

## The Isle

Ahab

It's been five days  
In these boats of the Glen Carrig  
When I's awed by such solitude  
Alas, God moves in mysterious ways

So we pulled wearily towards the isle  
I swear t'was all but flagrant flatness  
If we'd only known it was sheer madness  
We'd stayed away many nautical mile

Then there came the first telling of life  
Like a lonesome wind on a breathy sigh  
Yet there was no breeze that filled the air  
With such a despairful cry

We harked to the weeping of souls  
When it died away - no further calls  
There was this monstrous silence after all  
Again we harked - what might next befall?

A sullen growling from afar  
The dark was full of it, I swear  
Aye, no word of which I've knowledge  
So well describes the hunger, most awesome to the ear