

Whitewaters

And passionately for comfort pressed
The kind white kitten to his breast.
Through the thin plank his hand could feel
The little eddies clutch the keel ;

Lost and alone, lost and alone,
He heard the long wave hiss and moan,
He heard the wild ebb seethe and mourn
Along the outer shoals forlorn.

And now a wind that chafed the flood
Blew down from Noel's haunted wood ;
And now in the dread tides that run
Past the grim front of Blomidon,