

IV.

AT NEWPORT.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKE.

A QUIET nook 'neath the o'erhanging cliffs :
The grim old giants frown upon us, but
Deny us not rest in their grateful shade.
Oh, deep delight to watch the gladsome waves
Exultant leap upon the rugged rocks ;
Ever repulsed, yet ever rushing on—
Filled with a life that will not know defeat ;
To see the glorious hues of sky and sea ;
The distant, snowy sails, glide, spirit like,
Into an unknown world ; to feel the sweet
Enchantment of the sea thrilling all the soul,
Clearing the clouded brain, making the heart
Leap joyous as its own bright, singing waves !
“ Ah, perfect day,” ah, happy voices—yet,
For me, beloved, the joy is incomplete—
Thou art not here !

Newport, July, 1887.