

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE END