

**home from the sea**

On a cold winters night, with a storm at its height,  
 when the lifeboat, answered the call.  
 They pitched and they tossed, 'till we thought they were lost,  
 as we watched, from the harbour 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.

refrein:            Carry us 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.

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!

*refrein*

And back in the town in a street that runs down,  
 to the sea and the harbour wall.  
 They had gathered in pairs, at the foot of the stairs,  
 to wait for the radio call.

And just before dawn, when all hope was gone,  
 came a hush and a faraway sound.  
 'tWas the coxswain he roared, "All survivors on board"  
 Thank God, and we're homeward bound.

*refrein 2x (2e keer toon hoger)*