



Vol. XIX.—No. 973.]

AUGUST 20, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE SEA'S SONG.

By NORA HOPPER.

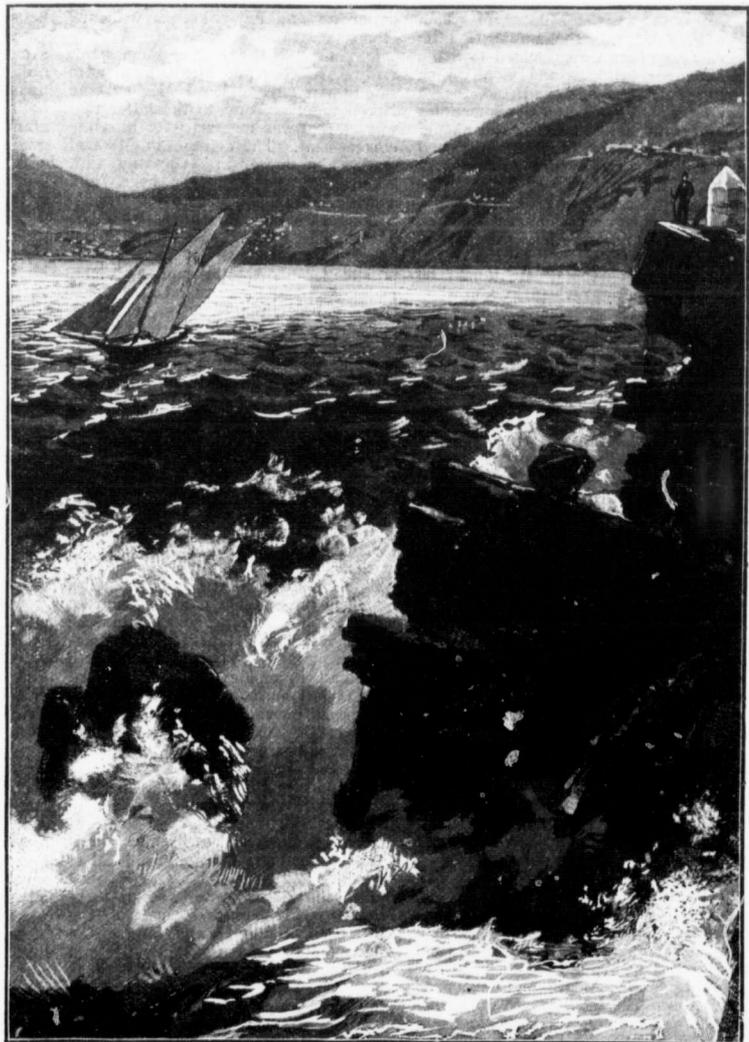
I AM the sea.

Come down and wash the world-
stains off your hands;
I send the wind that sweetens
many lands,
And whoso loves me shall
be loved of me,
Yea, though I drown him.
With a thousand strands
Stronger than women's hair
I knit his soul to mine: and
what I find
Harsh and unlikely, that my
own I bind
And make it clean and
fair:
And that I love I set not ever
free.

I am the sea,

And all the golden sands my
breakers drag
Crying, and clutching, down,
And every trail of broad wet
weed and brown,
And all the samphire dangling
from the crag—
Yea, each and all of these is
part of me.
And each shall speak through
silence to my lover
And mysteries to him shall
each discover.
Once he shall speak with naked
soul to me,
And hear my soul make an-
swer—ere he drown.

All rights reserved.



"ALL THE GOLDEN SANDS MY BREAKERS DRAG."