

## IN THE CITY

IS it heaven and its city-porch,  
Or a ceiling high-hung of old  
With lacquer fumed and scrolled  
Of many a festal torch ?

High heaven it is, and the day  
With its London doom of smoke  
No storm can quite revoke,  
No deluge wash away.

When their march and song grow mute  
In the city's labyrinth trapped,  
The storms themselves are wrapped  
In draggled shrouds of soot.

Whirlwinds, by lightnings paced  
To run their wild career,  
With ragged gossamere  
Of fine-spun carbon laced,

As soon as they quit the shires,  
Are lost beyond all hail :  
The mightiest tempests quail  
In the midst of a million fires.