

SONNETS OF A RECLUSE

279.—MARINERS

The angry sea has smoothed his furrowed front;
And morn with lullabys kiss it to sleep;
While they rest down a thousand fathoms deep,
After, of war to death, bearing the brunt.

The mariners sailed 'way as was their wont,
The wolf from wives and little ones to keep;
As harvesters in Autumn their crops reap:
But empty boats adrift is a sword blunt.

Ah! fishermen! yours is a surly lot:
When winds and waves their nuptials celebrate;
On shore there's weeping in the little cot.
They know too well the festival is fate,
And that the revelling is but a plot,
To close o'er dear ones, Neptune's glassy gate.