Sea Chill

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(Arthur Guiterman)

(News item, ca 1928:
"When Mrs. John Masefield and her husband, the author of "I must go down to the seas again", arrived here on a liner, she said to a reporter, "It was too uppy-downy, and Mr. Masefield was ill.")

I must go down to the seas again, where the billows romp and reel,
And all I ask is a large ship that rides on an even keel,
And a mild breeze and a broad deck with a slight list to leeward,
And a clean chair in a snug nook and a nice, kind, steward.

I must go down to the seas again, the sport of wind and tide,
As the gray wave and the green wave play leap-frog over the side.
And all I want is a glassy calm with a bone-dry scupper,
A good book and a warm rug and a light, plain supper.

I must go down to the seas again, though there I'm a total loss
And can't say which is worse, the pitch, the plunge, the roll, the toss.
But all I ask is a safe retreat in a bar well tended,
And a soft berth and a smooth course 'till the long trip's ended.