

# Weird Tales



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## Long Watch

By DOROTHY QUICK

**D**AUGHTER, the tide is running low.  
*Is it the wind that is sobbing so?*  
 What of the rocks and the undertow  
 And those long gray miles where the  
 gray ships go?

Daughter, the tide will turn at last.  
*Is it your heart that beats so fast?*  
 Whose ensign flies from the tilted mast?  
 In what strange port was the anchor cast?

Daughter, many a long night through  
 I've tried forgetting, the same as you.  
 Did you trim the lamp, as I told you to?  
 The sea's a lover. It's true, it's true!

The tide turns back and the storms abate,  
 Daughter, remember soon or late  
 And ships come home with their  
 precious freight  
 No matter if women watch and wait!