

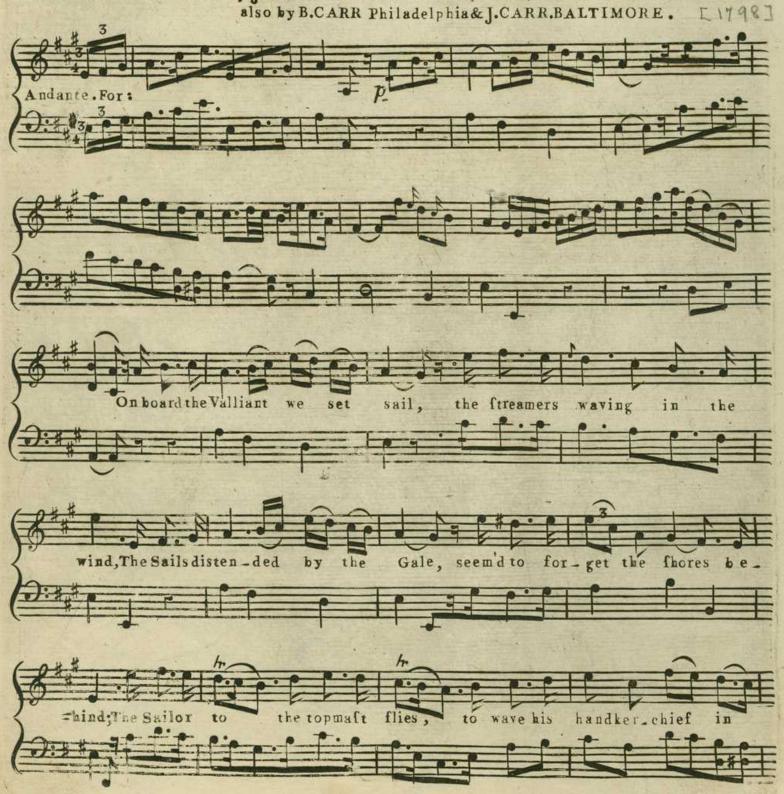
A favorite Song

Sung in the Opera of the

SHIPWRECK

Comoposed by Dr ARNOLD

NEW YORK Printed & sold by J. HEWITT at his Musical Repository No 131 William Street Sold also by B.CARR Philadelphia & I.CARR. BALTIMORE. 1 1798





Now fresher blows the Sou'west Gale,
In peace no more the Billows sleep;
The Storm that rent the swelling sail,
Loud murmur'd o'er the sullen deep:
No more the Sailor sees the land,
Yet waves his handkerchief in Air,
In vain he seeks the well known strand
To find his own true Polly there,

And hear her sigh Adieu!

The Storm grown louder split the mast,
The hurricane more siercely blows;
And as against the rocks we cast,
Our Vessel to the bottom goes:
The Sailor to the top mast flies,
To wave his handkerchief in Air;
And on the tow'ring Cliff descries
His own true Polly weeping there,

And sighs a last Adieu!

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Arneld Dr.