

ROTTINGDEAN.



When the spray-tingling air was soft and thin
About the enchanted sea-board,
The silver splendour of a violin
Made the starred sky a key-board.

Where sapphire cliffs rival the opal sea,
While Naiads sing between
Opal and sapphire in an emerald key,
There, there was Rottingdean.

The Southern land vibrated; the whole string
Tingled to white desire;
And Sappho strode the shore, a living thing,
With a huge golden lyre.

O gold and green, O living green and gold,
 O word in gold and green!
Why does all Hellas suddenly unfold
 In radiant Rottingdean?