

Calm at Sea. Sunday. Sept 16th 65

Calm on the deep: the heavy sails
Hang lifeless from the mast;
The sea, without a single wave,
Appears to sleep at last;
And peering in its face the sun
Looks down with burning light
Till, far as eye can stretch, his one
Rich mirror hangs in sight.

A world, from all the world apart,
Chained idly on the sea,
How droops the eye, how sinks the heart,
Vain, wishing to be free!
How dreads the fear that fills the thought,
That wind may never rise -
Thirsting, yet fastened to the spot,
Beneath those burning skies.

The pirate rears his bloody flag,
And leaves the Cuba there;
Blow, breezes, blow, for if ye lag,