

The Topsails Shiver in the Wind

Text by *Edward Thompson* (c1738–1786), *The Sailor's Farewell* [Br]

Set by *Thomas Augustine Arne* (1710–1778) [Br]

The topsails shiver in the wind,
[ðʌ 'tɒp.se:ɪlz 'ʃɪv.ər ɪn ðʌ wɪnd]

the ship she casts to sea,
[ðʌ ʃɪp ʃi kæsts tu si]
(RP) [kɑsts]

But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are Mary moor'd with thee.
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we've sailed
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales;
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers and not slaves;
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares, but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main;
The rocks, and billows, and the wind,
Will threaten us in vain...

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IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

