

MAKERS OF HISTORY

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The mystic meanings hover than suns can e'er explore,
 The wind pleads with the wandering waves and all
 my erring hears,
 Then hailing low, my spirit leaves with penitential
 tears,
 It seems night's high priest calls me—he bends and
 touches me,
 Until my soul sobb all it is—tells all that it would
 be—
 I'll in the hush sea-song, 'neath smile of moon I
 glow
 With more of God's warm presence than priest can
 tell.