

Scarce twenty living ever reached the shore ;
While I, next morning, with two lads of mine,
Scarce a league northward of the Isle of Sein,
Found at ebb-tide a man, whose locks were grey,
With fisher's garb ; and, not far distant, lay
Amid the seaweed, on a half sunk reef,
A younger man, who, in my firm belief,
Had given life for one whose slender arm
Still clasped his neck ; while her long sunny hair
Swept over his bared shoulders ; other harm
Than loss of life they showed not, but they lay
In undisfigured beauty, in that calm
Dreamless repose which falls when death holds sway.

“We raised them from the sea.

Ere eventide,
In a dim glade upon the Isle of Sein,
We buried them beside a broken cross—
Which, as I deem, was raised to mark a loss.