

Storm

It was a blacke night with the cloudes gathering thicke.
The windes singing, and whistling most vnusully.
A dreadfull and hideous storme began to blow
From out the north-east,
Which swelling and roaring,
The eares lay so sensible to the terrible cries.
Murmurs of the windes,
Distraction of our company
As who was most armed.
The storme in a restless tumult
Only more terrible
One storme vrging a
Second more outrageous
Then the former.

