

The Flight of the Gulls

Out over the spaces,
The sunny, blue places,
Of water and sky;
Where day on day merges
In nights that reel by;
Through calms and through surges,
Through stormings and lulls,
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.

With wheeling and reeling,
With skimming and stealing,
We wing with the wind,
Out over the heaving
Of grey waters, leaving
The lands far behind,
And dipping ships' hulls.
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.

Up over the thunder
Of reefs that lie under,
And dead sailors' graves;
Like snowflakes in summer,
Like blossoms in winter,
We float on the waves,
And the shore-tide that pulls.
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.