


FULKING HILL.

rey, level eyes sweep round the laughing valley,
 Immortal in their sure, intense mortality;
Transcendent in austerest, fierce morality
Of artist-love. Rooks make their noisy sally;
The wind-wheat song floats up in a swift rally
Of Nature's perfect master-tones,
legality
Of all the lyres of man. Here is sodality
Of Art. Here form, light, sound blend naturally.

Poppies, white-drifting clouds, the red geranium,
The undulating, solid sea of hills,
The invisible lark, still
shouting at the azure;
Was it not so in Tyre and Herculaneum,
My mortal Artist of immortal thrills,
Watching and dumb from
Fulking Hills embrasure?