

Homeward

Sand strikes the wind, the gath'ring fleet
 Makes ice wherever it falls
 Before the gale we now retreat
 From Greenland's icy rills
 Now hail on hail we wail and dare
 Her speed with all that she can bear
 But lest our breeze no whining now
 With anchor up and on the bow
 But now we drive before the blast
 Cape Herries icy peaks are past
 Still floating mountains tower on high
 Still onward we must pass them by
 Yet oh the pack here gathering round
 Whirl scarcely feels a passage down

The freshening gale with eager moan
 Leaps onward o'er a sea of foam
 On on we hasten. Now we track
 Our pathway through the leaves of pack
 The setting sun adorns shade on shade
 Whilst darkness gathers on parade

But onward still we proudly dash
 By hurrying billows lightning flash
 And by the dim phosphorous blaze
 Our missions penetrate the haze
 Though after through the doubtful mist
 Fewer obstructions direct us west

When the unshackled mission meets
 The morning beam. Whirl glowing streaks
 The eastern sky along the sea
 Proclaims the danger past and we
 View oceans surface once more free
 Yet staggering on before the gale
 Leap to main waters on our trail

Each hardy form or heartless boy
 Weeps on his brow that sweetest joy
 Of home ward bound. Unknown to those
 Whose taste of naught can home restore

A joy long unrec'd through scenes of ship
 Through weary hours a part of life

Homeward

Now Labrador with whiteness drifts
 The comet of ice and granite cliffs
 Are past. But still the willing hand
 Must reef and steer past New found land

But O this calm, I'd rather be
 Beset in a tempestuous sea
 Then tumble thus on a dying wave
 A commotion o'er the storm king's grave

O come thou mighty gale but fair
 Burst forth and make this slumbering air
 Behold those clouds as they pass by
 In the upper current on high
 And now the seagulls come before
 Proclaiming boras at the door
 And welcome stranger for it seems
 An age almost has intervened
 In those hours thou shalt stray
 Wandering madcap of the bay
 Thy silent swell which rolls before
 Is rising, and will topple o'er
 Yet though thy coming we divine
 Still failing care to doubt thy time

Ah here we have thee howl away
 Shriek and groan in thy mad fray
 Dash on and dash us with thy spray
 To what you can or what you may
 Still we will track our liquid way
 If only thou'lt prolong thy stay
 Whilst the deep may tremble at thy voice
 Still through thy howling we rejoice

How oft I lonely in this wild career
 Have deeply wished this homeward passage near
 There is a spot on lonely distant shore
 I call my dream land there my visions soar
 All there unchanged my better days I'd know
 Again to me on fancy's wings are borne
 The same sweet smile which welcomed me before
 With kindly voice unto my native shore
 To revel there on fancy's glowing plain
 One instant o'er the truth returns again
 Perhaps that home the clearest spot to me
 Perhaps that friends I hasten there to see
 Look from the sky upon the dark blue wave
 And the form my idol lies in the grave