

## Sea Pictures Lyrics

### Sea Slumber Song

Sea-birds are asleep,  
The world forgets to weep,  
Sea murmurs her soft slumber-song  
On the shadowy sand  
Of this elfin land;

"I, the Mother mild,  
Hush thee, O my child,  
Forget the voices wild!  
*Hush thee, O my child,*  
Hush thee

Isles in elfin light  
Dream, the rocks and caves,  
Lull'd by whispering waves,  
Veil their marbles  
*Veil their marbles bright,*  
Foam glimmers faintly white  
Upon the shelly sand  
Of this elfin land;

Sea-sound, like violins,  
To slumber woos and wins,  
I murmur my soft slumber-song,  
*My slumber-song,*  
Leave woes, and wails, and sins,

Ocean's shadowy might  
Breathes good-night,  
Good-night...  
*Leave woes, and wails, and sins,*  
*Good-night... Good-night...*  
*Good-night...*  
*Good-night...*  
*Good-night... Good-night..."*

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<i>in "Sea Pictures"</i> IN HAVEN (CAPRI) Closely let me hold thy hand, Storms are sweeping sea and land; Love alone will stand. Closely cling, for waves beat fast, Foam-flakes cloud the hurrying blast; Love alone will last. Kiss my lips, and softly say: "Joy, sea-swept, may fade to-day; Love alone will stay."	<i>first published as</i> LOVE ALONE WILL STAY Closely cling, for winds drive fast, Blossoms perish in the blast, Love alone will last. Closely let me hold thy hand, Storms are sweeping sea and land, Love alone will stand. Kiss my lips, and softly say, "Joy may go and sunlit day, Love alone will stay."
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The ship went on with solemn face;  
    To meet the darkness on the deep,  
    The solemn ship went onward.  
I bowed down weary in the place;  
    For parting tears and present sleep  
    Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!  
    The waters around me, turbulent,  
    The skies, impassive o'er me,  
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,  
    As glorified by even the intent  
    Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this Sabbath day.  
    The sea sings round me while ye roll  
    Afar the hymn, unaltered,  
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,  
    And bless me deeper in your soul  
    Because your voice has faltered

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And though this sabbath comes to me  
Without the stolèd minister,  
And chanting congregation,  
God's Spirit shall give comfort. He  
Who brooded soft on waters drear,  
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,  
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,  
An endless sabbath morning,  
And, on that sea commixed with fire,  
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long  
To the full Godhead's burning.

The deeps have music soft and low  
—When winds awake the airy spry,  
It lures me, lures me on to go  
—And see the land where corals lie.  
— *The land, the land, where corals lie.*

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,  
—When night is deep, and moon is high,  
That music seeks and finds me still,  
—And tells me where the corals lie.  
— *And tells me where the corals lie.*

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,  
*Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well,*  
—But far the rapid fancies fly  
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,  
—And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,  
—Thy smile is like a morning sky,  
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go  
—And see the land where corals lie.  
— *The land, the land, where corals lie.*

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### "The Swimmer"

With short, sharp, violent lights made vivid,  
    To southward far as the sight can roam ;  
Only the swirl of the surges livid,  
    The seas that climb and the surfs that comb.  
Only the crag and the cliff to nor'ward,  
[And] the rocks receding, and reefs flung forward,  
[And] waifs wrecked seaward and wasted shoreward  
    On shallows sheeted with flaming foam.

A grim, grey coast and a seaboard ghastly,  
    And shores trod seldom by feet of men --  
Where the battered hull and the broken mast lie,  
    They have lain embedded these long years ten.  
Love! *Love!* when we wander'd here together,  
*Hand in hand!* Hand in hand through the sparkling weather,  
From the heights and hollows of fern and heather,  
    God surely loved us a little then.

The skies were fairer and shores were firmer --[2]  
    The blue sea over the bright sand rolled ;  
Babble and prattle, and ripple and murmur,  
    Sheen of silver and glamour of gold --  
    *Sheen of silver and glamour of gold -*  
[And the sunset bath'd in the gulf to lend her  
A garland of pinks and of purples tender,  
A tinge of the sun-god's rosy splendour,  
    A tithe of his glories manifold.]

Girt with tempest and winged with thunder,[3]  
    And clad with lightning and shod with sleet,  
The strong winds treading the swift waves sunder[4]  
    The flying rollers with frothy feet.  
One gleam like a bloodshot sword-blade swims on  
The skyline, staining the green gulf crimson,  
A death stroke fiercely dealt by a dim sun,  
    That strikes through his stormy winding-sheet.  
Oh ! brave white horses ! you gather and gallop,  
    The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins ;

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*Oh! brave white horses! you gather and gallop,  
The storm sprite loosens the gusty reins ;  
Now the stoutest ship were the frailest shallop  
In your hollow backs, on your high arched manes.  
I would ride as never man has ridden  
In your sleepy, swirling surges hidden,  
I would ride as never man has ridden  
To gulfs foreshadowed through straits forbidden,<sup>[5]</sup>  
Where no light wearies and no love wanes,  
No love, where no love, no love wanes; where no love wanes.*