

St. Mary's Bells

by John Masefield

It 's pleasant in Holy Mary
By San Marie lagoon,
The bells they chime and jingle
From dawn to afternoon.
They rhyme and chime and mingle,
They pulse and boom and beat,
And the laughing bells are gentle
And the mournful bells are sweet.

Oh, who are the men that ring them,
The bells of San Marie,
Oh, who but sonsie seamen
Come in from over sea,
And merrily in the belfries
They rock and sway and hale,
And send the bells a-jangle,
And down the lusty ale.

It 's pleasant in Holy Mary
To hear the beaten bells
Come booming into music,
Which throbs, and clangs, and swells,
From sunset till the daybreak,
From dawn to afternoon,
In port of Holy Mary
On San Marie Lagoon.

The Golden City of St.

Mary

by John Masefield

Out beyond the sunset, could I but find the
way,
Is a sleepy blue laguna which widens to a bay,
And there's the Blessed City -- so the sailors
say --

The Golden City of St. Mary.

It's built of fair marble -- white -- without a
stain,
And in the cool twilight when the sea-winds
wane

The bells chime faintly, like a soft, warm rain,
In the Golden City of St. Mary.

Among the green palm-trees where the fire-
flies shine,
Are the white tavern tables where the gallants
dine,
Singing slow Spanish songs like old mulled
wine,

In the Golden City of St. Mary.

Oh I'll be shipping sunset-wards and
westward-ho
Through the green toppling combers a-
shattering into snow,
Till I come to quiet moorings and a watch
below,

In the Golden City of St. Mary.

shattering into snow,
Till I come to quiet moorings and a watch
below,

In the Golden City of St. Mary.

Sea Fever

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her
by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking.

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 flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and
the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to 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 quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over.