

SEA WEED.

NIGHT.

I stood on the ocean beach at night,
Waiting but dreading the morning light,
List'ning to what the waters said,
List'ning alone with bowed down head
For the voice they used was the voice of the dead,
Far o'er the sea.

Hearing upon the sounding strand
The plash of the waves from a distant land,
Hearing the words of the moaning main,
With the chill breeze wailing a low refrain,
Till my whole heart echoed the sorrowful strain,
Far o'er the sea.

Looking out in the dim expanse,
Seeing the dark black waters glance,
Glance, as the sheen of the velvet pall
That covered the sleeping dust of all
That would long for my voice, and would hear me call,
E'en o'er the sea.

Sitting in darkness, alone, and still,
With my thoughts that worked at their own sad will,
Hearing and seeing nothing but this—
The shade of a never forgotten bliss,
The sound of one first, one only kiss,
Far o'er the sea.