A SEA-GOING RUBAIYAT

In eastern port, 'ere muezzin's call to prayer, The Captain Omar, he of scatt'ring hair,

While the good ship at her moorings strains and stresses,

Calls the Black Gang and them thus addresses:

"Oh, greasy servants of the mighty genii Steam,
To true believers like myself, unclean!
I, and me, myself, shall take thee home;
Be calm! Thou shalt not sleep beneath the foam!

"By Banka Strait, where buoys go astray, And make the cautious captain lose his way, Where wooded islands rise from out the deep, I'm watchful still when other hombres sleep.

"Fear not the crashing seas nor surges' boom!

No rock shall ever enter engine room,

Tho' deep beneath the wave fear not thy fate —

By Noah's method I will navigate.

"What if some liars say he drifted 'round For forty days, then ran the ark aground — Tho' Allah swore it, would I not believe! One's never wrong if Sounding-lead he heave.

"In river, bay, in straits or open sea,
The sun may shine or not for all of me.
My mates take sight and when all three have done,
I take a sounding and ignore the sun.

"For modern methods care I not a whit— My mates may tear their hair or throw a fit; The Sounding-lead was Captain Noah's rule And I'm of Noah's Navigation School. "So dive in bilge if so it be Thou must!

Pour on plunging rod and groaning thrust!

By the beard of Moses! thou art safe my men—

For I, myself, will take thee home again.

"Keep but the fire of life within the boilers,
My engineers, my wipers and my oilers,
And shining dollars shall be thy reward
From the Protector of the Poor, my Shipping
Board."

William Francis Roantree

 $https://www.google.com/books/edition/Songs_of_the_Sea_Sailors_Chanteys/skUqAAAAMAAJ?hl=en\&gbpv=1$