

Raft of the Medusa

Levellers

The Medusa sails to Senegal in 1816

First we lost the cabin boy,
a bad omen for us all

We had to swing the lead,
there were shallows all around
With a sickening break we took to
prayer.

The Medusa's run aground

We're rolling on the craft.

We're sailing in the sun
There's a hundred and fifty on
the raft

Just lost another one
You can't deny we're all at sea
Adrift and alone

How do you look a man in the eye
When you're spitting out his bones

Vive la Roi

We'll sail this raft

Take all good company
Yet seventeen remain behind to
die in agony

We mutiny on the wine and fear
As bad as knife and teeth
Fifty died on the raft
Seven around me

A wondrous sight all bright and
white

A butterfly sent by God
Shall we follow it down
To swallow it down. I'll haul
for us

Pray to the almighty
Or cast yourself to the sea
As the brig. The Argus

Comes close but doesn't see

And in my arms my own true flesh,
died so quietly

Give praise to the butterfly, or
the almighty

And in my mouth my own true
flesh

Tasted sweet to me, give praise to
the butterfly

And the Argus finally

Lyrics Submitted by Patrick Kox

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