

Unknown

"Fever"

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SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again,
To the lonely sea and sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship
And a star to steer her by,
And the wheel click (kick)
And the wind's song
And the white sails a-shakin'
The gray mist on the sea's face
The gray dawn a-breakin'.

I must go down to the seas again,
For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
That may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day
With the white clouds a-flyin',
The flung spray
And the blown spume
And the sea gulls a-cryin'.

I must go down to the seas again
And the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way
Where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn
From a laughing fellow rover,
And a quiet sleep
And a sweet dream
When the long trick is over.

Words from a poem by John Masefield, music by Andy Taylor.

Recorded by Ed Trickett on "The Telling Takes Me Home", FSI-46

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