

SEA FEVER

*I must go down to the seas again,
to the lonely sea and sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship
and a star to steer her by.*

*And the wheels kick
and the winds song
and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face
and a grey dawn breaking*

*I must do down to the seas again,
for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
that may not be denied;*

*And all I ask is a windy day
with the white clouds flying,
and the flung spray
and the blown spume
and the sea-gulls crying.*

... John Masefield