

AFTER A NIGHT OF STORM

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

After a night of storm,
They found her lovely form
Cast high upon the beach at Spaniards' Bay,
The only vestige of the stately barque
That went to pieces in the flashing dark;
Even at that day
None knew the vessel's name,
Or whence it came,
Or whither it was bound,
And now no man can know
For that was long and long ago.

They said she was a wondrous thing to see,
All dazzling in her bridal dress,
A miracle of foam and ivory.
Her satin gown was smoothened by the wave,
Her rippled ribbons, all her wandering laces
Set in their places.
Her hands were loosely clasped without a gem,
But clad with mitts of silken net.
Diamonds in the buckles of her shoon
All fairly set,
And one great brooch, the colour of the moon,
Held her lace shawl.
A snood had slipped back from her hair,
Her face was piteous, so fair, so fair,
And gleaming small
Upon her breast there seemed to float
A wedding ring,
Threaded upon a crimson and green string
Around her throat.