

## CAWNPORE

There the wide sweeping surf splashes the sleeping shore;  
There the wind comes up with the sea-mist; there the gulls  
soar,

Shrilling and joyous, where the mad leaping breakers roar  
And the last, bold fisher fast-flees for the harbour nigh.

On the serried ranks of the sea, I watch the white plumes  
fly—

Then the cold, swift fog blots out the evening sky.

I ne'er hear the loud surf but I see the white boats glide,  
See the sea gulls wheel and dart, hear the swish o' the tide,  
And listen the prayer of the young fisher's bride.

Of all the men on the wide earth, these are the most wise,  
These who know the loud sea and can read its changing  
skies,

For God revealeth secrets to understanding eyes.

I shall go live by the sea and list the sighing bar,  
And shall read its meaning, and know its whispers afar,  
Till my time of passing brings me my evening star.

—J. R. H. F.