

# The Ocean, The City In The Sea

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Lo! a strange town, lying alone  
Death has reared himself a throne  
Far down in the west  
Where the good, bad, worst, and the best have gone to their eternal rest  
There, shrines and towers:  
Death has reared himself a throne  
Time-eaten towers that tremble not  
resemble nothing, nothing that is ours  
Down, down in that town, shall settle hence:  
Hell rising from its throne, no earthly moans,  
Shall do it reverence.  
No rays from heaven coming down  
On the long night-time of that town  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free  
Up domes -- up spires -- up kingly halls --  
Up fanes -- up Babylon-like walls --  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happy seas  
No heavings hint that winds may be  
On seas less hideously serene.  
But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave -- there is a movement there!  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide,  
Acquiescently beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie  
The waves now have a redder glow  
The hours are breathing faint and low  
And when, amid no earthly moans  
Down, down in that town, shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones.  
Shall do it reverence.  
Down, down in that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from its throne, no earthly moans,  
Shall do it reverence.  
There are open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed  
So blend the turrets, shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air  
While from a tower in the town  
Death looks down  
But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The waves have now a redder glow  
The hours are breathing faint and low  
And when amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down in that town, shall settle hence:  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.  
Far down within the dim west  
Where the good and the bad and  
The worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.  
Waves have now  
A red glow  
Hours breathe low  
No men moan

