

CHIME-CHANGES.

I.

Sun on the sea and the blue, blue sky,
Sail on! the shore shall be ours by and by,
Soon the pilot shall seek us.

The sea-pilgrims smile in the eye-kissing light,
Who speaks of the silent cloud, sullen and slight?
Soon the pilot shall seek us.

Singing to sleep turn the scorers of fate,
At sunrise the ship anchors safe in the strait,
Surely the pilot is coming?

II.

Low-looming vapour that leers at the moon,
Lonely the vessel lies in the night's noon,
Surely the pilot is coming!

O the wild laughter that leaps in the gale
And the loud lamentation, the lullaby-wail!
Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!

Lo! who can linger in life at his will?
Beloved are the slaves of the sea-spirit still,—
Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!