

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.