

## LOST

And aye! I set to search the grey, lone plains  
For my love out in the gloaming —  
For my Maiden, whence sad strains  
Came o'er the waters moaning —  
Moaning, moaning, moaning —  
O'er the sea-hills wildly roaming.

And aye! I set to search the grey, grey sea,  
With my spirit-pulses ailing —  
Set out to search the mists for thee,  
That slept eternal, veiling —  
Veiling, veiling, veiling —  
Grey deeps whence came thy wailing.

And I swam through spume, grey with the touch  
of death,  
To a far, faint wall of singing,  
As one who sang with moaning breath,  
Kissed by sad surges, swinging —  
Swinging, swinging, swinging —  
The sea-bells weirdly ringing.

And I came upon her, clothed about with foam,  
And in her eyes the silence of the sea;  
And I made to bear her home;  
But her eyes looked not on me.  
All mystery, all mystery,  
Hung round about; and wild and free  
Rung out the sea-bells of the grey-grey sea.

—William Hope Hodgson