FROM THE LIPS OF THE SEA

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From the Lips of the Sea by Clinton Scollard

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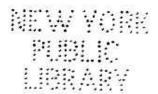
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CLINTON SCOLLARD



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Cheers Seatton Men 3/15

If thou wouldst win the rhythmic heart of things,
Go sit in solitude beside the shore,
Giving thine ear to the eternal roar
And every mystic message that it brings;—
Eddas of ancient, unremembered kings,
And runes that ring with long-forgotten lore,
All myths and mysteries from the years of yore
Ere Time grew weary on his journeyings.

And more from that imperious sibyl, Sea,
Thou mayest learn if thou wilt hearken well,
When God's white star-fires beacon home the ships;
The solemn secrets of infinity,
Unto the inner sense translatable,
Hang trembling ever on her darkling lips.

