

Whitewaters

They neared the drifting craft ; and when
They bumped against her gunwale, then
Hally upraised his tumbled head !
“ My God ! ‘ My boy ! ” the Captain said.

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And now with bellying sails “ The Foam ”
Up the tossed flood went straining home ;
The wind blew fair ; she lay that night
At anchor under Kingsport Light.

And late that night, in gladness deep
Sank father, mother, child, to sleep, —
Where no storm breaks, nor terror stirs
The peace of God in Whitewaters.