

As one who wrapped in seeming death, all stiff, all cold, all dumb,
Sees with unutterable pangs the well loved mourners come,
Feels the last kiss of wife and child and sees the funeral pall,
And hears the cold screw gnawing through the coffin's wooden wall ;

Till all seems dark around him, and all the world is hid—
No sound except the patt'ring of the earth upon the lid,
And sense itself dies off, till swift and sudden on his night
Sweeps in upon the throbbing brain a flash of living light.

Light that shall heap up higher still the bitter cup of death—
Life ! that the new made grave may heave above his gasps for breath—
Oh light ! what part hast thou in me, whose inmost heart strings bleed,
Me, who am floating on life's wave, storm tossed like yonder weed.

Less than the storm rent weed that lives through all the ocean's strife,
I float bereft alike of care and love, and hope, and life,
She could have taught me higher things, but now I learn no more—
All love has left me and I drift upon the eternal shore.

“ Weeds of the sea ! weeds of the sea !
Floating where ocean leaps in glee,
Here sitteth one all sullen and wan—
Come and speak to the desolate man—
Come from the far off coral isles
Where the long summer reigns and smiles !
Come from the chalk of the eastern caves !
Come from the ice-cold northern waves !
He who made ye, makes use of ye
Weeds of the sea ! Weeds of the sea !

“ Lofty shrubs and trees are we,
Forests of the mighty sea.
Stretching to the sunlit air
Leafless trunks and branches bare :