

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