

# Vengeance on the Sea

by George Albert Leddy

**SAD TALES ARE TOLD BY SEAMEN OLD,  
BUT NONE MORE SAD COULD BE,  
THAN A LIFE THAT'S SPENT, WITH A MAD INTENT,  
OF VENGEANCE ON THE SEA .**

You wonder why I live alone, upon this storm-swept shore;  
Where wild winds beat, where billows roll, where ocean breakers roar;  
Like Hell-fiends gnashing in their hate, the lands too high to reach;  
Like Demons rolling to me, and breaking at my feet.  
Don't think I stay because I like, in this living-Hell to be;  
But I'll never leave until I've wrecked—my Vengeance on the Sea.

She stole from me the one I loved, my Bride of one short hour.  
Across the foam, to my old home, was to be our wedding-tour.  
The Sea was calm, and all went well, the sun sank in the West;  
A quiet reigned throughout the boat, the crew had gone to rest.  
We lingered in the moonlight, my little Bride and me;  
And laughingly, she asked me, if I'd—"give her to the Sea?"

I pressed her to my heart and said, with firm but lover's pride;  
"Nay, nay, ten thousand seas, could never tear you from my side!"  
I glanced across the starry sky—my God, there met my gaze:  
A Typhoon cloud, my heart stood still, my whole mind seemed a daze.  
I seemed to hear an angry voice, from out the briny deep:  
"Beware, beware, you've challenged me; and I, no challenge, take!"

The winds arose, the ripples changed, to mighty ocean waves;  
The lightning flash, the thunder roar; spoke well of watery graves.  
The waves soon grew to billows; mountains high, and valleys deep.  
I held my Loved-one to my heart, and prayed, God, our souls to keep.  
For of all the men in battle slain, to the human mind, can't be;  
More maddening than a lonely boat, upon a storm-swept Sea.

A mighty wave washed o'er the deck, and tore me from my hold;  
I slipped and fell, then all grew dark; I slept while billows rolled.  
When I awaked from fainting sleep, the Sea was calm again.  
I called and called my Sweetheart's name—alas, I called in vain.  
The Sea had come with mighty hand, and sole my Love from me;  
With maddened-brain, I swore an oath—of Vengeance on the Sea.

Each night she comes from out the waves, to meet me in my dreams;  
Her gentle face is pale and sad; and yet, her bright eyes beam.  
Each time, I tell her of my love; a love, that ne'er can die;  
And whisper, "Sweetheart, stay with me," she answers, "Bye and bye."  
And then I wake to find that I am calling her in vain;  
Again my soul is filled with hate, my heart is filled with pain.

And that is why, for fifty years, I've lingered by the shore;  
And lived a life of misery, where Demons howl and roar.  
They seem to taunt me in their glee, and say, "We hold her still."  
But I will get her back someday—I swear, by God, I will!  
For all the Demons, Hell can hold, can't keep my Love from me.  
I'll never rest until I've wrecked—my Vengeance on the Sea.

The folks who see me living here, all seem to think me mad;  
They've never heard the story of—a life more cursed than sad.  
And though my hair is frowzy, and my unkept beard is thin;  
I am not hiding from the Law, nor hiding from a sin.  
The day is sure to come, at last, then I will then be free;  
When I have kept that Sacred-oath—my Vengeance on the Sea.

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