

The conquering cruel sea is still so immortal,

Of pounding crashing waves that dump over the portal;

The pain and the turmoil of the swirling waters flow,

As down into the depths of ocean life you go.

As they break over the bough and wash upon the stern,

The troubles in the faces as the sails and wheel they learn;

To climb down from the rigging and baton down the hatch,

The waves are coming over the edge from the cruel sea to catch.

So gather up your strength and look and lean to God,

For the cannon ball is fired and the sea to take the odd;

The wind blows and blows and sail falls to the deck,

And you scream watch out for the parrot and he says what the heck.

We're going on regardless says the captain to his mate,

That cargo's going overboard and the food and crate relate;

We'll never get through it all to get the ship to dry land,

For the cruel sea always wins but again on the other hand.

We have to get right through this or were all sitting ducks,

As the cruel sea once again is tormenting the lively lads licks;

Now the wind and rain torrential as it goes out on the rig,

To the waves very rough up front where torment is small and big.

The cruel sea ever mighty and very naughty nautically,

For the women hide underneath fearing it all naturally;

And the Christ is God almighty as he goes right down under,

Choking, gasping, hoping and sinking in wonder of the thunder.

Signed,

If love returns