I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky.
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the

John Ireland

Sea Fever

Hn Masefield

Lento (about \( \text{j} = 52 \text{ to } 56 \))

Voice

Piano

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white sail's shaking, And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide. Is a wild call and a clear call, that may not be denied; And...
all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying. And the

flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life. To the
gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whet-ted knife; And
cresc. molto

all I ask is a mer-ry yarn from a laugh-ing fel-low-ro-ver, And

mf
dim.

qui-et sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's o-ver.