

# Renaissance, At The Harbour

Out at daybreak to the sun  
Seas are drifting glass  
The tides were turning to the storm  
Winds were moving fast  
Women waiting at the harbour  
Silent stand around  
Weather storms another day  
For men the sea had found

Fishermen were laying nets  
The barrels spread the bait  
The seagulls warning echoed round  
Winds that wouldn't wait  
People gathered at the harbour  
Waiting for the tide  
Eyes half closed against the spray  
And tears they cannot hide

Shadows falling at the harbour  
Women stand around  
Weather storms another way  
For men the sea have drowned

Hulls were creaking crashing sails  
Rains were slating down  
The oilskins flapping, decks awash  
Slanting turning round  
Thunder roaring at the harbour  
Women drawn in fear  
Huddle up to wait the time  
And pray the sky will clear

Howling winds and the raging waves  
Cracked upon the boats  
And torn from safety, torn from life  
Men with little hope  
Ghostly echoes at the harbour  
Whispering of death  
Women weeping holding hands  
Of those they still have left

Shadows falling at the harbour  
Women stand around  
Weather storms another way  
For men the sea have drowned