

TO THE SEA.

Thou blowest soft, O sea,  
In even's mantle clad ;  
What vespers come from thee  
Faint wearily and fade.

The headland scenteth night,  
And fadeth with thy main ;  
One early star his light  
Trails in thy vasty plain.

Thou sendst thy waves from thee  
Trooping forth in the glooms ;  
Thou ripplest low, O sea,  
Like grasses grown near tombs.

To be like thee ! O sea,  
Neath even's dusky cloud ;  
Untangled, calm, and free,  
Thou mild pacific flood.

No chains thy waves defeat,  
Nor slings nor arrows thee ;  
Immeasurably great  
Thy deeps and billows be.