

Spake the Waters—cryptic ever—
 "Ought these fathoms keep,
Search and wrest—or yield we never
 Secrets from our deep.
Stern the boatful bore their faring;
 Strong in fellow-cheer;
Bitter hazard loyal sharing
 While their doom drew near.
Talked the boy of playmates meeting;
 Heard the village bell;
And his dog's fain bark of greeting;
 Then—some weird knell.
This our waves demur not voicing;
 More—the depths deny.
How Fate steered unknown a choicing
 Pray the guardian Sky."

Sound of triumph chanted forth:—
"Scroll of rescue hear the Host avow!
Behold—in vista long remote—
One desolate bog—
Whence thro' the solitary, mystic north,
In signal to the sentinel Stars, there came
Great, human pulsings of majestic woe.
Straightway our Pilot—he of gracious name—
In pity hastened to the prow,
And happily coursed the weary Band
O'er dirge-lapped waves in soothing flow,
Unto a restful strand,
Where asphodel in marvellous beauty springs
From seed of sufferings.