

Classic Poetry Series

**Thomas Lovell Beddoes**  
**- poems -**

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# Thomas Lovell Beddoes(1803-1818)

# A Clock Striking Midnight

Hark to the echo of Time's footsteps; gone  
These moments are into the unseen grave  
Of ages. They have vanished nameless. None,  
While they are deep under the eddying wave  
Of the chaotic past, shall place a stone  
Sacred to these, the nurses of the brave,  
The mighty, and the good. Futurity  
Broods on the ocean, hatching 'neath her wing  
Invisible to man the century,  
That on its hundred feet, a sluggish thing  
Gnawing away the world, shall totter by  
And sweep dead mortals with it. As I sing  
Time, the colossus of the world, that strides  
With each foot plunged in darkness silent glides,

And puffs death's cloud upon us. It is vain  
To struggle with the tide; we all must sink  
Still grasping the thin air, with frantic pain  
Grappling with Fame to buoy us. Can we think  
Eternity, by whom swift Time is slain,  
And dragged along to dark destruction's brink,  
Shall be the echo of man's puny words?  
Or that our grovelling thoughts shall e'er be writ  
In never fading stars; or like proud birds  
Undazzled in their cloud-built eyrie sit  
Clutching the lightning, or in darting herds  
Diving amid the sea's vast treasury flit?  
Sink, painted clay, back to thy parent earth  
While the glad spirit seeks a brighter birth.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# A Crocodile

Hard by the lilled Nile I saw  
A duskish river-dragon stretched along,  
The brown habergeon of his limbs enamelled  
With sanguine almandines and rainy pearl:  
And on his back there lay a young one sleeping,  
No bigger than a mouse; with eyes like beads,  
And a small fragment of its speckled egg  
Remaining on its harmless, pulpy snout;  
A thing to laugh at, as it gaped to catch  
The baulking merry flies. In the iron jaws  
Of the great devil-beast, like a pale soul  
Fluttering in rocky hell, lightsomely flew  
A snowy trochilus, with roseate beak  
Tearing the hairy leeches from his throat.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# A Cypress-Bough, And A Rose-Wreath Sweet ( Song )

Act IV, scene iii

A cypress-bough and a rose-wreath sweet,  
A wedding robe, and a winding-sheet,  
A bridal bed and a bier.  
Thine be the kisses, maid,  
And smiling Love's alarms;  
And thou, pale youth, be laid  
In the grave's cold arms.  
Each in his own charms,  
    Death and Hymen both are here;  
    So up with scythe and torch,  
    And to the old church porch,  
    While all the bells ring clear:  
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,  
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

Now tremble dimples on your cheek,  
Sweet be your lips to taste and speak,  
For he who kisses is near:  
For her the bride-groom fair,  
In youthful power and force;  
For him the grizard bare,  
Pale knight on a pale horse,  
To woo him to a corpse.  
Death and Hymen both are here,  
    So up with scythe and torch,  
    And to the old church porch,  
    While all the bells ring clear:  
And rosy, rosy the bed shall bloom,  
And earthy, earthy heap up the tomb.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# A Ho! A Ho! (Song )

Act II Scene ii, lines 26-55

A ho! A ho!  
Love's horn doth blow,  
And he will out a-hawking go.  
His shafts are light as beauty's sighs,  
And bright as midnight's brightest eyes,  
And round his starry way  
The swan-winged horses of the skies,  
With summer's music in their manes,  
Curve their fair necks to zephyr's reins,  
And urge their graceful play.

A ho! A ho!  
Love's horn doth blow,  
And he will out a-hawking go.  
The sparrows flutter round his wrist.  
The feathery thieves that Venus kissed  
And taught their morning song,  
The linnets seek the airy list,  
And swallows too, small pets of Spring,  
Beat back the gale with swifter wing,  
And dart and wheel along.

A ho! A ho!  
Love's horn doth blow,  
And he will out a-hawking go.  
Now woe to every gnat that skips  
To filch the fruit of ladies' lips,  
His felon blood is shed;  
And woe to flies, whose airy ships  
On beauty cast their anchoring bite,  
And bandit wasp, that naughty wight,  
Whose sting is slaughter-red.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# A Rivulet

It is a lovely stream; its wavelets purl  
As if they echoed to the fall and rise  
Of the capricious breeze; each upward curl  
That splashes pearl, mirrors the fairy eyes  
Of viewless passer, and the billows hurl  
Their sparkles on her lap, as over she flies.  
And see, where onward whirls, within a ring  
Of smoothest dimples, a dark foxglove bell  
Half stifled by the gush encircling;  
Perchance some tiny sprite crawled to that shell  
To sleep away the noon, and winds did swing  
Him into rest; for the warm sun was well  
Shaded off by the long and silky down;  
So I will save it, lest the elf should drown.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Another

Tis a moon-tinted primrose, with a well  
Of trembling dew; in its soft atmosphere,  
A tiny whirlwind of sweet smells, doth swell  
A lady bird; and when no sound is near  
That elfin hermit fans the fairy bell  
With glazen wings, (mirrors on which appear  
Atoms of colours that flizz by unseen  
And struts about his darling flower with pride.  
But, if some buzzing gnat with pettish spleen  
Come whining by, the insect `gins to hide  
And folds its flimsy drapery between  
His speckled buckler and soft silken side.  
So poets fly the critics snappish heat,  
And sheath their minds in scorn and self-conceit

Thomas Lovell Beddoes



# Ballad Of Human Life

WHEN we were girl and boy together,  
We toss'd about the flowers  
And wreath'd the blushing hours  
Into a posy green and sweet.  
I sought the youngest, best,  
And never was at rest  
Till I had laid them at thy fairy feet.  
But the days of childhood they were fleet,  
And the blooming sweet-briar-breath'd weather,  
When we were boy and girl together.

Then we were lad and lass together,  
And sought the kiss of night  
Before we felt aright,  
Sitting and singing soft and sweet.  
The dearest thought of heart  
With thee 't was joy to part,  
And the greater half was thine, as meet.  
Still my eyelid's dewy, my veins they beat  
At the starry summer-evening weather,  
When we were lad and lass together.

And we are man and wife together,  
Although thy breast, once bold  
With song, be clos'd and cold  
Beneath flowers' roots and birds' light feet.  
Yet sit I by thy tomb,  
And dissipate the gloom  
With songs of loving faith and sorrow sweet.  
And fate and darkling grave kind dreams do cheat,  
That, while fair life, young hope, despair and death are,  
We 're boy and girl, and lass and lad, and man and wife together.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Dirge

We do lie beneath the grass  
In the moonlight, in the shade  
Of the yew-tree. They that pass  
Hear us not. We are afraid  
They would envy our delight,  
In our graves by glow-worm night.  
Come follow us, and smile as we;  
We sail to the rock in the ancient waves,  
Where the snow falls by thousands into the sea,  
And the drown'd and the shipwreck'd have happy graves.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

## Dream-Pedlary

IF there were dreams to sell,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.

If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Until I die.  
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;This would I buy.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

## Dream-Pedlary (Excerpt)

If there were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.  
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

## From "torrismond" - In A Garden By Moonlight

Veronica. COME then, a song; a winding gentle song,  
To lead me into sleep. Let it be low  
As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose,  
For I would hear the murmuring of my thoughts;  
And more of voice than of that other music  
That grows around the strings of quivering lutes;  
But most of thought; for with my mind I listen,  
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,  
If there 's no seed remembrance grows not there.  
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!  
Begin before another dewdrop fall  
From the soft hold of these disturbed flowers,  
For sleep is filling up my senses fast,  
And from these words I sink.

### SONG

How many times do I love thee, dear?  
Tell me how many thoughts there be  
In the atmosphere  
Of a new-fall'n year,  
Whose white and sable hours appear  
The latest flake of Eternity:  
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?  
Tell me how many beads there are  
In a silver chain  
Of evening rain,  
Unravell'd from the tumbling main,  
And threading the eye of a yellow star:  
So many times do I love again.

Elvira. She sees no longer: leave her then alone,  
Encompass'd by this round and moony night.  
A rose-leaf for thy lips, and then goodnight:  
So life, so death; a song, and then a dream!



# If Thou Wilt Ease Thine Heart

IF thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart,-  
Then sleep, dear, sleep!  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky,

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love, and all its smart,-  
Then die, dear, die!  
'T is deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
In eastern sky.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Let Dew The Flowers Fill

LET dew the flowers fill;  
No need of fell despair,  
Though to the grave you bear  
One still of soul-but now too still,  
One fair-but now too fair.  
For, beneath your feet, the mound,  
And the waves, that play around,  
Have meaning in their grassy, and their watery, smiles;  
And, with a thousand sunny wiles,  
Each says, as he reproveth,  
Death's arrow oft is Love's.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes



# Lines Written In A Blank Leaf Of The 'prometheus Unbound'

Write it in gold - a Spirit of the sun,  
An Intellect ablaze with heavenly thoughts,  
A soul with all the dews of pathos shining,  
Odorous with love, and sweet to silent woe  
With the dark glories of concentrate song,  
Was sphered in mortal earth. Angelic sounds  
Alive with panting thoughts sunned the dim world.  
The bright creations of an human heart  
Wrought magic in the bosoms of mankind.  
A flooding summer burst on Poetry;  
Of which the crowning sun, the night of beauty,  
The dancing showers, the birds, whose anthems wild  
Note after note unbind the enchanted leaves  
Of breaking buds, eve, and the flow of dawn,  
Were centred and condensed in his one name  
As in a providence - and that was SHELLEY.

Oxford 1822

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Old Adam, The Carrion Crow

Old Adam, the carrion crow,  
The old crow of Cairo;  
He sat in the shower, and let it flow  
Under his tail and over his crest;  
And through every feather  
Leak'd the wet weather;  
And the bough swung under his nest;  
For his beak it was heavy with marrow.  
Is that the wind dying? O no;  
It's only two devils, that blow,  
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,  
In the ghosts' moonshine.

Ho! Eve, my grey carrion wife,  
When we have supped on king's marrow,  
Where shall we drink and make merry our life?  
Our nest it is queen Cleopatra's skull,  
'Tis cloven and crack'd,  
And batter'd and hack'd,  
But with tears of blue eyes it is full:  
Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo!  
Is that the wind dying? O no;  
It's only two devils, that blow  
Through a murderer's bones, to and fro,  
In the ghosts' moonshine.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Poor Old Pilgrim Misery ( Song )

Act I, scene 1, lines 141-60

Poor old pilgrim Misery,  
Beneath the silent moon he sate,  
A-listening to the screech owl's cry,  
And the cold wind's goblin prate;  
Beside him lay his staff of yew  
With withered willow twined,  
His scant grey hair all wet with dew,  
His cheeks with grief ybrined;  
And his cry it was ever, alack!  
Alack, and woe is me.

Anon a wanton imp astray  
His piteous moaning hears,  
And from his bosom steals away  
His rosary of tears:  
With his plunder fled that urchin elf,  
And hid it in your eyes,  
Then tell me back the stolen pelf,  
Give up the lawless prize;  
Or your cry shall be ever, alack!  
Alack, and woe is me.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

## Resurrection Song.

Thread the nerves through the right holes;  
Get out of my bones, you wormy souls.  
Shut up my stomach, the ribs are full;  
Muscles be steady and ready to pull.  
Heart and artery merrily shake,  
And eyelid go up, for we're going to wake. -  
His eye must be brighter -one more rub!  
And pull up the nostrils! his nose was a snub.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Song

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Tell me how many thoughts there be

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In the atmosphere

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Of a new-fall'n year,

Whose white and sable hours appear

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;The latest flake of Eternity:

So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Tell me how many beads there are

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;In a silver chain

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;Of evening rain,

Unravell'd from the tumbling main,

&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;And threading the eye of a yellow star:

So many times do I love again.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Song From The Second Brother

STREW not earth with empty stars,  
Strew it not with roses,  
Nor feathers from the crest of Mars,  
Nor summer's idle posies.  
'Tis not the primrose-sandalled moon,  
Nor cold and silent morn,  
Nor he that climbs the dusty noon,  
Nor mower war with scythe that drops,  
Stuck with helmed and turbaned tops  
Of enemies new shorn.

Ye cups, ye lyres, ye trumpets know,  
Pour your music, let it flow,  
'Tis Bacchus' son who walks below.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Song From The Ship

To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;  
The wanton water leaps in sport,  
And rattles down the pebbly shore;  
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,  
And unseen Mermaids' pearly song  
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.  
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:  
To sea, to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our wide-winged bark  
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,  
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,  
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,  
Like mighty eagle soaring light  
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.  
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,  
The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Song From The Waters

Act I, scene iv, lines 259-72

The swallow leaves her nest,  
The soul my weary breast;  
But therefore let the rain  
On my grave  
Fall pure; for why complain  
Since both will come again  
O'er the wave.

The wind dead leaves and snow  
Doth hurry to and fro;  
And, once, a day shall break  
O'er the wave,  
When a storm of ghosts shall shake  
The dead, until they wake  
In the grave.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes



## Song From Torrismond

How many times do I love thee, dear?  
Tell me how many thoughts there be  
In the atmosphere  
Of a new-fall'n year,  
Whose white and sable hours appear  
The latest flake of Eternity:  
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love again?  
Tell me how many beads there are  
In a silver chain  
Of evening rain,  
Unravelling from the tumbling main,  
And threading the eye of a yellow star:  
So many times do I love again.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Song Of The Stygian Naiades

Proserpine may pull her flowers,  
Wet with dew or wet with tears,  
Red with anger, pale with fears;  
Is it any fault of ours,  
If Pluto be an amorous king  
And come home nightly, laden  
Under his broad bat-wing  
With a gentle earthly maiden?  
Is it so, Wind, is it so?  
All that I and you do know  
Is that we saw fly and fix  
'Mongst the flowers and reeds of Styx,  
Yesterday,  
Where the Furies made their hay  
For a bed of tiger cubs,  
A great fly of Beelzebub's,  
The bee of hearts, which mortals name  
Cupid, Love, and Fie for shame.

Proserpine may weep in rage,  
But ere I and you have done  
Kissing, bathing in the sun,  
What I have in yonder cage,  
She shall guess and ask in vain,  
Bird or serpent, wild or tame;  
But if Pluto does 't again,  
It shall sing out loud his shame.  
What hast caught then? What hast caught?  
Nothing but a poet's thought,  
Which so light did fall and fix  
'Mongst the flowers and reeds of Styx,  
Yesterday,  
Where the Furies made their hay  
For a bed of tiger cubs,  
A great fly of Beelzebub's,  
The bee of hearts, which mortals name  
Cupid, Love, and Fie for shame.



## Song On The Water.

As mad sexton's bell, tolling  
For earth's loveliest daughter  
Night's dumbness breaks rolling  
Ghostily:  
So our boat breaks the water  
Witchingly.

As her look the dream troubles  
Of her tearful-eyed lover,  
So our sails in the bubbles  
Ghostily  
Are mirrored, and hover  
Moonily.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

## Song: Yes, Mary Ann

Yes, Mary Ann, I freely grant,  
The charms of Henry's eyes I see;  
But while I gaze, I something want,  
I want those eyes -- to gaze on me.

And I allow, in Henry's heart  
Not Envy's self a fault can see:  
Yet still I must one wish impart,  
I wish that heart -- to sigh for me.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

## Songs From "death's Jest-Book" Ii - Dirge

IF thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
    Then sleep, dear, sleep;  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eye-lashes;  
    Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
    In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
    Then die, dear, die;  
'T is deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
    With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou 'lt meet her  
    In eastern sky.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

## Sonnet - To Tartar, A Terrier Beauty

Snowdrop of dogs, with ear of brownest dye,  
Like the last orphan leaf of naked tree  
Which shudders in black autumn; though by thee,  
Of hearing careless and untutored eye,  
Not understood articulate speech of men  
Nor marked the artificial mind of books,  
-The mortal's voice eternized by the pen,-  
Yet hast thou thought and language all unknown  
To Babel's scholars; oft intensest looks,  
Long scrutiny over some dark-veined stone  
Dost thou bestow, learning dead mysteries  
Of the world's birth-day, oft in eager tone  
With quick-tailed fellows bandiest prompt replies,  
Solicitudes canine, four-footed amities.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# The Last Man

By heaven and hell, and all the fools between them,  
I will not die, nor sleep, nor wink my eyes,  
But think myself into a god; old Death  
Shall dream he has slain me, and I'll creep behind him,  
Thrust off the bony tyrant from his throne  
And beat him into dust. Or I will burst  
Damnation's iron egg, my tomb, and come  
Half damned, ere they make lightning of my soul,  
And creep into thy carcass as thou sleepest  
Between two crimson fevers. I'll dethrone  
The empty skeleton, and be thy death,  
A death of grinding madness. -- Fear me now;  
I am a devil, not a human soul --

Thomas Lovell Beddoes



# The Old Ghost

Over the water an old ghost strode  
To a churchyard on the shore,  
And over him the waters had flowed  
A thousand years or more,  
And pale and wan and weary  
Looked never a sprite as he;  
For it's lonely and it's dreary  
The ghost of a body to be  
That has mouldered away in the sea.

Over the billows the old ghost stepped,  
And the winds in mockery sung;  
For the bodiless ghost would fain have wept  
Over the maiden that lay so young  
'Mong the thistles and toadstools so hoary;  
And he begged of the waves a tear,  
But they shook upwards their moonlight glory,  
And the shark looked on with a sneer  
At his yearning desire and agony.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# The Phantom-Wooer

A ghost, that loved a lady fair,  
Ever in the starry air  
Of midnight at her pillow stood;  
And, with a sweetness skies above  
The luring words of human love,  
Her soul the phantom wooed.  
Sweet and sweet is their poisoned note,  
The little snakes of silver throat,  
In mossy skulls that nest and lie,  
Ever singing "die, oh! die."

Young soul, put off your flesh, and come  
With me into the quiet tomb,  
Our bed is lovely, dark, and sweet;  
The earth will swing us, as she goes,  
Beneath our coverlid of snows,  
And the warm leaden sheet.  
Dear and dear is their poisoned note,  
The little snakes' of silver throat,  
In mossy skulls that nest and lie,  
Ever singing "die, oh! die."

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# The Rosy Hour

And in that rosy rosy hour,  
When bird sang out and scented flower,  
Came words to me from heaven above:  
'Awake, young heart, awake and love!'

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# The Swallow Leaves Her Nest

THE swallow leaves her nest,  
The soul my weary breast;  
But therefore let the rain  
On my grave  
Fall pure; for why complain?  
Since both will come again  
O'er the wave.

The wind dead leaves and snow  
Doth hurry to and fro;  
And, once, a day shall break  
O'er the wave,  
When a storm of ghosts shall shake  
The dead, until they wake  
In the grave.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# Thoughts

Sweet are the thoughts that haunt the poet's brain  
Like rainbow-fringed clouds, through which some star  
Peeps in bright glory on a shepherd swain;  
They sweep along and trance him; sweeter far  
Than incense trailing up an out-stretched chain  
From rocking censer; sweeter too they are  
Than the thin mist which rises in the gale  
From out the slender cowslip's bee-scarred breast.  
Their delicate pinions buoy up a tale  
Like brittle wings, which curtain in the vest  
Of cobweb-limbed ephemera, that sail  
In gauzy mantle of dun twilight dressed,  
Borne on the wind's soft sighings, when the spring  
Listens all evening to its whispering.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# To Night

So thou art come again, old black-winged night,  
Like an huge bird, between us and the sun,  
Hiding, with out-stretched form, the genial light;  
And still, beneath thine icy bosom's dun  
And cloudy plumage, hatching fog-breathed blight  
And embryo storms, and crabbéd frosts, that shun  
Day's warm caress. The owls from ivied loop  
Are shrieking homage, as thou cowerest high;  
Like sable crow pausing in eager stoop  
On the dim world thou gluttest thy clouded eye,  
Silently waiting latest time's fell whoop,  
When thou shalt quit thine eyrie in the sky,  
To pounce upon the world with eager claw,  
And tomb time, death, and substance in thy maw.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes

# To Sea! To Sea!

TO sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;  
The wanton water leaps in sport,  
And rattles down the pebbly shore;  
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cow snorts,  
And unseen mermaids' pearly song  
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.  
Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:  
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! our wide-winged bark  
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,  
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,  
Break the caved Tritons' azure day,  
Like mighty eagle soaring light  
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.  
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,  
The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

Thomas Lovell Beddoes