

Compliments of
April 1916. *W. L. Mumford*

WHERE NO LAND LIES

Where no land lies,
Far out under the cloudy skies,
Alone, adrift,
A gleam of blue in a quiet rift,
The monotonous flow
Of waves which gather, and come, and go
On for ever.

Where no land lies,
Far off, a lonely sea-gull cries,
And clouds come down
On my hair all flowing, and cool, and brown,
And in my face
The slanting rain-drops drive apace,
Ever and ever.

Where no land lies,
And only the screaming sea-gull flies,
Alone, all day
The dull sea waste is my chosen way;
In wind and rain
I dream mine olden dreams again,
Ever a part of the wilding sea's lone, passionate heart,
In rain and wind
An idle ecstasy I find
Where only the lonely sea-gull cries,
Where no land lies.