

Grey Seas are Dreaming of My Death

By William Hope Hodgson

I know grey seas are dreaming of my death,
Out on grey plains where foam is lost, in sleep,
Where one damp wind wails on continually,
And no life lives in the forgotten air.
Ayhie! Yoi! but oh! the mood doth change,
The sea doth lift me high on living mountains
As a mother guards her babe
So the fierce hills round me range,
And a Voice goes on and on in mighty laughter—
The joyous call of Strength which doth enguard me.
Ayhie! Yoi! All the splendour of the sea
Doth guard me from the slaughter.
Oh! Men in weary lands
Lift up your hearts and hands,
And weep ye are not me,
Child of all the sea
Out upon the foam among the fountains
And the glory
And the magic of this water world
Where in childhood I was hurled,
Weep, for I am dying in my glory
And the foam swings round and sings,
And the great seas chaunt and the whitened hills are falling;
And I am dying in my glory, dying— Dying, dying, dying—