

## THE SEA

On the deck of an outbound ship I stand,  
And my heart leaps up with a boundless glee;  
We have cleared the harbour, and far from the strand  
We backward gaze at the fading land,  
And catch but a glimpse of a ribbon of sand,  
As we plough through the open sea.

O'er league on league of the trackless deep  
We sail for the South Sea Isles afar,  
Where the wild waves rush with a deadly sweep,  
Where Nepune, lord of the sea, doth keep  
His watch in the gloomy caverns deep  
By coral reef and bar.

Let the poet sing of his native clime,  
Its level prairies or mountains high,  
Of pastoral scenes and the sweet spring-time,  
Of love and beauty and thoughts sublime,  
But the sea is my country—my love; and mine  
Is the broad expanse of the sky.

Then mine be a life on the raging main.  
There's no other life that is half so free;  
And it isn't the love of gold or gain  
But the lure of the sea that stirs my veins,  
Calling me, calling me back again  
To life or death on the sea.