My poetical effusion
Is scarcely worth intrusion
Of the Agassiz Association
And though it is not clever
It is my first endeavor
As an answer to my query
[I trust you’ll not be weary]
So, with this short prelude,
I’ll venture to intrude.

I’m to tell of some of the artists
And some of the work they have done
By the sea, in the long summer days
In the night, or by light of the sun.

Each day brings some wonderful picture
To hang on fond memory’s wall
To carry away with us ever –
A possession quite free to us all.

Sometimes the sea is full
Of phosphorescent light
And piles of darkened seaweed turn
To threads of silver white.

And all along the beaten sands,
Close to the water’s brim
The tiny fish of jelly form
A dazzling, shining rim.

I wish that I could sing
In softly flowing measure
Of all the sights we see
That give us daily pleasure.

The sun, the moon, the driving wind
Are artists everywhere,
The views they paint change every hour,
Their canvas is the air.

The wind is no mean artist too,
As he makes the grotesque form
Of the cedar trees that bend and bow
In the pitiless winter storm.

He blows and piles the heaps of sand
That form our hillocks high;
The clouds he wafts in wondrous shapes,
Or dreams rare profiles in the sky.

The lightning’s flash, the thunder’s roar
Are objects of wonder to me,
And the foam that flies by the might of the wind
From the waves rolling in from the sea,

Are rivers that one can ne’er forget,
Though time rolls unceasingly on
And carries us far from the pleasant days
And we find that our summer has gone.

I turn from the ocean’s restless roar
To the inlet’s calmer flow,
To the lively green of the meadow’s banks
And the hills where the roses grow.

The fishing roofs gleam in the sun,
The reels are standing high,
Laden with nets grown brown with age –
Their huge arms ‘gainst the sky.

Then Nature works beneath the waves,
And molds with cunning hand
The weeds that cling to wave-washed piers,
The shells that beautify the strand.

Man’s puny art and his best skill
Must own a greater Power
That paints the sky and water too
In fresh scenes every hour.