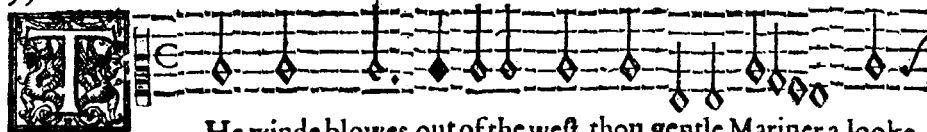


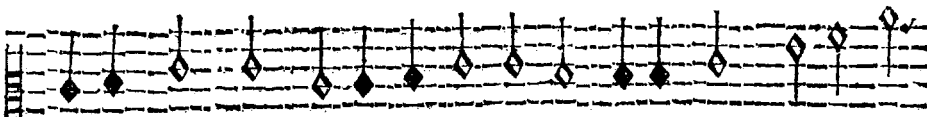
Canons in the vnison.

4 Voc. .5.

55



He winde blowes out of the west, thou gentle Mariner a, looke



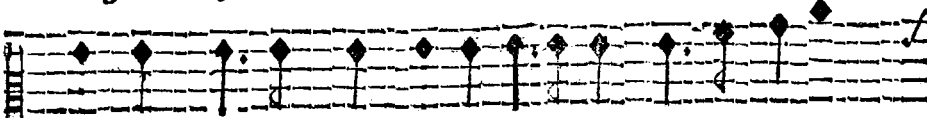
to the looffe wel, beware the lee still, for deadly rockes doe now a-



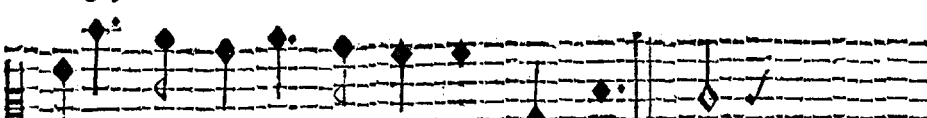
peare a, looke to thy tacke, let bowling goe slacke, so shal wee scape them



and goe cleare, Tarra tan tarra stir well thy course firra, the wind waxeth



large, the sheetes doe thou wear, goe fill the canne, giue vs some beare.



He drinke thee He brinks thee my mates, what cheare? The *et supra.*

