In Romney Marsh.

By Davidson, John .

As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,

I heard the South sing o'er the land;

I saw the yellow sunlight fall

On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,

Within the wind a core of sound,

The wire from Romney town to Hythe

Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed

And trailed its fringe along the Straits;

The upper air like sapphire glowed;

And roses filled Heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;

The swinging waves pealed on the shore;

The saffron beach, all diamond drops

And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,

I saw above the Down's low crest

The crimson brands of sunset fall,

Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank: like flakes of silver fire

The stars in one great shower came down;

Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire

Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops

Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore;

The beach, with all its organ stops

Pealing again, prolonged the roar.