

KYNANCE COVE

(FROM *TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE*)

YET, sailing where the shoreward ripple curled
 Of the most wild sweet waves in all the world,
 His soul took comfort even for joy to see
 The strong deep joy of living sun and sea,
 The large deep love of living sea and land,
 As past the lonely lion-guarded strand
 Where that huge warder lifts his couchant sides,
 Asleep, above the sleepless lapse of tides,
 The light sail swept, and past the unsounded caves
 Unsearchable, wherein the pulse of waves
 Throbs through perpetual darkness to and fro,
 And the blind night swims heavily below
 While heavily the strong noon broods above,
 Even to the very bay whence very Love,
 Strong^g daughter of the giant gods who wrought
 Sun, earth, and sea out of their procreant thought,
 Most meetly might have risen, and most divine
 Beheld and heard things round her sound and shine
 From floors of foam and gold to walls of serpentine.

For splendid as the limbs of that supreme
Incarnate beauty through men's visions gleam,
Whereof all fairest things are even but shadow or
dream,
And lovely like as Love's own heavenliest face,
Gleams there and glows the presence and the grace
Even of the mother of all, in perfect pride of place.
For otherwhere beneath our worldwide sky
There may not be beheld of men that die
Aught else like this that dies not, nor may stress
Of ages that bow down men's works make less
The exultant awe that clothes with power its loveliness.
For who sets eye thereon soever knows
How since these rocks and waves first rolled and rose
The marvel of their many-coloured might
Hath borne this record sensible to sight,
The witness and the symbol of their own delight,
The gospel graven of life's most heavenly law,
Joy, brooding on its own still soul with awe,
A sense of godlike rest in godlike strife,
The sovereign conscience of the spirit of life.
Nor otherwhere on strand or mountain tower
Hath such fair beauty shining forth in flower
Put on the imperial robe of such imperious power.
For all the radiant rocks from depth to height
Burn with vast bloom of glories blossom-bright
As though the sun's own hand had thrilled them through
with light

And stained them through with splendour : yet from
thence

Such awe strikes rapture through the spirit of sense
From all the inaccessible sea-wall's girth,
That exultation, bright at heart as mirth,
Bows deeper down before the beauty of earth
Than fear may bow down ever : nor shall one
Who meets at Alpine dawn the mounting sun
On heights too high for many a wing to climb
Be touched with sense of aught seen more sublime
Than here smiles high and sweet in face of heaven
and time.

For here the flower of fire, the soft hoar bloom
Of springtide olive-woods, the warm green gloom
Of clouded seas that swell and sound with dawn of
doom,

The keen thwart lightning and the wan grey light
Of stormy sunrise crossed and vexed with night,
Flash, loom, and laugh with divers hues in one
From all the curved cliff's face, till day be done,
Against the sea's face and the gazing sun.

And whensoever a strong wave, high in hope,
Sweeps up some smooth slant breadth of stone aslope,
That glowed with duskier fire of hues less bright,
Swift as it sweeps back springs to sudden sight
The splendour of the moist rock's fervent light,
Fresh as from dew of birth when time was born
Out of the world-corceiving womb of morn.

All its quenched flames and darkling hues divine
Leap into lustrous life and laugh and shine
And darken into swift and dim decline
For one brief breath's space till the next wave run
Right up, and ripple down again, undone,
And leave it to be kissed and kindled of the sun.