

THE FISHER FOLK.

I.

THERE is a shore, the Huron shore,
Where sands lie stark as spring snowdrifts ;
And wavelets lap, and crows explore
For stranded fish in the wreckage rifts.

The fishermen mend their nets all day,
And the black crows walk on the gleaming sand ;
And the great waves boom, and the wavelets play
And the fresh sea sleeps in its Maker's hand.

Then here's to them with a hearty stroke,
The fisher folk, the fisher folk !
When the wind's nor'-west their stems dip deep,
And they pull for the nets with a steady sweep,
With a steady sweep and a hearty stroke.

II.

The waves, the waves that beat the shore—
The cold, bleak shore—have restless grown ;
And the night comes down where the breakers roar,
And the long, sad sweep breaks with a moan.

The fisherman drags his boat shoreward
And "She'll blow to-night !" "Aye, aye, she will"
On the rising blast is scarcely heard.
And the sad sweep moans, and the breakers spill.

III.

O, Spirit of All, who still'st the sea,
Look pityingly down on the sailor men !
Who calmed the waves of Gallilee,
O, mercy have on their souls. Amen."