

The Sea Bird

To soar in the glory of the skies
And wheel in azure rare ?
Ah, thou dost catch the gale
And hear the far-off wail,
And the helmsman warned in the calm deep sea
Gives thanks to God for thee.

On dazzling crimson ray,
Pathway to the west,
Thou fliest fast at the close of day
To yon unhidden nest.
A song lulls thee to sleep,
Beside the harmless deep,
On a glowing rock which the waters lave,
The song of surging wave.

No, thou art never lonely,
Bird for the sea designed,
Altho', as ruled, thou knowest only
The joys of lower mind.
Power, who formest all,
Lord of the great and small,
Give wings to the soul to explore the good
In street or solitude.