**Night Is on the Downland**

 ***By John Masefield***

Night is on the downland, on the lonely moorland,

 On the hills where the wind goes over sheep-bitten turf,

 Where the bent grass beats upon the unplowed poorland

 And the pine-woods roar like the surf.

 Here the Roman lived on the wind-barren lonely,

 Dark now and haunted by the moorland fowl;

 None comes here now but the peewit only,

 And moth-like death in the owl.

 Beauty was here in on this beetle-droning downland;

 The thought of a Caesar in the purple came

 From the palace by the Tiber in the Roman townland

 To this wind-swept hill with no name.

 Lonely Beauty came here and was here in sadness,

 Brave as a thought on the frontier of the mind,

 In the camp of the wild upon the march of madness,

 The bright-eyed Queen of the Blind.

 Now where Beauty was are the wind-withered gorses,

 Moaning like old men in the hill-wind's blast;

 The flying sky is dark with running horses,

 And the night is full of the past.