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THE SAILOR BOY.

BY

ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

POET LAUREATE.



LONDON :

EMILY FAITHFULL & CO., VICTORIA PRESS.

1861.

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HE rose at dawn and flushed with
hope
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reached the ship and caught the
rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while on deck he whistled loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
“ Boy, though thou art young and
proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

“ The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay ;
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall
play.”

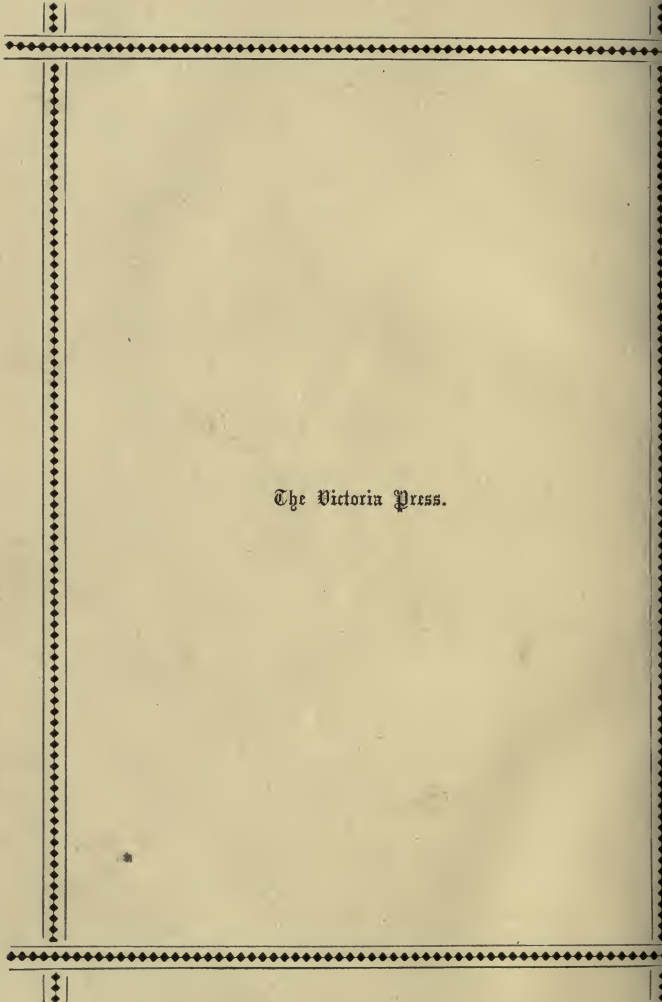
“Fool!” he answer’d, “Death is sure
To those that stay and those that
roam :

But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

“ My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters clamour, ‘ Stay, for shame ! ’
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all
to blame.

“God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A Devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.”





The Victoria Press.

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