

THE TRYST

SOFT grey light on a summer sea,
A glow of pink in the West,
Sad waves lapping the silver shore—
Ah! this is rest, sweet rest

Dim pines murm'ring beyond the bank.
Moonlight streaming through,
A golden path o'er the ocean's breast
That leads, my love, to you.

How weary the years since you left me, dear,
And silently sped away,
When the good ship sailed thro' the golden streak
And vanished for aye and aye.

How lonely I stand on the moonlit nights
Alone by the saddening sea,
And strain my eyes for the homebound ship
That never returns to me.

Till the chill winds blow from the distant lands,
And the salt spray wets my face,
As I gaze in vain thro' the white night mists
Out into empty space.

And the bar moans low in the rising gale;
The crested breakers foam;
The storm wraith shrieks in an agony
To call wayfarers home.