

AT CONEY ISLAND.

Sing on, great sea, sing on thy cosmic song,
Which thou hast sung from all eternity,
So solemn, slow, and most majesticall,
Thine own insistent, slow, susurrant song.

Thou washest England, sea ; a link thou art
Between sweet England and her lonely son.

Sing on ; the earth these men may mar, the sea
They cannot mar, Thou art not always calm ;
But is thy blackest night, rent by thy most
Tempestuous hurricane to be compared
To storms that toss the heart and soul ?—Enough
Thou singest on ; grant me so too to sing.