

Gripped in the grinding ice floe's clutch,
With splintered ribs remain.

And pale Aurora's funeral lamp
Lights up their ghastly bourne
Till on the low vault's ashen rim
Creeps in the Solstice morn.

Some 'mid the sun-kissed Southern Isles,
Far-faring, found their tomb
Where ocean's patient builders rear
The league-long reef of doom

Sunk by the shelving coral ledge
Where dim waves softly chime ;—
And on their shivered timbers hangs
The long green ocean-slime

And there the crews are resting still
Where none the watch must keep,
Nor "eight bells" sounding at the morn,
Disturb the sailor's sleep.

And some in nearer waters lie
Our coasting craft were these,
Struck blind in fog or squall of snow,
Or drowned in mountain seas

And blown on bar and headland wide,
Or beached by cove and dune :
The flotsam of a wanton sea
Their battered bones are strewn

Brave ships ! brave hearts gone down to sea—
Their memories linger long ;
And every wave that beats their Isle
Shall shout their saga-song.

WEBSTER ROGERS