

The Mariners Address To His Mistress

When clouds are dark and winds blow high
Thou'lt surely think of me
Whose fate is in that stormy sky
Or on the raging sea

And oft thou'lt think at eventide
When flowers perfume the breeze
Of him who would be by thy side
But still must roam the seas

Thou'lt think, too, when the stars shine bright
Out over the azure sky
Of one who sees their hallo'd light
And dreams that those are nigh

The sea the sea that me bright stars
Pure emblems of our love
That mingle us as it beams afar
Our souls are seal'd above

And still his wandering eye shall catch
His loved and still night
And think of her who too doth watch
Looks after him and bright

The incense is the sweet sea breeze
That leads his soul to thee
Or visions form'd on the sea
No meet and part no more

The merry sea-bird tells his lay
And lightly laughs at sadness
The sailor's song may round delay
Its notes respond its gladness

Continued

The mariner still views his chart
Or looks upon the pilot
Whose star will guide him to his mart
Though the billows roll

Another sigh in secret sorrow
For those he left behind
The ship rides on to day. Tomorrow
Their forms have left his mind

Their joys and sorrows hopes and fears
Are transient as the wind
Eyes bright in hope of dawn with fears
Are emblems of their mind

Ambition! here or gainful trade
Still lead them on their way
Not so for me - my soul was made
To seek another day

My spirit turns towards that shore
A wanderer though I be
And hopes to meet and part no more
From all it loves from thee

