

SADDLESCOMBE.



heocritus who shepherded the white-wooled
flocks of Greece.
Comes out at noon at Saddlescombe when
The noon-tide sun brings peace.
The fields breathe slow in the hey-day hour as
Summer's spell is rolled
Implacably in shimmering heat on flock and field
and fold.
He sings of Shepherd Daphnis, and of how his Love
was slain;
He trills the coolth of inlet-waters by the Argive
main;
And then he moves by Pycombe ridge that stands
by
Saddlescombe,
And in the valley's glory dreams of his lost Daphnis'
tomb.
Apollo, winged and wonderful, with white sun-
sandaled feet,
Goes, gracious, golden, terrible, through the Sussex
summer heat
To smile upon Theocritus, who may not ever cease
To guide the singing shepherds as he guided them
in Greece.