

### A Calm at Sea

To the horizon's verge  
The waves lie sleeping,  
While we, upon the deck,  
Our watch are keeping.

O, blow, ye breezes, blow!  
Awake the billows;  
Your play will not disturb  
Our seamen's pillows.

The sails, across the mast,  
Listless are drooping;  
While, all around the ship,  
Seagulls are trooping.

Only their peevish cry  
Our stillness varies;  
We'd welcome other birds:  
Send Mother Cary's!

O, blow, ye north winds, blow!  
Truce to this waiting;  
This calm, as if of death,  
We all are hating!