

Red suitors near blushing seas cower;
A filmy wreath ivys the dawn;
As Midas tints touch masts and towers,
And shawls of dew Sidon silks pawn.

Hyperion's steed was stalled with beasts;
He leaped mad his caravans'ry:
The elements churned it into yeast,
As showing their high primacy.

The doubtful dawn auburn rose in rims;
The day soon waxed leaden and grey:
At times it shot lighter as in whim;
But the mist fell fitful all day.

Here struggling stray, prank prisms, in sport;
On frost mountains, neath sodden arch;
In God's spacious profound marine court;
On ships' pines and cedars and larch.

The clouds build their castles for pleasure;
The sea harps to Heaven her mirth:
Above hooded monks chant their measures—
Distil nectar, teeming man's dearth.

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Dangers of the Sea.

The galley grand safely dips and soars,
O'er toothless hags, witching the deep:
Are there buried bulls near that would gore;
Unkennelled dogs that unleasht peep?