

**IN UNKNOWN
SEAS: A POEM**

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In Unknown Seas: A Poem by George Horton

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GEORGE HORTON

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SEAS: A POEM**

IN UNKNOWN SEAS
A POEM
WRITTEN BY 78853
GEORGE HORTON
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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
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TO
H. W. SEYMOUR
OF CHICAGO

UNWORTHY OF THY HEART, MY FRIEND,
ARE THESE POOR LINES THAT I HAVE PENNED;
AND SO I DEDICATE TO THEE
THE NOBLER SONG I FELT IN ME.

recd. 2-20-52 MFP



IN UNKNOWN SEAS

1



WHEN this light darkens, and a light comes
after,
Who would not fare afar to unknown seas?
Oh, many a bark, with perfect winds to waft
her,
Flits on and on to strangest destinies,
And there is heard for aye the wave's low
laughter,
And music dying on each dying breeze.

¶ And when there comes, with far-off mellow
singing,
To any quiet bay a little ship,
Dryads appear, a beckoned welcome bringing,
As down the beach in sinuous line they trip,
With mist-like robes about them loosely clinging,
And glossy locks that o'er sleek shoulders slip.

¶ Art not a-weary of this sordid scheming,
And of a world whose constant care is gain?
Lo! merchant sails on all our seas are gleaming,



And all about us clanks the toiler's chain ;
But in those regions life itself is dreaming,
And prudent thoughts are held in high disdain.

¶ And we shall know when we at length are
drifted

Into the glory of those golden seas,
For subtle peace is there from heaven sifted,
And balm is shaken from each wing-like breeze,
And clouds are by a sweeter azure rifted
Than any blue that broods in skies like these.

IF we shall come by day, the long, faint traces,
Crescent or straight, will grow from out
the sky,

Of island mountains, at whose sylvan bases
The pleasant valleys of that country lie ;
And all about us saucy mermaid faces
In mirrored waves will image, faint, and die.

AND if by night, we shall go gently gliding
A-down the moon-trail, never laid on land,
Until we hear the waters' measured sliding
Upon the whiteness of the sloping strand,
And laugh of lovers in green arbors hiding,
While grinds our prow upon the shelly sand.

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