

## THE LORD'S DAY

THE foolish bells with their discordant clang  
    Summon the harlot-ridden Hell to pray :  
    The vicar's snout is tuned, the curates bray  
Long gabbled lessons, and their noisy twang  
Fills the foul worshippers with hate ; the fang  
    Of boredom crushes out the holy day,  
    Where whore and jobber sit and gloom, grown grey  
For hating of each other ; the hours hang.

But where cliffs tremble, and the wind and sea  
    Clamour, night thunders from the roaring West ;  
I worship in the storm, and fires flee  
    From my gripped lightnings and my burning crest ;  
And when my voice rolls, master of the weather,  
A thousand mighty angels cry together !

BRIGHTON, *January* 1899.