

IV.

ill nearer and nearer it comes, the swift sharp prow
the ship above, and the shadow-ship below,
with the mighty arms of the Tritons under,
all bowed one way like a field of wind-blown ears ;
ill nearer and nearer, and now
touches the strand, and, lo,
with the length of her bright hair backward flowing
round her head like an aureole,
like a candle flame in the wind's breath blowing,
stands she fair and still as a disembodied soul,
with hands outstretched, and eyes that shine through
the air tears
and tremulous smiles.
When the trumpets, and the guns, and the great drums roll,
and the long fiords and the forelands shake with the
thunder
of the shout of welcome to the daughter of the Isles !

V.

Bring her, O people, on the shoulders of her vassals
throned like a queen to her palace on the height,
up the rocky steep where the fir-tree tassels
nod to her, and touch her with a subtle, vague delight,
like a whisper of home, like a greeting and a smile
from the fir-tree walks and gardens, the wood-embowered
castles