

Hong Kong Harbour

Over a sea like stained glass
At sunset like a chrysopras :—
 Our smooth-oared vessel over-rides
 Crimson and green and purple tides.
Between the rocky isles we pass,
And greener islets gay with grass ;
 Between the over-arching sides
 Our pinnacle glides.

Just by the mænad-haunted hill
Songs rise into the air, and thrill,
 Like clustered birds at evening
 When love outlingers rain and spring.
Faint faces of strange dancers spill
Their dewy scent ; and sweet and chill
 The wind comes faintly whispering
 On wanton wing.

Between the islands sheer and steep
Our craft treads noiseless o'er the deep,
 Turned to the gold heart of the west,
 The sun's last sigh of love expressed
Ere the lake glimmer, borrow sleep
From clouds and tinge their edges ; weep
 That night brings love not to his breast,
 But only rest.

We move toward the golden track
Shed in the water : we look back
 Eastward, where rose is set to warn
 Promise and prophecy of dawn
Reflected, lest the ocean lack
In any space serene or slack
 Some colour, blushing o'er the fawn
 Dim-lighted lawn.

And under all the shadowy shapes

Of steep and silent bays and capes
The water takes its darkest hue ;
Catches no laughter from the blue ;
No purple ray or god escapes,
But dim green shadow comes and drapes
Its lustre: thus the night burns through
Tall groves of yew.

Thither, ah thither! Hollow vales
Trembling with early nightingales!
Languish, O sea of sleep! Young moon
Dream on above in maiden swoon!
None daring to invoke the gales
To shake our sea, and swell our sails.
Not song, but silence, were a boon—
Save for this tune.

Round capes grown darker as night falls,
We see at last the splendid walls
That ridge the bay; the town lies there
Lighted (the temple's hour for prayer)
At grave harmonious intervals.
The grand voice of some seaman calls,
Just as the picture fades, aware
How it was fair.