

OVINGDEAN.

Upon the hills are infinite shades of green,
Nuance eternal in the shifting light;
Clouds on the cliffs; the subtlety of
night;
The supreme sun; the moon, cool, serene
Forever young, things that have ever
been;
Forever old, in the earth-legend's might,
Lifting and drifting: cloudy, coloured,
bright,
Over the hills of valleyed Ovingdean.

Who would not win the passion of the pencil?
The gifted glory of the living line?
Who would not steal the sternness of the stencil,
The canvas-call that slays the Philistine?
To mould the stone to everlasting life?
To make a tree eternal with a knife?