

THE "OCEAN STAG."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

FAR away on the wide, wide ocean tide,
Far away on the tameless sea,
On its broad, broad breast, where the waves never rest
From their mad, joyous revelry,
Rides the stately bark o'er the billows dark,
Like the Spirit of Liberty.

Rideth all night, with a strange delight,
Like a creature of the foam,
Or a wild thing born of some sprite forlorn
In the cave of some monster Gnome,
That had leaped into life from the ocean strife,
With the boundless sea for its home.

So with plunge and dip speeds the gallant ship,
With her mariner hearts so strong,
Who defy the tide with disdainful pride,
With laughter, and tale, and song;
How she strains! how she bounds! like a stag which the hounds
Have followed in vain too long.

Higher, higher each swell! merry gale! it is well;
Still wilder the swift wind blows;
Let it rave, let it rave, with a ship so brave,
And a crew that no danger knows,
Though the storm-fiends wrack make the welkin crack,
Though the gale to a tempest grows.

Like a ghost from its shroud the moon looks from the cloud,
On forms that shall see her no more—
Broad, massive and great, rising up like a Fate,
The front of the iron-bound shore!
Like a bird in the snare the good ship struggles there,
For her wild, fearless journey is o'er.

These crashes! these shocks!—on the reefs! on the rocks!
Poised high o'er the jagged ledge!
Now each brave heart quakes, now the good ship shakes,
And parts on the awful edge,
Till timber and spar own the sudden jar,
And snap like a brittle sedge.