



Age after age the tides wa debt flung
In some waves against the towering wall
(Whose base has towered thousand years of rocks)
How mighty its purpose to its floor & briny
Of the sea and land were not the ocean waves
On trees overrotted means rest the rain
Instead of down to low tall ships shall soar
And give of past times rest, and commerce
Wonders of truth, unwarlike host of God,
Who left the deep march to the sign of heaven,
And built the Lord your cry, towered to the year
Your superstition's crumbling front shall read
In the stone the structure of your tower,
And God's sweet low flood all the plea of tears

Partage de Land
1848

Theodore & Rhonda