AWAY FROM THE ROLL OF THE SEA

Small craft in a harbour that's still and serene,
Give no indication what their ways have been;
They rock at their moorings all nestled in dreams,
Away from the roll of the sea.

Their stern lines are groaning a lullaby air,
A ghost in the cuddy, a gull on the spar;
But never they whisper of journeys afar,
Away from the roll of the sea.

Oh, had they the tongues for to speak,
What tales of adventure they'd weave;
But now they are anchored to sleep,
And slumber alee.

Come fair winds to wake them tomorrow, we pray,
Come harvest a-plenty to them ev'ry day;
Till guided by harbour lights they're home to stay,
Away from the roll of the sea.