

By John Masefield

Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again,
to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and
a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and
the wind's song and the
white sail's on the mast shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face,
and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again,
for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and
a clear call that
may not be ever 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.

I must go down to the seas again,
To the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and
The whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn
from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream
When the long trick's over