Seascape.

ACROSS the sandy shallows
The salt winds cry and mourn ;
The little twittering swallows
Cry out their notes ; forlorn
The grass at the sea's edge
On the cliff ledge.

A cold grey sky ; the wind
Rustles through the trees ;
Chilled grasses weep; unkind
To them the icy breeze.
Brown hedgerows sway and creak,
The wind's so bleak.

And rain, gray, ceaseless rain,
Insistent, nagging, dull,
Comes, like a dreary pain
On a face grown beautiful
By patient suffering.
Soft rain-drops sting.

The fields are bare ; the hills,
Still barer in the gray,
Stand stark, and silence fills
The empty, useless day,
Silent, save for rain,
Dead, save for pain.

And the weary, changeless sea
   With spiritless white foam
Lies level as a lea
   Under the empty dome :
No life on sea or earth ;
A cold, slow dearth.

But the swallows cry in the rain,
   And a gull that floats on the sea,
Cries out and cries out again,
   In listless monotony.
And the wind cries and cries,
And never dies.