

Now on the yellow seashell-flowered sand  
 Floated the rose of eve,—and each proud ship,  
 Enshadowed on the mirror of the waves,  
 Lay on the calmèd jasper, like a swan.  
 The cabin-boy had kissed his mother's lips,  
 And spake brave words of cheer, as tho' the light  
 That bathed the merry darkness of his eye  
 Were but a smile; the sailor on the shore  
 Clasped his fond wife; and the lieutenant stood  
 With strong hand on the fair and golden curls  
 Of his bright child; oh! it was hard indeed  
 To kiss the dew-gems from his fragrant cheek,  
 And, breathing still the lilies of his face,  
 Leave him for weary days—and still the boy  
 Clung sobbing on his hand, nor let it go.

"But hark, they call! Farewell! in three short years,  
 Dearest...Farewell!" and in the boat he leapt,  
 And the oars dipp'd and flashed: and now they stand  
 Upon the shining decks, and their white wings  
 The gallant vessels to the winds unfurled,  
 And left the fading shores. And stars came out  
 And looked upon the wave, and all was still,  
 Save the light flapping of the crimson flags,  
 And murmur of the breezes in the sail,  
 And shouting<sup>1</sup> of the cleft phosphoric wave  
 Round the curved prows;—so did the light wind speed  
 The Erebus and Terror on their way.

<sup>1</sup> ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα Στείρη πορφύρεον μεγάλ' ἔαχε νηὶς λούσης.

Hom. *Il.* i. 481.

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