

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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THE BLUE DOMAIN

There's grandeur in the rolling sea,
Where mighty Neptune rules supreme;
There's beauty, power, and majesty;
There's music in her every theme.

In awe I've watched the waves in vain
Crash angrily upon the shore,
With fury spent, fall back again
Into the jaws of still one more.
As if the cohorts, loath to leave the fray,
Engulf them, so to clear the vanguard's way.

I've heard the savage breakers roar
At foiled attempts to cross the bar;
And, shadows of their former bore,
Flow on and scarcely sway a spar.
So harbour's bulwark takes upon his breast
The anxious white-capp'd billow's foaming crest.

Sometimes I've stood upon the beach,
And watched the wavelets dent the strand;
With ever-changing play they reach
As if to push away the land.
The shining film in lesser haste retreats,
As if unwilling to concede defeat.

The boundless, endless, ceaseless sea,
The heaving, rolling, wat'ry plain,
Since time began is still so free.
O blue magnificent domain.

—C. SINNOTT '49