

Boatswain! (Pronounced *Bosun*)

Here, master: what cheer?

**We run ourselves aground: bestir,
bestir.**

Speak to the mariners!

Take in the topsail.

Tend to the master's whistle.

Where's the master?

I pray now, keep below.

Where is the master, boatswain?

**Do you not hear him? You mar our
labour.**

Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Nay, good, be patient.

To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Give thanks you have lived so long.

Make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour.

Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

I have great comfort from this fellow.

Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him.

Down with the topmast!

A plague upon this howling!

Shall we give o'er and drown?

Have you a mind to sink?

**A pox o' your throat, you bawling,
blasphemous, incharitable dog!**

**We are less afraid to be drowned than
thou art.**

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

I'm out of patience.

Mercy on us!

Farewell, my wife and children!

Farewell, brother!

We split, we split, we split!'