

## TO SEA, TO SEA

At the dropping of the pilot and the turning at the Bar,  
I felt the sea beneath my feet and saw the distant star.  
The helm was fixed the watch was set, our ship rose and it fell,  
To face the unknown ocean as it rolled to ride the swell.

As twilight drifts to evening shroud; to sea, to roam or die!  
To go and sail to distant parts, wherever ships will ply.  
To heed the call of sirens and the sea birds plaintive call:  
And taste the salt and feel the breeze beneath the masts so tall.

The sea winds croon their lullaby through rigging shipshape taut;  
Neptune's airs for sailormen who roam and care for naught.  
Whose poetry in motion is to dance to ocean roll.  
The watchman and the helmsman for whom the bell will toll.

The slap of spray will have its day, the wake its solitude;  
The speck upon the ocean vast that haunts the longitude.  
To ride astride horizons wide where heaven meets the bound.  
The sailormen who share with God a sacred common ground.

The landsman he is shackled by the cliff and by the shore,  
While sailormen can roam at will and sail through freedom's door.  
Their souls are free upon the sea; their home the ocean deep -  
The freedom of the boundless roads where e'r the seagulls sweep.