The Sail

A white sail gleams alone out yonder
Amid the ocean's pale-blue haze . . .
What quest has driven him to wander?
Why has he left his native bays?

The waves crest as the fresh wind rises,
The mainmast bending in the breeze . . .
It is not happiness he prizes,
Nor is it happiness he flees!

Beneath, the azure current flowing;
Above, the golden sunlight glows . . .
Perverse, he seeks the storm winds blowing,
As if in storms to find repose!

1832