

**SEA AND SHORE: A
COLLECTION
OF POEMS**

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Sea and Shore: A Collection of Poems by Various

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VARIOUS

**SEA AND SHORE: A
COLLECTION
OF POEMS**

Presented to the Librarian

SEA AND SHORE.

A Collection of Poems.



"The current sweeps the old world,
The current sweeps the new;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS
1882

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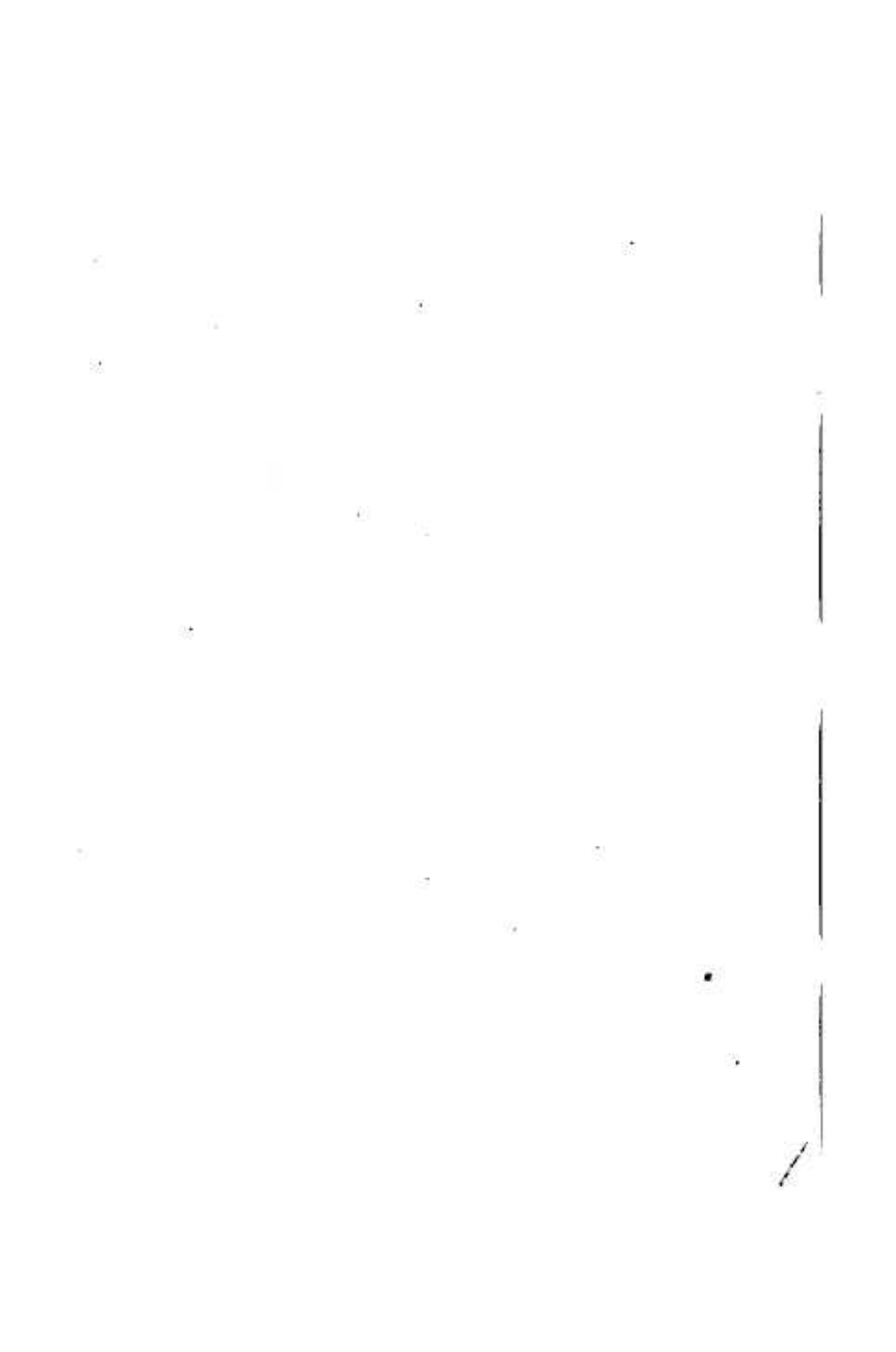
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AND ever, as he travelled, he would climb
The farthest mountain; yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Nought but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.
Then fugal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "This world is great: but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
To give me footing; but, instead, this main,
Like myriad maddened horses thundering o'er the
plain."

GEORGE ELIOT.



SEA AND SHORE.

THE DESCENT OF NEPTUNE.

From the Iliad of Homer, Book XIII.

NO careless watch the monarch Neptune kept :
Wond'ring he viewed the battle where he sat
Aloft on wooded Samos' topmost peak,
Samos, of Thrace ; whence Ida's heights he saw,
And Priam's city, and the ships of Greece.
Thither ascended from the sea, he sat ;
And thence the Greeks by Trojans overborne
Pitying he saw, and deeply wroth with Jove.
Then down the mountain's craggy side he passed
With rapid step ; and, as he moved along,
Beneath the immortal feet of Ocean's Lord
Quaked the huge mountain and the shadowy wood.
Three strides he took ; the fourth he reached his goal,
Aigæ, where on the margin of the bay
His temple stood, all glittering, all of gold
Imperishable ; there arrived, he yoked
Beneath his car the brazen-footed steeds,
Of swiftest flight, with manes of flowing gold.
All clad in gold, the golden lash he grasped,
Of curious work, and, mounting on his car,
Skimmed o'er the waves ; from all the depths below

Gambolled around the monsters of the deep,
 Acknowledging their king ; the joyous sea
 Parted her waves ; swift flew the bounding steeds ;
 Nor was the brazen axle wet with spray,
 When to the ships of Greece their Lord they bore.
 Down in the deep recesses of the sea
 A spacious cave there is, which lies midway
 'Twixt Tenedos and Imbros' rocky isle ;
 Earth-shaking Neptune there his coursers stayed,
 Loosed from the chariot, and before them placed
 Ambrosial provender ; and round their feet
 Shackles of gold, which none might break or loose,
 That there they might await their Lord's return ;
 Then to the Grecian army took his way.

LOVD DERRI

THE DESCENT OF NEPTUNE.

From the Iliad of Homer, Book XIII.

THE monarch Neptune kept no idle watch ;
 For he in Thracian Samos, dark with woods,
 Aloft upon the highest summit sat,
 O'erlooking thence the tumult of the war ;
 For thence could he behold the Idæan mount,
 And Priam's city, and the Grecian fleet.
 There, coming from the ocean deeps, he sat,
 And pitied the Greek warriors put to rout
 Before the Trojans, and was wroth with Jove.
 Soon he descended from those rugged steeps,

And trod the earth with rapid strides ; the hills
And forests quaked beneath the immortal feet
Of Neptune as he walked. Three strides he took,
And at the fourth reached Aegæ, where he stopped,
And where his sumptuous palace halls were built,
Deep down in ocean, golden, glittering, proof
Against decay of time. These when he reached,
He yoked his swift and brazen-footed steeds,
With manes of flowing gold, to draw his car,
And put on golden mail and took his scourge
Wrought of fine gold, and climbed the chariot seat
And rode upon the waves. The whales came furth
From their deep haunts, and frolicked round his way.
They knew their king. The waves rejoicing smoothed
A path, and rapidly the coursers flew ;
Nor was the brazen axle wet below,
And thus they brought him to the Grecian fleet.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VISIT OF THE ARGONAUTS TO THE CAVE OF CHIRON.

From *Odomacritus*.

THEN with a whistling breeze did Juno fill the
sail,
And Argo self-impelled shot swift before the gale.
The kings with nerve and heart the oar unwearied
plied ;
Ploughed by the keel, foamed white the immeasurable
tide.