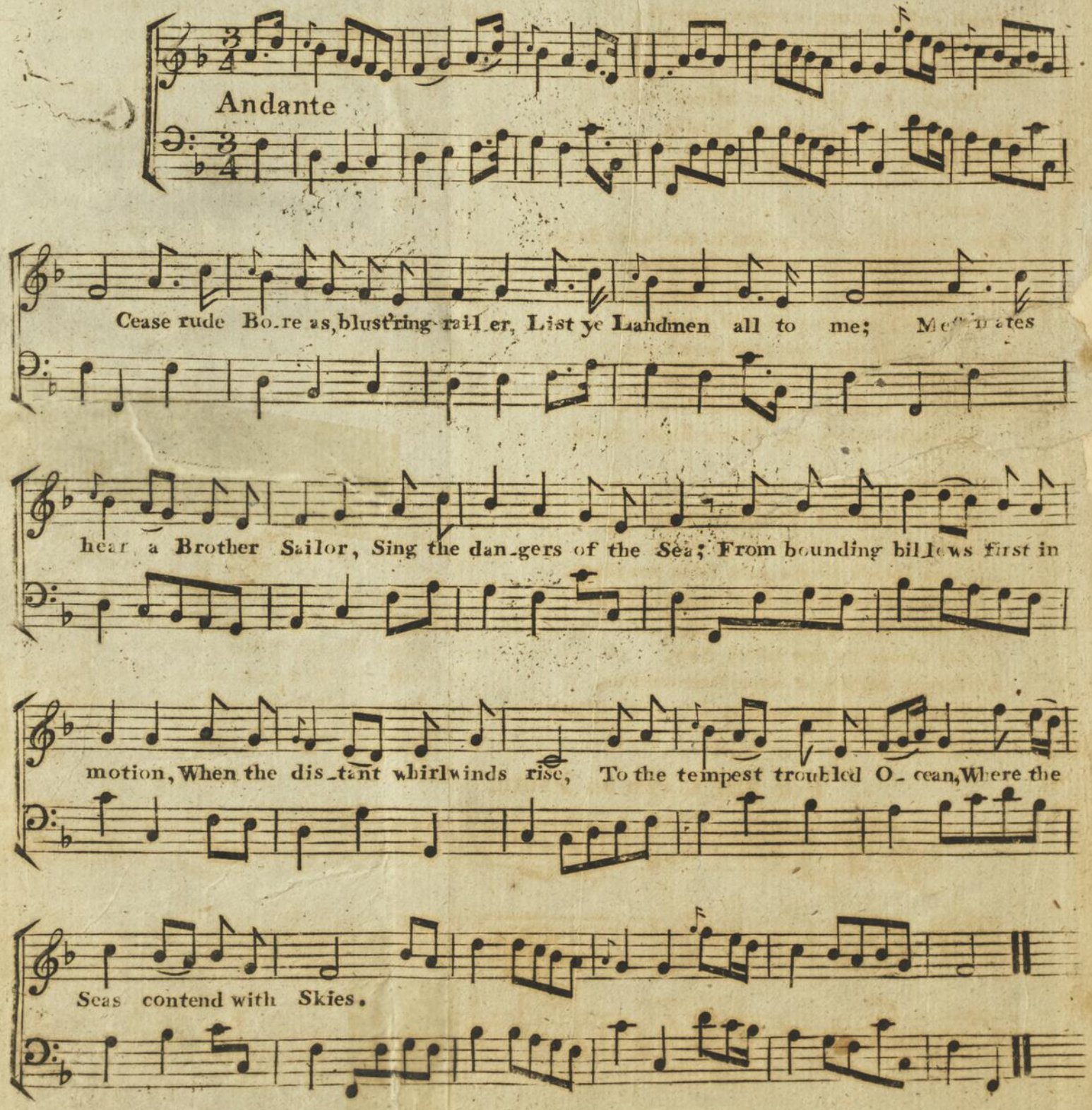

LIVELY. 2

Hark! the Boatswain hoarsly bawling,
By topsail sheets and haulyards stand,
Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
Down your stay sails hand Boys, hand,
Now it freshers, set the Braces,
Now the top sail sheets let go,
Luff Boys, luff, don't make wry Faces,
Up your top sails nimbly clew.

SLOW. 3

Now all you on Down Beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in Beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but Love's alarms,
Round us roars the Tempest louder
Think what fears our Minds enthrall,
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the Posen calls.

QUICK. 4

The topsails yards point to the wind Boys,
See all clear to reef each course,
Let the foresheet go don't mind Boys,
Tho the weather should be worse,
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
Reef the Mizen, see all clear,
Hands up each preventer Brace set,
Man the foreyard, Cheer Lads cheer.

SLOW. 5

Now the dreadful Thunder roaring,
Peal on Peal, contending clash,
On our Heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our Eyes blue Lightnings flash,
One wide Water all around us,
All above us one black Sky,
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

QUICK. 6

The Foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
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 lanyards cut to peices.
Come my Hearts, be stout and bold.
Plumb the Well — The leak encreases,
Four feet water in the Hold.

SLOW. 7

While o'er the Ship, wild waves are beating,
We for Wives or Children, mourn,
Alass! from hence there's no retreating.
Alass! from hence there's no return;
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain Pumps are choak'd below.
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

QUICK. 8

O'er the lee beam is the Land Boys,
Let the Guns o'erboard be thrown,
To the Pump, come ev'ry hand Boys,
See our Mizen mast is gone.
The leak we've found it cant pour fast,
We've lightend her, a foot or more.
Up and rig a jury Foremast,
She rights, She rights Boys, wear off Shore.

CHEERFUL 9

Now once more on Joys we're thinking,
Since Kind Fortune sav'd our Lives,
Come the Can Boys, let's be drinking,
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 danger's lost in Wine.

For the German Flute.