

And all the English captains that have dared  
In little ships to plough uncharted waves, —  
Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,  
Raleigh and Gilbert, — all the other names, —  
Are written in the chivalry of God  
As men who served His purpose. I would claim  
A place among that knighthood of the sea;  
And I have earned it, though my quest should  
fail!

For, mark me well, the honour of our life  
Derives from this: to have a certain aim  
Before us always, which our will must seek  
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.  
Then, though we miss the goal, our search is  
crowned  
With courage, and we find along our path  
A rich reward of unexpected things.  
Press towards the aim: take fortune as it fares!

I know not why, but something in my heart  
Has always whispered, "Westward seek your  
goal!"

Three times they sent me east, but still I turned  
The bowsprit west, and felt among the floes  
Of rattling ice along the Gröneland coast,