Scilly Rocks

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Come all you jolly young seamen bold, that ploughs the raging main
Come listen to my tragedy the truth I will explain;
Pressed was I from my true love, the girl that I adore,
Commanded was I to the raging seas, where foaming billows roar.

It was unto the West Indies our gallant ship did steer
And all along as we sail'd on I thought of Polly dear,
Sometimes on deck, sometimes aloft and sometimes down below
Still the thoughts of Polly run in my mind while the stormy winds do blow.

We had not sailed three leagues before a dreadful storm did rise
How keen was the hurricane and and dismal look'd the skies.
Our captain being a valiant man upon the deck did stand
"Here's fifty pounds reward, my boys, the first that can spy land."

Than up aloft our bosun went unto the topmast high
He gaz'd and looked on every side, no light, nor land could spy;
"Bear off! Bear off! Before the wind! Of Scilly Rocks keep clear
On the ocean wide here we must bide till daylight doth appear.

The very first time our ship she struck, so loud our captain cried,
"May the Lord have mercy on our souls, we in the deep must lie,"
Out of eight hundred seamen bold only four got safe on shore
Our gallant ship in pieces was split and never was seen any more.

Then news was sent to Plymouth town our gallant ship was lost
Which made many a brisk young seaman bold for to lament our loss;
And Polly dear was left to lament the loss of her sweetheart
For the raging seas and stormy winds caused Polly and I to part.

From The Constant Lovers, Purslow
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