

Sunrise on the Ocean

When a child my mother taught me
 'Twas the voice of God that spoke
 In the roaring, crashing thunder
 Which upon the mountains broke ;
 And I thought if, in the thunder,
 Jesus sternly speaks to me,
 Then of love he gently whispers
 In the murmur of the sea.

SUNRISE ON THE OCEAN.

THE sails are idly hanging from the spars ;
 The dreamy waves are crooning lullabies ;
 While, mounting toward the zenith, slowly rise
 With noiseless tread the retiring sentinel stars,
 Whose watch is past. The gate of Orient jars,
 And lo ! the golden sun in heavenly guise,
 Divinely glorious—sight for angel eyes—
 Comes forth full-robed to meet at heaven's bars
 Her bridegroom, Ocean, with his wealth of ships—
 A galaxy of sails, an endless fleet—
 With which he greets her ; and her flaming lips
 Kiss every passing wave which shoreward beat ;
 And from the foaming crystal cup she sips
 The life-wine of the flood, and calls it sweet.