

THE BEACH AT LYNN.

Forever raging, ceasing ne,
Drift on the billows of the sea,
And on the sands towards far Nahant
The raving waters rage and pant,
Foaming in ranks of three and four
Along this fair expanse of shore,
Bringing to thee thy waves, O Lynn,
Harmonious with old Ocean's din.
The white sails wander on the deep,
And on the far horizon creep.
The light-house rock, a citadel,
And warder of the bay may dwell
Serenely while the sun shines on,
And frown the ocean's depths upon.
Like rocks but mightier did the sage
Ulysses, in the storied page
Pass, when around his dark-hulled craft
The holy ocean's wavelets laughed;
When he to Circe's isle did roam,
And wandered by the Sirens' home.