

II

The Song of the Sou' Wester

THE sun was lost in a leaden sky,
 And the shore lay under our lee;
 When a great Sou' Wester hurricane high
 Came rollicking up the sea.
 He played with the fleet as a boy with boats
 Till out for the Downs we ran,
 And he laugh'd with the roar of a thousand throats
 At the militant ways of man:

*Oh! I am the enemy most of might,
 The other be who you please!
 Gunner and guns may all be right,
 Flags a-flying and armour tight,
 But I am the fellow you've first to fight—
 The giant that swings the seas.*

A dozen of middies were down below
 Chasing the X they love,
 While the table curtseyed long and slow
 And the lamps were giddy above.