

Oh, who could miss a day like this ?
Or who could stay behind ?
When we're up and away for a glorious play
With the sun and the waves and the wind.

The sun laughs down on the cheeks so brown,
That he burns to a deeper hue,
And the wind's caress seems to soothe and bless
With a touch that is ever true.

The prow dips low as the gay gusts blow
And the waves that hurry along
A lullaby croon to a soft little tune
As they touch with a kiss and are gone.

Then we'll steer and tack and never come back
Till the sea is running dry,
For we're sailing away in an endless day
'Neath the blue of the summer sky.