

At Rising Tide

L. M. Montgomery.

The boats at anchor rock to and fro
On the shining deep,
And the swell of the ocean is long and low
When the wind's asleep;
The little waves lisp on the slumb'rous sand,
And the bay by a sunset bridge is spanned
Where the seagulls swoop on their silver wings—
Oh, the sea is fair; it is smiling there,
At rising tide!

Fair but false is the luring sea
With its siren song!
It will foam on the rocks in angry glee
Ere the hours be long;
It will whimper and moan to the midnight sky,
And the spume of its waves will be tossed on
high,
The boats will shiver like frightened things,
Though now they rest on its treacherous breast
At rising tide!

Far in the west the wind will leap
From its ancient lair,
And harry the waves with the frenzied sweep
Of a mad despair!
Oh, what a glorious sight 'twill be,
The unstinted strife of the wind and sea,
When the light dies out along the shore
And the shadows deep o'er the pale sands
creep
At rising tide!