

PLAYMATES.

A wave was rippling across the sea,
Lulled into laughter and melody,
Its dwarf drops of spray so careless and coy
The sunbeams flew after and kissed it for joy.

But the wave, crest-tossing, like him of the Ancients,
Shook them off with a bound of saucy impatience,
And sped light and swift, laughing softly in glee,
Over the musing, murmuring sea.

But its song soon ceased, and silence came,
Till the wave sigh'd sadly the sunbeam's name,
Then bitterly shiver'd, and shrank all-chilling
From a sinister thought the gulls were shrilling.

Now while it was speeding so swift along
The sunbeams mourn'd for the sound of its song
And flew pursuing, and caught it at last
And embracing they in the horizon past.