

## ODE TO THE SEA.

ADAPTED FROM BYRON.

There is a pleasure in the woods,  
There is a rapture on the shore,  
There is a charm in interludes  
Of music, when the breakers roar ;  
From thence I reverence Nature more,  
From these wild interviews I feel  
Friendship not human. I adore  
And mingle with the scene with zeal.

Roll, everlasting, onward roll ;  
The ships encompass thee in vain.  
Man fells the forests : his control  
Is landward ; on thy watery plain  
He leaves no traces that remain,  
No shadows—but the wrecks are thine ;  
He and his ships like drops of rain  
Sink bubbling in thy depths of brine.

His steps are on thy paths—thy fields  
He traverses with merchandize ;  
Also a spoil thy bosom yields,  
But then in wrath thou dost arise  
And shaks't him from thee towards the skies,  
And sends't him quivering in thy spray  
Till on the earth again he lies  
Driven to some petty port or bay.

The armaments which dare the walls  
Of sea-port cities, and which break  
With flashes and with iron balls  
And cause beleaguered souls to quake,