

A Winter Holiday

Like those flocks of small white snowbirds
we have seen start up before
Our brisk walk in winter weather
by the snowy Scituate shore ;
And the tiny shining sea-folk
brought you back to me once more.

So we ran down Abaco ;
and passing that tall sentinel
Black against the sundown, sighted,
as the sudden twilight fell,
Nassau light ; and the warm darkness
breathed on us from breeze and swell.

Stand-by bell and stop of engine ;
clank of anchor going down ;
And we're riding in the roadstead
off a twinkling-lighted town,
Low dark shore with boom of breakers
and white beach the palm-trees crown.

In the soft wash of the sea air,
on the long swing of the tide,
Here for once the dream came true,
the voyage ended close beside
The Hesperides in moonlight
on mid-ocean where they ride.