With husky, naughty lips, O Sea!

With husky, naughty lips, O Sea!
Where day and night I wound the surf beat shore,
Imag'ning to my sense Thy varied strange suggestion,
Thy troops of white-mane'd racers racing to the goal,
Thy ample smiling face, dashed with the spash
Long dippers of the sun,
Thy brooding scowl and mark—Thy unloosed hurricanes
Thy ungoverned, caprice, wilfulness;
Great as Thou art our able Thy many tears—a lack
From all eternity in thy contest
(NAUGHT but the greatest, struggles sorrow
Could make the greatest—No less could make thee)
Thy lonely state—something then ever seek'st and
Seek'st yet never gained
Some right withheld—some voice of freedom, lover
Some vain, neglect, like a chained jewel, and hidden, and other
By less things swell, and spread, and prancing breath,
And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,
And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter,
And undertones of distant lion roar,
(Bounding appealing to the ship's deaf ear—but none
Rapture for once)
A phantom in the night Thy confidant for once
The first and last confession of the globe,
Outwarging, muttering from Thy soul's abyss,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion Thou tell'dt to a kindred soul.
Oh, sea, O, sea, O, sea, O, sea,
Oh, sea, O, sea, O, sea,
With husky, Naughtly lips, O sea.
With husky, Naughtly lips, O sea.

Day and night I watch thy surf beat shore,
Dancing to my sense they seemed strange suggestions,
Thy troops of white-marine racers racing to the goal,
Thy ghosts of the sand and waves,
Thy brawny arm they brandish over the land, over the ocean,
Thy breast, Vindicating, over the sand, over the ocean.

With husky, Naughtly lips, O sea,
With husky, Naughtly lips, O sea.

Great as thou art, thy many tears—a lack from all
Great as thou art, thy many tears—a lack from all
Everlasting, in thy constant, unceasing gale,
Everlasting, in thy constant, unceasing gale,
The lonely state—something there ever resting there.
The lonely state—something there ever resting there.

Some right, some right, yet never ground may be for them,
Some right, some right, yet never ground may be for them,
Some right, yet never ground may be for them.

By chance, in the dawning, I see a ship at sea,
By chance, in the dawning, I see a ship at sea,
By chance, in the dawning, I see a ship at sea.

With thoughtless eloquence,
With thoughtless eloquence,

Oh, sea, I see,
Oh, sea, I see,

With Naughtly thought,
With Naughtly thought,

Oh, sea, I see,
Oh, sea, I see,

Oh, Naughtly sea,
Oh, Naughtly sea,

The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,

Muttering and raving from the soul of being,
Muttering and raving from the soul of being,

The tale of cosmic elemental passion,
The tale of cosmic elemental passion,

Some right—some right—some right—some right,
Some right—some right—some right—some right,

Some right—some right—some right—some right,
Some right—some right—some right—some right,
Mr. Brunoveaux modesty in the preparation to the Notes, that the literary hints in them are experimental, and will show the student of nature more than the student of books. I note this point. But the entire literature above the lines of the libraries in letters will find what he wants in this quiet way. He introduces a zone of the hottest countries on the three faces. This instance is not pronounced, not the one by any means. He says:

They wear another place, the following:

The key to a pregnant sentence, which is very well for our own poets, would be: poet, painter, sculptor, musician, to stand proudly above them, since: "The highest art is not to express one art but to communicate the art of communication well to others."

By mine own lips, O sea

By day and night I wander on the beach
To get the telly of the surge's suggestion
And pass within my soul which loves the
grim, mysterious, and lesser story

That haughty, husky utterance of the sea
-
that unsubduedness

That cosmic ever latent wave of power, refuse
With lengthen's well, and irrepressible rage, and
many tears and those emblems

Some vast heart, like a planet, chained
and chafing there and
Some primitive right withheld - some freedom
loved
Best - some tyranny - that can be

Within - and deep, by day and night -
Surely some chant-tune tale of elemental passion
With undertone of muffled lion roar
And shriek of whistling wind, and hiss of spray.

My chant-tune tale of elemental passion,
-
that haughty, husky utterance

My tale of subterranean toil and wroth
That Confided to me

*To pass within my soul the
wordless lesson
Of all that power means
Of freedom, action, in husky, haughty
null