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Storms, shipwrecks, flying Dutchmen, all that be,
The wicked, ghastly secrets of the sea,
So wicked that they make each water sprite
Leap from the water screaming for delight.

II.

But lo, on the wet sands
A stranger stands,
About his manly form in many a fold
A Spanish mantle wraps him from the cold.
The storm blows wilder as he passes by ;
And where he steps red sparkles flash and fly.
He bends his way to where yon lonely light
Gleams from the fisher's cottage on the height.

III.

Her father and brother are out at sea,
The fisherman's daughter is there alone,
The fairest girl in the land is she ;
No maiden half so fair as she
Can at Church, or market, or dance be shown ;
And her merry gray eyes, and her gold-bright curls,
Win the love of all men, and the hate of all girls ;
And now she sits by the fire alone,
And over her face in the red fire light
The golden curls fall glossy and bright.

IV.

The stranger enters—now she flushes red—
I come to keep my promise, as I said,
The good old times are come again,
The good old Pagan ages, when
The gods took wives from the daughters of men,
Begetting heroes, men of renown,
Who mightily ruled over castle and town ;
And I am Neptune, shaker of the sea,
So now, my dearest girl, come home with me.
In this lone place I bet you what you wish
You feel as lonely as a stranded fish.

V.

The fisher may search for his home and his daughter—
Nothing is here but the cold grey water.

And the men were sad,
And the women were glad,
For she never came back howe'er they sought her.