

THE SEA.

Oh great, wide, heaving ocean, with the sea birds flying
o'er,
Your moods are ever changing as you kiss each rock bound
shore,
Like a playful child you sometimes seem to frolic o'er the
strand,
Your gentle wavelets glistening 'gainst the dark and
rugged land.

But oh, when roused to anger, how your frothing, lashing
spray
Comes bounding, rushing, tumbling, from o'er the great sea
way,
Like demons stung to fury your wondrous breakers roar,
Of your tyranny and mischief there seems an endless store !

Then when the storm is over how tender is your mien !
One feels one can forgive you for the tyrant you have been,
For you turn the gentle mother, softly crooning o'er the bed
Of the peaceful ones that slumber, the wicked storm-fiend's
dead.

Ah, you nurse them oh, so gently, you who took life's
breath away,
And fondly will you keep them—aye till the Judgment
Day.
Oh sea so sad, so solemn, yet playful and so free,
In whatever mood I find you you're still the same to me.

To your voice I love to listen, be it gentle or unkind.
Music full of rapture in every sound I find,
And beauty lies around you when the sun-glow casts its
sheen
On each rippling wave that glistens, making fairer still
the scene.