

# The Storm

## Michael Stearns

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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