

3d.

On the 15th of September.
As the Ship drew near the Land
A dreadful storm there did arise
Which caused us all sail to hand;
The main spencer being set my boys
The Sail could not with stand
The tack lashing parted in the clew
And the boltrope in the strand.

4th.

The main spencer sheet being hauld well aft;
The tack lashing carried away —
The Captain to the Chief Mate
These selfsame words did say;
Our Ship falls off before the wind
Oh! God what shall we do,
If the spencer blows away my boys
Our Ship will not lay to.

5th

For to rescue the spencer
Brave Cromwell, he did go
Into the main rigging
Which proved his overthrow
He missed his hold and down he fell
Upon the main deck
His Head it struck against a spar
Which quickly broke his neck.