



Sea-Folk

BY CORNELIA DUSHANE HOPKINS

You can't tell land-folk of the sea,
They never understand,
It's only folk like you and me,
That's tramped along the sand.

That's tramped along the sand and heard
The whispering of the waves,
That has watched the dip of the white sea-bird
To the prey his wild heart craves.

It's only folk like you and me,
That's held the tiller true,
That has felt its pull as the sheet swings free,
Sung chanties with the crew.

Sung chanties, leaning 'gainst the mast
As the anchor-rope pulls taut,
And heard the suck as the tide slips past.
No, the landsman knows it not.

Harry Pitt



Sea-Gull

BY JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY

You learned to fly where angels are
Before the golden throne;
The peace that lulls the evening star
You cherish for your own.

You learned to fly where winds are soft
And sing fair songs of praise—
On little winds, aloof, aloft,
You dance away the days.

You learned to fly where music is
And dance and silver song—
God sends a little dream of His
To lead you all day long.