

At last beside a misty sea alone.
The low-hung clouds hide from my stedfast gaze
All save the waves that break upon the shore,
Murmuring : not a sound save seabird's scream.
I go alone whither my fathers went.
Behind me lie the sunny meads and cots
Where once we nested, and the rugged hills
My daring youth strove up, the shadowy
streams
Where I lay weary ; all the sights and sounds
That made my life for ever far away.
And as I face the unknown sea, a voice
Whispers, 'Tis shoreless.' As that lonely sail
Slips from my gaze in rolling fog, I pass
Out into nothingness : the fair, fond dream
Of life beyond this life will melt away
With tinkling church bells gathering living men
To dream it still. O last perplexing doubt !
I fought thee once in mail of evidence,
Creed tested, book inspired, and witness given,