

Dedicated to  
Edward R. Ashley

God of the mariner,  
To the Silt, the trackless deep,  
Oh bid for him the tempest cease  
The storm-swept billows sleep

Guide him through the scull dark,  
Lead him where he must roam,  
Bring him in safety to the ark,  
The peaceful ark of home.

Oh God and what a life?  
Oh even east and west,  
Whose sails compass us around,  
And throng in every tide.

Breakers all on all  
And sunken rocks ahead;  
Where the sea calms, - dull waveless calms,  
And tempests wild and dread

God of the mariner,  
To the Sails the stormy wave  
Oh shield him with thy arm of peace  
Oh heaven by Father save!

Your affectionate sister  
Elizabeth P. Gaskell

Weymouth Nov. the 21<sup>st</sup> 1844