

The Iceberg.

O THOU fleeting Iceberg,
From the frozen North,
Who gave thee thine order,
"Piece of Ice, go forth!"
Ocean is my father;
Ocean's sun I claim,
He is my commander
At his bid I came.
Down to warmer climates
I will gently ride;
As he shines upon me
I am glorified;
And the more he melts me
So the more I grow
Like my father ocean
Till to him I go.

O thou fleeting Christian
From the indifferent host,
Who gave thee thine order,
"Struggle upward most!"
God is my good Father,
And His Son I claim
As my good commander,
Honour I His name.