

High School Poetry Book

PART I

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover.
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by, 5
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had burned it; 10
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it ;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray 15
Might serve some use or other.