

CAROLS OF THE COAST.

OVERTURE.

These are the sea-waifs gathered in my strolling
Along the sand-paved beach—
Duller shells of pearly clusters rolling
Beyond my depth and reach.

I have I watched them, from dark caves emerging,
Gleam brightly and depart ;
While the wild waves through all my veins were surging,
And breaking at my heart.

God in pleasing peril, never pondering
The way my steps should go ;
No glorious morn shone not to guide my wandering,
But to impart its glow.

There no danger lurked within the ocean
That clasped the passive land,
In majesty in every sound and motion,
So free, so strong, so grand.