

It is so still I cannot hear a sound,
Except the mighty bound

*Songs of
the Sea
Children*

Your little heart makes beating in your side,
And the first sob of tide,

As the sea turns from ebb far down the shore
To his old task once more.

O surging stifling heart, have all your will,
In the blue night and still!

Love till the Hand folds up the firmament,
And the last stars are spent!

CXIV

I do not long for fame,
Nor triumph, nor trumpets of praise;
I only wish my name
To endure in the coming days,

When men say, musing at times,
With smiling speech and slow,
"He was a maker of rhymes
Yvonne loved long ago!"

CXV

I know how the great and golden sun
Will come up out of the sea,
Stride in to shore
And up to her door,
To touch her hand and her hair,
With so much more than a man can say,
Bidding Yvonne good day.

I know how the great and quiet moon
Will come up out of the sea,
And climb the hill
To her window-sill
And enter all silently,
And lie on her little cot so white,
Kissing Yvonne good night.