

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;

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,

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 sea obey Him!

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and independent writing.

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.