

Gulf Storm Song

By

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To My Mother:

Mother,— to thee!
Great gulf-combers rolling:
Ghost reef-bells low tolling:—
Dark storm-sweeping roar descends around me.
Like childish arms clinging,
My thoughts now are winging,
Mother,— to thee.

Mother,— as thine!
Old faith, new abounding,
Drowns surges' resounding;
—All— must be well if by Master design.
...Faith— greater, recalling,—
Through Life-storms befalling,—
Mother,— that's thine.