

THE BALLAD OF LYONESSE.



hey were living, laughing, loving,
But they all got laved;
Some of them were roving,
And they got saved.

Was is a mantis,
Rebeck at his breast,
Singing of Atlantis
Lost in the West?

When the skies darken
 Out on Western-meer,
Then, when you hearken,
 What do you hear?

Hear the bells tolling?
 There were lost six-score;
Hear the cries rolling
 In to the shore?

And they heard it nearing
 As they lay at ease
With their women, fleeing
 At anger of the seas.

Surge-boom! Urge-boom!
 The hill-waves go
Crashing on to man's doom,
 Urging hugest woe.

Living, loving,
 What is man's distress?
Green Death is roving
 Where once was Lyonesse.

Loving, living
 With women and with ease,
There is no forgiving
 Of anger of the seas.

Cockrows incessant,
 Kine that low and stumble,
Wide-eyed, whitening peasant,
 Hear ye the rumble?

Yea! See the herdsmen
 Rivalling the cows;
Only god-drunk wordsmen
 Look with easy brows.

Waiting, waiting;
 What is it to fly?
See Venus rise in hating,
 Hiding all the sky!

Men bore their treasures
 In hot brown hands;
There lie their pleasures
 With them in the sands.

Women bore their treasures
 Tugging at the breast;
Now they take their leisures
 Far in the West.

Some lay in child-birth;
 There they lie to-day:
Oh, 'twas a wild birth
 Of the sea-spray.

Venus for anger
 Of her lost rites
Rose from her langour
 In the lack of lights.

Nay! Men shall fear me,
 Witness of the foam;
They shall know me, they shall hear me,
 Ere the gods go home.