

THE CALL OF THE SEA

M. MACNAB

There's the call of the wind from the west softly blowing;
There's the call of the river so merrily flowing;
There's the call of the wildwood, beloved of my childhood,
The call of the valley and forest-crowned hills,
Of glittering lakes and of rippling rills;
A soft call, a clear call they all send to me,
But my heart answers only the call of the sea.

Mine eyelids droop low at the wind's tender sighing;
And mine ears oft grow deaf to the river's soft crying;
While my spirit is weary of wildwoods so dreary,
And the call of the valley, of lakelet or rill
Oft loses the power to charm or to thrill.
But a soft call, a clear call comes swiftly to me,
And my heart answers ever the call of the sea.

O sound of the sea with half a gale blowing!
O roar of the waves where the white caps are showing!
O call of the ocean in wildest commotion,
Or when in the stillness of morn's quiet waking
Comes the sound of the waves on the shore gently breaking.
'Tis a call to renewed life strong, full, rich and free,
And my heart answers ever the call of the sea.