

The Ocean

The Ocean hath its silent caves  
 Deep, quiet, and alone  
 Though there be fury on the waves  
 Beneath there none is none  
 The awful spirits of the deep  
 Hold their communion there  
 And there are those for whom we weep  
 The young, the bright, the fair,  
 O'erboard the weary seaman rest  
 Beneath their lone blue sea,  
 The ocean solitudes are blessed  
 For there is purity  
 The earth has quit the earth has seen  
 Unmet are its graves  
 But peaceful sleep is ever there  
 Beneath its dark blue wave

To ascertain the longitude by the setting  
 of the Sun

Lat	37	32	Dec.
Long	114	49	W
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Lat	56	59	Co. d.
Long	57	59	Time

On the breast of the billow  
 The silver moon lay  
 Unruffled the mirror  
 Unbroken the rays  
 Tilt the zephyrs light perfume  
 Swopt over the stream  
 And broke the repose  
 Of the wave and the beam

Like the beam on the billow  
 Love's spirit will rest  
 Pure, peaceful and holy  
 In fond woman's breast  
 Till passions, wild breathing  
 Have fanned into flame  
 To illumine her pathway  
 Or perish in shame