

Lyonesse

by Michael Gardner

From 1952 Doidge's Annual

O forsaken land of Lyonesse
Sunk deep beneath the sea
From the cliffs I hear the heavy bells
Swinging free.

Swinging Loose, with seaweed hanging
Like ropes from the washed, broken towers,
Where only the tides strained of daylight
Tell the hours.

O punished land of Lyonesse
How softly you withdrew,
As though you had a secret
None ever knew.

None has ever known that secret
But the high voluptuous sea
As, more ill at heart than ever,
It broods on its mystery.