

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

