

ON THE ATLANTIC.

I. THE TWILIGHT.

THE storm-clouds each other are chasing—  
A grey sea fast darkens below :  
The billows are rolling and racing,  
Their white crests gleam as they go.  
Up and down in the deep green hollows  
The ship is toss'd on its way,  
And the swift sea hungers and follows,  
As a shark follows fast on its prey.

II. THE DAWNING.

The dawn and the darkness are meeting,  
A weird light illumes the wild sea—  
The night and its wan stars are fleeting—  
The white moon hangs low on the lee.  
And on, through the wild rush careering,  
High breasting the waves as they run,  
The good ship its haven is nearing,  
The storm-fight is over—and won !