

**A SEAMARK: A  
THRENODY FOR ROBERT  
LOUIS STEVENSON**

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A seamark: a threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson by Bliss Carman

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**BLISS CARMAN**

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A SEAMARK A THRENODY FOR  
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON  
BY BLISS CARMAN

BOSTON COPELAND AND DAY 1895

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F. E. Chace  
Boston.

"Here is my journey's end, . . .  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Fades, it all fades! I only see  
The poster with its reds and blues  
Bidding the heart stand still to take  
Its desolating stab of news.

That intimate and magic name:  
"Dead in Samoa." . . . Cry your cries,  
O city of the golden dome,  
Under the gray Atlantic skies!

But I have wander-biddings now.  
Far down the latitudes of sun,  
An island mountain of the sea,  
Piercing the green and rosy zone,

Goes up into the wondrous day.  
And there the brown-limbed island men  
Are bearing up for burial,  
Within the sun's departing ken,



The master of the roving kind.  
And there where time will set no mark  
For his irrevocable rest,  
Under the spacious melting dark,

With all the nomad tented stars  
About him, they have laid him down  
Above the crumbling of the sea,  
Beyond the turmoil of renown.

O all you hearts about the world  
In whom the truant gipsy blood,  
Under the frost of this pale time,  
Sleeps like the daring sap and flood

That dream of April and reprieve!  
You whom the haunted vision drives,  
Incredulous of home and ease,  
Perfection's lovers all your lives!

You whom the wander-spirit loves  
To lead by some forgotten clue  
Forever vanishing beyond  
Horizon brinks forever new ;

The road, unmarked, ordained, whereby  
Your brothers of the field and air  
Before you, faithful blind and glad,  
Emerged from chaos pair by pair ;

The road whereby you too must come,  
In the unvexed and fabled years,  
Into the country of your dream,  
With all your knowledge in arrears !

You who can never quite forget  
Your glimpse of Beauty as she passed,  
The well-head where her knee was pressed,  
The dew wherein her foot was cast ;

O you who bid the paint and clay  
Be glorious when you are dead,  
And fit the plangent words in rhyme  
Where the dark secret lurks unsaid;

You brethren of the light-heart guild,  
The mystic fellowcraft of joy,  
Who tarry for the news of truth,  
And listen for some vast ahoy

Blown in from sea, who crowd the wharves  
With eager eyes that wait the ship  
Whose foreign tongue may fill the world  
With wondrous tales from lip to lip;

Our restless loved adventurer,  
On secret orders come to him,  
Has slipped his cable, cleared the reef,  
And melted on the white sea-rim.