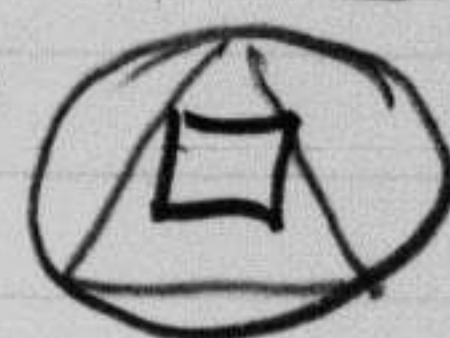


(1914-1921) Barb Wanderer - Port New Bedford -

"She Comes?" "Homeward Bound Again!"
May future voyages be shorter.



The sailor's greet the girls again
Forget the past, 'tis tough I know.
Perhaps for the best; the separation:

I once myself took a very long trip
4 years and 3 and 7 altold,
And caught more whales than ever was told,
For a flying start and a sailor bold
Until the line departed.

I've laid on deck on a pillar at night
When the world itself seemed like
And mystery in itself did laugh - (a sea
Parched haired old salters from the
(walked to and fro I dreamed?) dead

But 'twas true - Farewell Old World -
And then new dawn came back
The light began to reign again. (S)
Perhaps some generation will understand
That I was once a sailor-man
But always liked the land -
And under inspiration may go to
sea again!