

Home From The Sea

Celtic Thunder

Home, home, home from the sea
Angels of mercy, answer our plea
And carry us home, home, home from the sea
Carry us safely home from the sea.

On a cold winters night
With a storm at its height
The lifeboat answered the call.
They pitched and they tossed
Till we thought they were lost
As we watched from the harbor wall.
Though the night was pitch black,
There was no turning back,
For someone was waiting out there,
But each volunteer
Had to live with his fear
As they joined in a silent prayer.

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As they battled their way
Past the mouth of the bay,
It was blowing like never before.
As they gallantly fought,
Every one of them thought
Of loved ones back on the shore.
Then a flicker of light
And they knew they were right.
There she was on the crest of a wave.
She's an old fishing boat
And she's barely afloat.
Please God, there are souls we can save.

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And back in the town
In a street that runs down
To the sea and the harbor wall,
They'd gathered in pairs
At the foot of the stairs
To wait for the radio call.
And just before dawn
When all hope had gone
Came a hush and a faraway sound.
'Twas the coxswain he roared
All survivors on board
Thank God and we're homeward bound.

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