

THE WYND'S OF WINDERMERE.



I'VE been forty years at sea, he said,
 Ay, forty years this fall,
 Thirty years on the lake, you see,
 And ten on the Clyde Canal.
 And I've sailed through many a heavy storm,
 But I never yet knew fear ;
 Let the wind blow high, let the wind blow low
 On the Wynds of Windermere.

My lads, says he, we navigate
 With these darlings called the stars,
 Keep Jupiter right and Venus left,
 And right on the bow keep Mars.
 And when you open Bowness light
 Be sure that the land is clear,
 For, mark you, the wind will blow to-night
 On the Wynds of Windermere.

Last night a ram it turned its tail
 To the wind above Shap Fell,
 And a surer sign of a heavy gale
 Did ne'er yet seaman tell.
 And the cocks they crowed when they went to bed,
 And the curlews whistled near,
 And the winds will blow by these signs I know
 On the Wynds of Windermere.

The gale it blew, and the spindrift flew,
 Like mountains ran the seas,
 Which followed behind with the stormy wind
 As high as the tops of the trees.
 Heave off the starboard fender,
 We cried, as we neared the pier,
 But wrecked were we by that stormy sea
 On the Wynds of Windermere.