

TO THE SEA.

O Mighty Sea, born of Almighty Power
Whose spirit moves thee ! Thou who art a scourge
So terrible in wrath, yet in thy dower

Of peace yielding to all, and kind to urge
With all-sufficient strength the frailest life
In thy vast depths ! Thou whose eternal dirge

Rollest upon earth's answering shores the strife
Of raging elements, or the sad song
Of pity for the dead, while there is rife

In many a home, from which a dear one long
Delays, anguish of love without surcease !
O hear the mother's cry, and be her strong

Deliverer ! Let her tears thy wrath appease ;
And bring the lov'd one home for her heart-ease !