

BY THE SEA

The clear moon rides the height of heaven and pours
A flood of silver on the quiet sea
And slumber-prisoned land ; in the south three
Scintillant stars watch midnight's dusky doors,
And through the cool and freshening air up soars
A steady breeze from off the low, salt lea ;
Deserted is the pebbly beach, and free
Am I to seek the pillow that restores.

But sleep will not come to mine eyes. I hear
The gentle lapping of the waves upon
The sand, like haunting voices of the dead,
And kneel, companioned by remembrance dear
Until the moon is dimmed, and the bright dawn
Transforms the silver of the sea to red.