

THE MARINER

The violet scent is sacred Like dreams of angels bright; The hawthorn
smells of passion Told in a moonless night.

But the smell is in my nostrils, Through blossoms red or gold, Of my own
green flower unfading, A bitter smell and bold.

The lily smells of pardon, The rose of mirth; but mine Smells shrewd of
death and honour, And the doom of Adam's line.

The heavy scent of wine-shops Floats as I pass them by, But never a cup I
quaff from, And never a house have I.

Till dropped down forty fathoms, I lie eternally; And drink from God's own
goblet The green wine of the sea.