

ELLA LEE

On a sea flecked o'er with foam,
Never drawing nearer home,
 Sun by sun,
Though the watch-bells used to chime,
Bidden by her watchman, Time,
 One by one.

Oft when wild gusts smote the pane,
And made ridges of the rain,
 And we read
Of coral islet lapped in calm,
Where the long leaves crown the palm
 Overhead :

That tick-tock seemed company,
And the sky and shoreless sea,
 Flecked with white,
And the queer old moving ship,
That would rise and then would dip,
 Day and night.

But the clock rests now no more
Just inside the entry door,
 Ella Lee !