

With apologies to John Masefield

I must go down to the sea again, in a modern high-tech boat,
And all I ask is electric, for comfort while afloat,
And alternators, and solar panels, and generators going,
And deep cycle batteries with many amperes flowing.

I must go down to the sea again, to the autopilot's ways,
And all I ask is a GPS, and a radar, and displays,
And a cell phone, and a weather fax, and a shortwave radio,
And compact disks, computer games and TV videos.

I must go down to the sea again, with a freezer full of steaks,
And all I ask is a microwave, and a blender for milkshakes,
And a water-maker, air-conditioner, hot water in the sink,
And e-mail and a VHF to see what my buddies think.

I must go down to the sea again, with power-furling sails,
And chart displays of all the seas, and a bullhorn for loud hails,
And motors pulling anchor chains, and push-button sheets,
And programs which take full charge of tacking during beats.

I must go down to the sea again, and not leave friends behind,
And so they never get seasick we'll use the web online,
And all I ask is an Internet with satellites over me,
And beaming all the data up, my friends sail virtually.

I must go down to the sea again, record the humpback whales,
Compute until I decipher their language and their tales,
And learn to sing in harmony, converse beneath the waves,
And befriend the gentle giants as my synthesizer plays.

I must go down to the sea again, with RAM in gigabytes,
And teraflops of processing for hobbies that I like,
And software suiting all my wants, seated at my console,
And pushing on the buttons which give me complete control.

I must go down to the sea again, my concept seems quite sound,
But when I simulate this boat, some problems I have found.
The cost is astronomical, repairs will never stop,
Instead of going sailing, I'll be shackled to the dock.

I must go down to the sea again, how can I get away?
Must I be locked in low-tech boats until my dying day?
Is there no cure for my complaint, no technologic fix?
Oh, I fear this electric fever is a habit I can't kick.

*The poem was traced back to the Eventide Owners' Group website
"the largest Maurice Griffiths website in the world."*

*All traditional boat enthusiasts will find a wealth of useful information and
plenty of other interesting stuff on this relatively new but rapidly growing and
much visited site*