

Memories of St Ives

E.M. Hutchings (Pre 1950)

Almost too beautiful doth seem
This azure sea in sunshine's gleam,
While murm'ring waves break on the rocks,
And graceful seagull wheel in flocks,
Or, screaming, swoop upon their pray,
Again to rise – nor tired seem they,
Though restless as the ocean wide,
On which, anon they swoop and glide,
At Clodgy, near St. Ives.

But when, in all its fury grand,
A sudden storm sweeps o'er the land,
Ah! Then it is the marv'lous sea
A different aspect shows to me.
'Tis blue no more – a sullen grey,
That lends its colour to the day,
While angry waves hurl high their foam
And, warily the gulls seek home
At Clodgy, near St. Ives.

When slowly sings the sun to rest
At eventide – I love it best
To watch the glories of the sky,
Betok'ning night's approach is nigh --
Aflame, from rose to crimson bright,
Till, mirrored in the sea of light,
The orb's last curve fades o'er the rim
And leaves the world to twilight dim
At Clodgy near St. Ives.