
SEVENTH AND LAST DAY

Ah ! like to one who dreams that he must die,
And waking finds him at a golden feast ;
Or like to one whose hapless eyes have lost
The lovely light of day, when sudden gleam
Of the world's joy and glory comes again,
And all his darkness dies ; so was it now,
Great Pharaoh ! with thy servants, day by day,
Conning the happy sea-signs. What to us
Any more irked the straining at the oar,
The narrow bed, the hard-worn plank, the toil
To beach and unbear' In our ragged sails
Flapped triumph : in oar-ports, worn to gloss
By oar-ooms grinding through five thousand
leagues,
Shone pride. My merry rowers loved the ships
So staunch, so faithful, and so friendly grown—
Their good sea-houses. Pipe and drum kept time
More lively than before to the light song
Of Thalamite and Zeugite, as we skimmed
Over the autumn waters to that mouth,