Three More Doublets

* Unfortunately, in my last word ladder poem, "Three Doublets," *
* there is an error in the number of links of the included ladders. *
* Whereas I had originally intended to include three ladders of *
* increasing difficulty, I later rewrote the verse to contain three five-
link ladders, but failed to update the posted ladder lengths. I *
* apologize for the omission. To make up for this, here are three more *
* doublets, two four-links and a five-link, this time using the Ceptimus *
* online resource to double-check ladder lengths. ~D.G. *

At sea, excitement won't abound,
Becalmed, in windless lull,
But now, each crew again is found
To hearken to the slow surf's sound,
The sharp call of the gull.
Departing dock, away she goes,
The jewel-bright ocean gently flows
Along the vessel, quick from NOSE
to HULL. (4)

Through the sea-storm’s raging gale,
The rigging must hold fast;
Through the howling north wind’s wail,
Through the stinging, pelting hail,
As long as it may last,
The seaman’s know-how cannot fail,
The salt-encrusted knots prevail,
As deftly they can fasten SAIL
to MAST. (4)

And when the day of sailing’s done,
And nothing’s left to do,
Then goes the captain, with the sun,
Under decks, and, one by one,
So, too, goes the crew,
Without a murmur, not a peep,
Silently, they drift, asleep,
As they sail the ocean DEEP
and BLUE. (5)