

With curious fruits, with nuts and shells like-  
wise ;

The sailors often paused from ship's repairs  
To laugh and jibe at the shrill foreign cries.  
So clear the waters there that they could lean  
Across the rail and see six fathom down,  
So still it was it seemed like a vast screen  
On which were painted reeds of green and brown,  
Whilst gleaming fish flashed in wide arcs of  
light.

And he had sailed through other seas than these  
Where icebergs rise to a tremendous height,  
Gliding like drifting isles upon the seas  
With colours borrowed from the rainbow's ring ;  
The sailors feared them more than wind or wave,  
White sirens of the seas that need not sing  
To lure a ship unto a cold dark grave.