

## SEA-MUSIC

THE voices of the whispering woods are still;  
No truant brook runs chattering to the stream;  
Like heaven's own likeness, mirrored in a dream,  
The sea coils round each jutting rock and hill.  
Nay, hark! what faint ærial harpings thrill  
The lonely bay; what choral voices seem  
To float around and melt like rolling steam  
On air as quiet as a windless mill.

No holy chant in hushed cathedral naves  
Had ever such unearthly harmony,  
As these mysterious chords ineffable  
That peal from organ-pipes of fluted caves,  
Reverberate in hollow mountain shell,  
The music of the everlasting sea.

MATHILDE BLIND.

[This sonnet is founded on a singular experience I had at Wooda Bay in North Devon. While leaning over the cliff I was startled by hearing sounds as of harps and violins blending with muffled organ notes, and human voices soaring above the music. The effect was magical, and must have been due to an echo produced by the wave-hollowed rocks.]