

And then the high black liner from her dock  
Began to move; the cast-off hawsers splashed;  
The parting yawned; a brave hand was flung up  
Giving the sign of friendship and farewell;  
Slowly the great hull swung out in the stream,  
Turned on the tide full-freighted, forged ahead,  
The band on board playing a cheery march,  
The harbor gulls dipping about her stern,  
As she passed down behind the anchored ships,  
And with a flutter of handkerchiefs was gone.

Out through the Golden Gate, where Tamalpais  
Looks down on the blue waters of the Bay,  
Bathed in the air of a perpetual spring,--  
The sunlit sorcery of an earlier world;  
Out where the Farallones in purple mist  
Loom on the sea-line, and the fishing fleets  
Go skinning with their brown sails in the sun;  
Out where the tramps and trading schooners ply  
To Yokohama, Sydney, and Rangoon,  
Or hot Tahiti and the island ports,  
And trailing smoke the punctual mail boats go;  
Out by the dancing sun-path on the sea,  
My friend went forth upon the world-wide quest.

Months later, where Columbus from his tall  
White marble column by the Park looks down  
And sees below him half Manhattan pass,  
And round his base the tide of traffic swirl,  
Ebbing and murmuring, as the long Spring dusks  
Light him with golden splendor calm on calm;  
With tales of travel, incidents recalled,  
Treasures exhibited and scenes portrayed,--  
The happy wanderer's talk on coming home,--  
I heard this legend of India retold.