

The Changeling

By Walter de la Mare

“Ahoy, and ahoy!”
 ’Twixt mocking and merry—
“Ahoy and ahoy, there,
 Young man of the ferry!”
She stood on the steps
 In the watery gloom—
That Changeling—“Ahoy, there!”
 She called him to come.
He came on the green wave,
 He came on the grey,
Where stooped that sweet lady
 That still summer’s day.
He fell in a dream
 Of her beautiful face,
As she sat on the thwart
 And smiled in her place.
No echo his oar woke,
 Float silent did they,
Past low-grazing cattle
 In the sweet of the hay.
And still in a dream
 At her beauty sat he,
Drifting stern foremost
 Down—down to the sea.
Come you, then: call,
 When the twilight apace
Brings shadow to brood
 On the loveliest face;
You shall hear o’er the water
 Ring faint in the grey—
“Ahoy, and ahoy, there!”
 And tremble away;
“Ahoy, and ahoy!...”
 And tremble away.