

With the North Sea Patrol

Frank J. MacDonald

Wind in a starless sky
Night on a sodden sea,
As we plunge ahead through uncharted gloom,
With a white wake running free

Wind—and the strength of it drives
The foam in a frozen drift,
Lashing it into our faces,
Out of the black night's rift.

And we reel like a drunken man
In the grip of the North Sea's gale
With never a light in the tall masthead
To show the way that we sail.

Night—and we strain and lurch,
As the helmsman at the wheel
Swings our bows in a bull-dog line
From Sydney Head to Keil.

Oh ! the nights that we have seen,
With a cold moon in the sky,
As we dreamed of winds on summer seas,
Where coral islands lie.

And many a time we thought,
We saw in the sunset clear,
The whitened cliffs of Dover coast,
Through the sea-mists rising clear;

And the twinkling lights of home
Nestling in the gloom,
Till the sun went down, and we steered away
For a thousand miles sea-room.

Wind in a starless sky,
Night on a sodden sea,
With a British son for every gun,
We'll hold the roadways free.