



At Scarborough' Beach.

THE wave is over the foaming reef
Leaping alive in the sun,
Slowly the far-off shadowy sails
Melt on the horizon.

'Tis leagues around the blue sea curve
To the sunny coast of Spain,
And the ships that sail so deftly out
May never come home again.

A mist is wreathed round Richmond point,
There 's a shadow on the land,
But the sea is in the splendid sun,
Plunging so careless and grand.

The sandpipers trip on the glassy beach,
Ready to mount and fly,
Whenever a ripple reaches their feet,
They rise with a timorous cry.

Take care, they pipe, take care, take care,
For this is the treacherous main,
And though you may sail so deftly out,
You may never come home again.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

