

The Sea Angler

Faith and the Muse

There was a gentle angler who was angling in the sea
With heart as cold as only heart untaught of love can be
When suddenly the waters rushed and swelled and up there sprang
A humid maid of beauty's mold, and thus to him she sang:

"Why dost thou strive so artfully to lure my brood away
And leave them to die beneath the sun's all-scorching ray?
Couldst thou but tell how happy are the fish that swim below?
Thou wouldst with me taste of joy which earth can never know"

The water rushed, the water swelled, and touched his naked feet
And fancy whispered to his heart, it was a love pledge sweet
She sang another siren lie, more 'witching than before
Half-pulled, half-
plunging down he sank, and ne'er was heard of more.