

## Atherfield Ledge (St Catherine's)

Wild sweeps the wrack from the gates of the West, loud roars the rage of the sea

Bitter the edge of the Atherfield ledge from the which God keeps us free!  
White gleam the teeth of the surges high and glisten the rocks for their toll;  
Black race the clouds o'er the face of the sky like fiends in pursuit of a soul.  
Go, all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your bended knee  
That while you sleep, the good Lord will keep those who sail on this storm-swept sea.

*Chorus:*

*Go, all who have kin on the sea this night and pray on your bended knee  
That while you sleep, the good Lord will keep, those who sail on this storm-swept sea.*

The 'Bon Venture' of the Abbot of Quarr is home from the land of France  
Deep lade with cloth and the good red wine that makes the red blood dance.  
The leadsman checks the knotted line that guides the helmsman's hand,  
The look-out's beard is stiff with rime as he strains his eyes for land.  
'I cannot the narrowing coast descry, nor the Abbey's beacon see.  
Christ's body! We've missed the Needle's eye and there's broken water a-lee.  
Ch.

Now, lady of Whitwell, be our aid - we vow thee an altar light.  
Good Nicholas, saint of shipmen bold, preserve us all this night.  
But the pitiless wind and the treacherous tide hold the good ship in their sway;  
In vain the anchor is cast - it drags. She strikes ere break of day.  
And it's, oh! The crashing of timbers rent, by the grim rocks' savage edge  
And it's, ah! The shrieks of drowning men  
(who for want of a light must perish this night) (tune as line above)  
By the cursed Atherfield ledge.  
Ch.