

The winde blows out of the west

Thomas Ravenscroft
Pammelia, 1609, no. 55

1.

The winde blowes out of the west, thou

gent - le Ma - ri - - ner a, looke to the looffe well,

be - ware the lee still, for dead - ly rockes doe now a - peare a,

looke to thy tacke, let bow - ling goe flacke, so shal wee scape them and goe cleare,

Tar - ra tan tar - ra stir well thy course sirra, the wind waxeth large, the sheetes doe thou veare, goe

fille the canne, giue vs some beare. Ile drinke thee Ile brinks thee my mates, what cheare?