

A RIVER-BED.



he belt of sea-board town's skin-deep; a
single-mile inland
The strange, eternal, green downs stand:
where once a river ran
There's a green road untrod of man, and on that
secret way
The hovering elementals play over the sunken sand.

The rocks are garbed in sunny green, the sea is still
their lover;
While butterflies delirious hover: where once the
Ouse full-flowed
The busy lizard's made a road; where once the
barbell swam,
The little, simple, crying lamb finds fossils in the
clover.

The sea's spell lingers, loiters still; ever it shall
remain:
A faithful lover is the main, though never to his bed
He may return to lay his head: a peace surpassing
peace
Broods dreaming in this world-release, this land of
utter gain.

