

Underneath our pale green groves
Of the purple mullet roves :
Midst our stems the huge whales roam,
O'er our heads the fierce waves foam,
Raving round each ocean tree
Kept by Him who rules the sea.

Fragile waifs and strays are we,
Playthings of the mighty sea.
Living, blooming, fathoms deep
Where the restless waters sleep :
Stretching upwards fathoms high
Where the sea raves ceaselessly :
Gathering round the coral walls
Where the endless breaker falls :
Spreading out, secure and free,
Watched by Him who rules the sea.

When the deep blue waters dance
Underneath the sunbeams glance,
And the foam that tipped their crest
Melts, and sinks, and dies in rest—
When the breezes fall away
Sighing for the sleeping spray,
In the sea-light, faint and dim,
From His weeds there goes a hymn—
E'en Thy seaweed blesses Thee,
Loving ruler of the sea.

When the tempest, fierce and dread,
Thunders o'er our bowed down head ;
And the ocean lifts on high
Liquid mountains to the sky,
Rending in his rage and pain
Weeds that ne'er shall live again,