

## CAPE PALMAS

On the dark Liberian shore 'mid the surf's exultant roar  
Stands a ship erect and rigid  
As when first she crossed the frigid  
Bar of misty Mersey steaming where she enters never  
more.

On the dark Liberian shore where the surf breaks o'er  
and o'er,  
Tried by elemental fury  
With her chain links for a jury,  
She was parted from her anchor—and lies anchored ever-  
more.

On the dark Liberian shore where the stately palm trees  
soar  
Still her masts outtop the highest—  
But the wave that comes the nighest.  
From the sands may never lift her where she set in days  
of yore.

So on Life's far drearier shore there are vessels by the score  
Slipped their chains when none might see them,  
Passed where never wave might free them—  
Where the tides of God must set them, tho' the ways of  
love deplore.