Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, A.

By Cunningham, Allan .

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 lads,

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;

But hark the music, mariners -

The wind is piping loud!

The wind is piping loud, my boys,

The lightning flashes free -

While the hollow oak our palace is,

Our heritage the sea.