

## COOMES.



lost in the hills where dock with nettle blooms,  
And the sheep feed,  
Lies little, haunted, old, forgotten Coombes,  
A secret Church indeed.

Habitants gone and houses fallen away,  
It lies lost, lone,  
The tiny Church, its atmosphere decay,  
A dying human stone.

Yet—when man goes, the secret things come back,  
Old Pagan things;  
And there is old life in the ruined track,  
Strange feet and stranger wings.

And when you linger near at evening,  
In the grey mood,  
Strange breezes flutter, and strange voices sing,  
An eerie multitude.

For sprites are undisturbed in the last light,  
And on the level  
Old mossy churchyard, just before the night,  
They hold unholy revel.

Then I get home. I hate a place of haunt  
That is not peace:  
It is too much; indecently they flaunt,  
The spirits, their release.

