

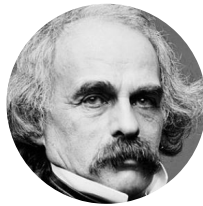
The Ocean

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

The Ocean has its silent caves,
Deep, quiet, and alone;
Though there be fury on the waves,
Beneath them there is none.
The awful spirits of the deep
Hold their communion there;
And there are those for whom we weep,
The young, the bright, the fair.

Calmly the wearied seamen rest
Beneath their own blue sea.
The ocean solitudes are blest,
For there is purity.
The earth has guilt, the earth has care,
Unquiet are its graves;
But peaceful sleep is ever there,
Beneath the dark blue waves.

Source: *The Mariner's Library or Voyager's Companion* (1833)



New England writer Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, where his paternal ancestors had been prominent since the founding generation. When he began writing fiction, he was drawn into a search for material in the careers of his early ancestors and in the history of colonial New England. Through both direct statement and example, he helped define for his age the literary sketch, the tale, and long fiction that fuses romance and psychological realism.

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