

**DUXBURY BEACH
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Duxbury Beach and Other Poems by E. J. V. Huiginn

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E. J. V. HUIGINN

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AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

E. J. V. HUIGINN.

BOSTON.

DAMRELL & UPHAM,

The Old Corner Bookstore,

283 Washington Street.

1894.

DEDICATION.

Pleased with myself? Why, no — I'm restless and
feverish still,

Longing to write a line that will live when I'm
away,

A line that will help even one — aye the least — to
know God's will

And his deathless love and his Father's heart and
his gentle sway.

No, I have no conceit that the lines which now I
bring

Are worthy to live, or worthy of him — just a drop
in an endless sea—

But a friend or two will be pleased, how badly soe'er
I sing,

And to them I bring my song and they'll listen for
love of me.

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DUXBURY BEACH.

On that long beach that woos the Pilgrim sea
And guards the Pilgrim land from northern gales
We wandered at our will one Summer day,
And talked of earth and sea and heaven and God,
And read deep lessons into everything,
The grain of sand that lay upon the beach,
The pebble which had grown to larger life,
The shingly beach built up of drops of sand
That held the drop-made sea in its embrace
And murmured softly as in words of love,
While sea and sand each other chased in glee
All up and down the edges of the world.
And as a weed was tossed upon the shore,
Or singing shell was carried to our feet,
A silent joy through all our beings ran
To witness God's new wonders from the deep.
The sun and wind played gladly with the waves
And romped o'er hill and dale with bounding steps
That laughed with music in the ears of heaven.
We wondered at it all, the happy sea,

That imaged in its depths the bright blue sky,
The merry sand that sported with the waves,
The dancing breeze that rippled in its play
The smiling deep, the glorious sun that ruled
O'er all in majesty and love. Our souls
Reached forth and speeding far and wide beheld
The beauty of the home of God.

Spell-bound

We sat in silence in the shade of what
Was once a schooner though a ruin now ;
It lay upon the ocean's verge a battered wreck,
All-blackened with the fire that wrought its doom,
With twisted bolts and sea-washed oaken pegs
Protruding from its every joint. The spray
Of fifty years had fallen on the keel
Which looked to heaven. Its history was unknown.
'T was found one morning on the wave-swept shore,
Dismantled, broken, ruined by the storm
Which lashed the wild Atlantic from the east
The previous night. What kindly hearts were lost
No one could tell. In some far-distant home
A mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart, wept
Its absence, longing with dull hopeless hope
For news of its return. Alas its fate
Was never heard ! The orphaned baby lived
And grew a man of whitened locks, but still