

Kings Upon the Main

Thrice

This lesson you'd do well, not to forget
Your life could be the one, it's wisdom saves
At sea when you're beleaguered and beset
On every side by strife of wind and waves Despite the best of maps and bravest man
For all their mighty names and massive forms
There'll never be, there has never been
A ship or fleet secure against the storms When kings upon the main have clung to pride
And held themselves as masters of the sea
I've held them down beneath the crushing tide
Till they have learned that no one masters me But grace can still be found within the gales
With fear and reverence raise your ragged sails

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