

DOWNWOOD.

*An Autumn Vesperal, the grey hues merging into  
Night and the distant sound of the Sea.*

*The Hills become blurred, a light Rain falls, and  
before the final Darkness there is a Vision of light low-browed  
men scudding amongst the gorse. Mingles with the dream of  
forgotten Races, there is a motif of Reminiscence and a  
Fireside.*

## DOWNWOOD.



ow evening sways

The boisterous sighing elms,  
And the wind overwhelms

The barren hilly ways.

It is sobriety of earth,

The call

Of old dim ways to birth :

The fall

Of leaves ; the nakedness of trees,

The breeze

Over the hills : an homily

Of the strong sea.

Swaying : swaying : swaying :

Dead leaves go and go,

Slow,

Slow blown by eddies of wind

Playing, playing,

Thinned, thinned,

Cold as a drift of snow

In an old barn at evening,

When fires are far,  
And a single pale star  
Shines, and a wing  
Flutters in the hedge.  
So darkness may bring  
The world's edge,  
Blue fading to grey,  
With a solitary raven  
Over bare fields :  
Away and away  
To the haven  
That yields  
Warm love, warm  
From the dull evening storm.  
There are pools on the hills,  
Fearsome in evening light :  
A breeze thrills and thrills  
Them at night.  
The distance is white  
And grey.  
It is a long way  
Over to the sea.  
Gulls fly over  
From some pebbly cover  
Sighingly ; suddenly.  
And suddenly wheatears arise  
From a chalky place :  
Like a shot before the eyes  
Like a flash before the face.

Who comes here must love lone  
Places :  
Where long-forgotten bone  
Lies in the old spaces.  
Death itself lives here.  
The delicate panic fear  
Is all around.  
No sound  
But is strange, out of time.  
The ear  
Never reaches to the rime ;  
The eye  
Sees the idea die.  
It is evening,  
Night :  
The tune  
The winds sing  
Is an old rune  
Of an old rite.  
Here,  
In some long-dead year,  
They worshipped, little forgotten men,  
Forgotten things.  
Then  
Forgotten wings  
Fluttered.  
They live today  
In memory,  
Rising grey,

Unuttered,  
From the eternal sea  
Of man's mind,  
Where everything dwells  
That lived: blind  
Forces,  
Obsolete spells,  
Like mountainous horses  
Bearing  
Vast iron bells.  
Flaring, flaring  
The old lights are dim:  
Staring  
Over the great grey rim,  
I go  
To my desire  
By the warm fire.  
But I know  
The dream was true.  
And stars come through:  
But still,  
My cheek upon my hand,  
Looking into the hearth-flame,  
I stand  
On the old hill,  
Chill,  
In a forgotten land  
With an unknown name.