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

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.

And often on a sunny noon mist-beings hold their hallows

Over the docks and mallows, over the sunken sea,
Relics of Pagan empery, before the Celtic reign,
Hold here their mysteries again in ancient grass-girt
shallows.

There is no shade at all; the earth cracks in the summer-swoon.

Only the shadowy rocks are strewn upon the parching land;

The green-girt vestiges of sand lie boiling in the blaze.

The old sea-empire now is Day's, the mystery of Noor