

# Eamon

[Guy Clark](#)

EAMON SWALLOWED ANCHOR AND STEPPED HIMSELF ASHORE  
SET SEABOOT DOWN ON COBBLESTONE HE'D NEVER TROD BEFORE  
A LONE FOG ON THE HARBOUR DID OBSCURE THE RIGGING LIGHTS  
AND THE TERRA FIRMA TAVERN CAST A WARM AND GLOWING LIGHTSING FARE THEE WELL  
CALM SEAS OR SWELL  
RED EVENING SKY  
HOME AND DRYEAMON WENT TO SEA FOR LIFE THE DAY HE TURNED FOURTEEN  
ON A MERCHANT CARGO STEAMER BOUND FOR KWAJALEIN  
BY WAY OF CARTAGENA HE WOUND UP IN ISTANBUL  
NINETEEN TIMES AROUND THE HORN WOULD MAKE A DUTCHMAN DROOLCHORUSNOW  
EAMON HEADED INLAND TILL HE COULD NOT SMELL THE SEA  
WHERE THEY'D NEVER SEEN A BOAT THAT'S WHERE HE WENT TO BE  
AND THEY DRESSED HIM IN HIS PEACOEAT PULLED HIS SEABOOTS ON  
STITCHED HIM IN HIS HAMMOCK AND SENT HIM SAILING HOMECHORUSSING FARE THEE  
WELL  
CALM SEAS OR SWELL  
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES  
HOME AND DRY

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