

# On the Sea

John Keats

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,  
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
Oh ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,  
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;  
Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
Or fed too much with cloying melody, -  
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood  
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs choired!