SHOREHAM HILLS.

Malory's,

p on the hills, in the sun's risen calories,
There is a winding way;
There the wind blows in harmonies of

There Arthur still has sway; Shoreham lies under the great green galleries Of the great golden Day.

And it is England still; the old Arthurian
History flames forth in gold;
There errant knight is mingled with centurion,
And all is bright and bold;
All the world's back to the lost Lemurian
Age on the wind-swept wold.

And it is Day, reverberant, thrasonical;

Here is the ancient quorum

Of far old races; here's the brave old chronicle,

Celts, Britons, Romans, in the forum,

The old brave gods, eternal and ironical,

Look over the heights of Shoreham.