

No rays from the holy heaven come down
on the long night time of that town

But light from out the lurid sea
streams up the turrets silently

Gleams up the pinnacles far and free
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Up domes - up spires - up kingly halls
Up fanes - up Babylon - like walls

up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
up sculptured ivy and stone flowers
up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
up sculptured ivy and stone flowers

up many and many a marvellous shrine
whose wreathed friezes intertwine
the viol, the violet and the vine
the viol, the violet and the vine