

The Broken Helm

A ship 'mid treacherous waves I trace
On yonder sea,
And at the helm thy former face
Entreating me.

Behind thy scorn
Of yon embattled shore,
Where beaten billows roar—
I cry, "Oh, turn!"
(What though my wounded heart may bleed
On prayer's shrine?—
For a lost friend, O God, I plead,
I plead for mine.)

And, lo! I see
From wave to wave this night
A Figure radiant, white,
Walk toward thee;
And while thine eyes to heaven are raised,
Beseeching God,
He takes the helm, with arm upraised,
And stills the flood.