



“A story from the wind”

*Where the sea is smiling
So blue and cold
There stood a city
In days of old;*

...

*Where life and beauty
Dwelt long ago,
The oozy rushes
And seaweeds grow;*

*But go there, lonely,
At eventide,
And hearken, hearken
To the lispings tide;
And faint sweet music
Will float to thee,
Like church bells chiming
Across the sea.*

*It is the olden,
The sunken town,
Which faintly murmurs
Far fathoms down;
Like the sea-winds breathing
It murmurs by,
And the sweet notes tremble,
And sink, and die.*

The Sunken City

‘Scandinavian Ballad Stories’, by Robert Buchanan