

Thrice, The Whaler

My lover's arms,
they beg me to stay.
But I know the storms,
they will sweep me away.

My daughter's eyes,
they are two tiny seas,
whose water will rise
and then run down her cheeks.

"Father where do you go,
so far out upon the sea,
and when are you coming home to me?"
"Darling why do you leave,
as the north wind begins to blow?
Will you be coming home to me?"

The boat and the blade,
they are all that I know;
the sea calls my name,
and so I must go.

And while they still sleep,
I slip out through the door;
but how can I leave,
with my anchors ashore?

"Father where do you go?
It's farther than I can see,
and where are you coming home to me?"
Darling why do you leave,
as the north wind begins to blow?
Will you be coming home to me?"