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## Sea Fever

Reference number pt0082

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 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 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.