

A boat out on the ocean,
Of days and seas of old;
A tale of ocean vessels,
With men and their teeth of gold.

Like any boat from days gone by,
Sets sail for ocean depths;
For Adventure or for trading,
With forgotten men who met their deaths.

A miracle can calm the storm,
While the ship sails slowly on;
Of traveller and passenger,
Into nights from days that shone.

W moonbeam on the horizon,
And passionate kiss on the bow;
From days of love and romance,
When many a man took vow.

A boat out on the ocean,
As another ship sails through night;
Plenty of time for the motion,
To see a lighthouse shining it's light.

So perfectly still at evening,
The day's work now dead and done;
Yet still remains hopes preparation,
Of seeing new morning hence the sun shone.

Signed,

To reach the other shore