

Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!

I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades

And green savannahs: Earth has not a plain

So boundless or so beautiful as thine.

The eagle's vision cannot take it in:

The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,

Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird.

It is the mirror of the stars, where all

Their hosts within the concave firmament,

Gay marching to the music of the spheres,

Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage

Of rural landscape are there lights and shades

Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.

How vividly this moment brightens forth,

Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,

A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,

Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,

And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing

The semblance of a meteor!

Mighty Sea!

Cameleon-like thou changest, but there's love

In all thy change, and constant sympathy

With yonder Sky—thy Mistress; from her brow

Thou takest thy moods, and wear'st her colours on

Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,

Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,

And all thy balmier hours, fair Element!

Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,

Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,—

That little is the wonder, Love's own Queen

From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—