

OLD STEYNE.



It is divine, an emerald light  
Set in the somber breast of night:  
A wavering nocturne in a town,  
With silver starlight looking down  
Upon the breeze-tossed, dark green trees  
Murmuring soft night-harmonies.

A symphony of duskiness,  
A rustling world of foilaged stress;  
The cars glide by on living wires,  
Windows smile down with human fires  
Within them. Did Beethoven dream  
A lovelier light, a tenderer gleam,  
A subtler green, a softer breath  
Than this Old Steyne, that witnesseth  
Beauty set in a living crown,  
An artist-heart in a throbbing town?

Keats and Corot would never make  
A fairer world for Beauty's sake;  
Turner's dream of amethyst,  
Written down in a golden mist  
By the feathery pencil of Paul Verlaine,  
Would never achieve the strange chance gain  
Of this delight of utter green,  
This shadowy wonder called Old Steyne.