

A Song of the Sea.

"Come, rest on my bosom, my weary child,"
murmured the sea,

"My waves shall croon to thee soft and mild,
Their songs shall never grow weird or wild,
And fleece-white foam on the billows piled
Shall thy pillow be.

Let thy tired head sink on my gentle breast,"
whispered the sea,

"Ere the crimson sun-flame kindles the west
I will wrap thy spirit in dreamless rest
Come then to me, for slumber is best,"
whispered the sea.

"Thy voice is loving, thy words are fair,"
O gentle sea,

"The world holds nothing but gloom and care,
Life's griefs are greater than heart can bear,
For thy boon of repose so sweet and rare
I will come to thee.

On the thorny earth I no more will roam
O sweet-voiced sea,
"Thy swelling billows shall be my home
To rest on thy bosom with joy I come,"
And she laid her head on the white sea foam,
No fear had she.

Then the billows arose in stormy night —
O treacherous sea!

They filled ~~th~~ her spirit with wild affright,
They found in her anguish a mad delight,
They whirled her down to the Land of Night
Neath the cruel sea.

The mermaids combed her tangled hair,
Underneath the sea,
They kissed her sweet eyes & her cheeks so fair,
They smoothed from her brow all the lines of care,
They made her a grave-home of beauty rare,
Underneath the Sea.
