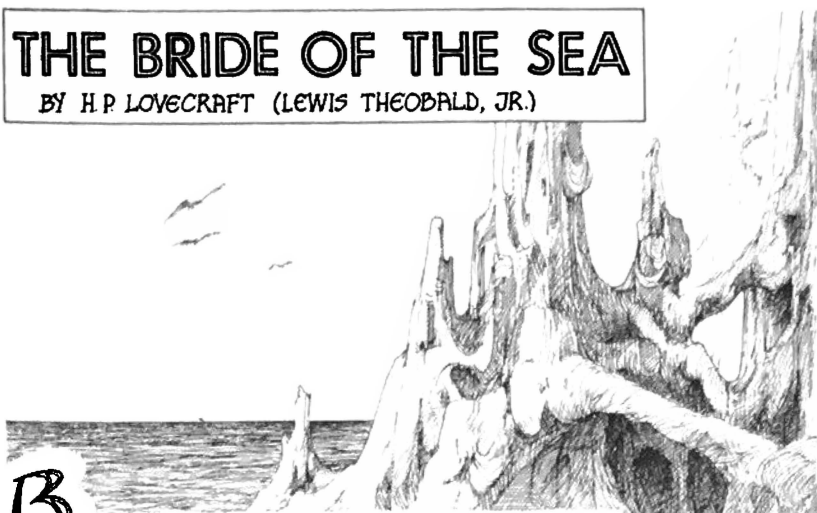


# THE BRIDE OF THE SEA

BY H.P. LOVECRAFT (LEWIS THEOBALD, JR.)



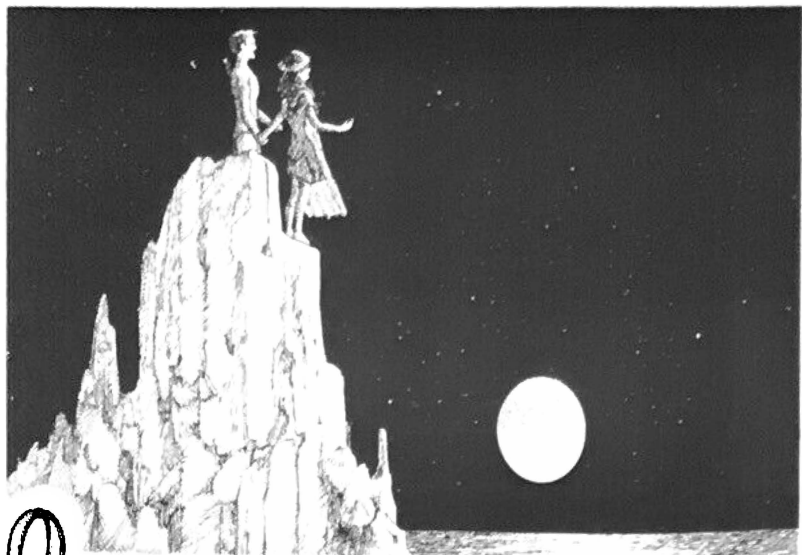
**B**lack loom the crags of the uplands behind me,  
Dark are the sands of the far-stretching shore.  
Dim are the pathways and rocks that remind me  
Sadly of years in the lost nevermore.

Soft laps the ocean on wave-polish'd boulder,  
Sweet is the sound and familiar to me;  
Here, with her head gently bent to my shoulder,  
Walk'd I with Unda, the Bride of the Sea.

Bright was the morn of my youth when I met her,  
Sweet as the breeze that blew in o'er the brine.  
Swift was I captur'd in Love's strongest fetter,  
Glad to be hers, and she glad to be mine.

Never a question ask'd I whence she wander'd,  
Never a question ask'd she of my birth:  
Happy as children, we thought not nor ponder'd;  
Glad with the bounty of ocean and earth.





Once when the moonlight play'd soft 'mid the billows,  
High on the cliff o'er the waters we stood.  
Bound was her hair with a garland of willows,  
Pluck'd by the font in the bird-haunted wood.

Strangely she gaz'd on the surges beneath her,  
Charm'd with the sound or enhanc'd by the light:  
Then did the waves a wild aspect bequeath her,  
Stern as the ocean and wierd as the night.

Coldly she left me, astonish'd and weeping,  
Standing alone 'mid the regions she bless'd:  
Down, ever downward, half gliding, half creeping,  
Strode the sweet Unda in oceanward quest.

Calm grew the sea, and tumultuous beating  
Turn'd to a ripple, as Unda the fair  
Trod the wet sands in affectionate greeting,  
Beckon'd to me, and no longer was there!

