

*SEA FEVER – THE CONVALESCENCE*

I must go down to the sea again, to see what it's all about.  
As an innocent boy, 'twas an absolute joy; and a sailor I'd be, without doubt;  
And I dreamed much and I schemed much as to how it all would be;  
In my satchel bag I would carry a flag: For I was going to sea.

I must go down to the sea again, for there I began to learn  
The Rule of the Road and the Semaphore Code, transverse thrust and the Williamson turn.  
To my ears and eyes there was frequent surprise. Not much had I learned as a scholar.  
But I joined the men and I saw it then as a method of earning a dollar.

I must go down to the sea again, for here was a new education;  
Neither Latin nor Greek any day of the week; but a service in need of the nation,  
In many a ship and aboard any ship, the privilege then was to serve:  
To do your best and to puff out your chest; and to hold a straight face and your nerve.

I must go down to the sea again, for those were the days of my youth.  
They confirmed a rule that I'd learned at school; to hold for your life to the truth.  
For the tide flows and the wind blows; and these things no man can deny:  
And the man who forgets will accrue many debts; and will leave himself wondering, Why?

I must go down to the sea again, for this is the place of my birth,  
Or somewhere near, in that long-ago year. It gave me much pleasure and mirth.  
'Twas a life rarely bad for a strapping young lad; though, some might assume, not a high lot.  
Regrets? I have none. I'm a mariner's son. And much did I learn as a pilot.

I must go down to the sea again, to make sure that it's all still there.  
To hear once again the old talk of the men, with sometimes a kindness to share.  
For the bluff life and the gruff life had honesty running right through it.  
'Twas a tough life, an enough life. May God bless the men who still do it.

BY

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*With apologies to both Masefield and WS Gilbert.*