

Sailing

Gordon Todd 1915-1996

Give me a day to sail, my boys,
With the southwest blowing free—
Give me a shout of, "Ready About"
With a pause, and then, "Hard A'Lee!"

Give me a spar under strain, my lads,
And a sail which is full, and trimmed hard—
Give me a helm with response in its feel,
And a needle which holds on its card!
Give me a sky which is wind-swept and high,
And a sea which mirrors the blue—
Give me a wake which boils out astern,
And no luffing from masthead to clew!

Give me a shipmate who's eager and keen,
And a silence, and light-hearted tale—
With foul weather gear and grub stowed below;
And I'll give you a great day to sail!