

Curse the squally weather
A vessel in distress
But we cannot launch from Lynmouth
There's a gale in from the west
So not to be defeated
Jack has an idea
To haul the lifeboat over land and
Launch at Porlock Wier

chorus

13 miles as hard as hell
80 men by the wayside fell
20 haulers tough as rock
With 18 horses
Pulling on pushing on through to Porlock

Call every able body
And every stable horse
United for a moment
In a greater common cause
Now onward through the squally
There is no turning home
With tired arms and heavy legs all
Soaking to the bone

chorus

13 miles as hard as hell
80 men by the wayside fell
20 haulers tough as rock
With 18 horses
Pulling on pushing on through to Porlock

Dig deep then dig again friends
We'll find the strength and will
To keep Louisa rolling
Up Countisbury hill
All 10 tonne and 10 metre
Her size you can't ignore
It must have been a sight to see her
Sail upon the moor

chorus

13 miles as hard as hell
80 men by the wayside fell
20 haulers tough as rock
With 18 horses
Pulling on pushing on through to Porlock

Down with wall and gate post
To make way for the load
And with pick and shovel
We'll widen out the road
Miss Marlow in her cottage
Could not believe her eyes
A lifeboat in her garden well it
Came as some surprise

chorus

13 miles as hard as hell
80 men by the wayside fell
20 haulers tough as rock
With 18 horses
Pulling on pushing on through to Porlock

At last we made the wier
Louisa hit the waves
Freed the Forrest Hall and all
Her 18 lives were saved
Well we recall it proudly
When a storm does blow and roar
The story of Louisa and the
Night she sailed the moor

chorus

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