

But they found them not!
 Tho' here and there, on sheets of shuddering ice,
 They found the ashes of deserted fires,
 And scattered relics of their former homes.

Then some were all a-weary; and they cried,
 'Dead are they, tombed upon the bleaching ice,
 Or tossing in the seaweed's tangled hair;
 Dead are they—wherefore do we seek them more?'

But still I hear the lute-soft lily-song¹
 Of gentle Hope—still trilling 'They are safe,
 Safe are they, trust ye in the God of Love.'

O hearken! hearken! hearken! my loved land!
 Still man thy glorious vessels to the North
 Seeking the lost. Go, gallant Beaufort,—go,
 Austen, and Pym, and lion-hearted Ross
 Traverse the colorless Arctic! Let the love,
 The tender love of mother and of wife
 Burn like a star, and blessings of our God
 Glide like a fiery pillar on your path.
 So, haply soon, shall mercy-wing'd winds
 Be speeding home to their loved native land
 The Erebus and Terror on their way;
 Or we shall know that all the toils are o'er
 Of our loved friends, and in the sinless land
 Resting in quiet haven they are safe,
 Safe thro' the mercy of the God of Love!

¹ ὅσα λειριόεσσαν. Hom. Il. iii. 152.
