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THE SEA WRACK.

BY MOIRA O'NEIL.

The wrack was dark and shiny where it floated in the sea,
There was no one in the brown boat but only him and me;
Him to cut the sea wrack, me to mind the boat,
An' not a word between us the hours we were afloat.

The wet wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was strong to cut.

We laid it on the gray rocks to wither in the sun,
An' what should call my lad then, to sail from Cushendum?
With a low moon, a full tide, a swell upon the deep,
Him to sail the old boat, me to fall asleep.

The dry wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack was dead so soon.

There's a fire low upon the rocks to burn the wrack to
help,
There's a boat gone down upon the Moyle, an' sorra
one to help!

Him beneath the salt sea, me upon the shore,
By sunlight or moonlight we'll lit the wrack no more.

The dark wrack,
The sea wrack,
The wrack may drift ashore.