

Never the sun with even a glint
Gives of his light a slightest hint
To this poor island of the waste.
The sea is always hushed around.
The winds moan with a muffled sound.

Always the ocean belt is calm.
The winds bring on their wings no balm.
No smile bedecks those waters drear.
Deep in the ocean's heart do dwell
Those sad walls of the dread Gondel.

O city of abiding death,
About whose domes there comes no breath
Of life, no ministry of light,
About whose bournes there wash but seas
Of quietude though not of peace!

The mariner through weary leagues
Misses the object which he seeks.
He wallows through the troughe and foams.
He flounders through the East and West,
Nōr finds this island so unblest.

Deeply mysterious is the place
As if its form it would erase.
Perhaps the isle retreats or sinks
Whenever an approaching bark
Would fain the city's gray towers mark.

They wander thither through the waste,
But miss the island in their haste.
They let the gray towers pass astern.
O island of the distant sea
The steersman cannot come to thee!