

THE FISHERMEN

13

Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin.
The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes, our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters,
At home, they reap the plain!

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Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals,
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and loud,
We will whistle down the wild wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud.

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In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

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Hurrah! hurrah! the west wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling,—
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth like a weed,—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.