

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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"SEA HUNGER"

Oh, I shall go down to the Sea once more,
To the tide-wracked thundering Sea,
Where the salt South-Easters drive off shore,
And the outbound ships swing free.
Behind me the sunlight landward falls,
Limning with shining fire,
The low-lying whitened cottage walls,
And burnishing many a spire.
And the wooded hills hold a ruddy glow,
Where the inland roads dip down,
Through glade, and meadow, and trim hedgerow,
By many a beckoning town.
And I shall remember the sylvan green
On the mist-hung hills of home,
And the little lakes' dazzle of glimmering sheen,—
Yet I long for the wind-tossed foam,
With the sting on my face of the spin-drift's fleck,
And the siren song of the Sea
Luring my feet to a heaving deck,
Where the outbound ships swing free,
Dipping their breasts in some old sea lane,
Their wet bows ashine in the sun,
And their tall masts arock with the stress and strain
Of the long swell's tumbling run.
And so it's away in the windy night,
With rattle of tackle and gear,
And an eye for the flash and fade of a light,
And the stars by which we steer.
For the Sea is wide, and the Sea is deep,
And the mad currents swirl and sway
Its placid depths from a soundless sleep,
To a mighty tempest's flay.
For ever the lifting surge rolls in,
And ever it falls away,
And each Sea-bred son has a fight to win,
Where the Sea King holds His sway.
And ever the fickle tides must woo
The love of the Sea Breed's men,
And my heart lifts up when the call comes through,
So I turn to the Sea again.

—F.J.M.D., '09