

**IN UNKNOWN  
SEAS; A POEM**

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In Unknown Seas; a Poem by George Horton

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**GEORGE HORTON**

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2 Feb 1910

IN UNKNOWN SEAS  
A POEM  
WRITTEN BY  
GEORGE HORTON

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TO  
H. W. SEYMOUR  
OF CHICAGO

UNWORTHY OF THY HEART, MY FRIEND,  
ARE THESE POOR LINES THAT I HAVE PENNED;  
AND SO I DEDICATE TO THEE  
THE NOBLER SONG I FELT IN ME.

**IN UNKNOWN SEAS**



WHEN this light darkens, and a light comes  
after,  
Who would not fare afar to unknown seas?  
Oh, many a bark, with perfect winds to waft  
her,  
Flits on and on to strangest destinies,  
And there is heard for aye the wave's low  
laughter,  
And music dying on each dying breeze.

- ¶ And when there comes, with far-off mellow  
singing,  
To any quiet bay a little ship,  
Dryads appear, a beckoned welcome bringing,  
As down the beach in sinuous line they trip,  
With mist-like robes about them loosely clinging,  
And glossy locks that o'er sleek shoulders slip.
- ¶ Art not a-weary of this sordid scheming,  
And of a world whose constant care is gain?  
Lo! merchant sails on all our seas are gleaming,



And all about us clanks the toiler's chain ;  
But in those regions life itself is dreaming,  
And prudent thoughts are held in high disdain.

¶ And we shall know when we at length are  
drifted  
Into the glory of those golden seas,  
For subtle peace is there from heaven sifted,  
And balm is shaken from each wing-like breeze,  
And clouds are by a sweeter azure rifted  
Than any blue that broods in skies like these.

**I**F we shall come by day, the long, faint traces,  
Crescent or straight, will grow from out  
the sky,  
Of island mountains, at whose sylvan bases  
The pleasant valleys of that country lie ;  
And all about us saucy mermaid faces  
In mirrored waves will image, faint, and die.

**A**ND if by night, we shall go gently gliding  
A-down the moon-trail, never laid on land,  
Until we hear the waters' measured sliding  
Upon the whiteness of the sloping strand,  
And laugh of lovers in green arbors hiding,  
While grinds our prow upon the shelly sand.

## THE MOON-TRAIL.

**T**HE moon-trail shineth across the sea,  
And stretcheth off to a far countree  
In the realms of the old romantic moon,  
Where evening is morning, and midnight noon!  
Then lovers away on the bright moon-  
trail,  
Each happy two with a tiny sail,  
In a silver waste with stars above,  
And nothing to do but love and love.

¶ The great kind moon like a sphere of light  
Swings down to the rim of the sea each night,  
Finding ever some bark with a happy crew,  
Bringing all the world though it brings but two.  
Then lovers away on the bright moon-  
trail;  
Soft breezes are sighing to fill your sail;  
There are stars beneath and stars above,  
And nothing to do but love and love.

¶ The moon-trail lighteth the sea of life  
For lover and maiden, lover and wife,  
And it's joy to sail down its shimmery way,  
Just two together, forever and aye.

Then lovers away on the bright moon-  
trail,  
Each happy twain with a tiny sail,  
For there 's naught so sweet in heaven  
above  
Or the earth beneath as to love and love.

¶ **B**UT me it pleases most to come a-creeping  
Up the round world from darkness left  
behind,  
Into a region where the Dawn is sweeping  
O'er rippling waves, in rosy shell reclined,  
While snouted dolphins leap for love of leaping,  
And sea-gulls rock and tumble in the wind.

¶ Ah, long ago it was, at early morning,  
That El Dorado stretched her arms to me ;  
The level sun, the Golden Gate adorning,  
Turned gray old rocks to piles of porphyry,  
And outward swarmed, as though in hostile  
warning,  
The white-plumed Phrygian helmets of the sea.

#### CALIFORNIA.

**V**INE land and pine land afar by the West,  
Wine land and shine land by all blessings  
blest,  
Benign land, divine land, that God loveth best !