



With all thy stormy tides, O sea!
The memory of immortal lips
For me!



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The Sea Spirit

Ah me! I shall not waken soon
From dreams of such divinity!
A spirit singing 'neath the moon
To me.
Wild sea-spray driven of the
storm
Is not so wildly white as she,
Who beckoned with a foam-white
arm
To me.
With eyes dark green, and
golden-green
Long locks that rippled
drippingly,
Out of the green wave she did
lean
To me.
And sang; till Earth and Heaven
seemed
A far, forgotten memory,
And more than Heaven in her
who gleamed
On me.
Sleep, sweeter than love's face
or home;
And death's immutability;
And music of the plangent foam,
For me!
Sweep over her! with all thy
ships,