

THE SEA BIRD

ART thou not lonely, lonely,
 V ' mid-ocean mew,
Where all the day thou seest only
 The plains of boundless blue,
 The passing dreamful deck,
 Or wandering weirdful wreck,
The billow heaving wrath and scattering
 foam—

Is this, is this thy home ?

Yes, this is thy sea-home,
 Bird of peerless grace,
And all the day thou art glad to roam
 O'er the deep's approving face ;
 No child has sweeter pillow
 Than thine, the soft sea billow—
Thou art made for this by a master Hand,
 Thou needest not the land.

Why dost thou eager rise
 On the secret stair—