

## Sting & Police

### "Christmas At Sea"

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All day we fought the tides between the North  
Head and the South,  
All day we hauled the frozen sheets to scape the  
storm's wet mouth,  
All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and  
dread,  
For very life and nature we tacked from head  
to head.  
We gave the South a wider berth, for there the  
tide-race roared;  
But every tack we made we brought the North  
Head close aboard:  
We saw the cliffs and houses and the breakers  
running high,  
And the coastguard in his garden, his glass  
against his eye.  
The frost was on the village roofs as white as  
ocean foam;  
The good red fi res were burning bright in every  
'long-shore home;  
The windows sparkled clear and the chimneys  
volleyed out;  
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel  
went about.  
The bells upon the church were rung with a  
mighty jovial cheer;  
For it's just that I should tell you how  
(of all days in the year)  
This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas  
morn,  
And the house above the coastguard's was the  
house where I was born.  
And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that  
was of me,  
Of the shadow on the household and the son that  
went to sea;  
And, oh, the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind  
of way,  
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed  
Christmas Day.

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