

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 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 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.

AFTER the Sea-Ship

after the whistling winds;

After the white-gray sails,

taut to their spars and ropes,

Below, a myriad, myriad waves,

hastening, lifting up their necks,

Tending in ceaseless flow

toward the track of the ship:

Waves of the ocean, bubbling and

gurgling, blithely prying,

Waves, undulating waves-

liquid, uneven, emulous waves,

Toward that whirling current,

laughing and buoyant,

with curves,

Where the great Vessel, sailing and

tacking, displaced the surface;

Larger and smaller waves, in the

spread of the ocean, yearnfully

flowing;

The wake of the Sea-Skip, after

she passes- flashing and frolicsome,

under the sun,

A motley procession,

with many a fleck of foam,

and many fragments,

Following the stately and rapid

Ship-in the wake following.

The sea awoke at midnight

from its sleep,

And round the pebbly beaches

far and wide

I heard the first wave

of the rising tide

Rush onward with

uninterrupted sweep;

A voice out of the silence

of the deep,

A sound mysteriously multiplied

As of a cataract from

the mountain's side,

Or roar of winds upon

a wooded steep.

So comes to us at times,

from the unknown

And inaccessible solitudes of being,

The rushing of the sea-tides

of the soul;

And inspirations,

that we deem our own,

Are some divine foreshadowing

and foreseeing

Of things beyond our

reason or control.

The tide rises, the tide falls,

The twilight darkens,

the curlew calls;

Along the sea-sands

damp and brown

The traveller hastens

toward the town,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on

roofs and walls,

But the sea, the sea

in the darkness calls;

The little waves,

with their soft, white hands,

Efface the footprints in the sands,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks;

the steeds in their stalls

Stamp and neigh,

as the hostler calls;

The day returns, but nevermore

Returns the traveller to the shore,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The Lord reigns,

he is robed in majesty;

the Lord is robed in majesty

and armed with strength;

indeed, the world is established,

firm and secure.

Your throne was established

long ago;

you are from all eternity.

The seas have lifted up, Lord,

the seas have lifted up their voice;

the seas have lifted up

their pounding waves.

Mightier than the thunder

of the great waters,

mightier than the breakers

of the sea-

the Lord on high is mighty.

Your statutes, Lord, stand firm;

holiness adorns your house

for endless days.

On the same day, when evening

had come, He said to them,

"Let us cross over to the other side."

Now when they had left the

multitude, they took Him along

in the boat as He was. And other

little boats were also with Him.

And a great windstorm arose,

and the waves beat into the boat,
so that it was already filling.

But He was in the stern, asleep on
a pillow. And they awoke Him
and said to Him, "Teacher, do You
not care that we are perishing?"

Then He arose and rebuked the
wind, and said to the sea,

"Peace, be still!" And the wind
ceased and there was a great calm.

But He said to them, "Why are you
so fearful? How is it that you
have no faith?" And they feared
exceedingly, and said to one
another, "Who can this be, that
even the wind and the

see obey Him!"

Those who go down

to the sea in ships,

Who do business on great waters,

They see the works of the Lord,

And His wonders in the deep.

For He commands

and raises the stormy wind,

Which lifts up the waves of the sea.

They mount up to the heavens,

They go down again

to the depths;

Their soul melts because of trouble.

They reel to and fro,

and stagger like a drunken man,

And are at their wits' end.

Then they cry out to

the Lord in their trouble,

And He brings them

out of their distresses.

He calms the storm,

So that its waves are still.

Then they are glad

because they are quiet;

So He guides them

to their desired haven.