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