

Ahab, Nickerson's Theme

Neither long or meager lay
Nor a comet on a July's day
Would lead my righteous soul astray
To cowardice, left hand's way
Oil soaked timber, wooden bone
Whatever fate - God knows alone
I pray for him to watch our trail
For I know: to kill we sail
So sing, seaman, join my hymn of
Blood and oil
Sing her out, sing of our return to
Rotten soil
First Nantucket sleigh ride, see!
Will be a kingly gift to me
O! That is where I long to be
Deep in the heart of the sea