

Barb. Milwood Apr 18 67

## Old Ocean I know the voice

What sound is that upon my ear  
Which bids some slumber break away  
Is it but the slumberer's dream of fear  
Or do I hear the water break  
Tis even but now I expect to pass  
From oceans wild tumultuous blast

So soon again. It seems one day  
Since I had claim'd a long repose  
Was pleasure pass'd the hours away  
And does the water round me close  
So pleasure fleeting on before  
Am I to chase them ever more

When freshly from the ocean toil  
How faintly swept the moon's sun  
I saw no more that wild turmoil  
But dream'd those anxious days were done  
Another there with happy heart  
Dream'd not again so soon to part

And did I then forget to prize  
Blessings which anxious time had brought  
Or did some demon in disguise  
Thus seek to sting my every thought  
I do on mine forbear to bring  
That woe which hides upon thy wing

Old ocean when from pole to pole  
Beneath a mild or troubled sky  
Thy fairer suns and billows cease to roll  
Perhaps thy charm I'll then deny  
Oh fate if thou must bid me long  
Come change this life. Come change this song

The above piece was written the first night out in the Barb. Milwood bound to Davis straits on a whaling voyage. And the few immediate pieces following were composed on that voyage.

If you should read, of woe indeed  
And tracks of gore on fonder shore  
Do not in wonder then enquire  
What fresh real haunts had conquer'd there  
That pass'd unseen by mortal eye  
And holes to none why it must fly  
With name and real alike unknown  
In no dark secret all its own

We are told the Gods of old  
Could change their own race to a stone  
Now if I myself would please  
And could wing eternal space  
I'd flap my wings on the morning breeze  
And fled the human race

I would spin my car from star to star  
Or milk the way to endless day  
For this my spirit loves to ride  
As seribegon, with a whirling rick

But I have spread my snowy sail  
Now booming wild and free  
I'll wait before the fresh king gale  
And ride the foaming sea

No man shall know where ever I go  
Nor mark my way on the western way  
For I shall be the ruler there  
The worst the only law we fear  
The last ye from some distant land  
I'll put all one shall rise  
Whose name in whisper'd notes shall stand  
A wanderer in disguise.