

**A SONG OF THE SEA.
MY LADY OF DREAMS.
AND OTHER POEMS**

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A Song of the Sea. My Lady of Dreams. And Other Poems by Eric Mackay

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BY

ERIC MACKAY

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A SONG OF THE SEA

AN ODE FOR IMPERIAL FEDERATION

I

FREE as the wind that leaps from out the
North,
When storms are hurrying forth,
Up-springs the voice of England, trumpet-
clear,
Which all the world shall hear,
As one may hear God's thunder over-head,—
A voice that echoes through the sunset red,
And through the fiery portals of the morn
Where, day by day, the golden hours are
born,—
A voice to urge the strengthening of the bands

That bind our Empire Lands
With such a love as none shall put to scorn !

II

They little know our England who deny
The claim we have, from zone to furthest
zone,
To belt the beauteous earth,
And treat the clamorous ocean as our own
In all the measuring of its monstrous girth.
The tempest calls to us, and we reply ;
And not, as cowards do, in under-tone !
The sun that sets for others sets no more
On Britain's world-wide shore
Which all the tides of all the seas have known.

III

Our ways are on the waters wan and wild,
When cloud on cloud, up-piled,

Reveal the fume and frenzy of the blast
That shrills and hurries past,
As if to wreck a ship unseen of Heaven,
Ere yet the dreadful levin
Rips up the dark with fingers as of fire ;
And there we sate our strength and our desire
In thuds of storm and buffetings of fate ;
And there we conquer in the glad sun's ken,
And there we lie unceasingly in wait
For wondrous morrows unforeseen of men.

IV

The ocean, the great ocean, loves us much,
And all those ships of ours that we have
manned ;
Aye, and it revels in the tremulous touch
Of our sweet margin-sand ;
And on its bosom wears in shine and shower,
As women wear a flower,