

Robert Calvert "Storm Chant Of The Skraelings"

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Sleek, swift, streamlined ship,
Shield-clad and shining,
Tell to me the tale of your trip
When the limpest of men were your lining
O I know you were a ship of fools
O I know you were a ship of fools
You tried to take them to new trade
But they were afraid to follow.
Land-lubbers of the lowest grade
Their hearts and their heads were both hollow
O I know you were a ship of fools
O I know you were a ship of fools
But your form is far-out, framed by foam:
A cloven-crocodile.
Whale's-highway is your home
Swan's-Riding is your style.
Fine-finned, shaped like a shark
The wind awaits your awaking.
Designed for delving into the dark
Of mysteries in the making
O I know you were a ship of fools
O I know you were a ship of fools
A ship of fools
Ship of fools
You were a ship of fools.

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