

THE SEA.

O lovely deep blue sea,
We love to stand
Oftimes to gaze on thee,
Thou art so grand;
Over thy bosom fair
Wild sea birds soar,
And ships their cargoes bear
From shore to shore.

Sometimes thou'rt calm and still
As if asleep;
No thoughts of coming ill
Doth o'er us creep,
But when wild winds arise
And tall trees shake,
Thou breakest into sighs,
Thou art awake.

Afar we hear thy moans
Increasing more,
Thy sad and mournful groans,
Thy sullen roar,
Against the good ships fly
Thy rolling waves,
Foaming and rising high
O'er seamen's graves.

TO GIRLS.

Girls, would you be happy?
Then in early youth
Always shun deceit and sin,
Always speak the truth;
Do not think too much of self,
Think of others too,
Try to do as you would have
Others do to you.