

“Sea Love”

Tide be runnin' the great world over:
 'Twas only last June month I mind that we
Was thinkin' the toss and the call in the breast of the lover
 So everlastin' as the sea.

Heer's the same little fishes that splutter and swim,
 Wi' the moon's old glim on the grey, wet sand:
An' him no more to me nor me to him
 Then the wind goin' over my hand.

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