

## The City and the Sea

### I

To none the city bends a servile knee ;  
Purse-proud and scornful, on her heights  
she stands,  
And at her feet the great white moaning  
sea  
Shoulders incessantly the grey-gold  
sands,—  
One the Almighty's child since time began,  
And one the might of Mammon, born of  
clods ;  
For all the city is the work of man,  
But all the sea is God's.

### II

And she—between the ocean and the town—  
Lies cursed of one and by the other blest ;  
Her staring eyes, her long drenched hair, her  
gown,  
Sea-laved and soiled and dank above her  
breast.