

Washed Ashore

Lossing in the surf that smother
It and others
With an effervescent spume,
Shoreward comes a splintered rudder—
Think, and shudder
At the shipwrecked sailors' doom!

Relic of that hapless vessel
That did wrestle
With the tempest's fury long,
Till, by wind and water battered,
It was shattered
Where the seething surges throng

This, beneath the surface hidden,
When the bidden
Helmsman turned the steering gear
To alter her course and kept her steady
Trim and ready,
At the fateful hour might have

But the ship, with rudder broken
Was, when spoken
By a craft that passed her by
Helpless on the billows tumbling
Near the rumbling
Breakers on the coast of Skye

Yonder flotsam, leeward floating,
And denoting
That an argosy was lost,
Was her cargo when, storm-driven,
She was riven
On the rocks where she was tossed

Strewn with driftwood from life's ocean
Of commotion
Is the gloomy Stygian strand
Token of what fate betided
Men unguided
With a strong determination

And the waves, with their angry laughter,
With the million
Tides of fatal enmity
In the under current folly!
Melancholy
The men and what they were