**Ulysses continued –** with comments on the changes made

So as the night folded on their oars

They left the ancient haven of their -?-

And set sail into the western sea

With hearts awake, home memories asleep

Far off the lights go out. Wives, daughters do not weep

The fires are fed, the flames will keep

Our -??- prow will seek the setting sun

Our sinews stretch to take us to new lands

Whence we will return with treasures or with

Tales enough to still the questing tongues

Of those who stayed behind. Ah, the sights we saw…

Our questing prow will seek the setting sun

Our sinews stretch to take us to new lands

Whence we will return with treasures or with

Tales enough to still the anxious tongues

Of those who stayed behind. Ah, the sights we saw…

And set sail into the western sea

With hearts awake, home memories asleep.

Far off the lights go out. Our wives and daughters do not weep

The fires are fed, the flames will keep

So as the night soft-folded on their oars

They left the haven of their ancient home

And set sail into the western sea

With hearts awake, home memories asleep.

Far off the lights go out. Our wives and daughters

Do not weep for us. The home-fires are fed,

The flames will keep our memories ever bright.

Our questing prow will seek the setting sun,

Our sinews stretch to take us to new lands

Whence we will return with treasures or with

Tales enough to still the anxious tongues

Of those who stayed behind. Ah, the sights we saw…

So as the night soft-folded on our oars

We left the haven of our ancient land

And set sail into the western sea

With hearts awake, home memories asleep.

Far off the lights go out. Our wives and daughters

Do not weep for us. The home-fires are fed,

The flames will keep our memories ever bright.

Our questing prow will seek the setting sun,

Our sinews stretch to take us to new lands

Whence we will return with treasures or with

Tales enough to still the anxious tongues

Of those who stayed behind. Ah, the sights we saw…

© Trevor Millum 2021