

The firm earth we candidly despise;
Immovable cities endure:
Armadas give us that sink and rise;
The ocean's wild grandeur allures.

The toil and the sweat of spent labour—
The minions of their million band—
With exquisite art piecemeal Thabors,
Transfigured with Ormus' elan.

The East and West hopper their jewels,
Their dainties, their viands, their wines;
To funnel them into holds dual;
Methinks partly human-divine.

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Embarking.

The gilded crew on board is laughing,
The gangways are surging with life;
The ladders with Cræsus are cracking;
Her steam steeds are chafing for strife.

The anchor is weighed; the widowed shore
Now flutters her rustling white gown;
The city, bereaved of her bright stores,
Slinks sad away, mantled in frowns.

But drunk with the wines of ambition;
The leprous distilments of wealth;
They're lost to life's serious mission,
And tread pleasure's hatches in stealth.