

## **Ships That Pass In The Night**

Out in the sky the great dark clouds are massing,  
I look far out into the pregnant night  
Where I can hear a solemn booming gun  
And catch the gleaming of a random light,  
That tells me that the ship I seek is passing, passing.

My tearful eyes my soul's deep hurt are glassing;  
For I would hail and check that ship of ships.  
I stretch my hands imploring, cry aloud,  
My voice falls dead a foot from mine own lips  
And but its ghost doth reach that vessel, passing, passing.

Oh Earth, oh Sky, oh Ocean, both surpassing,  
Oh heart of mine, Oh soul that dreads the dark!  
Is there no hope for me? Is there no way  
That I may sight and check that speeding bark,  
Which out of sight and sound is passing, passing?