

THE SEA

O SEA, that to these grey and solemn shores
Dost pour thy plaint through all the
circling years ;

I would that to my ever-listening ears
Some spirit might translate thy language !
Roars

The wave that spends its force against the
rocks

That its assaults deride ; a giant's pain
It voices ! Soft dost thou complain
By pebbly beach to Summer's fields and
flocks.

Tell'st thou of cities hid beneath thy breast ?
Of famed Atlantis, known in story only ?
Of sepulchres innumerable, where rest

The wrecks of ages, peacefully and lonely ?
Tell why thou plaintest, melancholy sea !
And the sea answers, Hush, it may not be.