

A TALL SHIP

I saw a tall ship sailing by,
I wept inside, I knew not why,
The spirit of the wind should breathe,
To bring my broken heart to grieve,
For distant shores, a warmer clime,
A place where bougainvillea climb.

I saw a tall ship sailing by,
Its masts were waving to the sky,
And as a compass needle's drawn,
I felt my soul was being borne,
Across the seas, across the waves,
Where sailor men cross sailor graves.

I saw a tall ship sailing by,
It flew so fast the foam would fly,
And as it stood upon the beam,
I wished myself aboard to dream,
Upon the tall ship sailing by,
To seek a place where I might die.