

The Sea.

The Sea, the Sea, the wonderful Sea!
The Sea with its blue immensity!
With its horror, its charm, and its mystery!

O marvellous type of the life of man!
O mirror so true of his joy and pain!
Of a soul which, once troubled, has rest again.

Thy dull waves beat on a leaden shore
Like the moan of a soul for which hope is o'er;
Whose light has gone out for ever more!

In thy dark abyss, O fathomless Deep,
Through sightless eyes doth the sea-worm creep;
And the voice of the Ocean is whispering, Sleep!

Strange fishes swim through each open door;
The sea-weeds grow on each slimy floor;
Yet still doth the hungry Sea cry, "More!"

It seems to me that the emblem is there
Of a passionless calm more sad than despair;
Like life without light, like breath without air,
Or wearied feet on an endless stair.

When Sorrow's wind blows o'er the sea of years;
When aching eyes are filled with bitter tears;
When parting words are spoken in sad ears;

The Ocean strikes his harp with tuneful strings,
And o'er his wide expanse this song he sings: