

MY ISLAND

I was born upon an island kissed by many a salty wave
With the sweetest, kindest greeting that the ocean ever
gave.

All along the shore its billows raced each other to the land
Shaking into foamy laughter when they met me on the
strand.

It was good to look upon them as they tumbled in to me.
It was good to be among them, great big children of the
sea.

It was joy to feel them hold me when they met me after
school

And they drove away my troubles with caresses soft and
cool.

I was born upon an island where the spruces scent the air,
And the North Wind sends its vigor with the perfume
everywhere.

There's no pavement on the road-way to be hot beneath
the feet,

And the warm dust rises gently when the bare toes touch
the street.

In the summer sounds the reaper, like an organ for the
birds;

While the honey-bees and crickets sing without the need
of words.

There's a silver bit of ocean showing from each little hill
And the streams are shining ribbons as they wander by
the mill.

There is freedom on an island, even if it be confined
And the ocean guards its limits; but the ocean doesn't
mind

If the dreamer fires his visions on its vastness and its might
And projects the ocean's spirit far beyond the ocean's
sight.

For the ocean is the Mother who feeds every cloud the rain
That will change the arid desert into life and hope again.
So the children of an island, being children of the sea,
Are the children of the spirit, are the children of the free.

Oh! It's good to have an island
To look back to while you live;
And it's good because an island
Has all the sea can give.

—Myles Murdoch