

The Rockwood Review.

A STRAY SEA-BIRD.

Leagues and leagues inland, through forest and field and plain,
Out from the winding river, the gulf and the roaring main,
Child of the sea and the cliff, and the broad free spaces of air,
Why art thou here where winds are soft, and summer sunshine fair?

Captive, alas, and maimed, under these alien skies,
Already the fierce light dims in thy bold unwinking eyes,—
Weary the oaring feet, and the strong shorn pinions fail,
Yearning towards the deep, and the salt unfettered gale.

Hear'st thou in thy dying ears the roar and the plunge of waves—
The thunder of breaking seas in the far-off island caves,—
The rush of a thousand wings in the thick of the rock-flung spray,
And the cries of thy sea-born mates in wild and stormy play?

Nay, these are the summer sounds of another and softer clime,
The tinkling splash of the fountain, the silvery vesper chime
Of village bells, the songs of birds of field and wood and lake,
Instead of the scream of the white seagull, and the cries of the Kittiwake.

A thousand leagues to the great chalk cliffs where the haunts of thy kindred rise,
And the wide sea rolls its combing waves under those mist-hung skies;
A thousand leagues—but it matters not—thy prison days are past,
And the morrow's sun shall look upon the captive freed at last.

K. S. McL.