



The Coastwise Lights.

Our brows are wreathed with spindrift and the
weed is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,
smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland,
ness and voe—
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the
ships of England go!

Through the endless summer evenings, on the
lineless, level floors;
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the
syren hoots and roars—
By day the dipping house-flag and by night the
rocket's trail—
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know
them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman
have a care,
The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping
wife to prayer;
From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in
burning chains
The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in
English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race
the Southern wool;
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen,
Leith and Hull;
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the
sea—
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of
Dundee!

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the
guardports of the Morn!
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the
Horn!
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us
main to main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you wel-
come back again!

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust
on your plates;
Go, get you into London with burden of your
freights!

Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if
any seek,
The Lights of England sent you and by silence
shall ye speak.

From the Seven Seas
by Rudyard Kipling