



Its kale-dark sides
Throb in the tides;
The long winds over its spin and hum,
Its timbers ache
For memory's sake,
And the throngs that never again will
come.

"How many lips
Have lost their bloom,
How many ships!
Gone down to gloom
Since keel and sail
Have fled out from me
Over the thunder and strain of the sea"

Charles G. D. Roberts