

# Lusitaniae Naufragium

By Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

Here in the dread fulfilment of our fears,  
Upon thy trembling lips I kiss thee, Sweet,  
While in thy frightened eyes are gathering tears,  
As unrelenting death and horror meet.

Go seek my gentle queen and give to her  
This kiss, and these to my three children fair,  
And one for thee, my princess-messenger,  
Whose childhood's beauty softens death's despair.

The boat is here, yet, ere thy feet I guide,  
I hold thee fast in one last agony,  
Then speed thee o'er the darkening waters' tide;  
Go bear my kisses, Child, across the sea.

And in the day the sea gives up her dead,  
When hearts most loved shall meet me on the shore,  
With those most intimately sacred tread  
The welcoming marge where we unite once more.

O thou, too young to know of love or death,  
Grant me this tryst when Time's spent years depart,  
Thou on whose lips her own kiss lingereth  
And all my children's love about thy heart.

Through all the griding wrack of crash and pain  
Heaven guide thee safely o'er the ocean-swell;  
Ah God! I dare not look at thee again;  
The water rises—I must go—farewell!