The Storm

Poor Edward

Now the time had come for Elzevir and John
To be sent from Holland's shore
And to end their days in pain and misery
To be slaves so far from home
Oh, how sweet the salt sea air?
Oh, how bright the sun?
Oh, but little did they know of the storm
That was to come and the ship that would go down
Hey boys and listen, well, and a story I will tell
Send for the prisoners down below, down below
Hey boys and wish 'em, well, and the fate that them befell
And pray that you will never see the day
You'll fight for your life on Moonfleet Bay
Well, the storm hit hard and the waves were high
It was every man for himself
By a twist of fate t'was on Moonfleet Bay
Where the ship would meet its end
Oh, with a roar of wind and sail
Oh, the ship was gone
Oh, in the night they saw a light

'Twas the candle grace had shone
And her boy was coming home
Hey boys, the ship is down
Every man must swim or drown
Head for the breakers on the shore, on the shore
Hey boys for Elzevir, he put John in Fortune's care
For no man ever was there till that day
Saved from the sea on Moonfleet Bay
"What shall we do with the boy who's drowning?
What shall we do with the boy who's drowning?
What shall we do with the boy who's drowning
Early in the morning?"
Throw him a rope and God go with him
Throw him a rope and God go with him
Throw him a rope and God go with him early in the morning
And Elzevir he gave his life away
For John was the only man that day
Saved from the sea on Moonfleet Bay

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