

# Grace and Favour

## Fairport Convention

Out of Hull a course was set  
Clothes and soap and spinning gear  
Passengers and crew well met  
Dundee destination clear

A head of steam  
All the way  
A holy man  
There for his health they say

Humble was the Captain's name  
Blighted by a mighty storm  
A boiler could not hold its own  
Worse than passage round Cape Horn

Raising sails  
In heavy seas  
Neptune's mouth  
Crew and Captain on their knees

See around the lighthouse wild  
Everything blown off course  
Flying through the soaring peaks  
Listing ship – mighty horse

Rails on deck  
The holy man  
Is losing grip  
Falling, sliding...

Now she is lost  
Nature will have her way  
She's broken in two  
Sinking beneath the fray  
Silence and dark  
Down in the drowning deep  
Dowsing life's spark  
To an eternal sleep

Darling daughter launched the boat  
Rowing strong at Craford's Gut  
It's hard to keep the cob afloat  
Till William on the rock was put

Everything slows  
She's keeping it steady now  
See how she rows  
Pulling towards the bow  
Confidence grows  
Riding the highest wave  
Now that she knows  
Death is a breath away

Nine were saved that fateful morn  
Grace and favour won the day  
No one blamed it on the storm  
Humble was the man to pay

Sailor's life  
Merry life  
Rob young girls  
Of their heart's delight  
Leaving them  
To sigh and mourn  
Never know when  
They will return  
They will return